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THE IRISH QUESTION.

LECTURE BY CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

CRUEL LAND LAWS AND EXTORTIONATE LANDLORDS—INDUSTRIES CRUSHED OUT BY PARLIAMENTARY ENACTMENT—THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND—FEDERATION AND NOT SEPARATION—PROTESTS FROM THE AUDIENCE.

The feeling of strangeness which Charles Bradlaugh said, on his first appearance before an American audience, caused him to hold his ordinary salutation "My friends" in abeyance until a better acquaintance should warrant its use, had evidently passed away before he began his second lecture last night at Steinway Hall. The greeting which his first lecture received could not readily be misunderstood, nor could that which met him as he came upon the platform to speak of Ireland and her wrongs. The audience was smaller than on Friday night—a fact due, to a great extent, doubtless, to the storm—but it was constituted of men and woman whose countenances bore the impress of earnest thought. There were about a dozen clergymen in the hall—delegates to the Evangelical Alliance attracted by the fame of the speaker, but destined to be disappointed if they came expecting to hear anything which would shock their orthodoxy. Mr. Bradlaugh warmed to his subject more quickly than on his previous appearance. When he said that the subject of Ireland was not one "which a man should meet on his bended knees," and that he could see no reason "why what was praised in Poland should be blamed in Ireland—why what was patriotism in Poland should be treason in Ireland"—he was cheered to the echo. He was second to none in his acknowledgments of Mr. Froude's ability as a historian, but he feared that "when the historian looked at the Irish question his views were warped, and he was apt to look at things round a corner." Mr. Bradlaugh related several affecting instances of wrong and suffering, and tone and manner were in perfect harmony with the tale he was telling. His opposition to separation met with some expressions of protest, which brought forth one of the most eloquent appeals of the whole address in favor of federation.

Mr. Bradlaugh spoke for an hour and twenty minutes, and at the close of his address the former invitation was extended to those who had questions to ask or criticisms to offer. Several voices were raised at the rear of the hall, but no words were heard by those on the platform. After the confusion had subsided, an Irishman near the platform made a warm speech in favor of independent Ireland, which, he said, he had never so strongly favored as he had since hearing Mr. Bradlaugh's address. "You can never win separation except by the sword," replied Mr. Bradlaugh, "and in such an attempt I fear I should be compelled to be your enemy, and I wish to say to you that they who advise you to make the attempt are your bitterest enemies." This brought out another protest from one who said that there was no real love for Ireland or Irishmen in the heart of any Englishman in England or America. After further interruptions, the meeting closed at about 10 o'clock.

THE LECTURE.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, in a treatise on Ireland, says "that once, at least, in every generation, the question, 'What shall be done for Ireland?' or 'What is to be done with Ireland?' rises again to trouble and perplex the councils and conscience of the British nation." I cannot say that I should be quite inclined to word the question as Mr. Mill worded it. I believe it would be for the benefit of England, and for the benefit of Ireland, too, if the question became, "What can Irishmen do for Ireland?" rather than "What shall Englishmen do with it?" And even here Mr. Mill, whom I believe to have spoken most thoroughly and most honestly, and with the best intent and purpose, speaking as I myself shall speak from an Englishman's point of view, has allowed the prejudices of his position to influence his manner in dealing with it. I propose to-night to give you an Englishman's view of the Irish question. Naturally, one of the first queries arising was one answered by Charles James Fox more than ninety years ago. It is this: "Has England the right to rule Ireland unless she can rule it with the free assent and the real content of the Irish people?" Charles James Fox answered that, and his answer as a statesman may perhaps be taken as less open to rebuke than mine as a simple citizen. Fox said: "If we cannot hold Ireland by love; if we cannot rule her by our influence and our affection, we have no right to hold her by force." [Applause.] And that will be the view of the question which I shall maintain to-night. I am one of those who can see no difference between Poland and Ireland, between Hungary and Erin's green land. I think that the judgment which is applied to the one should be the judgment applied to the other also.

HELD BY FORCE NOT LOVE.

I propose that you should look at the state of Ireland as it is at the moment. I shall trace it not very far back, as it is utterly needless to weary you with a long inquiry into the past, but shall trace a little way back the causes which seem to me to compel the state of things which is now existing—a very strange state. We hold Ireland not in any sort or fashion at the present moment by our love or by our affection. We hold her as a garrisoned country. Any one who will travel through Ireland and see our barracks; any one who will go into a great portion of Ireland, unless the telegraphic report has represented correctly a modification, will see a coercive law as onerous as the Curfew law prevailing at the present moment in that land. If you regard the fact that there are now in the jails of Great Britain a number of men—I am not about to quarrel with their condemnation; they offended against the law and were committed to prison for it—when you know that Lord Granville in the House of Lords, and Mr. Gladstone in and out of the House of Commons, admitted that the acts of these men in jail were the cause that led our Government to begin the reforms which should have been taken in hand some 30 or 40 years ago; when you have heard that Lord Granville, not a rabid speaker, not a hasty utterer of unweighed words, told his peers, sitting around him in the House of Lords, that they had been induced by the very movement for which these men have gone to jail to take into consideration the grievances which otherwise would not have been dealt with at all; then I say that the strict letter of the law fairly closed the jails on these men, and that the consciousness of the Government that it had done wrong to these men should have looked towards it for remedy, and have opened the doors to them, at least as a testimony of its own shame and neglect in the matter. [Great applause.]

There are some who say that Irishmen always will be dissatisfied; that whatever we may do for them we cannot satisfy them. Perhaps that might arise from our having done too much for them [laughter and applause], and they would have been better satisfied if we had done a little less. [Laughter.] It is said, "You have got rid of the Irish Church now. The Irish Land Law was done away with by the Land Act of 1870; and what more do you want?" I propose with regard to the second point to urge upon you that, glorious as the land measure was on the part of Gladstone, it is yet incomplete and insufficient; that it does not remedy the real evil in the case that they want removed. I shall urge upon you further thoughts with reference to the movement now prevailing in Ireland—the movement known as "Home Rule"—the movement of to-day, which is a real movement there. Real? You may see that manifested by the enormous meetings held, not in Ireland alone, but in Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, and London itself. [Applause.] It is not an invention of to-day, but the very movement which Daniel O'Connell advocated in words from one end of Ireland to the other until the Government stopped their meetings and drove the people into a conspiracy. It is the same movement as then. I propose to deal with that, this evening, and to express my own views upon that point fully.

I feel that I may on this point have a double difficulty. There are Irishmen here present who may think I do not go far enough, and there are Englishmen here who think I may go too far; and there may be Americans who may doubt the wisdom of my intruding this matter upon them at all. I believe that I shall be able to satisfy the whole of you. I believe that, with reference to the Irishmen, if they will listen to my expression from an Englishman's point of view, I shall show them opinions worthy of consideration. With reference to the Englishman, I can have no hope for him unless already he has a consciousness of the wrong we have done to Ireland, which compels him to hear this subject honestly while he deals with it. [Applause.] And for Americans, I think I shall be able to justify my dealing on the subject before them now. I cannot pretend to have the scholarly attributes of Mr. Froude, and I dare not pretend to the fiery eloquence of Father Burke, but I may pretend to tell Irishmen that this voice which I have raised for them has been laughed at in England, and it would not have been silent even if my views of the question had been against them, if the need of the political condition required that I should utter them. [Applause.]

IRISH INDUSTRY UNDERMINED.

In order to examine the matter fairly I propose to review the land question and the religious question, and to deal with the Irish as a people. I am not going back into a very long story extending from century to century, because if I were to do that the mere relation of our original crimes toward Ireland would affright anybody who was examining the record. And it is impossible ever to recall yesterday. It is utterly impossible. I am glad there are some here—I hope they are Englishmen—who think this a fair matter for levity. I confess I do not. I confess to a state of dissatisfaction and discontent, to a state of misery and wrong, to a state of wretchedness and shame in the circumstances of these people, brought out by the policy of extermination from year to year of its existence. I think that a country which has pursued that policy with the people of Ireland should at any rate not hesitate to grapple with the topic, and that more wrong has been done and more mischief through not thus exercising reparation and endeavoring to solve the question. [Applause.]

Ireland is purely an agricultural country, or nearly so; and this is from no special disposition of the Irish to occupy themselves solely with agricultural pursuits, but because England prevented Irishmen from following any trade requiring skilled artisanship at all. There is no trade, no measure of skilled handicraft to which the Irish have turned their hands that England has not legislated for the purpose of preventing. You may tell me all these statutes are now repealed. That is perfectly true; but while you have repealed the statute, you cannot change the habits of life you have instilled into a people, generation after generation. You check a particular kind of life and develop another particular kind of life, and it is impossible, by the mere repeal of a statute, to change the habits and thoughts of a nation and make them entirely different men by an enacting clause which you bring to bear upon them. [Applause.]

What was done in Ireland? When Irishmen fed cattle and sent them to England, the English farmers complained of the competition of Irish cattle, and they forbade their exportation from Irish shores. When the Irishmen killed their cattle at home and salted the meat, and the meat was exported from Ireland, that was entirely stopped. When they kept their live cattle at home and turned the hides into leather, then an edict went out from England restraining that; so this branch of trade was cut off. When they took to sheep-farming, the exportation of sheep into England was forbidden, and then they took to working their wool into cloth. You say that the Irish cannot be diligent, and cannot develop any great industries. I point you to the time, not so long ago in that land, when there were many woolen manufactories rising in Ireland, and I also point you to the statute which closed 20,000 manufactories, and turned the people adrift who were striving to earn an honest livelihood. I point you also to their silk and their cotton, their sugar and their soap—everything except their linen was interfered with by the British Government. You will find that as fast as Irishmen turned their attention and ability to any one of the manufactures there were immediately acts of Parliament enacted preventing them from pursuing it. You tell me they are repealed. Yes, they are; but no sense of justice caused the repeal, nor did any feeling of humanity dictate it. I will tell you what did it.

IRELAND DID NOT BETRAY ENGLAND.

When England was in a shameful war, to which I need not further allude in this place; when England was weak; when there was no one to overawe the Irish in Ireland, two men sent a cry from Ireland in terms of fiery eloquence which Ireland's advocates from time to time used. One was Henry Flood, the other was Henry Grattan. [Applause.] Their voices, like the touch of the magician's wand, sprang from part to part of Ireland, and these men organized in armed bands—at least 60,000 volunteers. Did they embrace that moment when we were weak to strike us, to repay us for all the wrong we had done to them? Did they use that moment when we were down and they were strong? Did they use that moment to give us the meed of vengeance, which we could hardly have resisted? No! They only asked some rights for themselves, some freedom, some liberty. Then they only spoke the words of hope, the words of power; and it was to these 60,000 volunteers that George III. conceded the repeal of these statutes, which the Irish took as a boon rather than a right. The words of eloquent Grattan speaking out for Ireland's eternal freedom were uttered in Stevens Green, where I hope that Irishmen may have the opportunity again of legislating for their own wrongs and grievances. [Great applause.] With the words of Henry Grattan they were content. There was no sort of threat, no sort of menace, no sort of violence. When we were weak they were loyal, and when we left our side exposed, instead of taking advantage of the weak place to strike a blow, the very Irishmen who had been trampled upon, guarded and shielded us with their arms. When we were again strong men we repaid them by breaking the bayonets which we had intrusted to them and tried to take back from them the liberties which we had given and had always begrudged them. [Hisses.] Ireland being an agricultural country, naturally the land question is the question which meets one most especially; and Mr. Mill, in a speech made by him in the House of Commons on Mr. Chichester Fortescue's Land bill, said:

People often ask, and it has been asked this evening, Why should that which works well in England not work well in Ireland? or why should anything be needed in Ireland that is not needed in England? whether Ireland was an exception to all the rest of mankind, that they cannot bear the institutions which reason and experience have taught are the best calculated to promote national prosperity. Sir, we were eloquently reminded the other night of that double ignorance against which a great philosopher warned his cotemporaries—"ignorant of our being ignorant," and when we insist on applying the same rules in respect to Ireland and to England, we show another kind of double ignorance, and at the same time disregard the precept which was inscribed on the front of the temple of Delphi; not only we do not know what we undertake to govern, but we do not know ourselves. Irish circumstances and Irish ideas as to social and agricultural economy are the general ideas and the general circumstances of the human race. It is English circumstances and English ideas that are peculiar. Ireland is the main stream of human existence, and human feeling, and human opinion; it is England that is one of the lateral channels. If any honorable gentleman doubts this, I ask, Is there any other country on the face of the earth in which, not merely as a national fact, but as a general rule, the land is owned in great estates by one class, and farmed by another class of capitalist farmers, and actually cultivated by laborers only detached from the soil, and receiving only day wages? Ireland is like the rest of the world; England is the exceptional country.

THE LAND QUESTION UNSETTLED.

Now I propose to deal with that land question for a few moments. I do not propose to trouble you with the history of confiscation after confiscation, although this must not be overlooked in dealing with such questions, because these confiscations have left their bane behind them. Men who are grandsons have been told by their grandfathers of land of which they were wrongfully dispossessed, and it is utterly impossible to hope to blot out the feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction arising out of this. In fact, in any other country than Ireland we would think it a loyal feeling; we should call it a patriotic feeling. We have praised—and I have heard our statesmen praise—the Poles because they have dared to hope to recover that which was wrested from them not longer ago than this. I have heard our own leading statesman of to-day—and I honored him for the words I heard, as I honor him still for his genius, great as it is—I have heard him praise the Neapolitans for their effort to reestablish themselves, and encourage them in the effort they made. I have heard him speak of the right of the Italians in Milan to overthrow the yoke of the Austrians that then pressed upon them, and I confess that I cannot believe that politics change with the geography of the country, and that which is virtue in Poland becomes vice in Ireland, or that which is patriotism in Warsaw becomes treason in Dublin streets. [Great applause.] While it is true—and perfectly true—that these confiscations date some time back, I urge upon you that they have been brought down to this very day. What did that law mean, which was only repealed under mad George IV.—what did that law mean which prevented Catholics from holding land at all? I am not discussing the question from a religious point of view, but from a citizen's point of view—a citizen of a State which has men of all religions under its banner, and which has no right to inflict upon men of one religion a disability, and give to men of another religion a preference; which should hold the sword of justice evenly between them all. What did that disability mean? If you tell me that that disability has gone more than forty years, I say it is not true; I say it lives still longer, while Protestant landlords evicted Catholic tenants, and gave a preference to those who were not, and shut others out from their votes in direction after direction. If you tell me this is an exaggerated statement, I say unfortunately it is not. I can quote from one member of the English Parliament to another; I am not talking the language of Irish patriots; I am trying the question as an Englishman by the admission of Englishmen speaking against Ireland more than for it, and out of their mouths I will take it, and by their evidence I will ask you to give your verdict to-night. [Applause.] You may tell me Mr. Froude has done all this. There are some men who paint, and some men who caricature; there are some men who intend to paint truly, but whose minds are so warped that the pencil, when it touches the canvas, makes a wry line despite themselves. While I admit Mr. Froude's genius, while I admit his scholarship, his culture, I do not admit the straightness of his look when he is looking at the Irish question; the looks warped and around the corner from an English point of view. [Laughter and applause.] Take this land matter, and take it fairly. What have you here? Landlords who have no interest whatever in tenants, who regard the tenants as so many sponges, out of whom gold and life blood might be squeezed; agents who were not content to get a rent which was out of all proportion, which only the misery and certainty of death if they did not give it induced any to give it at all, and who actually tell a man where his child shall go to school, whom his daughter shall marry, whom his son shall marry, whom he shall have to live in the same house with him.

CRUELTY TO IRISH TENANTS.

Do you think these are exaggerations? Why, Mr. Morris, who was *The London Times* Commissioner—and *The Times* is not fond of encouraging Irish grievances—now, Mr. Morris, who was *The Times* Commissioner, tells a story of a widow who was evicted from her holding, less than seven years ago, because her daughter had left her to get married and had gone to inhabit a different part of the country. The husband whom the daughter had married had died and the agent of the cottage, occupied by the widowed mother, refused to allow the woman to receive her widowed daughter back to live with her. The only place that was open to her was the London workhouse. Somebody says, "Impossible." I will tell you something more "impossible," that should make your blood boil with shame if you do n't know it. This is a little thing; I will tell you some bigger things, one of which happened upon the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne and was dealt with by the brilliant pen of my friend Linton, and is a matter of universal knowledge in England except among those who are so willfully blind upon all Irish questions that they make mischief by their willfulness; I will tell you yet another which happened within my own personal experience. The one which Linton tells of is a story of a boy who had no father and no mother living. His father and mother had occupied a cottage on the estate of my Lord Lansdowne. The boy was "a bad boy." His chief criminality was his poverty; that is a vice in the country I came from. But he had a worse vice than that. He neither starved nor went properly to the Board of Guardians to get into the workhouse, as any well-conducted boy ought to have done. He ran about the fields. His grandfather and grandmother were living, and he used sometimes to go to sleep at their house at night, and sometimes with an uncle, and sometimes with a cousin, all living on the same estate. One day this wicked boy—for he had carried his wickedness sometimes to the extent of sleeping in the fields at night, which is a crime in our country, that is if you are poor, but not if you are rich—I tell some one who shakes his head at it [referring to some one in the audience] if you are poor you are brought before the magistrate, who will send you to jail for 21 days as a rogue or a vagrant, but if you are rich, you are simply called perhaps a fool—that is the law of England, and there are a hundred people in jail, at least, for it at the present moment. The gentleman who shakes his head has nothing in the head or in the denial when he puts it. [Laughter and applause.] I never overstate my case; it is too strong to need overstating, and I have too much shame as an Englishman in the statement I have to make to you to want to color it. This boy sometimes slept in the fields at night. I don't say he slept there from choice; but the agent had forbidden his relatives to receive him, for he had given a proof of wickedness which was beyond all question; he one day had, being very hungry, killed a hare and sold it for a shilling. Now, a boy who will kill a hare is beyond all hope of redemption. Pheasants figure higher than peasants, for, in the country I come from, hares and rabbits are far more important than human beings; they have made criminals of many a score, and even in England, saying nothing of Ireland, our county calendars are filled with more offenses relating to game than any other offenses. I ask the gentleman who thinks it is not so, when I sit down, to rise here, and I will quote to him from Blue Book after Blue Book, evidence before the House of Commons, until his utter ignorance shall rise in testimony against him. [Applause.] This boy used to sleep in the field, sometimes. At last Winter came, and frost came, and snow came—and Winter's frosts and snow are hard upon poor boys, especially when their bellies are empty—this boy, therefore, begged his relations to give him shelter; as they were not uniformly inhuman they did; and the agent then served one with a notice to quit, and threatened another, and they were obliged to shut the boy out. At last, one night, there was bitter, bitter frost, the boy came and being refused admittance he clambered in at a back window, and was turned out, for they were afraid to lose their holdings, it was all they had to live by; he tried to come in again and was driven away with a pitchfork, and then, to prevent him from climbing up, his hands were tied, and he was turned away again. The boy went to sleep in the fields—it was bitter cold that night, and he slept a sleep which has never ended yet. I say the agent of the Marquis of Lansdowne was the murderer of that boy.

To those who say, "What does such a statement as that mean? what value has it?" I will read from the evidence—not of a rough speaker like myself, not of one used to exaggeration as I may be—but the words of a member of the House of Commons. He says, speaking of a village in Mayo, and two neighboring villages, in midwinter, fifty houses were leveled to the ground, and no less than 140 families turned out to go whither they would. Did you ever see an eviction? I have.

EVICTIONS DESCRIBED.

In my checkered life I have been a private soldier, and between 1849 and 1850 I was in the County Cork, stationed at Ballancholy. Those of you who are Irishmen will want no description of that beautiful valley of the Lee which winds between the hills from Cork, and in Summer seems like a very Paradise, green grass growing to the water's side, and burnished with gold in the morning, and ruddy to very crimson in the evening sunset. I went there on a November day. I was one of a troop to protect the law officers, who had come with the agent from Dublin to make an eviction a few miles from Inniscarra, where the river Bride joins the Lee. It was a miserable day—rain freezing into sleet as it fell—and the men beat down wretched dwelling after wretched dwelling—some 30 or 40 perhaps. They did not take much beating down; there was no flooring to take up; the walls were more mud than aught else, and there was but little trouble in the leveling of them to the ground. We had got our work about three parts done, when out of one of them a woman ran and flung herself on the ground, wet as it was, before the captain of the troop, and she asked that her house might be spared—not for long, but for a little while. She said her husband had been born in it, he was ill of the fever, but could not live long, and she asked that he might be permitted to die in it in peace. Our captain had no power; the law agent from Dublin wanted to get back to Dublin—his time was of importance, and he would not wait, and that man was carried out while we were there—in front of us, while the sleet was coming down—carried out on a wretched thing—you could not call it a bed—and he died there while we were there, and three nights afterward, while I was sentry on the front gate at Ballancholy barracks, we heard a cry, and when the guard was turned out we found this poor woman there a raving maniac, with one dead babe in one arm, and another in the other, clinging to the cold nipple of her lifeless breast. And if you had been brothers to such a woman, sons of such a woman, fathers of such a woman, would not rebellion have seemed the holiest gospel you could hear preached? Two hundred and fifty thousand evictions took place in the twenty years preceding 1866. 250,000! Can you multiply the misery of that 250,000? Brother separated from sister, husband from wife, the Union workhouse taking one, and the other going out trying to find life if he can. This system has gone on until it has made a misery so vast that it will require not one act of Parliament in favor of wisdom, not one statute in favor of justice, not one declaration in favor of humanity, but generations and generations of generous and kindly treatment, not to build up but in some degree to efface the bloody stain of iniquity we have made on the page of that history.

Do you want a specimen of a real English-Irish landlord? Take the late Marquis of Hertford. It was once the fortune of my life to have to meet my Lord Hertford in Paris, and he took great pains to impress upon me then his generosity. He told me he was always in the habit of assisting everybody. He had the means to assist everybody. He has died enormously rich. When he came into his property he met his tenants, and he made a pretty speech to them. He told them that it was the happiest day of his life, and I dare say it was—the coming into his property—I am not at all doubting the truthfulness of that—and he said how glad he would be to meet them again and again. He went from there to Paris, and with the exception of one visit—I think only one—that he paid to Ireland when he wanted the Order of the Garter, with that exception he never set foot on his estates again. He took from them, took from them, took from them, ay, took from them like a cold-blooded leech, without any sort of sympathy except the swallowing of the blood he draws from it. Do not say I exaggerate. There has just been a trial in the Dublin courts in which John Stounis, the

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A CHAPTER OF CRIME.

THE JERSEY CITY ABORTION CASE.

A NEWARK GIRL THE VICTIM OF A CLAIRVOYANT—THE WOMAN, HER SON, AND THE GIRL'S SUPPOSED SEDUCER UNDER ARREST—REVOLTING REVELATIONS.

The first fatal abortion case that has ever been brought to light in the State of New-Jersey was that announced in yesterday's TRIBUNE. The victim is Miss Ida W. Vail of Newark, and the alleged abortionist is Mrs. Mercella K. Metzler of No. 54 Erie-st., Jersey City. This place is ostensibly a confectionery shop, and is situated near Public School No. 2. In one of the show windows is a tin sign announcing that a "clairvoyant" may be consulted within, and above that a placard with the words "furnished rooms to let" in conspicuous letters. The house has been known among a certain clique of Erie Railway employés as the "little candy store around the corner," the name which was printed on the awning. It is alleged that a number of these persons were accustomed to frequent the house, though for what purpose is only a question of surmise. The signs in the window had attracted considerable attention for some time past, and among others who had been on the watch were two reporters of local papers, who for 10 days had kept up a vigilant surveillance. They were in reality detectives, and by their persistent inquiries in relation to the place aroused the suspicions of the police, and a sharp lookout was kept on the house. The publication of the following advertisement intensified the suspicions in relation to the house:

MEDEA.—The greatest wonder of the age. The world-renowned seeing clairvoyant may be consulted every day from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. on all business matters and sickness, at her residence, No. 54 Erie-st., Jersey City. Ladies' fee, $1. Medicinal preparations supplied.

The house was watched closely by the police, and it was openly alleged that Mrs. Metzler was accustomed to decoy young girls into her place on the pretense of showing them photographs of their future husbands, and would then arrange to introduce them to some profligate who had paid her to secure a victim. On Monday of last week, the officer who was watching the house reported to Capt. Van Riper of the Second Precinct that a man and woman had entered the building, and that the former had gone away alone. On Sunday H. A. Piaget, an undertaker in Newark-ave., informed the County Physician that an unknown woman had died under suspicious circumstances at the place. The Police Department was informed by the County Physician, but the whole matter was kept quiet and the arrest of the alleged abortionist was postponed until a late hour of the night when the police under command of Capt Van Riper visited the house soon after a man had been seen to enter in a hurried manner. It was supposed at the time that he might be the seducer of the deceased, but it was subsequently ascertained that he was the son of the accused. This man and the woman, Mrs. Metzler, were arrested and taken to the Second Precinct Station-House. The woman was locked up for the night. The man, who gave his name as Frederick B. Crozier of Eighth-st., Jersey City, was admitted to bail. He subsequently made an attempt to procure bail for the woman, but failed. The store was opened, yesterday, as usual, and at about 8 a. m. a man who gave the name of Alonzo E. Kimball was arrested by the Police. The accused is about 45 years old, and wears heavy black side-whiskers and mustache. He is suspected of complicity in the affair, and it is alleged that he is the person who accompanied the girl to the house. At 9 a. m., yesterday, Mrs. Metzler, her son, F. B. Crozier, and Kimball were taken before Justice Keese of the First Precinct for examination.

Mrs. Metzler, alias Medea, testified that her name was Mercella K. Metzler, and that she had not committed the abortion on deceased. She refused to make any further statement. Madame Metzler is about 40 years of age, and rather stout. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore a heavy black vail. Her son, Frederick T. Crozier, is about 23 years old. When called to the stand he stated that he had nothing to do with the case, and that he only happened by accident to be at the house when arrested. He did not, however, deny that he knew something about the affair. Kimball, the suspected seducer of Miss Vail, stated that he was the agent in Newark and Elizabeth for the Domestic Sewing-Machine Company, and that deceased was a friend of his; that she had confided to him a short time ago that she was in trouble and that he had taken her to the house of Mrs. Metzler, at No. 54 Erie-st., for the purpose of having an abortion procured. He denied, however, that he was her seducer and requested the Judge to allow him a private examination which was granted. At the close of the examination the accused were all committed to the Hudson County Jail, as the Judge refused to accept bail.

The house No. 54 Erie-st., is a small two-story frame building, and it is said was remodeled about six months ago for the purpose of making it available for the business which is supposed to have been carried on. The accused moved into it on May 1, from No. 209 Newark-ave., where she formerly resided. The store in front was filled with toys and candies. The upper story had three rooms, and Mrs. Metzler occupied them in company with a man whose name is unknown, and who has disappeared. The police searched the house yesterday for the instruments with with which it is supposed that an operation was performed, but were only partially successful. A large number of letters, pamphlets, receipts, &c., were found in the drawers of a bureau in one of the rooms, and also a box of pills marked Tarrant & Co., No. 278 Greenwich-st., N. Y., labeled, "16,829—one pill every evening at bed time." The rooms were well furnished, and had an air of comfort. A large number of letters were found on the premises. They are revolting in the extreme, and show beyond the shadow of a doubt that the woman was engaged in most infamous business. Some of them are from young girls who desire her assistance.

THE UNDERTAKER'S STATEMENT.

A rather tall young woman of prepossessing appearance, dressed in black, entered the store of W. V. Piaget, undertaker, at No. 177 Newark-ave., at about 3 p. m. on Sunday, and told the clerk that his services were required at No. 54 Erie-st., and that the case was given to Mr. Piaget because the lady of the house was an acquaintance, and that it was all right. She refused to give her name, but insisted that the clerk should accompany her, which he did, and was ushered into the back room on the second floor, and there found the body of a young woman lying on a bed. In the room were Madame Metzler and a tall young man with sandy chin whiskers, which answers to the description of Fred. B. Crosier. He examined the body, and seeing that the sheets were bloody and dirty, his suspicions were aroused, and he declined to have anything to do with the case until he had consulted his employer. He returned to the store, and Mr. Piaget still being absent, he consulted Dr. Buck, the county physician, and they together visited the premises at about 9 o'clock that evening and found the body in the same position and a man present whose description is exactly that of Alonzo E. Kimball. Dr. Buck at once ordered the body to be placed on ice and conveyed to Mr. Piaget's establishment. A post-mortem examination was made at 12 o'clock, yesterday, by Drs. Buck, Bird, and Craig, and it was decided that death was caused by the unlawful use of instruments during pregnancy, which produced miscarriage, laceration, perforation, and inflammation. Except for their violent treatment, the organs appeared to have been in a healthy condition.

When Kimball was on his way to the station-house he said that death was the result of gross carelessness; and that Mrs. Metzler had sworn the girl to secrecy before she would undertake the case; also that the persons who performed the operation were masked, so that it was impossible to say whether they were male or female.

The case has been given to Coroner Parslow, and he has closed the doors and windows of the house. An inquest will be held to-day, and a full investigation made. Police officers were sent to Newark, yesterday, and every one implicated will be arrested. The house was surrounded yesterday by a large crowd, who were curious to know the facts in the case. The body of Miss Vail has been removed to Piaget, the undertaker's.

HISTORY OF THE VICTIM.

Ida W. Vail, the victim of Madame Metzler, was the daughter of a printer employed on *The Newark Daily Advertiser*, who died about seven years ago, leaving a wife and two children and about $2,000 for their support. Mrs. Vail attempted to maintain herself and family by keeping boarders, and Ida, who was then about 12 years old, assisted her in her household duties. The small patrimony left by Mr. Vail was soon exhausted, and the family was left dependent in a great measure upon the charity of the parish of the church to which Mrs. Vail belonged, by which Ida was placed at school, where she remained until about two years ago, when it became necessary for her to abandon her studies and work to maintain her younger sister and mother, who had become an invalid. Ida was an expert operator on the sewing-machine, and soon obtained employment with the Domestic Sewing-Machine Company as teacher at its store, No. 809 Broad-st., at a weekly salary of $8. Alonzo E. Kimball, who brought Ida to the house of Madame Metzler, is the manager of the office in which she was employed, and her alleged betrayer. She left her home on Monday, September 29, to visit, it was thought, some relatives in Dover, N. J.; nothing was heard of her by her friends until the news of her terrible fate was divulged by the arrest of her alleged betrayer and destroyer. The news of her death was withheld from the widowed mother until last evening, and it is thought that she cannot survive the terrible shock. She made piteous appeals to know the worst, but the manner and cause of her daughter's death were considerately concealed.

Dr. James M. Comins of No. 143 East Twenty-sixth-st., New-York, was arrested last night for supposed complicity with the crime. His conduct on being arrested added to the suspicion against him.

PROBABLE MURDER NEAR PATERSON.

A PROBABLE CORPSE DECAPITATED BY AN ERIE TRAIN—THE VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DRAGGED UPON THE TRACK TO DIVERT SUSPICION—ARREST OF THE SUSPECTED MURDERER.

The engineer of the eastward-bound milk train on the Erie Railway, due in Paterson at 10:30 p. m. on Sunday, saw the body of a man lying on the track between Diamond Bridge and Hawthorne Station, a short distance west of Paterson, but was unable to check the train, which was moving at a high rate of speed, until it had passed over the body. At Hawthorne Station he reported the fact a few seconds later, and the conductor of the first train west was informed of the accident, but did not find the body, and gave the word to another conductor and engineer coming east. They discovered the body of a man by the side of the track, but passed it and continued to Paterson, where they telegraphed, at 2:30 a. m. yesterday, to Jersey City for instructions as to what they should do in the matter. They were ordered to take the body to Hawthorne station. They accordingly backed the train up to the spot, and the body was taken on board and removed to the point designated. Deceased was dressed as a laborer. The body was horribly mangled, and the head had been cut off completely. The upper part of the head and a large portion of the body were mangled fearfully, and the legs were broken. The head was wrapped in a piece of paper and taken with the remains to Hawthorne. The brain lay on the ground in a bloody pool at the spot where the wheels had passed over the head. The body was not recognized by any of those present. A rumor was subsequently circulated that some one had seen a man push the deceased in front of the locomotive, which ran over and killed him. Some one also said that a man answering the description of the accused had been seen sitting near the track cooking meat and potatoes over a fire. Officer Holloway was sent yesterday to investigate the case, and on his way he encountered the Hawthorne agent and two assistants, who had a man in custody. He gave his name as James Malone. The agent stated that he had arrested the man on the strength of a report that he had been seen moving away from the body when the engine was backing up to remove the remains to the station. The accused had a large butcher knife in his possession, and when taken he was cooking a large piece of mutton which, with the knife, were subsequently found to have been stolen from Robinson's slaughter-house. A heavy silver watch and a small sum of money were found on the person of the prisoner. Officer Holloway took him to Paterson, where he was examined by the Recorder. He denied the theft of the articles in his possession, but Mr. Robinson testified to the ownership of the knife, and the piece of meat fitted exactly into the side of a sheep which hung up in Robinson's slaughter-house, from which it had evidently been taken. The prisoner stated that he was a laborer, and had lived in Forty-second-st., New-York. He is a native of Ireland, is about 35 years of age, and has a vicious cast of countenance. He was committed to jail on a charge of theft, and will be held to await the investigation of the Coroner.

The Paterson police recognized the dead man by his clothing and goatee as a person who was arrested on Saturday on a charge of drunkenness, and released after payment of a fine on Sunday morning. He had given his name as Michael Clinton, and said he was a laborer, age 40, worked in the Sterling mine, near Stoatsburg. The remains were conveyed to Rutan's undertaking establishment, and Coroner Amiraux will hold an inquest on Thursday morning.

The supposition is that deceased was murdered, and the body placed on the railroad track, in order to make it appear that he had been killed by the train. Engineer Banker of the Erie Railway states that two men were put off a westward bound passenger train, at 8 o'clock, a few rods above Hawthorne, for disorderly conduct. The engineer of another train is stated to have seen two men quarreling in the neighborhood, one of whom struck the other a blow and knocked him down. A man dressed in black was seen early yesterday morning standing by a fence near the scene of the probable murder, and when approached he ran away hastily across a vacant lot. The police are searching for him.

SUPPOSED MURDER AT BULL'S FERRY.

THE DEAD BODY OF A WOMAN FOUND FLOATING AMONG DRIFT-WOOD—A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

About 10 a. m., yesterday, Josiah and Cornelius Ketelph went out to catch driftwood, near Bull's Ferry, and when about 250 feet from Mencke's dock, they saw what appeared to be a very large log, and they rowed up to it. When they came nearer they found that it was the body of a woman. They took it into their boat and conveyed it to the Guttenburg pier, where it was left for the Coroner. Coroner Parslow of Hoboken took charge of the remains, and removed them to the Morgue in Hoboken. An inquest will be held at the Coroner's office, this morning. The woman was evidently about 25 years of age, was stout, and of fair complexion, and had been very good looking. The features were natural, and she had not been in the water more than a few hours. Her clothing consisted of a black alpaca dress, with a polonaise of green Henritta cloth. She had a fine lace collar and jet earrings. Her eyes were dark, she had black hair floating loosely, her bonnet having evidently been washed away. The pilot of the ferry-boat Roslyn of the Forty-second-st. Ferry, noticed two boats bottom up floating off Forty-sixth-st., and it is supposed that they had borne some relation to the case, as a rumor of a boating accident preceded by a fight had been current. People along the shore therefore suspect foul play.

THE ERA OF INVESTIGATION.

PROBABLE INQUIRIES AT THE NEXT SESSION OF CONGRESS CONCERNING THE WASHINGTON BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP AND RAILWAY JOBS, THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK FAILURE, AND THE CHARGES AGAINST JUDGES SHERMAN AND DELAHAY.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—There is no longer any doubt that the era of investigation on the part of Congress has not gone by, and that the approaching session will at no time be without its special committees of investigation into some of the abuses and frauds against the General Government. The first and most important of these inquiries will be directed against the Board of Public Works for their proceedings in connection with the improvements in this city. This investigation will not be conducted by the House Committee on the District of Columbia, as was done in the last Congress, but a special committee will be asked, and possibly a joint committee of the two houses will be urged. There are those who promise to see that the special committee shall not be packed with suspicious Congressmen without a protest, and a lively time is promised. The Board affect to want a most searching, rigid, and impartial inquiry, and Gov. Shepherd has said that he does not care whether a committee of friends or enemies is chosen, so that it is composed of just and fair men. It is said to be the intention of what is known as the Ring, which includes favorite contractors and land speculators, to give journalists and others an opportunity to make good their criticisms and charges of corruption against those composing the circle which has lately met with such stinging rebuke from all parts of the country.

The investigation as to the alleged improper influence in the passage of the increased subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, wherein Congressmen were said to have received money for their votes, will probably be resumed at the coming session. Congress expired last March before the Committee had completed their labors. It is said that some of the Congressmen implicated are members of the present Congress, although their names are not given. Representative Randall of Pennsylvania moved the inquiry before, and it is understood he intends to push it. Representative Wilson of Indiana, who was Chairman of the Crédit Mobilier Committee No. 2, will, early in the next session, enter a motion to revive his committee, when he will continue his inquiry into the Central Pacific Railroad and its history, which he was forced to abandon last Spring by the expiration of Congress. It is his purpose, if he secures the necessary authority, to look into the operations of all the roads which have received aid from the Government, including the Northern Pacific and the Memphis and El Paso or Southern Pacific. If his Committee propose to make "a thorough job" of it, they will have work during the entire session, which will, in all probability, last for eight months. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hoar, and Mr. Swan are the only members of the old Committee reëlected to the next Congress.

There is a good deal of talk about an investigation by Congress into the causes attending the failure of the First National Bank in this city, in order to discover whether any officer of the