# TRAINING A ROMAN MOB.

## "SUPERS" LEARN HOW TO BE TURBULENT.

THE CROWD THAT WILL HELP BOOTH AND BARRETT IN "JULIUS CÆSAR.

When William W. Shakespeare (as Artemus Ward calls him), or Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, wrote the play of Julius Cæsar, he (whichever one you please) with an eye to stage effect, included "Senators, citizens, guards, attendants, etc.," in the *dramatis personæ*. When in the exuberance of inspiration he dashed down these incidentals on his manuscript he did not anticipate the consequences on Christmas Day, 1887, in the Academy of Music, New-York, United States of America. If his inspiration had been the least prophetic, he would have left out the et cetera, anyway. But neither the old English poet nor the old English "Boodler" could by the wildest stretch of imagination foresee a Booth-Barrett combination any more than they could foresee an American Republic.

A big theatre in the daytime is a howling wilderness. When the stage is filled with a mob in a rehearsal which is mostly howling, the result is astonishing.

WHAT THE CROWD LOOKED LIKE.

At half-past 10 o'clock yesterday morning about one hundred and fifty senators, citizens, citizens' female relatives, guards, attendants, et cetera—most of them were et ceteras—flocked on the stage of the Academy of Music, and stared at each other, at the unlighted footlights, at the vast and beggarly array of empty benches, and at the flies. Some evidently thought there were none on *them*. These were old hands at the business, and had been senators, citizens, guards and attendants so often that no one who didn't know them could doubt that they could play *Brutus* and *Cassius* much better than Mr. Booth or Mr. Barrett. The others were only Et cetera, and they looked as if they wished the trap-doors would open and swallow them up. Two or three scene-shifters came along, and elbowing their way through the elemental mob, directed their energies to the construction of a street in Rome. "Rome was not built in a day," but the street, including a statue, was all up in a few minutes. The Roman architects and builders couldn't hold a candle to modern scene-artists and scene-shifters. A pulley-block that hung down over the centre of the stage looked a little out of place; and one of the mob tickled the statue's nose. The manager was careful to explain to a reporter who happened to be around that these things were not part of the regular performance.

THE MOB WAS A PROPER ONE.

"Would not this delight the soul of Anthony Comstock?" he added in a stage-whisper. "Not an ankle! Not even an ankle—that is to say, scarcely any."

He told the naked truth. The senators, citizens, guards, attendants, etc., were all in coats and trousers, and the Roman women were dressed like ordinary New-York women. But the manager was careful to explain to the reporter that this would not occur in the regular performance.

Taken all in all, it was an exceptionally decent crowd. Some of them, indeed, were swell mobsmen. Not more than three-quarters of an hour after the appointed time a little man in a short jacket and a flurry, and with an open book in his hand, skipped into the midst of them. This was Stage Manager Dowd, who, in virtue of his office, is every character in the play by turns and none of them long in the course of one single rehearsal.

"Here—home-you-idle-creaters-get-you-home. Is-this-a-holiday?" he ejaculated, at the rate of four hundred words a minute. The mob swayed uneasily to and fro. One of them grasped the pulley-block. After several sways to and fro, the terror of the timid creatures was allayed by Mr. Dowd's explanation.

"I'm *Flavius*," quoth he, "and you are a body of citizens. Get into your places, can't ye?"

Did you ever see a flock of sheep attempting to organize a procession, four abreast? If so, you will be able to form a faint conception of the result of Mr. Dowd's command. But, going about his task with the method and the gentleness of a model stage-manager, he brought order out of chaos in a few minutes. A swear here, an objuration there—and behold! the whole body of citizens was ranged trilaterally about the stage and getting in its subdued murmuring with meditated grace.

MORE MURMUR DEMANDED.

"More murmur at the end of the line there!" he cried, and a ragged sound travelled to the remotest part of the crowd like the gentle ripple of the many-voiced sea on a pebbly shore. And so that scene ran on smoothly to the end, and there was marching and counter-marching, popular demonstrations, and haranguing, and a revolutionary hullabaloo that would have done an Anarchist's heart good.

Then the mob was allowed to regain its breath, and reorganize itself as the Roman senate, guards, attendants, et cetera. The street of the Eternal City distributed itself in different parts of the recesses of the stage. A dozen funny little whitewashed chairs with crosses for backs were placed at the left side, and by dramatic license, which even Sunday laws do not affect, this arrangement was temporarily supposed to represent the Senate chamber. At the dictation of Mr. Dowd, the Senators awkwardly seated themselves. They will no doubt look better in togas. One of the Senators had a beard. He seemed to feel his responsibility keenly. The others had no beards but kept smoking the places reserved for such ornaments. It is a well-known fact that the Roman Senators were all bald-headed, and check-full of the wisdom of council, and that they sat on their whitewashed chairs and smoked their long beards all day. Are United States Senators built that way? Not much.

The citizens, guards, and the et cetera grouped themselves at the back of the scene. Mr. Dowd came on as *Caesar*, and read a speech from his little book just as fast as he could, which is saying a good deal. It was in blank verse, iambic pentameter, but you would not have known it. Then Mr. Dowd read the lines of *Cinna*, *Decius* and *Casca*, and reassuming the title-role, rattled off in an astonishingly matter-of-fact way, "Et-tu-Brute-then-fall-Cæsar!" With that he fell beautifully, after several excellent staggers. Even the Senators and the mob were staggered by his exhibition of histrionic talent. They gaped in degrees of magnitude according to the sizes of their mouths. The slain Cæsar gathered himself together, and picking up himself and his book from the floor, proceeded to address the Senate and the citizens in blank language, not blank verse.

HE WANTED A SHOUT AND GOT IT.

"Shoat, ye duffers! Why don't ye shout?" yelled the resuscitated hero. "Shout treason, murder, anything!"

They shouted. Women's squeals topped an undercurrent of bass and tenor groans. The chorus was not altogether pleasing to Mr. Dowd's critical ear.

"Why don't you all shout as I tell you?" he said, and then, launching into the language of *Quince*, the carpenter, he went on, "I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me . . . and I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I will roar you an't were any nightingale—roar, can't you?"

"Herro-ro!" responded the mob. "Murder! Trécason!"

"That's it!" said Mr. Dowd, energetically. "Yell when he gets it here," and he slapped his manly chest, "and yell again when he gets it here," and Mr. Dowd slapped a little lower down. "Altogether now! I want more action in that corner there!"

"Be-jabers ye-ho!" quoth a big Irishman in the corner referred to. *Caesar* staggered and gurgled his death cry once more, and above the prodigious shout that arose and stirred the loose edges of scene cloth overhead came the huge voice of the big Irishman, exclaiming: "Trayson! Trayson! Trayson! howls murther-rer!!"

Said the manager to the reporter: "How little do the audiences that go night after night to the theatre realize the tremendous amount of toil and trouble involved in a single production."

### *LOOKING AFTER THE ABANDONED BOY.*

The dispatch from Cincinnati printed in THE TRIBUNE, stating that a boy age nine, a son of Alexander Simpson, was in charge of the Cincinnati police, the father having disappeared, met the eye of Simpson's relatives in Newark and the Cincinnati police were communicated with. The information was given that the boy was well cared for and would be sent on to-day. Simpson the father, was married to a lady of good family in Newark some fifteen years ago and ten years ago the couple moved to Philadelphia. A few months afterward he abandoned his wife and taking his youngest boy went to Tampa, Florida. It is supposed he was on his way to Kansas when he disappeared near Waycross, Ga. His wife lives in Newark and her friends think that the abandonment of the boy was deliberate.

### *A CROWDED ANTI-POVERTY MEETING.*

The Academy of Music never held a greater crowd than the one that assembled there last night at the Christmas meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society. The Academy was seasonably decorated, and as Miss Munier's choir was assisted by an orchestra and reinforced by several excellent solo singers the entertainment given was extremely enjoyable. J. K. Feeney, of St. Stephen's Parish, presided. Dr. McGlynn received several beautiful floral tributes before he made the speech of the evening. Henry George said a few words. It was announced that the complimentary concert for Miss Munier and her choir will take place on January 15.

### *A FANATIC'S PRAYER TEST.*

*Bangor (Me.) Dispatch to The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

In Whiting, Washington County, lives an old fellow named Gunther, who has acquired the title of "Champion Crank of Maine." He recently completed, after six months of hard work and at considerable expense, a saw and grist mill upon the summit of a lofty hill. On the side of the building is a big overshot wheel, while just under the roof is an immense tank. Uncle Gunther, who is a religious fanatic of the first order, says that he built the mill to convince people that all prayers will be answered when accompanied by a sufficient degree of faith. He declares that God will send rain enough to fill the tank and keep the mill wheel going whenever he prays for it. One of his neighbors asked him: "What's the matter with building the mill down on the stream?" To which the old fellow replied that it wasn't a mill he was after, but a method of reclaiming sinners. The mill hasn't started yet, but Uncle Gunther says he hasn't asked for any rain yet. He thinks the neighbors will all be converted in time, and meanwhile the mill on the hill will serve as a landmark.

### *REVELATIONS ON THE ATHENIAN BROW.*

*From The Boston Herald.*

The pointed bang has pointed itself out of existence, and the "slugger cut" gives way to an angelic parting, or the bold, bad pompadour roll, for Miss Boston's winter hair.

### *THE CELESTIAL MILLINERY PROBLEM.*

*From The Chicago Times.*

A Tennessee woman who died the other day had her new bonnet buried with her. This suggests an anxious thought. Do female angels wear tall bonnets? How can the happiness of Heaven be perfect if a man has to crane his neck out of shape to see the throne of grace?

## *A PERFECT CHRISTMAS DAY AT TUXEDO.*

SLEIGHING, COASTING AND TOBOGGANING—SPORT PROMISED FOR TO-DAY.

TUXEDO, Dec. 25 (*Special*).—This has been a most perfect winter day and just the right sort for Christmas. In fact Peter Marie said that he never until to-day realized what Pickwick's famous Christmas was like. Every one has lived out of doors as much as possible and the day has been spent in sleighing, coasting and tobogganing. Two jolly parties spent the afternoon in coasting on bob-sleds, starting at the top of the hill beyond the Grenville Kane cottage and coasting past the club-house to the lake, which is distant nearly a mile.

The largest sled was steered by Edward Kemeys, and had on board Sir Richard Musgrave (to whom the sport was entirely novel), Peter Marie, John T. Kingsford, Oliver Harriman, Fleming Tuckerman, Mrs. J. H. Purdy, Mrs. James L. Breese, Mrs. P. Burnett Baldwin, and Mrs. Edward Kemeys. The sled reached the foot of the hill in two minutes and three-quarters.

On the other sled were Cooper Hewitt, who steered, his two brothers and Mrs. Green, Mrs. Burke Roche and Miss Eleanor Hewitt. The sled was upset, but none of the party was injured, all rolling into the soft snow at the side of the road, which is seventeen inches deep. A double sleigh and pair took the party and the sleds up the hill, saving them much exertion.

All the sleighs in the club stables have been in use. T. Burnett Baldwin drove round the lake, a distance of five miles, with a high-stepping team of bays lately added to the stables, in twenty-two minutes, showing pretty good speed as the road is very hilly. The venerable Chief Justice Daly and Mrs. Daly came up from town yesterday for the week and were out sleighing an hour in the early afternoon. Mayor Hewitt and Mrs. Hewitt remained indoors most of the day.

Toboggan suits are the order of the day and give a most picturesque look to the wearer. It was a novel sight to see the mixture of costumes at the 5 o'clock tea, which is a feature of Tuxedo life. Miss Ferguson looked very handsome in a rough cloth dress with a Tam O'Shanter hat. Cooper Hewitt and his next younger brother were in suits of blue and white flannel. Mrs. Cooper Hewitt in a dark cloth dress and Mrs. Burnett Baldwin, wearing a handsome costume of gray cloth and silk embroidered with steel beads, presided gracefully at the tea table.

One of the features of the day was the family dinner party given by Mayor and Mrs. Hewitt. Their party included Dr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Miss Sallie Hewitt, Miss Eleanor Hewitt, Edward Hewitt, Henry Hewitt, Mrs. Burke Roche and Miss Ferguson, of England.

The lake is freezing over and probably by Wednesday skating will be safe. Until that time the skaters are contented with the eighteen acres of the fish pond which all day has been alive with them and ice boats. James L. Breese managed his boat with great skill. To-night the moon shone brightly and half a dozen sleighing parties drove round the lake, returning for a late supper.

A large number of guests will come up to-morrow, their rooms having been engaged weeks in advance. The chief interest of the day will be the pigeon shoot. The prizes offered are of solid silver of artistic workmanship and include a $250 cup presented by a member, one of equal value—a subscription cup—and still another valued at $100. The shooting will begin promptly on the arrival of the train which leaves New-York at 8:55 a. m. The thermometer has scarcely risen above 25° and early in the morning was 15° above zero.

## *HOSPITAL SUNDAY COLLECTIONS.*

TAKEN UP IN MANY CHURCHES YESTERDAY—DR. HALL'S CONGREGATION HAVE FREE CHOICE.

Yesterday besides being Christmas day was hospital Sunday. This is a conjunction which is supposed to augur well for large collections at the churches, because of all days in the year Christmas is the one when people are most disposed to unloosen their purse strings and give way to charitable impulses. The fine weather led to an unusually large attendance at the churches, a circumstance which is also auspicious for large collections. Then the withdrawal of the Presbyterian Hospital from the association has undoubtedly stimulated a spirit of rivalry which must have had some effect in swelling contributions.

The returns of the collections yesterday will not be all in for a day or two, and as some few churches are in the habit of having special collections of their own on Christmas day, their "Hospital Sunday" contributions will not be gathered until next Sunday, but when everything is collected it is assured that the sum total of the collections will largely exceed those gathered last year by the Saturday and Sunday Hospital Association for distribution among the various hospitals.

Some curiosity has been manifested concerning the mode of collection that would be adopted at Dr. Hall's church. It was thought by some that the collection would be entirely for the Presbyterian Hospital. Such was not the case, however. It was left entirely to the givers to determine what disposition should be made of their contribution. The envelopes that were put in the pews had printed forms on their faces to admit of specifying whether the gift should be to the general fund or to any particular hospital, and in the latter event whether it should go to the hospital direct or through the Saturday and Sunday Association.

The collection taken up yesterday in the West Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Paxton is pastor, amounted to $2,700. Of this, $2,300 was for another free bed in the Presbyterian Hospital. The remainder was for the general church fund.

## *NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE STAGE.*

Phineas T. Barnum writes that his firm intends before long to establish in several of the largest cities permanent museums of "natural, artificial, mechanical and scientific curiosities." To these will be added lecture rooms, with stages large enough for the presentation of tableaus, panoramas and "moral dramas."

W. H. Foster, manager of the Boston Ideals, announces that his company will begin an engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on January 17. The first opera will be the "Daughter of the Regiment," Zelie de Lussan is the prima donna.

John Donnelly's concert at Steinway Hall last night presented a number of artists in a great variety of vocal and instrumental music. In the latter were players on mandolins, the violin, piano and xylophone. The singers were generally acceptable and, as in addition to the music there were some good recitations, the auditor who did not find something to satisfy him must have been extremely captious.

The theatres that do not give matinees to-day are the Academy and the Fifth Avenue, but at night "Julius Cæsar" and "Jekyll and Hyde" will be presented. At the other houses the matinees will be, Wallack's, "Forget-me-not"; Madison Square Theatre, "Elaine"; Daly's, "The Railroad of Love"; Lyceum, "The Wife"; Harrigan's, "Pete"; Fourteenth Street Theatre, the Hanlons; Thalia, "Technschulze"; Star, the Florences; Standard, "Paul Kauvar"; Niblo's "A Run of Luck"; Grand Opera House, Nat Goodwin; Lockstader's, Minstrelsy; Casino, "Madelon"; Bijou, "The Corsair"; American Institute, Robbins's Circus; Union Square Theatre, "The Henrietta"; Eden Musee, the Hungarian Orchestra, paintings and new groups. The Cycloramas of Gettysburg at Fourth-ave. and Eighteenth-st., and of the Merrimac and Monitor at Madison-ave. and Fifty-ninth-st., will be open day and evening. Makart's paintings of the "Five Senses" may be viewed in Fourteenth-st.

"Euryanthe" is announced for repetition at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon.

John P. Smith, one of the oldest managers, who has in his time directed the fortunes of many prominent stars, will have a benefit next Sunday evening at the Star Theatre. Among the volunteers already secured are Bill Nye, Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree, A. Miner Criswold, "the Fat Contributor" of "Texas Siftings"; Minnie Seligman, the Tissots, Harry Kennedy, May Thomas, the Blossom Quartette, Robert Hilliard, Miss Sylvester, Harry Fischer and Gill Thomas. Boxes have been secured by A. M. Palmer, Stuart Robson and William J. Florence, at $100 each. The New-York Lodge of Elks will take one seat at $100.

### *WORKING HARD AT THE DRAWBRIDGE.*

The Central Railroad of New-Jersey failed to get their iron drawbridge into working order yesterday on Newark Bay, between Bergen Point and Elizabethport, which was run into on Saturday evening by the Newark freight steamer Pioneer. The centre pier, engine and some cogwheels were broken by the collision. The bridge cannot be closed to permit trains to pass, and is one foot out of place, resting on the standard. Navigation is open. A large force of men working on it expect to complete the repairs by Monday, but it may take all week. The loss on traffic and bridge is over $5,000.

### *BEATING THE PEDESTRIAN RECORD.*

BOSTON, Dec. 24.—The six-day pedestrian match at Bay State Rink, Chelsea, closed to-night. The score at the finish was as follows: Heggerman, 185 miles, 5 laps; Golden, 181 miles, 4 laps; Hearty, 180 miles; Howarth, 170 miles; Colburn, 165 miles; Taylor, 164 miles; Sullivan, 158 miles. Heggerman, Golden and Hearty beat the record of 176 miles.

### *MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY TO MRS. MANNING.*

ALBANY, Dec. 25.—Dispatches of sympathy were received by Mrs. Manning to-day from Frederick Cook, Secretary of State; Senator D. M. Sabin; John S. Cook, Secretary of State; Senator D. M. Sabin; John S. Williams, Third Auditor of the Treasury, and Secretary W. C. Whitney.

The flags on the barge office and on the revenue cutters in the harbor were flying at half-mast yesterday as a mark of respect to the late ex-Secretary Manning.

## *POPULAR OBSERVATIONS.*

### STARTING A NICHOLSON FUND.

FRIENDS OF THE DEAD ADMIRAL TO CONTRIBUTE $20,000 TO SUPPORT HIS WIDOW.

*To the Editor of The Tribune.*

SIR: As is well known, Admiral J. W. A. Nicholson and his ancestors were in the Naval service for more than a century and rendered most important services to their country. Through some unfortunate investments recently made by the Admiral, his widow is left without any means of support and does not even own the humble home in this city where her husband died a month or more ago. It is proposed by the undersigned to raise the sum of $20,000 for Mrs. Nicholson's benefit. More than one-third of the amount has been already subscribed by seven persons. Any one wishing to contribute to this fund will kindly advise one of the undersigned, who will invest and take charge of the fund.

JAMES GRANT WILSON, No. 63 Bleecker-st.
LEVI P. MORTON, No. 28 Nassau-st.
JOSEPH W. DREXEL, No. 103 Madison-ave.

*New-York, Nov. 30, 1887.*

Among the subscribers to the Nicholson Fund are the following:

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|---|---|
| James Grant Wilson | $1,000 |
| Joseph W. Drexel | 1,000 |
| Levi P. Morton | 1,000 |
| Mrs. Robert L. Stewart | 1,000 |
| Cornelius Vanderbilt | 1,000 |
| Benjamin H. Field | 1,000 |
| Collis P. Huntington | 1,000 |
| The Misses Rhinelander | 1,000 |

Several smaller sums have also been contributed.

### LESSONS FOR NEXT YEAR.

CAUSES OF RECENT DEFEATS—WHAT IS NOW NEEDED.

*To the Editor of The Tribune.*

SIR: I hope you will allow me to join in the symposium held by some of your correspondents over the causes of Republican defeat in the State of New-York. I am moved to this by the letter signed "National Republican" in your paper of November 25. With the sentiments of this Ohio man I am in full accord, and I would like to emphasize his views from a New-York point of view.

From one cause or another our party in the city of New-York has been a disgruntled one for several years. Thanks to the breaking down in the convention that nominated Garfield of the odious and unpatriotic unit rule, we had fairly recovered from this, when the Blainephobia broke out among the free-trade journals and orators. Carefully concealing their real desire to break down a protective tariff and revenge fancied personal slights, they scared a few thousands of very respectable but very timid adherents of our party into the belief that Mr. Blaine was such a terribly wicked man that he would ruin the country, even with the Republican party at his back. Then the cry of "bloody shirt" by these same journals awoke the old dough-face spirit in New-York, where it was once so violent that great merchants feared the crack of a Southern whip as much as even did a negro on a plantation. Fort Sumter stopped this for a time. But now those who appear to be lineal descendants of dough-faces dread to hear one word in behalf of a free ballot and a fair count in the South, thanks to the influence of one time Republican newspapers.

There is a small contingent also made up of those who went to Chicago from a certain Republican organization in the city, ostensibly for no particular candidate, but really for one to the exclusion of all others, who from the night they reached home and gave vent to their disappointment, to this day remain a disgruntled faction. They have again and again received the loyal support of Republicans whom they excluded from representation, for they are office-holders, when possible, to a man; but they sometimes deny to fairly nominated candidates against whom they have personal or factional grievances what they always expect for themselves, that is, cordial support. Add to the Free Traders, the deluded Mugwumps and the very small class I have just delineated, the honest and loyal men of the party who have been often discouraged in the past by the inefficiency of state and county committees, the treachery of some of the local leaders, and we have evils enough to prevent our success.

Yet if the Republican party will set to work at once, victory would be certain. Each of the 812 election districts of the city should be made a field of work; the district system of organization has paralyzed Tammany Hall again and again triumphed sadly against the weal of this city. If one good Republican were held responsible for each district we should have a much lessened Democratic majority. Meetings should be held in each one of these districts. Republican literature, especially Republican newspapers, should be circulated. Whatever men may say, tariff and other vital issues dividing the two parties, and we don't need to recall the enormities of the war to demonstrate them, it is, however, greatly to be regretted that those voters who are now old enough to remember the scenes of the great Rebellion will not all hear the story of its origin. Were they to do so they might be surprised to find that those who fomented and maintained it are now held in especially high honor by a National Administration.

The Republican party is opposed to dishonest elections, to the intimidation of any class or race of voters. It is opposed to free trade. It is opposed to free rum and to the twin relic of barbarism which blights a part of our land. If intimidated, we show that we are slaves of fear or favor toward Assassins or thieves, in office or out. It will make the humblest fisherman safe under the American flag. These and many other convictions cause us to differ from the Democratic party. If we will state them without circumlocution or trimming, and not apologize for Republicanism or Republican leaders, we may easily carry the State of New-York and the Nation in 1888. KNICKERBOCKER.

*New-York, Dec. 20, 1887.*

### AN APPEAL FOR THE HOMELESS POOR.

*To the Editor of The Tribune.*

SIR: I have been obliged to close my labors in attempting to feed the hungry multitude at No. 128 West Fourth-st., because the applications for food have far overtaxed my ability. The venture was made some twenty days ago, with the assistance of friends, with the expectation of caring for perhaps 200 needy men who congregate around Washington Parade Ground in the early morning—some of whom pass the night there—and it has grown from seventeen recipients on the first opening to 1,300 hungry men at night and 1,500 on the following morning, and yet not all the hungry fed. There are in my judgement fully 5,000 able-bodied and worthy persons who get up and lie down hungry and sad in this great city filled with abundance, and other thousands who will be thrown out of employment immediately after New Year, to be added to the army of the needy. Among them probably one quarter are foreigners of a worthy class. They are "the strangers within our gates," and should not be allowed to starve amid the general abundance.

There should be some steps taken at once to minister to the needs of the hungry and worthy poor, and I appeal to the kindly and merciful to take immediate steps in this direction, as was done in the starvation winter of 1873. There are hundreds of poor men lodging as best they can in new buildings, half-ways and covered wagons and many are driven in extremities into the vermin covered station houses to seek a shelter where sixty or seventy gather in apartments intended for twenty lodgers. Many are driven from one over-filled station house to another, until, crowded out for the night, they seek shelter in the more hospitable drinking places until these are closed, and then wander about until early morning. This to my personal knowledge is the sad fate of those who, friendless and alone, are overtaken by misfortune in our great city. I trust this appeal, with the kindly aid of the press, will evoke a public sympathy in the direction of merciful provision for the hungry and needy, and this without delay. JOHN H. KEYSER.

*No. 115 Beekman-st., New-York, Dec. 24, 1887.*

## *TRAGIC RESCUE OF A PRISONER.*

A FRIEND DECOYS THE GUARD—THEY QUARREL, THEY SHOOT AND BOTH FALL FROM THE TRAIN DEAD.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 25.—A dispatch to *The Courier-Journal*, from Mount Vernon, Ky., says: "Bal' Chumley, yesterday in Laurel County, arrested Hugh McHargue, who was charged with the betrayal of a young girl at Pine Hill, Ky. He started on the train with him for this place to-day. When he arrived at Livingston, Walter Mullins, one of McHargue's friends, boarded the train, though his friends protested against it. The train had not run more than two miles, when nearing a tunnel which opens out on the bridge over Round Stone Creek, Mullins entered the car and slapping Chumley on the shoulder told him a man wanted to see him on the platform quick.

Chumley went out carrying his Winchester with him. After reaching the platform witnesses say that a discussion ensued and the report of arms aroused all the passengers. Mullins was shot through the head and Chumley through the foot. Both fell from the moving train off the bridge, a distance of about thirty feet.

The train was at once stopped and backed up to the scene. Both men were found dead, Mullins with his neck broken and Chumley with his head all torn to pieces, making it difficult to tell whether he was shot in the head or not, but it is supposed he was, as his brains were found upon the car steps. In the confusion McHargue escaped.

### *RIOTERS SHOT IN A KENTUCKY TOWN.*

CINCINNATI, Dec. 25.—At midnight last night the Sheriff of Kenton County, Ky., received a dispatch from the toll-gate keeper at Erlanger, a village about eight miles from Covington on the Cincinnati Southern Railway, announcing that a riot had occurred. The Sheriff and a posse went from Covington. In Boone County, Ky., prohibition prevails and ruffians from Boone County go to Erlanger, which is in Kenton County, for their liquor. They had been assembling there Saturday nights and drinking at John Connor's saloon. They disliked Albert Cates, the barkeeper, and having given him notice to quit, decided to drive him away. They got up a fight in the saloon late at night and Cates put them out. There were seven in the gang. Cates barred the door. The gang returned, smashed the windows with stones and fired pistols through the doors and windows. Cates and his two companions returned the fire. The assailants retired to reload and on returning made a rush at the house. The three within fired from the windows with deadly effect. The outsiders shot were: "Rome" Respus, wounded in the thigh and arm; Frank Respus, wounded in the head; Ben Stevens, in the face, the ball lodging near the ear; John Dersey, breast and leg. The wounded were taken in wagons to Florence, Ky.

## *WOOL GROWERS AROUSED.*

### ORGANIZING AGAINST FREE TRADE.

A CALL TO ARMS ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 25.—The following has been received:

MOUNT VERNON, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1887.

*To the Wool Growers of the United States:*

The sentiment favoring free trade in this country has been augmented to the extent of the President's influence in announcing his sympathy with those who do not encourage American industries and domestic labor. The Executive has emphasized his contempt for your industry by proposing the repeal of all duties on imported wools.

You number about 1,000,000 voters, and give employment to about 1,000,000 more. Every State, and nearly every county in each State of the Union, has flocks and flockmasters. Your flocks generally are small, your wealth limited, and your locations so scattered as to render organization and united action difficult. Once the producers of 300,000,000 pounds of wool annually, valued at $100,000,000, you have seen the unfriendly legislation of 1883 check your growth and actually reduce your flocks in number and your annual clip in quantity to the extent of 15 per cent.

These results followed a small reduction of protective duties. Now the President proposes their abolition so that South America and Australia, with other foreign nations can supply the consumption of the United States spindles and looms. The officers of your national society desire to organize resistance to this cruel attempt. In order to secure its defeat by active, consolidated resistance I advise that you petition Congress freely from all parts of the country. Send letters to Congressmen from every district. Have each association of wool growers—State, county, township or town—pass and forward appropriate resolutions, invite the granges or associations of husbandmen to unite their voices with yours in urging Congress to promote the welfare of agriculture.

Enfranchised freemen may obtain justice and avoid oppression by making those in authority understand their wants. If you have not large or consolidated wealth you have votes. Exercise wisely the power which this privilege gives. The founders of our Republic placed in the hands of its people the power to correct the errors of those who make or administer our laws without insurrection or violence.

The Executive has been misinformed. Remove the deception and let him and the Nation know that you will not submit to the proposed injustice without a resolute struggle. C. DELANO,

President National Wool Growers' Association.

## *MR. BLAINE AND AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

OBSERVING POLITICAL CHANGES IN FRANCE—PROUD OF SUCH A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NATION.

BOSTON, Dec. 25 (*Special*).—*The Lewiston Evening Journal* publishes an interview with a gentleman who recently returned from Europe. In Paris he had a good opportunity to take the measure of Mr. Blaine's visit to Europe and to observe the impression which that visit made on the American colonies in London, Paris and elsewhere on the continent. He says:

I met Mr. Blaine in Paris a couple of weeks ago, and if I ever saw a man in the buoyancy of perfect health, that man is Mr. Blaine. His cheeks are rosy, his appetite good and his spirits those of the most rebounding physical vigor. I visited him at his hotel and he said:

"We lead a quiet life here. I am not taking politics nor running about in sight-seeing to the exclusion of comfort. I was at Versailles yesterday to see the election of the French President, after a crisis phenomenal and particularly interesting to an American. I have been kindly received by French statesmen and have excellent opportunities to study French politics. I have more I study legislative assemblies in the Old World the more I perceive that our American congress is the most dignified and orderly of the law-making bodies on the globe. I think I never felt better in my life. I ascribe my vigorous health to two causes. I was born with a good body and I worked on a Pennsylvania farm in my younger days. Life on a farm in boyhood makes for vigor of days in manhood. Secondly, I have always kept from petards. I have eschewed intoxicants and tobacco from my college days on and I have never pursued the candle at both ends. I always choose plain dishes at the table. Pastry I never take. Thus I owe my good health to plenty of moderation and a good constitution to start with. My life has been a busy one and in some respects it has taxed my physical force severely. There has almost never been a day until the last month. 'Twenty Years of Congress' was written on the backs of a most exacting political contest and these were preceded by a public life that gave neither mind nor body a rest. Hence you may imagine that I am enjoying this breathing spell."

I asked him what most impressed him in comparing the old world with the new. He reply he said in substance:

"The marvelous growth of the United States is an industrial and democratic phenomenon which the so-called upper classes of Europe are unable to comprehend. Twenty-five years ago the representatives of aristocracies in Europe sneered at America and the Americans. But now all this is changed. The utmost respect and courtesy are shown Americans throughout Europe and in England especially."

I chanced to meet the American Minister one morning and I was impressed with the universal esteem with which Americans follow Mr. Blaine wherever he goes. Mr. Blaine happened to come into the reading room and was cordially greeted by a score or two of Americans present. One of them said to me:

"I am a Democrat, but I admire Mr. Blaine, and if he is the next candidate for President, I shall vote for him. I believe in intense Americans. I want no British free-trade surrender on American soil. I have a contempt for political dudes, and let me tell you that if Mr. Blaine is the next standard-bearer of the Republican party, he will be elected. Why, they said when Mr. Blaine had carried nearly all except the bulldozed states and had come within 500 votes of being President of the United States, that he was a dead cock in the pit, but he is the liveliest athlete in the whole political arena. It never had sue h hold of the him. The laden crowd cannot lie about him with sufficient vehemence, but the plain people love him and mean to make him President."

"I know what I am talking about," continued the Western man, "James G. Blaine is the most popular man and the most brilliant and far-sighted statesman in America, and set it down, he will be the next President. His defeat in the last contest was not his fault—it was a real victory. The people are with him. They love an American who is an American on both sides of the sea."

I met many Americans in Europe who said they were proud to have such a representative in Europe.

## *DEAD BODIES ALL ABOUT KELLY'S HUT*

HORRIBLE BUTCHERIES COMMITTED BY THE FAMILY IN "NO MAN'S LAND."

WICHITA, Kan., Dec. 25.—Mr. Gregg, representing a St. Louis house, arrived in this city yesterday from "No Man's Land." He confirms the reports of the bloody deeds of the Kelly family and gives further particulars. He says he can remember stopping at the Kelly house to get meals. It was a one-story hut with a barn a short distance away. In his former trip there, about November 10, he missed the family and did not know what had become of them. In the last trip he was told at Oak City the particulars of the finding of the bodies soon after an investigation had been made.

Beneath the house was found a cellar in which was the decomposed body of a man. This body lay almost beneath a trap, which had been built in the floor. In one corner of the cellar were found two other bodies, both so far decomposed as to be unrecognizable. Besides these, Mr. Gregg says there were four bodies found buried beneath the stable, one of which was that of a woman.

A cowboy by the name of "Texy," who said he was the second investigating party, stated that the first bodies found led to so much talk that the whole premises for rods around the house were searched. Lying alongside of the barn, buried at a depth of not over three feet, was unearthed the body of a man which appeared to be better dressed than any of the others, and which it was believed was the body of the missing J. T. Taylor. About two feet away was a second body, not at all recognizable. At the corner of the barn were buried bodies of a third man and woman. The bodies were taken from their resting places and given burial.

Nothing has been heard of the Kellys since they removed. There is a feeling, however, that with their ill-gotten gains they have removed to Old Mexico. In speaking of the personal appearance of the family, Mr. Gregg says that there was nothing particularly disagreeable about them. The son and daughter were over twenty years of age.

## *BACK TAXES PAID AFTER A HARD BATTLE*

MR. BARTLETT'S PLAN FOR PEDDLING WATER TO TEN CITIES AGAIN ATTRACTING ATTENTION.

NEWTON, N. J., Dec. 25.—The other day counsel for the executors of the late Judge Lathrop, of Madison, paid into the city treasury of Newark the sum of $22,000, back taxes adjusted under the Martin Adjustment Act. It was nearly the value of property which had been taxed and assessed extravagantly a dozen years ago. The significance of the transaction was that the money was paid only after extraordinary endeavors to secure delay and abatement.

The Legislature will meet on January 10, and the preliminary organization will be made without much difficulty. The election of Senator Large as president of the Senate and of Assemblyman Dickinson as Speaker of the House seems to be conceded universally and thus the principal causes of controversy in the caucuses are removed. In the Senate there is apparently little dispute over the minor offices, if any; and in the House, the election of John L. Babcock, a veteran journalist, as clerk seems probable.

The Governor is at work on his annual message and it will contain the usual non-partisan discussion of State affairs.

The plans of John R. Bartlett for peddling water to the cities of the northern part of the State are again attracting attention. In a recent statement he contended that control of the waters of the upper part of the State was practically in his hands, and he was somewhat more than ordinarily amusing in his manner of dismissing the hopes of ten cities for public action. "Too late are ye!" was the burden of his talk. An examination of the actual possessions of the syndicate represented fails to substantiate the claim of monopoly, and the partnership with the Paterson Society for the Promotion of Useful Manufacturer seems to be the only real advantage possessed. But the Paterson corporation has long been in the market, and it can hardly be said that the conjunction with the speculative syndicate has changed the aspect of the case materially. The renewal of the discussion will have value, however, at this time, as it will incite advocates of a new public supply to efforts in the next Legislature.

## *QUEER TALE ABOUT A FOUNDLING.*

A WOMAN WHO PICKS UP THE BABE WANTS TO FIND THE MOTHER AND KILL HER.

A woman walked into the Information Bureau in Police Headquarters last evening and timidly approached the desk at which Sergeant Kelleher was writing. "Has any one been here to inquire about the little foundling which was brought here at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning?" she asked. She was dressed in dark clothes and limped slightly when walking. Her name is Alice Anderson, and she lives at No. 15 Chrystie-st.

Shortly after midnight on Tuesday she went into a little room back of Mark Lanigan's liquor store, at No. 67 James-st., to meet a woman who lived in the same house with her. While there a tall Swede with a heavy black mustache and wearing a light brown overcoat and Derby hat came into the barroom with an infant crying in his arms. Alice rushed into the place to see what was the matter with the child, and the man handed it to her to hold. He said the baby had been given to him by a well-dressed woman with a veil on her face to hold for a moment while she went into a house close by the barroom. He took the child and the woman did not return. Alice quieted the little foundling, which was about a week old, and went to the Oak Street Station. The man started with her but ran away when he had gone a block. Officer Thompson was sent to Police Headquarters with Alice, who carried the child all the way, and it was given to Matron Webb about 4 o'clock in the morning.

Alice went home. Since then she has called at Headquarters every day and inquired if any one had been there looking after the foundling, and has gone sadly away when answered in the negative. Last evening she started to go away when she got the usual answer, but stopped before reaching the door and burst into tears. When she got control of her feelings she said: "This little child was given to me and I have taken it in my heart. My mother is a Spaniard and I cannot restrain my feelings. In my native country if one abandons her child it is the custom to kill her, and the first woman into whose hands the child comes after it has been deserted must give it her home and everything and devote her life to searching for the unnatural mother and killing her. I will follow this woman to the ends of the earth until I find her."

Alice said that she had walked through Eleventh-st., where the supposed mother lives, many times and had been all over the city looking for the woman, and expressed a hope that she would find her soon as she left Headquarters.

## *THEY SHEEPISHLY RODE AWAY.*

TRAIN ROBBERS BAFFLED BY A PLUCKY EXPRESS MESSENGER.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 25.