# The Sun.

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR. NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1871. PRICE TWO CENTS.


## THE COMING LEGISLATURE.

*WHO WILL RUN THE MACHINE, AND HOW THEY INTEND TO RUN IT.*

**Charles O'Conor Behind the Scenes—Senator O'Brien and the Reform Democracy Already Thrown Overboard—A Hint at Some of the Republicans' Changes.**

Correspondence of the Sun.

ALBANY, Dec. 23.—The rumor has been for a long time circulating that certain prominent journals in the city of New York propose to establish a detective bureau at this point during the coming winter, and that from that centre was to go forth, as it were, a mass of legislative doings. For instance, if Mr. Barker or any of the accomplished strategists of the past was suspected of desiring improper legislation, or of an intent of improperly receiving wise legislation, they were to be immediately made the centre piece of a complicated drawing, and from their pockets were to flow the little streams that satisfied the sucking members from the rural districts, and other and larger streams would indicate the more expensive but no less purchasable members from the more wide-awake localities. On the hills and mountains were to be written the names of those who held out long against the wiles of the tempter, and the slow but steady approaches that were made toward these latter ones would be useful in Sunday schools and such places as indicating how certain was the distinction of that one who invited even the most distant approaches of the deceiver. It does not appear that any provision was made for a place of safety upon which to inscribe the names of those who remained virtuous to the end. Even Reformers are not fatuous.

THE SENTINELS OF THE SEVENTY.

This rumor had no real existence until a few days ago, when information was received in a certain quarter that the Committee of Seventy had selected a band of most accomplished detectives, who were to stand, sentinels of honesty, along the devious ways of legislative vivacity, assisting wavering integrity and sustaining the drooping form of virtue. Of course it was not intended that this should be known, but as no other secret of the wonderful Committee—whose only chance of immortality will be to dub them the seventy translators of Tammany, and so hope that in the mists of the future they may unite their identity with the learned body of the era of James—has been kept, it was hardly possible that this one could be. It is even said that there are to be wheels within wheels, and while the great body of the vigilant watched the Legislature, a smaller body would watch them, and so on until they centre in a great focal figure, generically called "Tim" in the past, but now condensed under the less abstruse word "O'Conor."

THE SPEAKERSHIP AT LATEST DATES.

The little joker is putting on his jolly face in every parlor, and now looks out from the cap of the Albany Argus press with a peculiarly roguish smile. The canvass is to be entirely as at present, it is decided to be decided, and if all remains undisturbed he would quietly sit in the old place under the picture of the venerable Washington. But behold the plan of these sagacious men. On Saturday or Monday morning preceding the meeting of the Legislature, the Administration newspapers will make a careful onslaught upon the ex-Speaker; his record, his Tammany affiliations, even his financial interest, will be held up in all the terrible lights of which they are capable, and his election most violently opposed. Then—goes on the programme—the State officers will come down upon him like a reviving Assemblyman, threaten him with arguments, caress them with promises, terrify them with the picture of Grant in his rage, and so quietly and slyly push into the Speaker's chair—whom? Why, Smith? No, Joseph, has changed his mind; he wants no more of it. There is no longer reason for caution, and some quiet honest, and the honorable member will succeed to the honors of the Speakership.

THE STATE HOUSE.

Next to the Legislature the most important point of attack is the State House. The Democracy hold over by virtue of the unexpired term of their appointees, three very important offices, and they are prepared to resist the Republican sway in the manner of regular. There is the Insurance Department, now presided over by the Hon. Geo. W. Miller of Rochester, who was appointed by Gov. Hoffman in fulfilment of a promise made to him when he was a candidate, assuming the office of loss, and brought to his support the strength of the great canal potentate, the Hon. Jarvis Lord. The career of Mr. Miller has been so extensively referred to by one of your contemporaries that it is not necessary to further indicate it. Next the Banking Department, presided over by the Hon. D. C. Haskin, who was appointed at the earnest and solve solicitation of what is known as the Little Tammany of the Southern Tier, George McGee, Charley Walker, and Steve Arnott being the guiding spirits, and lastly the Auditor of the Canal Department, held over in Republican office in 1869 and just—Senator Bell before the expiration of his term of office, the Democracy made a precedent for the Republicans to remove the whole patch this year.

REFORM IN INSURANCE.

Of the Insurance Department, if half that is said is true, Mr. Miller will be invited to vacate very soon. It is said that the charges against him in the hands of members of the Legislature are already drawn to abolish the office (thus securing the removal of the present official), and their reorganization in a slightly different form. The present proposition is to appoint, by joint action of the two Houses, three Commissioners of Insurance. If this amendment should be found too cumbersome, and likely to lead to feuds between the two divisions of the party, the power will be given to the Comptroller, Treasurer, or whichever of the State officers the Conkling men are willing to trust.

The Bank Superintendent will be changed into a Commissioner of Banking, and will be conceded to the Fenton wing, on condition of their not interfering in the Insurance or Auditor selections. It is said that upon the introduction of this bill a protest will be presented, signed by all the bankers in the State, in the course of Mr. Haskin's having been unexceptionably honorable and able.

TWEED'S LITTLE BOOK.

The little book over which so much talk was made a few weeks ago, and which only roused troubling the honest members of the last House when an authoritive denial was made by the "Boss," has come to life again. The late Tammany chief did not have such a record, but his lieutenant is said to have one in which the whole story is told with a particularity of detail that only waits the word for trial and judgment to give it the interest of the Newgate calendar. From after the vultures of the last few years have scented this noxious volume, and a great flock of them have begun a pentential journey to propitiate the presiding officer of the state upon which they have sacrificed their honor. The friendly manner in which these gentlemen treated Mr. Tweed up to the time of the first public hint of the existence of this book gives us a reasonable hope of its early appearance, and that upon its production the cleaning of the Legislature will be illustrated by Nast in a cartoon representing Senator Conkling, with a kerosene lamp, searching the Capitol for an honest man with brains enough to be Speaker.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH O'BRIEN.

If the Republicans had no other question to settle during the first days of the session than to properly place the Hon. James, it would be a work of the most trivial difficulty. He expects to be conservative of that term calling person, but *they have already made up their minds to drop him.* How to do it without exciting an antagonism that may be dangerous is the question.

Their first proposition is to persuade the Democracy to ignore the Senator, and while he is in the full flower of his rage at them, to go on quietly and organize themselves. This trick the Democracy have scented, and they therefore propose to treat Mr. O'Brien fairly, but not warmly, and when the inevitable rupture between him and the Republicans takes place, he will vent his spleen on them. The Democracy think that Mr. O'Brien owes something to the party, and they are not satisfied that he paid any portion of the debt in his treatment of the State ticket in his district. I think it safe to say that while the direction of Mr. O'Brien's anger may be somewhat problematical, the certainty is that, after the first few days of his career, he will be the maddest man in Albany is not open to conjecture.

**Remarkable Suicide of a Wisconsin Sheriff.**

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 23.—M. B. Pierce, who was Sheriff of Fon du Lac county, Wisconsin, was found dead in his bedroom at the Union Hotel here today, with a pistol shot wound in his left breast. A pistol was lying on the floor. A letter to the landlady of the hotel says:

"Do as you please with my remains, but my wish is that you take my effects and by their sale realize enough to get me covered up in a cheap and proper manner. I am all right, and I alone am responsible for all I do. I am sheriff of Fon du Lac county, Wisconsin, and want to be buried before you could hear of my trouble. My reason for doing this is the business of no body but myself."

Another letter addressed to his deputy, Robert Cosgrove, desires the latter to settle his affairs as best he can, and to do all for his wife and babies possible. A letter from his wife refers to some letters from him, from it is inferred that Pierce was in pecuniary difficulty, and in a desperate way, if not insane. He had been here since the 9th inst. Only sixty cents was found among his effects.

**Drowned While Skating on the Hudson.**

NEWBURGH, Dec. 24.—A ten-year-old lad, named Snider, broke through the ice while skating this morning near Sherman's dock, and was drowned. Two German glass-blowers also fell through at New Windsor. One was drowned, and the other was intelligible when rescued.

## UP IOWN IN DARKNESS.

**The Explosion at the Metropolitan Gas Works—The Cause of the Accident Unknown—The Houses of Worship Closed.**

On Saturday evening there was an explosion in the purifying house of the Metropolitan Gas Works at Forty-second street and Eleventh avenue. The building was partially demolished, and the gas from Thirty-fourth to Seventy-ninth street was extinguished. Much excitement prevailed. Thousands flocked to the scene of disaster, and rumors of an immense loss of life were rife. Lamps and candles were at once in great demand. The workmen had left for their homes, and the bookkeepers and clerks were about to close their day's labor, when the explosion took place. The roof was blown off, and a portion of the rear wall fell in. A lot of timber in the yard took fire, and a serious conflagration was threatened, but the Fire Department arrived in time to extinguish the flames.

The origin of the explosion is unknown. The Company had taken every precaution to prevent an accident, and permitted no lamps or lanterns within the building. The light is obtained from the outside by means of lamps which are fastened to the windows, and all draft is shut off. Had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by Mr. Dietrich, the engineer, who turned the tap in the pipe connecting the purifying boxes with the large holders, the explosion must have been most disastrous. As it was but one man, Charles Shine, was injured, and he but slightly. The loss is estimated at about $30,000.

Yesterday thousands visited the scene of the explosion, and all sorts of opinions as to its origin and consequences were indulged in. Thanks to the moon, walking was comparatively safe in that section deprived of gas. The streets and avenues were almost deserted.

The police were very vigilant, and no arrests of any importance were made. The churches, with the exception of Dr. Chapin's, were all closed in the evening, although grand preparations had been made for the coming Christmas festivities.

Mr. Zollicoffer, the President of the gas company, assures the people of that district that the company will be able to furnish gas for three or four hours each evening during the week, and that they will be as expeditious as possible in reconstructing the destroyed portion, so that they may give the full supply of gas. About two hundred men were engaged during yesterday in removing the *debris.*

## *POOR SOL. WARING.*

**Driven Mad by the Loss of his Betrothed—Wandering through Rockland County for Thirty Years—Cared for at Last.**

Solomon Waring, who has been for years to Rockland county what the "Lime Kiln Man" was to New York city, has been adjudged a lunatic in New City, and has been sent to one of the State lunatic asylums. For years he has been a roving lunatic, known to every man, woman, and child in the county. The history of his life strongly illustrates the truism that fact is stranger than fiction. Thirty years ago Solomon Waring was a very fine looking young man of more than ordinary intelligence. His parents were well-to-do farmers residing near Nyack, and left at their death a goodly estate for their children. At twenty years of age Solomon engaged himself in marriage to a beautiful girl living in Spring Valley, and the celebration of the wedding was set down for a day just three months after the making of the engagement. During the interim Solomon could think of nothing else but the approaching union, and his whole business was to make preparations for the life after the wedding.

He was thus engaged one day when tidings of the illness of his betrothed reached him. He repaired to her bedside, and for a month watched her and waited upon her with the tenderness and patience of a fond mother. She died, however, and Solomon, though hoping against hope while life lasted, yielded to despair. His mental powers were completely wrecked. He did not attend the funeral, but locked himself in his room in his father's house, and refused to leave it until the day on which the wedding ceremony was to have been performed. Then he left the house never to return. He was attired in his wedding suit, and carried in his hand a heavy stick. In answer to their inquiries he told his parents that he was going to look for his wife, and had provided himself with the club for the purpose of killing the scamp who had taken her from him.

From that time forward Solomon journeyed repeatedly through the county in furtherance of his mission. He has steadily refused to change his clothing, and to the day of his confinement in the asylum he wore the same suit, or what was left of it, which he had worn when he left home on his wedding day. His shoes had long ago run out. He wore them until they would stay on his feet no longer. Some one stole his coat and hat, and for several years back he has been travelling without either. Shoeless, hatless, and coatless he travels with nothing but his undershirt and raged wedding pantaloons upon his limbs, and still carrying the stick with which he first started out from house to house, begging his food during the warm weather and lodging in the County House in the cold season. During court season he appears in this attire in the court room. He says that he is awaiting to redress the wrong done him in the carrying away of his affianced. He has ever been considered harmless; but the other day a woman in Nyack refused him some little favor, and he attacked her with the ferocity of an enraged tiger. He was arrested and lodged in the County House. An inquiry was made into his sanity, and as a result he was sent to the Asylum, where his board is paid out of his estate.

**Mr. Colfax's Opportunity.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Mr. Colfax has not filled the vacancy in the Committee of Investigation and Retrenchment caused by the declination of Senator Pool. When the agitation of this question was begun by the introduction of Senator Trumbull's resolution, Mr. Colfax informed several Senators that if a new committee was raised he should be compelled by parliamentary precedent to appoint Mr. Schurz Chairman of that committee, he having been on the old Retrenchment Committee and next to the highest upon it, and he not now having the chairmanship of any committee was entitled to it. It was to get rid of Schurz that the question was taken in caucus and Senator Anthony directed to move the selection of the Committee, the composition of which has caused so much comment. Now that Mr. Colfax is required to fill the vacancy, he must carry out his original views, and put on Mr. Schurz as one of the minority who were active in getting up the Committee, or tarnish his reputation for impartiality as a presiding officer. He cannot do this, and yet dislikes to put Mr. Schurz where he can do the Administration no much damage. Considerable interest is manifested to know what will be done when the Senate again meets.

**Another Claimant to Lochy Ostrom's Estate.**

In THE SUN of Dec. 14 it was announced that another heir to Lochy Ostrom had turned up, in the person of her nephew, A. C. Davenport, of Texas. He produces a letter which purports to have been written by Lochy toward the close of her life to Davenport, in which she gives him all her property. Mr. Davenport answered the letter, and directed it "Lochy Ostrom, Poughkeepsie." It reached there after Lochy's death. Coming into the hands of a Post Office clerk, he wrote on it, "Lochy is dead," and sent it to the Dead Letter Office. Thence it was forwarded to Mr. A. C. Davenport, Belmont, Gonzales county, Texas. He is on his way to Poughkeepsie to demand all that is left of the estate, which was first inventoried at about $220,000.

**The Blade Left Sticking in the Bone.**

Late on Saturday night David Palmer, of 33 Wooster street, John Russel and Charles Davenport of 32 Pell street, had a row at Leonard and Baxter streets. Russel stabbed Palmer in the right shoulder, the blade entering the bone and breaking off. The wound was at first considered dangerous, as the blade was so firmly wedged in that it required a pair of tinsmith's nippers to extract it. The wounded man was sent to Park Hospital. Davenport was arrested by Detective Van Buskirk. Russel was arrested yesterday afternoon by Officer Fogarty. He was committed by Justice Hogan, and Palmer, the wounded man, was ordered to the House of Detention. Davenport was held as an accessory.

**A Burglar Shot with a Trap Gun.**

The body of "Billy" Healy, a noted burglar, was yesterday found in Geo. E. Parker's brass foundry on Ferry street, Newark, with a load of shot from a trap gun in his side. On Thanksgiving Day the foundry was robbed of a quantity of castings, and, to prevent any future burglary, a musket was placed so as to bear upon a drawer in which a quantity of finished work was kept. To this drawer the trigger of the gun was attached by a cord, so that the opening of the drawer would discharge the gun.

**A Murderer Cheating the Gallows.**

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—Charles Crouse, convicted a month ago of murder in the second degree in Montgomery county, and sentenced to eleven years' confinement, caused himself to kill yesterday.

## LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

*DASHES HERE AND THERE BY THE SUN'S REPORTERS.*

**Sunday Morning Cock-Fighting in Morrisania—The Village Trustees Represented—Policemen's Heads in Danger.**

Cock-fighting was begun in John Rogge's pit, Morrisania, on Saturday night at 7 o'clock, and was continued until 8 o'clock yesterday morning, without a main. A boisterous, howling crowd from Yorkville and Harlem reinforced the Morrisania delegation, and they made night hideous. The Board of Trustees, which creates the police, was represented, and it was as much as a policeman's official head was worth to interfere. Roundsman Riley was accosted by a gentleman going to church, and asked to break up the disgraceful cock fight, crying shame on the police. He approached Rogge's, and was met by a delegation and ordered away. He refused to go, and thereat Rogge himself, the roundsman says, assaulted him, threatened him, and preferred charges against him to the Captain of Police for interfering with their revelry. After this five of the chickens were bagged and placed in a wagon to be driven to Harlem, where Patrick Kenney, their owner, lives. They crossed Harlem bridge, and the first officer they encountered in New York stopped them and ordered the officer on the Morrisania side of the bridge to arrest them. Unable to evade his plain duty, Officer McGowan took them to the police station, and there they were committed to cells. The officer's official head is in danger.

**Another Victim of the Iniquitous House of Detention.**

Michael Lynch, a fireman on the City of Paris, National line, was paid off the day before Thanksgiving, went on a spree, and was robbed on Thanksgiving morning by James Russell. Lynch lay in the House of Detention until recently, when the case was tried in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. On being released Lynch went to the District Attorney and received an order for $10 on the Comptroller. Ten dollars could not be spared from the city treasury for the poor fellow, who will probably have to fire his way to the home of his wife and child at Roxbury, Mass. He represented to a SUN reporter that rancid butter, filtered coffee, and unwholesome bread are the diet of those who are so unfortunate as to have been the victims or witnesses of crime. Lynch says that if any of the prisoners linger too long at the wretched meal, Peyroux, the jailer, however, angrily removes their dishes and orders the prisoners back to their cells.

**How a Note was Lost.**

David Klein, a commission merchant at 98 Canal street, and Jacob Kraker, who sells whiskey at 33 East Broadway, were litigants Monday in Justice Hartman's Court, the sum in dispute being $99.80, the amount of a promissory note given in December last. Klein sold two barrels of bourbon to Kraker, for which Kraker gave his note, payable thirty days from date; but after the note became due, repeated applications failed to draw its face from Kraker. When the case was called for trial yesterday, Kraker appeared by counsel but old man Mann immediately undertook to conduct his own side of the suit. He opened the case by telling the Court that he had no witnesses, but that as he and the defendant were at once brother Hebrews and members of the same synagogue, he would accept his testimony as conclusive. Kraker was accordingly called to the stand. He swore positively that he had paid the plaintiff the amount of the note and owed him nothing. Seeing that he could not elicit any favorable testimony from defendant, the plaintiff declined to claim the right of assuming the *rôle* of witness, and putting the question in its true light. The initial question of Justice Hartmann was a poser: "Where is the note the amount of which is at issue?" Alas, for David, he could not produce the document, for the excellent reason that it had been stolen from his pocket in Jersey, where he had been knocked down and robbed. The note, therefore, not being forthcoming, and David having admitted his willingness to abide by the testimony of Kraker, Klein lost his case.

**A Great Chair Manufactory to Let.**

Before the breaking of the Tammany Ring Messrs. Tweed and Ingersoll began the erection of an immense building in Twenty-third street, near Seventh avenue, whose purpose seems to have been to supply the increasing demand of the city for chairs and armories. The great chair manufacturer and our Commissioner of Public Works imagined that their hold upon the City Treasury was to last forever; at any rate this building was erected seemingly under such an impression. The frame work of the structure, which is of brown, faced with yellow stone, and five stories high, is already completed, and the workmen are fitting up the rooms for their intended use. The fourth and fifth stories were built in mansard style, with dormer windows, evidently, conclusively showing for what use they were intended—real *bona fide* armories; none of your castles in the air, not an armory over a stable, nor in a private dwelling. The other three floors were to be used by Ingersoll & Co. as a chair factory, the municipal department for their favorite having become so enormous as to necessitate purchases by the square mile. Unfortunately our unhappy chair man has been compelled to flee to the unacceptable sands of Jersey, while the boss is entangled in a mesh of legal processes and affidavits, mortgages and specifications, and the great chair manufactory is likely soon to be to let.

**Fourteenth Street Boarding House Troubles.**

Madame Julia Sarkovski, keeper of a fashionable boarding house at 208 East Fourteenth street, was summoned to Justice Hartman's court by Otto Arend. Early in November, Arend engaged a furnished room at $16 a month. The apartment was not then ready, but was to be in apple-pie order within a few days. Meanwhile, Mr. Arend's baggage arrived, and was carefully transported to his contemplated domicile. Subsequently, however, Mrs. Sarkovski's new lodger appeared on the scene, and on discovering that Madame had not been prepared for occupancy, quit the house in high dudgeon, after announcing to his hostess that he would not have the apartment. But Madame had no intention of letting off Arend thus easily, and when an expressman attached for his baggage, she declined to surrender it until paid her demurrage and all the cost of conveying it to her house. The amount of Madame's claim was only $17.50, whereas the value of Arend's property was over $140, for the recovery of which he sued. Justice Hartman ordered her to restore plaintiff his things, or he should compel her to pay their full value, minus the $17.50.

**Satan in Trinity Steeple.**

The striking apparatus of Trinity Church clock behaved in a very eccentric manner early yesterday morning. At a quarter to four o'clock the machinery in some way got out of order. The bells then began tolling five strokes and three strokes in rapid succession, with intervals of about three seconds between the fifth and eighth strokes. This continued about ten minutes. At a quarter past four the singular refrain again broke out from the belfry, lasting another ten minutes. When the half hour was reached the entertainment was repeated. The police officers on duty in that deserted portion of the city were under the impression that Trinity Tower Aylide was practising a new composition for his Christmas chimes. Belated travellers on Broadway made a pilgrimage to the church, to discover, if possible, the cause of the unusual tolling of her bells. They, however, obtained no satisfaction, for the iron gates were closed and all was darkness and gloom in the belfry. The clock stopped yesterday morning at twenty minutes to ten o'clock.

**The City Creditors Clamoring for Pay.**

Committee of clerks from the several city and county bureaus called upon Comptroller Green on Saturday and explained that since last July they had received no salaries; that they had suffered severe privations, and are suffering, although they have honestly done the work assigned them. They asked for their money, particularly as the Comptroller had decided that he would recognize no assignment of salaries, and would pay only the clerks themselves. Mr. Green promised to take their case into consideration.

The Comptroller on Saturday removed Michael Fay, clerk of Fulton Market, and several clerks in the Department of Finance, and attendants of the Supreme Court. He deducted $50 that to the credit of the Department of Public Parks for payment of laborers and others. He also dismissed men and women employed as cleaners, &c., in some of the public buildings and offices; inspectors, examiners, messengers, and others employed in the Department of Public Works. The salaries paid are for the month of September.

**Capt. Ward's Whiskey.**

The other morning, as United States Assessor Jourdan and Capt. Daniel Ward were walking along Oliver street, Brooklyn, their attention was arrested by the approach of a creaky cart filled with barrels. Capt. Ward thought he saw in the driver an agent of the illicit whiskey distilleries, and with a wild yell rushed at the John and called upon him in the name of the Constitution of the United States to hold his horse. The man made no reply, but drove on at a faster gait. The Captain dashed in hot pursuit. It was "up and tack" for over two blocks, but the Captain finally jumped upon the cart and demanded a surrender.

"I'll see yer damned first!" shouted the driver.

"Yer an illicit distiller!" yelled Ward.

"Yer a liar!" replied the driver.

At this juncture a policeman strolled up and took the driver to the station house, while Ward made charges against him before Commissioner Shields. Ward insisted that the barrels contained illicit whiskey. The driver said he lied. Ward then called for a gimlet, with which he tapped a barrel, and out spurted a stream of vinegar. He then walked away amid a chorus of derisive yells.

**The Order of a Fool.**

The Superintendent of the Seventh avenue line of cars has given strict orders to the conductors of his line that they are to exclude all newsboys from the cars under penalty of instant discharge. This may be pleasing to a few old fogies who are too mean to buy a paper, or to those who are unable to read, but to the general public it is a great inconvenience, as thousands of passengers are in the habit of relying on the regular appearance of a newsboy to furnish them with a paper to read during the trip down town in the morning or up in the afternoon, which in this especial line is tedious enough, being the slowest line in the city. The sooner the Superintendent rescinds the order the better. Through the length of the line there are many of these little waifs who earn their living and assist in feeding their younger brothers and sisters from the sales of papers on the cars, and it is certainly an accommodation to the reading public. A reasonable discretion left to the conductors would obviate any inconvenience to the passengers, and result in helping many a needy family.

**Stealing a Clergyman's Christmas Candles.**

There was a little boy with a red flannel shirt and high boots on standing at the corner of Water street and James slip at noon yesterday. Officer Mulrey of the Fourth Precinct was standing on the corner of South street. A truck loaded with boxes came along. The little boy climbed one of the smallest boxes and made off. Officer Mulrey ran after him. The little boy dropped the box before the officer, and Mulrey fell head over heels in the snow. When he recovered the little boy was gone. The box contained four and a half dozen of Christmas wax candles belonging to the Rev. Eugene McGuire, of 127 East 117th street. Officer Mulrey says the little boy cannot have been more than twelve years old.

**Comptroller Connolly's Dilemma.**

Ex-Comptroller Connolly has not yet perfected his bail, and is therefore still confined in the Ludlow street prison. It is doubtful if he can effect his release, for the reason that, besides the civil action pending against him, in which he is required to furnish $500,000 bail, there are fifteen indictments for misdemeanor, and as many warrants for his arrest on those indictments. Judge Barnard has declared that he will, on the arraignment of the ex-Comptroller before him, commit him without bail on each indictment.

**Archbishop McCloskey not a Cardinal.**

Archbishop McCloskey yesterday expressed his surprise at the despatch from Rome which appeared in yesterday morning's papers, to the effect that at a recent Consistory in that city he had been elevated to the Cardinalate. He said that there was no the slightest foundation for the announcement.

**Hayti Refusing Grant's San Domingo Policy.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—It appears from official advices that our Minister at Hayti, by instruction of our Government, has remonstrated to the authorities of that country, plainly and emphatically, against the want of good faith shown by the Haytian Government in its observance of its neutrality in regard to the domestic strife in San Domingo. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply, intimated that the allegations were not sustained by proofs, and must have come from factions interested in throwing discredit upon his Government. By the latter remark, Minister Bassett suspected that the Haytian Minister intended to allude to the adherents of President Baez, and especially to the Haytian exiles and refugees in San Domingo.

The Haytian Minister declared that the sympathies of his Government were in full accord with those of the great majority of the citizens of the United States who have actively interested in the independence of the Republic of San Domingo; that his Government could have no interest in working for the annexation of that Republic to Hayti, and again made the declaration that his Government does nothing to foment discord in San Domingo, but that its strongest desire is to cultivate perfect friendship and harmony with that Republic.

Mr. Bassett, while thanking the promises and protestations of the Haytian Government on this particular subject, "do not seem to be expressed in any way to inspire perfect confidence in their sincerity."

**Horrible Death in a Beer Vat.**

Lorenzo Burger kept a lager beer saloon at 279 Broome street. He had a swiss beer brewery in the rear. The vat in which the beer is boiled stands about ten feet above the ground. Another vat, into which the beer is drawn, stands next it and four feet lower. Between the two vats is a platform, which is reached by a short ladder. At 6 o'clock on Saturday evening Mr. Burger was standing on the platform. The lower vat was full of hot beer. He reached over it to open a cock and let in cold water. His feet slipped, and he fell into the vat. Across it was a board, which he seized and made frantic efforts to draw himself out. His fingers slipped, and he fell back into the terrible bath. Again he seized the slippery plank. His cries of agony drew the persons from the saloon. They came rushing out in time to see Burger, by an almost superhuman effort, raise himself out of the vat and clamber upon the platform. He drew off his boots, and, without assistance of his son and Mr. August Tehn, he got down the ladder and up the stairs to his room. He had hardly lain down when his flesh began to drop off, leaving his bones exposed. He remained conscious and suffering intense agony until 815 P. M., when life became insufferable. He died at 11 o'clock. Mr. Burger was 37 years of age. He leaves a wife and three children.

**Highwaymen in Broadway.**

Last night as Mr. Alfred Worth, safe manufacturer, of 431 Seventh avenue, was walking on Broadway, near Fifty-eighth street, he was accosted by two men, one of whom asked him the time of night. Mr. Worth did not answer, and walked on. At Fifty-seventh street the same men overtook him. One of them knocked him down while the other seized his watch and chain and broke them off. Mr. Worth gave the alarm and Officer Kline, of the Forty-seventh street station, soon arrested James Clancey, who says that he is a hackman and lives in Fifty-sixth street, near Seventh avenue.

**Punishing Sunday Liquor Selling.**

Capt. McClary made a raid on the liquor dealers in his precinct yesterday, and arrested James Kenny, of 323 Hudson street, William Baker, of 359 Hudson street, Patrick Cunningham, of 33 Downing street, George Ebrecht, of 427 Canal street, John Volhart, of 165 West Houston street, James Colgan, of 506 Spring street, Alexander Mason, of 463 Hudson street, Adam O'Donnell, of 190 Varick street, Robert Harrison, of 57 Macdougal street, Patrick McKenna, of 172 Varick street, and John McDonnell, of 93 Varick street. They were all locked up in the Greenwich street station on a charge of violating the Excise law.

**Double Murder in Pennsylvania.**

ERIE, PA., Dec. 24.—A correspondent of the Erie *Dispatch* announces a horrible tragedy at Kane, Pa., 94 miles east of here, on the Philadelphia and Erie road, on the night of the 20th inst. The wife and child of Patrick Burns were found dead on Thursday morning, under a barn near their house. The physicians who examined their bodies say there is no doubt that both were murdered, the wife having been strangled and the child's skull broken. Burns has been committed.

### *LOSSES BY FIRE.*

No. 41 Eldridge street. Loss $2,000.

Masters & Stevens's engraving shop, 13 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. Loss $30.

### *WESTCHESTER COUNTY.*

Miss Christina Schneider of Tremont, whose mysterious illness was announced in Friday's SUN, returned yesterday. She had been directed to Mrs. Wiggins's, on Third avenue and Sixty-sixth street, to find work, and Mrs. Wiggins had refused to let her out of her house for fear of her whereabouts. Yesterday morning Miss Schneider escaped. Mrs. Wiggins gave her an elegant wardrobe as an inducement to stay, Sergeant Steers of Tremont has charge of the case.

### *BROOKLYN.*

The Rev. Dr. Pomeroy's church, the iron edifice in Ross street, Williamsburgh, was dedicated yesterday forenoon.

Henry Huffnagle of Third avenue and Nineteenth street, died on Saturday of heart disease in the Bowery on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Cline, aged 38, of 77 Prospect street, and John Adams, colored, in Green lane, were found dead in their respective residences yesterday.

### *SPARKS FROM THE TELEGRAPH.*

The Prince of Wales is recovering.

There is ten feet of snow on the level in the Little Cottonwood mining district, Utah, and it is still snowing. The sun has not been seen for a week.

Dr. W. P. Floyd, a distinguished physician of Tazewell county, Va., was thrown from his buggy, and killed. He was a nephew of John B. Floyd, Governor and Secretary of War.

A snow bird shooting match in Toronto between Capt. Bogardus the champion of the United States, and James Ward, one of the crack shots of Toronto, 100 birds each, was won by Bogardus by one bird, he killing 99 out of 100, and Ward 98.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE HANSA

*INHOSPITABLE RECEPTION IN THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S.*

**A Dread of Small-Pox a Pretext for Extortionate Charges—Putting to Sea with a Disabled Rudder Post—Curious Steering Apparatus—The Trip to New York.**

On the 9th of December the steamship Hansa came in sight of the headlands of Newfoundland. A dense fog hid the coast, and the ship had a narrow escape from the shoals. When the fog lifted the ship was within a length of the shore. Capt. Brinkenstein, as able a sailor as ever trod a deck, manœuvred the ship handsomely, and the danger was avoided. John Vinicomb, Master Pilot No. 3, was the first man on board after the ship left the shores of England. His big form, and pleasant, black-whiskered face, appeared over the side soon after the incident referred to, and two hours afterward the Hansa was safely gliding through the picturesque entrance to the harbor of St. John's. At St. John's the ship was quarantined. One of the steerage passengers who came on board at Bremen was taken down with small-pox on the way to Southampton, and there he was put off. This made no difference at St. John's, however. Although there was no small-pox on board, the ship was placed under rigid quarantine, and not even the pilot was allowed to go ashore. The Hansa's broken rudder needed repair.

RED TAPE WITH A VENGEANCE.

Mr. Robert Prowse, an Englishman, who is the German Consul at St. John's, proved himself either a man of most remarkable acumen or an exaggerated fool. He came alongside in a boat to consult with the captain. He would not allow Capt. Brinkenstein to descend to the boat to explain the wants of the ship. The captain was obliged to stand on the deck and shout down to the brilliant Consul Prowse, who was afraid of small-pox. Capt. Brinkenstein measured space in the air to show how much iron was wanted to repair the Hansa's broken rudder post, and of what shape. Major-Gen. Prowse took the order, went ashore, and returned with a raft and some fixings, but there was no suitable iron in St. Johns. Capt. Brinkenstein wanted to get down on the raft to superintend the repairs to the rudder. The small pox fearing Mr. Prowse refused. Capt. Brinkenstein offered one of the ship's anchors, which was broken up and lowered over the side to Consul Prowse.

CONSUL'S HORROR OF SMALL-POX.

That brilliant genius adopted a unique sanitary measure to prevent the men on the raft from dying of small pox. He threw the pieces of the anchor into the sea rather than show his men to touch it. There was the Consul's iron was taken ashore and moulded into proper shape. When the St. John's *Chronicle* was delivered on board that morning it contained a suggestion that the North German Lloyds require their steamers to touch at St. Joan's once a month. It is proposed that the North German Lloyds will order their steamers as far away from St. John's as possible.

It was soon seen that, as the captain could not go ashore, the rudder could not possibly be fixed. The cautious Consul Prowse came off with the raft every day and his men tinkered away day after day. All this time no letters could be sent ashore, although money could be. It is probable that Major-Gen. Prowse thought that

MONEY IS NOT A SMALL-POX MEDIUM.

New York newspapers at twenty-five cents each could be bought and paid for. The Health Officer came on board with the first news from the harbor, but never appeared thereafter. At last the miserable aid which St. John's could furnish was completed, and arrangements were made for the ship's departure.

On Saturday night, Dec. 16, about for hours work remained to be done. Consul Prowse, not being a Sabbath breaker, took off his men and kept them off on Sunday. They began work at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, and the job was completed at 8 o'clock on Monday morning.

THE SUN REPORTER'S SMUGGLING OPERATIONS.

Consul Prowse would not allow so much as a piece of paper to go ashore from the ship. Capt. Brinkenstein was obliged to call down to the Consul and dictate in this manner his despatch to his agents. THE SUN reporter was naturally anxious to get his despatches through to his paper, and as it turned out THE SUN'S account of Saturday morning was printed before the ship's consignees had received the captain's letter. The reporter smuggled his despatch ashore by an underground marine railway. [This joke was suggested by an Irish passenger.] The reporter gave a shilling to pay the postage, and half a sovereign to have the letter carried ashore. When the reporter next met the messenger that Britonian individual returned him the sovereign, saying that 10s. 6d. [$2.10] for the postage, and, rather than interfere with the postal arrangements of Her Majesty's dominion of Newfoundland, the SUN man unslung his wallet again and produced the amount.

THE CONSUL'S LITTLE BILL.

An incident of the departure was Mr. Prowse's bill. Mr Prowse is a commission merchant. His bill was $4,000. He furnished a main yard, in place of the one broken off, which had been used in place of the rudder, and he did the work on the iron, which was furnished by the ship. That's all. Price $4,000.

The steering apparatus which brought the ship to New York was entirely unique. The rudder post could not be fixed, Capt. Brinkenstein's orders given. So a piece of iron was riveted on either side of the rudder. To these pieces were secured chains. A spar was laid out from each quarter of the ship; on the end of each spar was a block. The chains were then passed and secured through these blocks on deck, and attached to the donkey engine. The officer of the deck stood by the compass and directed the course of the ship, giving his orders to three men at the donkey, one of whom opened or shut the engine, while the other two manipulated the ropes. When this simple contrivance had been made ready, and the $4,000 bill had been paid, the pilot prepared to go ashore.

A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES

was sent off to him. He changed from head to toe. He was not allowed to take ashore anything which he had worn about him on the ship. Even his watch was turned over to a passenger in the Hansa. Vinicomb was a splendid fellow. He had done noble service in getting the ship, and the passengers and officers of the Hansa liked the man who had appreciated his services, and he was very sorry at parting. As he stood on the deck, all hands sang of the pilot

"For he's a jolly good fellow—,"

and they sang it with the heartiest good feeling. Then they gave him three hearty American cheers and a tiger, which was clean ahead of the Americus Club affair in its palmiest days. When Vinicomb went over the side his eyes were filled with tears.

Then Capt. Brinkenstein took charge of the ship, and to his able and seamanlike management may be attributed the safe passage of the Hansa to New York. The steamer arrived off Sandy Hook about 4 P. M. on Saturday. A dense fog prevailed, and the ship could not get over the bar until 6 o'clock. At 5 o'clock yesterday morning she came up to Quarantine, anchored, and floated the American flag, which was greeted by hearty cheers. The health officers boarded the ship.

IN A HOSPITABLE PORT.

The contrast between the action of the St. John's authorities and that of Dr. Carnochan was marked. When Dr. Carnochan was acquainted of the arrival of the ship and her condition, he sent a courteous note directing that the cabin passengers be allowed to proceed at once to the city. After warmly congratulating the gallant Capt. Brinkenstein, the passengers embarked upon the steamer P. C. Schultz, which had taken down a large number of the friends of the Rev. Dr. Kendrick, of the Tabernacle Church in Second avenue, to congratulate him upon his safe arrival. The Schultz arrived at Hoboken at 4 P. M., and they separated from each other for but they all said that they should never separate from the remembrance of their trip in the good steamship Hansa.

### *OBITUARY.*

Sidney E. Morse, brother of Prof. S. F. B. Morse, died in this city on Saturday, aged 77. He studied theology at Andover, Mass., and law at Litchfield, Conn. Later he became editor of the Boston *Recorder*, and in 1833 in the city, in conjunction with his brother, established the *Observer*. He was author of the well-known geography, and inventor of a process by which maps can be printed on the common printing press. Up to the last he was engaged in perfecting an instrument for rapidly exploring the depth of the sea. Mr. Morse was in good health