The Sun.

FORTIETH YEAR. NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1872. PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE MAN OF USEFUL LIFE.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY'S NOBLEST REPRESENTATIVE.

The Man who has Done More than any Other American for the Elevation of Labor—The Liberal Republican Committee Going to Work to Win—Now for a Victory.

Dr. Horace Greeley returned from Chappaqua on Saturday evening, and went to Dr. Bayard's, 8 West Fortieth street. Yesterday he attended divine service in Dr. Chapin's church, and in the evening he visited his sister, Mrs. Cleveland, at 12 Cottage place. To-day he will attend the State Fair in Newark, and in the evening he will deliver an address there.

The future movements of the next President include a trip through the Western and Southern States. On Wednesday morning he will take the cars for Indiana, Pa., where he will deliver a short agricultural address on Thursday afternoon. Thence he will proceed to Pittsburg, stepping in on the Pittsburgers just after they have been disgusted with the officeholders' Soldiers' Convention. Thence he will go to Columbus and Cincinnati, visiting the Cincinnati Exposition on Friday. He will be in Indianapolis, at the Indiana State Fair, on Saturday. Sunday will be duly observed as a day of rest, after which he will visit Louisville, Nashville, Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, and Erie, returning through the Pennsylvania coal regions to New York. The tour will extend through a period of nearly three weeks.

On his arrival on the hospitable shores of New Jersey, the next President will be met by Ex-Governor Randolph, the Hon. James M. Scovel, and the members of the New Jersey State Liberal Republican and Democratic Committees. The reception in the towns and cities through which the next President is to pass will be on a grand scale, far surpassing anything of the kind hitherto given him, even where the ovations have been so grand. He will travel by special trains, run on a special time table.

The inactivity which has been displayed at the National Liberal Republican headquarters for the past month seems about to draw to a close. To-day Mr. Ethan Allen will assume full charge of the affairs of the committee, and give his time and attention to his duties as Chairman. Messrs. Jasper W. Johnson, Cummings, and others will be placed in positions where their services can be made more valuable, and the working force of clerks will be made sufficient to do the whole labors of the canvass. A Finance Committee has been organized with the following-named members: Messrs. Isaac Sherman; George H. Hall, Hiram Barnes, John Williams, George S. Coe, and Nathaniel Ellis. Their headquarters will be the Glenham Hotel, in the rooms of the National Liberal Republican Committee.

The Hon. Josiah L. Keck, President of the Cincinnati Board of Aldermen, and the Hon. James Fitzgerald, President of the Common Council, arrived here last week with the official invitations to Dr. Horace Greeley and Useless S. Grant to visit the Cincinnati Exposition. They met Grant at Long Branch and the next President in this city. The gift-taker said that a press of official business prevented his going West at present, and he wrote to the municipal authorities of Cincinnati declining the proffered honor.

Dr. Greeley accepted the invitation, saying that he would go there from Indiana, Pa. Mr. Keck asked him to forego his visit to Indiana.

"No, sir," replied the next President. "I have been making engagements for the past fifty years, and never broke one yet. I promised to go to Indiana, and I will."

Messrs. Keck and Fitzgerald will accompany the next President to Cincinnati. Last night they told the SUN reporter that Dr. Greeley would receive the greatest ovation in Cincinnati any man ever had; and they added, "Ohio is sure for Greeley."

A Man who has Read the Declaration of Independence.

The following correspondence has passed between Honest Horace Greeley and many leading colored citizens:

To the Hon. Horace Greeley.

SIR: As citizens of the Republic whose rights have been secured through the instrumentality of associations with which you have been prominently and intimately identified in the past, religiously respecting the rights of all other citizens while zealously guarding our own, and desiring to manifest our appreciation of that reconciliation of which you are the living representative, and which must precede the lasting peace and prosperity of the country, we take the liberty to request that you inform us what will be the policy of your administration toward the colored people of the country, in the event of your election to the Presidency of the United States.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, &c., W. H. Saunders, Saml. E. Scottron, J. W. Gloucester, C. B. Ray, James T. Mathews, Matthu Robinson, Geo. H. Williams, James Hammond, Henry Jones, C. H. Fleet, Harvey Mobley, Henry Rapmor, C. A. Thomas, A. W. A. De Leon, Thomas Shorter, Walter Sorrell, Sr., Jno. W. Jones, Wm. H. Smith, Augustus Pickenstone, Philip Williams, Jr., Jno. Mobley, Philip Sheridan, T. B. Harden, Jno. Wardell, James Boone, Wm. T. Hayes, J. P. Taylor, Michael Thompson, Isaac H. Hunter, Robt. Jackson, J. Sanders, Isaac Jackson, John Leary, Henry Wilson, E. B. Wright, Chas. F. Dailey, James H. Parker, Nelson Cross, Robt. Brister, Henry Williams, Joseph Cole, Alfred S. Chalmers, William Webb, Chas. Flowood, Isaac Stewart, John W. Davis, Joseph Greene, Samuel Murphy, James M. Scott, Wm. J. Thomas, Geo. W. Hatten, and many others.

HORACE GREELEY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: I have yours of the 7th inst., to which I make prompt and brief reply. Should I be chosen President, I should of course take a solemn oath to respect and obey the Constitution of the United States. That noble instrument recognizes no distinction between citizens of the United States based on color, and I should be governed thereby. I should not especially favor one race or another, but I should use all the power of my office to uphold and enforce the equal rights of all citizens, whether white or black.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

To Messrs. W. U. Saunders and others, Committee.

The Spirit of the Grant Party in Indiana—A Political Riot in Jeffersonville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 14.—The city of Jeffersonville, Ind., directly opposite here, was in a state of intense excitement all day yesterday over the outrages of a negro mob in a political torchlight procession of the night previous. Hornet Kimball, a stump orator, was announced to speak in McCampbell's Park, and a large delegation of negroes and white men came up from New Albany to participate in the torchlight procession. Their conduct during the parade was outrageous. The testimony of citizens of veracity and standing testify to this fact. A portion of the negroes and white men from Jeffersonville acted in a very creditable manner, and attempted to assist the officers of the law in preserving order.

Theodore Gilbert, a prominent citizen, states that he saw a negro in the procession on Chestnut street flourishing a pistol and declaring that he would go to prison for life to get an opportunity to kill a Greeley man. He used vulgar and disorderly language, and Officer Seaman arrested him. A crowd of negroes from the procession attacked the officer and beat him severely. The crowd rescued the negro, and during the *mêlée* the negroes in the line flourished pistols and fired into the crowd on the sidewalk. Quinn, Deputy Marshal of the place, saw a crowd of negroes, 100 in number, chasing two white men up an alley. He threw himself in front of the mob and tried to stop it, but was attacked and severely beaten with torches and butts of pistols. The cry was, "Damn the Democratic police!"

Mr. Klegwin, one of the most prominent citizens, states that, in front of Mozart Hall, a burly negro shouted, "Babes, boys, raise! and took a crowd with him after a party of white men who were spectators. On an adjacent corner the negroes used the vilest language toward ladies in the doorways, and several times attacked private houses with stones and firearms, firing through the closed doors and windows. Every white man found in the street was fired at and chased, with cries of "Shoot him! kill him! he's a Greeley man." A citizen named Wm. Long, while standing in front of his door, was struck in the eye with a stone. His eye was knocked out, and he was otherwise injured. The cards of officers and citizens were published in the papers here to-day, rehearsing the facts and counselling quiet. The following is from George F. Howard, commanding the Hendricks battalion, a Democratic organization:

To the Hendricks Battalion:

The citizens are greatly excited over the conduct of the officers and men of the torchlight procession on Thursday. I was absent from the city at the time, and know nothing personally of what did occur, but credit it is that intended insults and injuries were thrown out the community, and I feel called upon to counsel you to preserve that prudence and moderation which have hitherto characterized your conduct in processions as well as out of them. Preserve your manhood and the dignity of the organization under whatever circumstances may arise, remembering always to preserve and respect the laws. GEO. F. HOWARD, Commanding.

Excitement ran high last night, and the indignation of the citizens of Jeffersonville of both parties was almost without bounds. Their wives and daughters have been insulted and maltreated, and themselves beaten, and there is no telling what may come of it.

Greeley Men Clubbed by Policemen.

Several members of the "Forest Chowder Club" called at the SUN office last evening and said that on Saturday night, while on their annual excursion, their boat was wrecked near Blackwell's Island. The Blackwell's Island boat rescued them, and on landing the club, who are all Greeley men, gave vent to their loyalty to the Cincinnati nominees with rousing cheers for Greeley and Brown. This was at the foot of Eighty-Fifth street. A squad of police made a raid on them, and Roundsman 868 and Patrolman 1,664 clubbed them severely.

THE GENEVA AWARD.

Damages Granted to the Amount of $15,500,000 Gold—The English Arbitrator Dissents—Final Session of the Board.

GENEVA, Sept. 14.—The Court of Arbitration met at half past 12 o'clock this afternoon, delay in the arrival of Sir Alexander Cockburn and Lord Tenterden having prevented its assembling at 12 o'clock, the usual hour. The five arbitrators, the agents of the respective Governments, several of the counsel, twelve ladies, and ten journalists were present. Count Sclopis, the President of the Court, read the arguments of the arbitrators concurring in the decision of the tribunal, and announced that the sum awarded to the United States was $15,500,000 gold. He was applauded when he concluded. Sir Alexander Cockburn refused to sign the decision of the tribunal, and repudiates the award, except in the case of the Alabama. He is now preparing an elaborate and exhaustive opinion on the subject of the claims, wherein he differs essentially from the judgment pronounced by the board. After the adjournment of the court twenty-two guns were fired in honor of the closing of its labors. The English representatives will leave Geneva on Monday, and the Americans on Tuesday.

The only cases adjudicated upon by the board were those of the Alabama, Florida, and Shenandoah, the others being excluded from the arbitration. In the case of the Florida, after long technical arguments by both sides, the arbitrators stood four in favor of America to one in favor of Great Britain. The case of the Shenandoah was the subject of a still closer and more elaborate legal discussion, extending over several days, and the arbitrators at the conclusion of the argument stood three in favor of a judgment for the United States to two in favor of Great Britain.

THE RESULT OFFICIALLY TELEGRAPHED TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—A telegram received at the State Department to-day from Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis, agent of the United States, says that the text of the award of the arbitrators at Geneva has been publicly announced there. The United States receive the gross sum of $15,500,000 for losses sustained by the acts of the Alabama, of the Florida, and of the Shenandoah after leaving Melbourne. It will be recollected that by the terms of the treaty the award is payable in gold at Washington within one year from the date of the settlement. The award was signed in duplicate to-day and handed to the agent of each Government. The total amount is to be paid in coin into the Treasury of the United States for distribution to the claimants by this Government. It will be noticed that advices to the various foreign representatives here come within half a million of the amount actually awarded.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE AWARD IN LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 14, P. M.—The official award of the Geneva Conference is officially announced here to-day under the signature of the Geneva Conference at $15,500,000 in gold. The decision of the Court is signed by all the arbitrators except Sir Alexander Cockburn, who will give a separate judgment, agreeing with his colleagues only in regard to the Alabama, the award in which case constitutes the greater portion of the total sum. Damages were granted in the case of the Florida by a vote of four against one, and in the case of the Shenandoah by three against two. All other cases presented by the American Government were dismissed by the Court. The *Times* says:

Willingly will we consent to pay this sum to improve the law of nations. While England has been held responsible for the depredations of several of the Confederate cruisers, we still retain the conviction that morally she is not to blame. The United States Government claimed damages for the losses caused by a dozen other vessels, but the Court of Arbitration held England to be responsible only in the case of one vessel. This is plain evidence of belief in the genuineness of our neutrality during the war in the United States, and disproves the flagrantly unjust accusations of unfriendliness, which American case presented at Geneva. We cheerfully consent to pay the sum awarded, as tending to obviate similar difficulties in the future.

HOW MR. CONNORS WON HIS BET

A House Demolished through the Carelessness of a Railroad Employee.

The Portchester branch of the New Haven Railroad is to pass the residence of Mr. Conklin Burtis in Mott Haven. At this point there is a bed of rock through which the grade requires a cut of about twenty feet. The blasting was begun last week under the direction of one Connors. Several houses being near, the work went on slowly, small blasts only being made. On Saturday a layer of rock as large as a horse car remained. A vender of patent powder, said to be superior to the black because of the homeopathic quantities required, went to the blasting and asked if he could buy. The vender said that a hole drilled six inches into the rock and filled with his powder would displace it. Mr. Burtis says that Conners told the vender that he could blow it to the dickens with his own powder. The vender said he could not, and Conners wagered his lager beer for the crowd that he could. He caused a hole ten feet deep to be drilled. Then he crammed, so Mr. Burtis says, three kegs and three-quarters of powder into the drilling, and touched it off. Mr. Connor won the bet. The rock was blown into fragments, a good portion of it going over to Harlem, and a shower of smaller stones fairly making the river foam. A piece of stone weighing 1,500 pounds fell on the roof of Mr. Burtis's house, and went crashing through into the front parlor below. It smashed furniture and demolished everything in its way. Another stone weighing about 300 pounds crashed through the roof in another dwelling, and rested on the third floor. About fifty smaller stones went through the roof and stopped in the garret. Probably two hundred other stones from the size of a man's fist to that of a water pail flew in all directions about Mr. Burtis's yard. The roof of the back stoop was demolished, the stone going through the floor of the stoop and landing in the basement. The back stairs were broken down, the well and hen houses were riddled, the fence levelled, fruit trees, grape vines, and the garden were destroyed.

Mr. Burtis is 55 years of age, and with his wife resided in the house. He built the house six years ago from the savings of a lifetime. It was a three story brick, built after the modern style, with tin roof. The old gentleman, his wife, and a Miss Van Horn were taking tea in the back basement when the blast occurred. They were so badly frightened that they jumped out of the window and fainted. They have not yet recovered from their fright. Neither was struck by the flying missiles. But Mr. Burtis had a narrow escape. Not half a minute before the blast he had been standing under an apple tree, but was called to tea. Six stones as large as a man's head fell where Mr. Burtis had stood. Mr. Burtis estimates his damages at $4,000, and holds the New Haven Railroad Company responsible.

Sunday Evening Concerts in the Grand Opera House.

Mr. Augustin Daly has finally arranged with Max Maretzek for the Sunday evening operatic concerts: and the first one will; given in the Grand Opera House on the 6th of October. The most distinguished artists have been engaged to sing during the reason; and when their names transpire it will be an agreeable surprise to the town. Mr. Daly promises that these musical entertainments will excel anything of the kind ever given in New York; and, beyond securing the greatest soloists, announces, as an earnest of his intentions, that the orchestra under the command of Maretzek will number sixty selected musicians, affording both brass and string instrumentation; while the choruses will be given by the combined voices of the entire Grand Italian Opera Company, and the choral organization so effective in "Rol Carotte." The magnificent art gallery into which the always elegant vestibule of the Grand Opera House has been transformed, will add greatly toward popularizing these entertainments; for during the performances of orchestral pieces hundreds of couples can enjoy the music while indulging in an agreeable promenade, and looking upon some of the finest works of art in the country.

The Swamp Gang Once More.

Yesterday morning Edward Bogan, James Dougherty, and several others of the swamp gang, met "Demmy" McCabe and Dick Carr in front of McPherson's liquor store in New Chambers street, and a lively fight ensued. Bogan ran into the saloon to get a bottle with which to defend himself. Carr prevented him from going, and struck Bogan in the mouth. Bogan's friends made no effort to assist him. Bogan says that he was getting the best of Dick when "Demmy" drew a knife and attacked him, saying, "Now I'll rip your (expletive) liver out." Bogan was cut about the mouth and his low left shoulder. He was taken to the Park Hospital.

The Campaign's First Bloodshed.

About one o'clock yesterday morning Thomas O'Brien had a dispute with James Brady as to whether Horace Greeley was fit to be the President of the United States. O'Brien struck Brady several times in the face. Brady then drew a knife and stabbed O'Brien three times in the breast. O'Brien tried to seize the knife and received a severe cut in his hand. Brady fled, and O'Brien went to the Fifty-ninth street police station. Dr. Purdy dressed O'Brien's wounds pronouncing them not very bad. O'Brien was then assisted to his residence, Sixty-first street and First avenue. O'Brien refused to make any complaint.

Stabbed in the Throat.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 15.—During a row in a hotel on Water street this afternoon, Michael Collins, aged 32 years, and recently employed in picking peaches in Delaware, was stabbed in the throat, a fearful wound being inflicted. It is not known who committed the deed, but three parties are in custody on suspicion.

THE "NEW IDEA" TRAGEDY

A QUARREL AND A HOMICIDE IN A BROADWAY SALOON.

The Proprietor Firing into a Crowd that had Forced Open his Door.

Early on Saturday morning Mr. Edward Wellington was shot in the head and fatally wounded by Mr. Daniel Perkins, while attempting to force open the door of the New Idea saloon at 508 Broadway. It is in the basement, and is kept by Perkins and his wife as a concert saloon. As Mr. Perkins was closing the place at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning, four or five men approached and demanded admittance, which was refused. They then began pounding and kicking at the door, which was finally forced open. Thereupon Perkins fired upon the intruders, the ball taking effect beneath Wellington's left eye, passing upward and backward. The rest of the party fled. Officer Townsend of the Mulberry street police station, attracted by the firing, hastened to the place and arrested Perkins. He was locked up, and on Saturday, after a partial hearing in the Tombs Police Court, was remanded to await the result of Wellington's injuries.

MR. WM. VARLEY'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Wm. Varley was supposed to be one of the party at the saloon, and on Saturday night was locked up in the Mulberry street station by Capt. Clinchy. A SUN reporter called on Mr. Varley yesterday and heard his statement as follows:

I was not with Wellington or his friends during the night. I saw them once or twice, but was not in their company. I saw Wellington and some others an hour or so before the shooting. They were then at the Revere House making some noise. I passed on and took some breakfast with friends at a dining saloon. While on my way home, and near the New Idea, I heard pounding on the door, and then I heard that a man had been shot, but did not hear the firing. I started in the direction of the saloon, and I saw a man running. Supposing that he was the man who did the shooting, I pursued and caught him and gave him in charge of an officer. As I came up to him I knew that he was a coachman. If I had been in the affray it is not likely I would have tried to arrest any one. I have told you all I know about the affair.

During the above recital Mr. Varley spoke in a calm voice, and to every outward appearance with the greatest sincerity. He said that he had no apprehension as to the result of an investigation into his connection with the shooting, as he could show clearly that he was not one of the party at the saloon.

WHAT OTHER WITNESSES SAY.

Mr. Perkins, who did the shooting, is locked up in the Mulberry street station. He says that he did not see Mr. Varley. Charles Edwards, alias Smithy, and John Brennan and John Janisson, two boys who were in the saloon at the time of the shooting, are also locked up as witnesses. There is a slight discrepancy in their statements. Edwards says that while the party were at the door of the saloon he saw it opened a few inches; that a hand was thrust out and a pistol instantly fired. He does not make it very clear as to where he stood or why he was there. He did not see Mr. Varley. They did not recognize either of the attacking party, except Wellington, who fell in the doorway.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. WELLINGTON.

Shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday the SUN reporter called at Bellevue Hospital, and, through the politeness of Warden Brennan, had a conversation with Mr. Wellington. His face is much swollen, and the discoloration would indicate that the pistol was in close contact to his head when it was fired. He lay on his right side, and breathed heavily. He was in a partially conscious state, and spoke with some degree of rationality. It was evident, however, that his recollection was still confused.

Reporter—Do you know who shot you?

Mr. Wellington—No, I do not.

Reporter—Do you remember who was with you?

Mr. Wellington—I can't remember.

Reporter—Where were you when you were shot?

Mr. Wellington—In some Broadway concert saloon.

Reporter—What were you doing?

Mr. Wellington—I have no recollection.

Reporter—Was Mr. Wm. Varley with you?

Mr. Wellington—I think he was.

Reporter—Was Chas. Edwards with you?

Mr. Wellington—I don't know.

Reporter—Is that all you can recollect about the affair?

Mr. Wellington—Yes, that is all.

He did not open his eyes during the conversation, and only spoke in answer to the reporter's questions. He is a young man, apparently thirty years of age, and came to this city a short time ago from Corning, N. Y., where he is respectably connected.

Yesterday afternoon it was expected that Coroner Young would take Wellington's *ante-mortem* deposition. Several friends of Reddy the Blacksmith visited the hospital and awaited the event. Coroner Young arrived and impanelled a jury, of which the genial and popular Warden Brennan was foreman, and then proceeded to take Wellington's deposition. It will be observed that Wellington was so much incoherent in his statements, and at times quite flighty.

WELLINGTON'S DEPOSITION.

My name is Edmund Wellington. I reside in Stephen street. I was shot last night. I was in a place that I have been in the concert saloon a few doors from the one called the New Idea, on Saturday morning, Sept. 14, with William Varley and several others. We had some quarrelling and had words with Reddy. After eling in there a while we went into Reddy's place. We remained there a while, and then fled and went to the New Idea in Broadway. We had been there for an hour or so, when door and saw a lot of prostitutes and fellows there. When I got inside some one pulled a pistol and shot me in the face. I do not know who shot me. I had no trouble with any one. I was alone. The man who shot me if I was to see him, I think Reddy was with me when I was shot. I did not use any revolver when I went into the saloon. I was walking toward from the door. I remember nothing after being shot, as I was paralyzed. I am too weak to sign my name.

The jury rendered a verdict that Wellington received his injuries at the hand of some person unknown.

WELLINGTON FAILS TO IDENTIFY PERKINS.

Coroner Young telegraphed to Capt. Clinchy, and brought Mr. Perkins and his wife with Perkins, the prisoner. Perkins was taken into Ward 16, where the wounded man was lying. Wellington was confronted with the prisoner and asked if Perkins was the man who shot him, but he was unable to identify him. Wellington's mind was wandering, and after the party left the ward Warden Brennan gave orders that no one should be allowed to see him. The prisoner was then returned to the Mulberry street police station. The physicians say that Wellington cannot recover.

THE GRIEF OF WELLINGTON'S RELATIVES.

Yesterday morning Wellington's brother arrived from Corning, N. Y. He was deeply affected by the misfortune which had befallen his brother, and which will probably cost Edmund his life. He said that his mother was quite sick, and that the sad news could not be told her at present. Mr. Wellington gave directions that no expense be spared in the attendance on his brother, and he requested Warden Brennan, in the event of his brother's death, to have his body placed in a vault, so that it might be removed to Corning for interment in the family lot.

Another Man Shot for Breaking into a Broadway Concert Saloon.

About 1:30 yesterday morning Officer Kernan of the Mulberry street police station saw two men in conversation at Bleecker and Crosby streets, one of whom proved to be Elisha Gregory, keeper of the Canterbury Music Hall, 642 Broadway. Gregory accused the other of attempting to break into the rear of his saloon, which reaches from Broadway to Crosby street, though the Crosby street entrance is nearly 200 feet from where the men were talking. The officer did not suspect that the dispute would end in a fight until Gregory suddenly drew a revolver and fired three shots at the other. Officer Kernan ran across the street, arrested Gregory, and took him to the Mulberry street police station. The wounded man was carried on a stretcher to the station, and there he gave his name as Henry Edwards of 49 First avenue. Edwards was shot in the left hip. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Yesterday the wound proving a superficial one, his friends took him away. Gregory was taken to the Tombs.

A Redemptionist Father on the Blue Laws.

"In these remarkable days," said Father Keiss last night to a large congregation in the Church of the Redemptionists, South Fifth avenue, "a man who steals a few cents is sent to prison, but a wealthy thief escapes punishment, and is considered smart. This, after all, is only in accordance with the spirit of the old blue laws of Connecticut. They prohibited a mother from preparing food for her baby on Sunday, but had no terrors for those who cheated their neighbors, and committed all manner of frauds. The Catholic Church, however, makes a different distinction between sins. She condemns all who are guilty of great or mortal sins, and proclaims to them that if they die with them on their souls, they cannot be saved. But, on the other hand she holds that those who commit venial sins, or small sins, will be saved. She holds, too, that a million venial sins could not make one mortal sin, but that small sins generally lead to greater ones. The blue laws, however, are framed in an opposite spirit. They shielded great criminals, and punished persons for acts which were neither criminal nor worthy of blame."

Not a Case of Poisoning.

Thomas C. Hughes of 157 Grand street, Jersey City, died on Friday night. He had been an editor of the *American Standard*, and was Secretary of the last Democratic State Convention of New Jersey. It was thought by the Coroner that he had been poisoned, but the physician said that there was nothing mysterious in his death.

A UNIFORMED RUFFIAN.

An Artist who Calls on a Friend Arrested as a Burglar—An Officer who has Forfeited his Badge and Buttons.

Yesterday morning, at the Tombs Police Court, Matt Morgan, whose cartoons in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* have gained him wide celebrity, was accused of burglary and attempt to murder under the following remarkable circumstances, as related to a SUN reporter by Mr. Morgan himself: When Niblo's Theatre was burned down, Matt Morgan offered to paint a scene for the new theatre. He has been engaged in this work for some time. On Saturday night, at 8:45, Mr. Morgan went to call on two friends, Messrs. Weston and Laren, whose assistance in the scene painting he desired, and whose rooms are at 37 Nassau street. When he arrived at the building, Mr. Morgan found the doors closed. Two gentlemen in the adjoining building advised him to go to the back entrance, and thither he went forthwith. On the doorstep he found two children seated. One of them had the key of the back door in charge. Mr. Morgan asked the children how he could get to room 38. One of the children thereupon opened the door and pointed up stairs.

WHAT HE SAW ON THE STAIRS.

After Mr. Morgan had ascended two flights—the stairs run in a straight line from the entrance—he found it too dark to distinguish the numbers, and thinking that there might be some one about who could point out the room, he called out, "Is there anybody up stairs?"

On receiving no reply, Mr. Morgan called down to the children at the foot of the stairs and asked them to show him the room. At this moment, an Irish woman came from a room on the landing where Mr. Morgan was standing, and said, "What do you want?" Mr. Morgan answered that he wished to find Mr. Laren who occupied room 38. She replied that he was not there, and that there was no one in the building.

Mr. Morgan said that he had very particular business with Mr. Laren, and would be obliged if she would point out the door of room 38, so that he might put a card underneath it. The woman refused to do this in an impertinent way. Mr. Morgan then said, "Will you place an envelope under the door for me?"

COLLARED BY A WILD IRISHMAN.

The woman thereupon began to edge up to Mr. Morgan, apparently with the intention of pushing him down the stairs. Mr. Morgan resisted, and said that he wanted to leave a card and be certain that Mr. Laren would get it.

At this juncture the husband of the woman rdshed out of the room in his pantaloons and shirt. Mr. Morgan says that he had every appearance of being drunk. He danced wildly around, and finally seized Mr. Morgan by the collar and tried to throw him down the stairs. When he found that he could not do this, he shouted "murder." The woman and a child rushed into the street and shouted "police."

Mr. Morgan's misfortune in the first landing with the Irishman hanging on him. As Mr. Morgan did not wish to go head first down the bottom flight of stairs, he made an effort and pulled the Irishman, who was still hanging on to his throat, into a room on the landing.

ARRESTED BY A PROFANE POLICEMAN.

At this moment a policeman, accompanied by the Irishman's wife and child, came upon the scene. The officer at once exclaimed as he saw Mr. Morgan:

"I know him; he's an old housebreaker. I recognize the d——d——! I've been watching for you."

Mr. Morgan tried to explain to the officer that he had entered the building to see two of his friends who had rooms there. Whereupon the officer replied that he was "a G—— d—— likely sort of a fellow to call on a friend."

The officer at once laid hold of Mr. Morgan by the collar of his back, and gripped him so tight that he was almost choked. Mr. Morgan, feeling sure from the aspect of the officer that if he offered any resistance his skull would be cracked with the club which was flourished about his head, mildly expostulated, requesting him to listen to the explanation he had to offer, and use a little reason. The officer said, "I'll reason. I'll lay you out pretty stiff before I get you to the station, if you don't shut your bloody jaw."

MENACE WITH A CLUB.

The officer hauled Mr. Morgan by the throat down the stairs into the street, blaspheming and using the foulest language all the way. Still holding him by the back of the neck, and strangling him so effectually that shirt and undershirt were torn off, he pushed him before him along the street to the station, amusing himself on the way by knocking off Mr. Morgan's hat, and then trying him to pick it up and put it on his G—— d—— head. All the time the officer menaced his prisoner with the club, and called him opprobrious names.

As they thus passed a fire engine station, Mr. Morgan saw a number of firemen seated outside, and called their attention to the way in which the officer was treating him, although he was offering no resistance.

Thereupon the officer exclaimed:

"If you say another word, I'll knock your bloody teeth down your throat."

Mr. Morgan, on attempting to take his handkerchief out of his jacket pocket to wipe the perspiration from his face, was struck violently over the arm with the club, the officer at the same time saying, "D—— you, you'll draw your shooting iron, will you?"

AT THE BEEKMAN STREET POLICE STATION.

When they reached the Beekman street station Mr. Morgan was almost choked. When Mr. Morgan attempted to explain, the Sergeant rudely repulsed him. A charge was preferred against Mr. Morgan of burglary and attempt to murder. It was vouched that $100 and Mr. Morgan's account book with Mr. Frank Leslie were taken from him. Mr. Morgan gave his name, but, although the account book verified his statement, he was told that wouldn't do.

The jail for afterward entered the station, and accused Mr. Morgan scarcely allowing himself and his wife, but finding the serious mistake he had made he wanted to sneak away. Mr. Morgan insisted on his making a charge.

Mr. Morgan was locked up. Patrolman Farley and other citizens vouched for the prisoner's respectability, but without avail. Two young men connected with the American News Company also identified Mr. Morgan, but that too was ineffectual. Mr. Morgan remained in the station all night. He says the officer in charge of the cells treated him with the greatest kindness and courtesy. As already intimated, Mr. Morgan was taken to the Tombs yesterday morning, and of course immediately discharged. The officer who arrested Mr. Morgan is known as Henry Leeworth.

A SUNDAY NIGHT MURDER.

A Cigar Maker Stabbed by a Musician in East Thirteenth Street.

At 6 o'clock last night Edward Butler, aged 20, a cigar maker, of 443 East Thirteenth street, was fatally stabbed by Elias Specht, aged 62, a musician. Specht occupies apartments on the third floor of 20 Clinton street. A widowed sister of Butler lives on the second floor of the same house. On Saturday night Butler visited his sister. He was under the influence of liquor, and while there made some noise. Specht complained, and a quarrel ensued. Butler used some very hard language to Specht, and the latter threatened revenge. One Schultz, who lives at 18 Clinton street, was with Specht at the time of the difficulty.

Yesterday afternoon Butler again visited his sister. He remained there until 6 o'clock, and started to go home. His sister followed him to the door. As they reached the lower hall they saw Specht and Schultz. Butler was about to pass them, whereat Specht, without saying a word, seized him by the arm, and before he could be stayed, stabbed him in the shoulder and in the abdomen, just above the umbilicus. Butler sank to the floor, the blood spurting from his wounds. Specht tried to escape, but was seized by an officer, who took him to the Union Market police station. Schultz escaped. Butler was borne to the police station on a stretcher. Dr. Maclay pronounced the wound mortal, and ordered his instant removal to Bellevue Hospital. Specht was visited in his cell by a SUN reporter last night, to whom he said:

"I did not stab Butler. I never had any difficulty with him. The trouble on Saturday night was between Butler and Schultz. It was Schultz who stabbed him, and I saw him do it."

The Oregon Senatorship.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—From information just received, it does not appear probable that either Corbett or Mitchell can be elected to the Senatorship from Oregon, and therefore there is reason to believe that Attorney-General Williams will be adopted as a compromise candidate by the Republicans of the Legislature of that state.

A German Girl Missing.

Miss Rosa Schultz, aged 17, arrived in Hoboken by the steamer Deutschland on Saturday on the way to the house of her uncle, Mr. Elias Kuhn, 404 East Fifty-second street. She said that she would wait on the steamer for Mr. Kuhn. When he arrived she was missing. She has not been found.

Fire Island Guests as Waiters.

A few evenings ago the waiters and cooks at Sammis's Fire Island Hotel went to Conklin's on a spree. On the return trip the boat grounded, and they were detained till 10 o'clock the following day. The guests had to cook their own meals and wait on themselves.

WIFE MURDER IN NYACK.

THE CAPTURE OF THE HIGHWAYMAN HUSBAND.

The Sanguinary End of a Clandestine Marriage.

In 1866, John Sheppard persuaded Catharine Moor, a young girl of respectable parentage, and moving in good society in Nyack, to elope. They were married and lived happily for some time. The father, shortly after the marriage, learned that Sheppard was married to another woman in Long Island. Enraged at the supposed villainy of the son-in-law, whom he had always opposed, he had John tried on a charge of bigamy. He was acquitted, however, the first marriage being declared null. Catharine returned to live with her husband, and for a time all went merrily.

But John was deeply imbued with the ambition which made his namesake so famous in times long past. He began to be cruel to his wife, and beat and abused her. He engaged in robberies on the highway, and burglaries, and made his home the rendezvous of thieves and murderers. Finally Catharine could bear his treatment no longer, and took refuge in her father's house.

Sheppard followed her, and by protestations and entreaties persuaded her to return. She seems to have loved him, notwithstanding his persecutions, and at length, moved by his earnest entreaties and promises of reform, she once more returned to his ouse and strove to fulfil her duty as a faithful wife. But the husband's promises proved but straws, and were soon broken. Again Catharine left him to the companionship of his own vices, and took up her abode in her father's house, determined never again to leave it. She had lived with her husband just two weeks.

After the separation Sheppard became a professed outlaw. His exploits on the road were numerous, and usually resulted in the capture of large sums. His last attempt at robbery, however, proved unsuccessful; he was recognized, and the police were put upon his trail. The following is a brief record of the transaction.

A ROBBERY ON THE HIGHWAY FRUSTRATED.

In May last Charles Sears, clerk of a large manufacturing firm in this city, was sent to Nyack to pay off the hands employed in the factory. He had $25,000 in bank notes. He took the train in Jersey City, and when it stopped at Tappentown he left the cars and walked about the platform for some time. He passed to the rear of the depot before the train started, and was there seized by two men. One of them held him by the throat, almost strangling him with the powerful grip, and the other made a desperate attempt to get at the bank notes, which were in an inside breast pocket. Before this object was accomplished, however, a policeman happened to pass to the rear of the depot. He saw the struggle and shouted for help. In a moment some forty or fifty persons were on the spot. The highwaymen, seeing that the game was up, drew their revolvers and walked quietly through the crowd, no one attempting to capture them. Several on the platform recognized John Sheppard.

For this bold experiment Sheppard has been wanted by the police of Nyack for some time, and his wife, living in quiet at her father's house, thought herself tolerably secure from his visits. After the attempted robbery he disappeared. Search was made for him, but with no great success, and the police had given up all hopes of capturing him, when on Thursday night last he suddenly reappeared and put the finishing touch to a life of crime by the enactment of a tragedy which has struck the good people of Nyack with terror.

On Thursday afternoon a farmer of Nyack who knew Sheppard met him on the Suffern turnpike. He was going in the direction of the English Settlement, and the farmer hastened on to Nyack and informed the authorities. Mr. Moor, Catharine's father, was absent at the village at the time. He surmised that Sheppard would visit his house, and feared that he might do some harm to his daughter. He sprang into his buggy, and was about to start for home, when Mr. Owen, one of his workmen, came rushing into the village with the startling intelligence that Sheppard had been to the house and killed his wife.

DEAD IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

The wretched father drove quickly to his home. In one room Mrs. Owen was lying sick. In that room her husband lied. Mr. Moor, There, on the floor, in a pool of blood which was increasing in extent, lay the dead body of Catharine Sheppard, dead. From a large wound in the head the blood was still oozing. The face bore an expression of agony, and the poor woman lay just as she had fallen. The fatal shot had done its work in an instant.

The story of the murder, as told by Mrs. Owen, is as follows: On the Thursday afternoon she was sick in bed, and Mrs. Sheppard was in her room attending to her wants. Owen was in the stable, and the two women were alone in the house. Mrs. Sheppard's little girl, four years old, was playing in the yard. While the two women were conversing, the child, Annie, came running in. She was almost breathless, and terribly frightened. She lisped out,

"Oh mamma! papa's comin'!"

Mrs. Sheppard ran to the window and looked out. There, hurrying up the path, was the man who had drawn her from a peaceful home to misery and degradation. He was already near the threshold.

The poor woman was distracted. She and Mrs. Owen were alone in the house, at the mercy of a desperate ruffian. They thought Mr. Owen in the barn, and turning to Annie, said:

"Run and call Mr. Owen."

"KATE, I WANT YOU TO GO WITH ME."

The child turned to obey, but as she reached the door, it was opened suddenly, and Jack Sheppard sprang in. In his hand he held a pistol, cocked. He closed the door and advanced to the centre of the room. His little child began to cry, but he took no notice of her. Fixing his wicked eye upon his wife, he said:

"Kate, I want you to go with me."

There was murder in his eye—there was more than that. The glitter of insanity was there. Catharine retreated toward the bed, and held up her hands in supplication. Mrs. Owen, horrified by the pistol, said:

"John, you don't intend to shoot me, do you?"

He did not turn to look at her. He answered in one word, "No."

Then Catharine took heart and spoke, "John, you wouldn't hurt me, would you?"

He answered her as before: "Kate, I want you to go with me."

He was apparently calm, and the frightened woman took heart. She appealed to his reason:

"Dear John, I can't leave Mrs. Owen in this way. Besides, where could we go? You have no place to take me, and you know they are after you, John."

This seemed to enrage him. The fearful glitter in his eye was intensified. He advanced a step and raised the pistol, covering her head with it.

"Yes