THREE BROOKLYN INVALIDS

THEY ROAM FLORIDA IN SEARCH OF THEIR HEALTH.

Their Extraordinary Adventures in Jacksonville, Palatka, Enterprise, and St. Augustine—The Whole State in Commotion—Attempt to Sell a Negro—Panic in the Wine Market—Gone to New Orleans.

Correspondence of The Sun.

LIVE OAK, Fla., March 9.—About three weeks ago I met old Capt. Coxetter of the Dictator. The Dictator is a steamboat that runs between Charleston and Palatka, and the Captain is a dumpling-shaped ex-rebel, with a meerschaum pipe and a heart as big as an elephant. He commanded the first Confederate privateer, and he commands the best regulated boat on Florida waters. The Captain has a slight Dutch accent. I met him in Jacksonville.

"Well, I am klad to see you," he said. "I played uger wit you some months ako. You don't regollect me, I reckon."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I remember you perfectly, Captain. I am glad to meet you again."

"Well," continued the Captain, "you vaine fun New Yorg, yes I remember. I would like to ask you if you know three gentlemen named Fowler, Wheeler, ant—ant—(rubbing his forefinger over his left ear) what wass his name—Kingsley?"

NOT THE MEN.

I thought a while and then said, "Yes, I know three men by that name in New York, one is a city justice, another is an old gentleman that they call old Pop Kingsley, and the other is a newspaper writer. But why do you ask me?"

Captain Coxetter—Begause, those three gentlemen are the kreatest fellows that ever gum on my boat. They bought $150 worth of wine, ant they played cards all night, ant raised the devil wit the passengers who wass all so seasick.

Correspondent—Well, they cannot be the gentlemen to whom I refer. I know that one of them has not left New York this winter. I have heard that Judge Fowler never drank a drop in his life, and that he don't know one card from another. Old Pop Kingsley is a Church member, and I am sure that he has too much regard for his Christian character to act as you say. I believe that I have seen Wheeler drink, but not often. He never plays cards. What kind of looking men were those you speak of, Captain?

Capt. Coxetter—Well, Fowler, he wass a chunky gird off a man—not fet. He had black hair, black eyes, black moustache, ant three bik diamond buttons in his shirt.

I interrupted the Captain by saying, "Then it is not Judge Fowler. How about Kingsley?"

"Well," said the Captain, "Kingsley, he wass a sinkular-looking man. He looked like he wass made of fish bones wit red hairs on them. He was a long man ant wass an awful ukly man—the worst I ever saw; but he had a mighty bik diamond pin."

"Then it was not old Pop Kingsley," I said. "He is a very handsome man. But what about Wheeler?"

"Well," answered the Captain, "I don't remember so much a out Wheeler, but he was a chunky man, too, wit light complexion. He looked right smart like a New Yorger, who wass travelling at somebody else's expense."

"Then it was not the Mr. Wheeler I know," your correspondent replied. "He is a gentleman who would not travel at anybody's expense."

THREE THOUSAND ROOSTERS CROWING AT ONCE.

"Well," said Capt. Coxetter, after a pause, "those were the kreatest fellows that I ever saw on a steamboat. They mixed up all the boots that belonged to the passengers when they put them outside of their state room to be blacked. And such a time next morning you never saw. Then the Dictator kot to Fernandina, about 1 o'clock in the morning. Fowler, and Kingsley, and Wheeler, they kot out on the deck and bekun to keckle like hens ant to grow like roosters, and pretty soon one rooster in Fernandina he growed back akain, ant then another rooster, ant another, ant then two more. Here the captain's wife came out of her state room and adressed us. I tink he dokked if those fellows in five minutes didn't have three thousand roosters growing from one end of Fernandina to the other."

"Are you sure that these were gentlemen, Captain?" I inquired.

"Well," the Captain said, "I could tell that by the way they called for wine. When they couldn't drink wine they poured it into the boots around the state room doors ant into each other's hats. They were funny fellows."

"What were they doing in Florida, Captain?" I asked.

"Well," answered the Captain, "they had gum down here for their health. They were funny fellows, ant they could drink more than they could eat, but—"

TROUBLE IN THE ST. JAMES.

Here the whistle of the steamboat blew and the Captain left me.

I found Jacksonville had also been excited over Fowler, Kingsley, and Wheeler. It seems that they stopped at the St. James Hotel. When they came down to supper Fowler talked across the table to Wheeler as if he were a casual acquaintance. Kingsley sat bolt upright like a dry bone. A tinkling sound was heard in his vest pocket. The waiters, the most of whom were Irishmen, saw the bill and began to flock around the table. All were anxious to wait on Kingsley. Fowler, looking over to Wheeler, said, pointing to Kingsley with his thumb, "My friend is a nervous temperament. He is nervous. To tell you the truth (lowering his voice, but speaking sonorously so that the waiters could hear) he is slightly insane. I am compelled to watch him very carefully. He is very wealthy, and he would just as lief give a waiter a hundred-dollar bill as a ten-cent stamp."

Here my informant says that Kingsley began to play with the ten-dollar bill, and the waiters began a struggle to get near him. In half a minute there was a row among the servants. One of them got punched just below the ear, while another disappeared with a half pound of butter on the back of his neck. Kingsley never moved a muscle of his face, but leaned back with his fingers, and acting as though his thoughts were wandering in Central Africa. Meanwhile, the head waiter had suppressed the mutiny in his army. The ten-dollar bill still remained sticking out of Kingsley's pocket. It was evident that the head waiter had heard of Kingsley's little eccularities, for he began to overload the insane old man with his attentions. Wheeler then began to sympathize with the old gentleman, and Fowler watched him all the more closely.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

At one time Kingsley laughed. Wheeler said that it was easy to see that his mind was affected, as his laugh was the laugh of a lunatic. While Fowler was talking to Wheeler, Kingsley drew forth the ten-dollar bill and held it behind his chair. All the waiters made a dash for it. Some of them started from the further end of the dining room, nearly 150 feet distant. A little pock-marked fellow secured the prize, and was just sinking it into his pocket when Fowler grabbed him by the arm. He told the waiter that his friend was crazy, and that he intended to see that he did nothing rash. He then demanded the ten-dollar bill. The servant reluctantly turned the money over to Fowler, who looked at it and said, "It's a ten-dollar bill, is it? The only wonder to me is that he didn't give you a hundred-dollar bill instead of ten dollars."

Here Kingsley indignantly snatched the ten-dollar bill from Fowler's hands, saying, "My money is my own. I have suffered your insolence long enough, sir. If I can't give this money to the waiters, I will do something else with it that may please you better, sir."

Kingsley then deliberately tore the bill into bits and scattered the pieces around his chair. After this he apparently composed himself and again sent his thoughts to Central Africa.

I asked my informant, who was a land agent, what was the result of the whole thing.

"The result of it was," said he, "that the ten-dollar bill was a counterfeit, but the waiters knew nothing about it, and there was a row every day to see who should serve Kingsley. While scores of people sat in their seats crumbling bread and playing with their forks because there were no servants to take their orders, Kingsley was buried under a weight of attention amid an ocean of delicacies." "But you'd ought to have seen the wine those three men drank. Why, I heard that their wine bill for four days amounted to over $900."

"I didn't talk with any of the party?" I asked.

"Yes," he responded. "I asked Fowler if he wanted to buy a piece of fine land. I told him that I knew of one of the richest hammocks in Florida, 1,200 acres, that could be bought for two dollars an acre."

"What did he say?" I inquired.

"Well," answered the land agent, "he said that he didn't come to Florida to buy land; that he only came here for his health. I then suggested that his friends might like to buy some of the land. He said that they came down here for their health, too."

OLD TOM ALVORD'S JOKE.

Such was the story of the land agent. All over Jacksonville I heard of the eccentricities of the trio. They went into Mr. Theodore Barber's restaurant, and asked for a bottle of wine. While Barber was looking for his corkscrew, they placed a bottle of water labelled Heidsick on the counter in place of the wine. Of course Barber was very much astonished when he opened the bottle, and was profuse in his apologies. He said that he bought the wine in good faith, but he thought there was something wrong about it. He then threw the bottle under the counter, and placed another bottle of Heidsick before his customers. Fowler called his attention to some liquor nearer the door, while Wheeler concealed a second bottle of wine and placed a second bottle of water in its place. This game was kept up until Mr. Barber lost four bottles of Heidsick, and the three gentlemen who were in search of their health left the restaurant in disgust. Barber suspected his boy of the roobery, and gave him a thrashing. On the following day, however, he received a note from Fowler & Co. exposing themselves, and telling Barber that the bottles of water had been put up by old Tom Alvord of Syracuse. The letter said that Alvord was formerly a member of Assembly, and a warm friend of Barber, and that he had specially desired them to play this joke on Barber when they arrived in Jacksonville.

Your correspondent afterward asked Barber if he knew Alvord. Barber replied that he had never heard of such a man as Alvord, and that he had never seen any man who had heard of him. He couldn't imagine why the old sucker should play such a trick on him.

PALATKA BY THE EARS.

But the operations of Fowler & Co. were not confined to Jacksonville. I arrived in Palatka on March 3. I had not been at the Putnam Hotel more than two hours before a Bostonian named White, whom I had met once before, asked me if I knew anybody in New York named Fowler or Kingsley. I inquired why he asked me the question. He told me that they had been in Palatka raising the devil. The whole town had been in an uproar. They drank up all the wine in the place, and endeavored to charter a steamer to run to Jacksonville and procure a fresh supply. Before this, however, they had hired three mules and an old two-wheeled dirt cart. Afterward they appeared upon the streets driving the mules tandem. Each man wore a swallow tail coat, white kid gloves, a white neck tie, fine kid boots, and a silk hat. They loaded the cart with bottles of wine, and dealt it out free to all the colored population. Next day they began operations by hiring a negro to stand on his head for three-quarters of an hour in the hall leading to the dining room.

Mr. White continued:

"They offered another nigger two dollars and a half to eat a box of parlor matches. The nigger ate sixteen of them, when somebody scared him off by telling him that the matches were poison, and would kill him sure if he didn't stop. Toward night they got up an alarm of fire, which threw the whole population into the streets and set one half the darkeys crazy. They had handbills posted around the streets announcing that William Cullen Bryant would lecture on temperance in the Public Hall on Monday evening. Admission, $1; children and niggers half price. Of course there was no lecture. So notorious did they become that their reputation sailed out into the country, and the bull drivers and Crackers (a name given the natives) flocked into the town to get a look at them."

"Mr White, are you sure these men were from New York?" I inquired.

"They drank like New Yorkers," said Mr. White, evincing his Boston spite.

HOW WHITE MADE THEIR ACQUAINTANCE.

"Did you make their acquaintance?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," was the reply, "and I don't want to make the acquaintance of any other New York gentleman in a similar way."

"What was the matter?" was my next query.

"Well," said Mr. White, "I was going to my room one night, about 12 o'clock, when I heard the tinkling of a banjo. I had just reached the bottom of a pair of stairs, when a big nigger with a banjo came buzzing down the stairs like a cart wheel, yelling bloody murder. His head took me just above the stomach, knocking me about thirty feet. The banjo went spinning through the air and struck about a foot beyond my head. As soon as I recovered I asked the nigger what was the matter. 'Fore God, sah,' said the nigger, 'I doesn't 'zactly understand dis yeh. Am de strings on dat ah banjo all right?' 'Who struck you? I asked. 'Dah he!' said the darkey, pointing to the head of the stairs. 'What did he strike you for?' I said. "'Well, sah,' answered the darkey, 'dis yere man Fowler, he gin me five dollah ef I dun play de banjo foh dat dere gemman,' pointing to the head of the stairs. 'He say dat ere gemman like de banjo music a heap. He say I must follow de gemman all day and done play de banjo behind him wherever he go. So I done play de banjo. Dat yah gemman he told me free times to sink dat ah banjo. Den I tole he dat ah banjo dun cost me a dollah and a half, an' dat I don't sink him for no gemman, so he jump up stairs, an' I go up stairs wid de banjo. He smack me in de mouf shuah, an' heah I is, an' dar am de banjo, an' de music am quit.'"

Here Mr. White lighted a cigar and said: "Those three fellows were great fellows. Kingsley looked like an Egyptian mummy stuffed with needles; Fowler was a sheet-iron-looking fellow, but the other man was the worst I ever saw. Wine! Why they drank enough wine to float a Boston clipper ship. I heard that their wine bill here amounted to over $1,100."

Remembering that White was a Bostonian, I asked him if he had found out their business in Florida.

"They told me," he replied, "that they had came down for their health. 'I any rate, they were a mighty healthy crowd."

ENTERPRISE SHAKES UP.

So much for the career of the strange gentlemen in Palatka. I heard of them again the instant I arrived in Enterprise. They slept at the Watson House, the best hotel in the place, and adjoining the Brook House. Their eccentricities immediately created a breeze. They opened operations by attempting to sell a negro to a Cracker who lived several hundred miles to the south, and who had visited Enterprise for the first time. He carried a shotgun and rifle combined, had a large knife hitched to the center of his back, and wore nothing but a pair of pants and shirt. When they offered to sell him the negro, he said he "had heerd that the niggers wuz free," but Fowler & Co. told him it was a mistake, and they came within an ace of inducing him to purchase the black.

THE OLD NEGRO PREACHER.

They next astonished everybody by inviting an old negro preacher to share their champagne cobbler, a bottle of wine with them. The old colored minister refused, saying, "Bredering, wine am de chile ob Satan. Luff dat chile ob Satan be forebber." The old reverend was begging moneyfor a destitute colored church on the Suwanee river. Fowler & Co. agreed to give him $75 to aid the church if he would drink a glass of champagne with them. The aged black buried his forehead in his hands and remained silent nearly two minutes. Then he said, "Bredering, stop whah you is. Ise dun gwine to 'Cipper Watson's stable and commune wid de Lord." He returned within a few minutes, took the $75, drank the glass of champagne, and after heaving a deep sigh, departed shaking his hoary head.

Afterward the party bought $90 worth of feather flowers. On the same day every lady at the dinner table was surprised at seeing a beautiful bouquet of feathers in a number of water at the table of other plate. This set them all by the ears, as none of them could find out from whom the flowers came.

THE STORY OF JULY JENKINS.

Jul'y Jenkins is an honest old colored man who lives three mil s from Enterprise. He took Fowler & Co. out fishing for black bass. They used trolls. July tells his experience as follows:

"Dem, sah, was gemmen. Dey no dun so much fishing as you, sah; but dey drink mo', sah—a heap mo', sah; dis yere champagne, too, sah. July done drink champagne, too, sah. Dey upset dis yere boat, sah, and dey leave Misser Fowler on dis yere island where you see dem alligator, sah, splitting to a half dozen (cabbage palmettoes). But dem was great gemmens, sah; dey drink all de wine up in Mr. Cahrr's house, sah (Brook House)—mo' dan $500 wuz. Dem was great gemmens, sah. Dey dun gub July Jenkins fifty dollars for done take dem a fishin' free times. Nobody but gemmens drink as—(Here July hesitates), sah.

"Did they tell you what they were down here for, July?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sah," July replied. "dey was here for dere health, sah. I could seen dat. Dey was die hards, but dey was right smart gemmens."

"What kind of a looking man was Mr. Kingsley?" I inquired.

"Well, sah, Misser Kingsley, him done look like a sick whoopin' crane. Misser Fowler, him done look like a preacher, and Misser Wheeler, him was the wust July ebah seed."

A CRACKER ON THE WARPATH.

I was told that the trio left Enterprise in great haste. It seems that Capt. Peters of the British army told the Cracker, to whom they had endeavored to sell the negro, that he had been outrageously insulted. Thereupon the Cracker loaded his bouble-barrelled gun and went upon the warpath. Fowler and party fled to the steamer Darlington after filling Capt. Tom Reeves's hotel with Florida whiskey, and left for St. Augustine before daylight the next morning.

ST. AUGUSTINE BOILING.

Although they stayed but forty-eight hours in St. Augustine, they turned the city upside down. They stopped at the St. Augustine Hotel. Capt. Valls was run out within thirty hours. Mr. Martin Finch, his clerk, was induced to leave his desk for five minutes, when one of the trio slipped in his place and mixed up all the keys of the rooms. Perfect confusion followed. The stairs of the splendid hotel were blocked with people angrily shouting that they had the wrong keys, and accusing the clerk of negligence.

They had negroes racing after greased pigs, climbing greased poles, and the little negroes going down into barrels of flour after two dollar and a half gold pieces, which they brought up between their teeth. They hid all of Capt. Vaill's billiard balls, and replaced them with balls of Castile soap. They also attempted to sell a second-hand hurdy gurdy to honest old Josiah L. Baldwin, an ex-member of the New Jersey Legislature. After turning the town the other end up, they gave the Sisters of Charity $500, and slid out of the city very much improved in health. Their wine bill was only $1,200.

I looked at the hotel register and found that they had written their names as follows:

W. A. FOWLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. A. WHEELER, dough, dough.
A. S. WHEELER, dough, dough.

I heard of the party but once afterward. That was on the train running between Jacksonville and Tallahassee, last evening. I overheard the conductor calling a comrade of some lively gentlemen who came over the road about a week before. After looking at a card, which he said one of them had given him he declared that their names were Fowler, Kingsley, and Wheeler.

ON THE TALLAHASSEE ROAD.

He said they had a basket of champagne with them, and that they all entered the negroes' car. Wheeler and Fowler pretended that Kingsley was crazy. Kingsley then got upon the rampage, and scared all the darkies out of the car. The party then began smoking their cigars. At Sanderson's Station a few negroes again entered the car. Kingsley regretted that he hadn't bought a Florida curiosity to take home with him. Fowler got out, picked up a huge Palmetto log that lay alongside of the track, brought it into the car, and laid it upon Kingsley's lap, saying, "There's a Florida curiosity for you to take home." Kingsley again got on the rampage, and the negroes again got out of the car. The party drank up all their wine before they got up to Live Oak. There Wheeler went on to Savannah, while Fowler and Kingsley took the train for Tallahassee. They said they were going to New Orleans for their health.

I interrupted the conductor, and asked him if if he knew what these parties were doing in Florida.

"Down here for their health, of course," he replied; "but they were the liveliest crowd I ever saw on a Tallahassee train."

"What kind of a looking man was Kingsley?" I inquired.

"Kingsley?" repeated the conductor. "He looked like a No. 6 mackerel, jerked and dried."

THE $500,000 FORGERIES.

THE CHIEF DETECTIVE OF LONDON A WITNESS IN NEW YORK.

A Warrant from the Lord Mayor before a United States Commissioner—The Contents of the Mysterious Packages—$17,000 in Bonds and $20,000 in Drafts.

Yesterday George McDonald, who was arrested about a week ago in the steamer Thuringia on a charge of obtaining £102,000 from the Bank of England on forged bills of exchange, was taken before U. S. Commissioner Gutman for examination. The prisoner is of gentlemanly appearance and apparently about thirty-five years of age. He sat next his counsel, Mr. Brooke and Col. Fellows, and seemed to be the least concerned in the Commissioner's office. Mr. Da Costa and Mr. Marberry appeared for the English Government. When the case was called Mr. Brooke moved to dismiss the complaint on the following grounds:

1. Because the the papers do not state a sufficient cause for the detention of the prisoner.
2. Because the writ is insufficient, as it does not describe the offence charged.
3. Because the writ is not for an offence contained in the complaint.
4. Because the writ is based upon a complaint purporting to recite an offence not within the extradition treaty.
5. Because no offence is described in the writ contemplated in the treaty.
6. Because the President's mandate, on which the proceedings are based, is insufficient.

Counsel said he would not argue the points at that time, and the Commissioner overruled his objection, and refused to dismiss the complaint. Exceptions were then taken to the rulings.

THE CHIEF OF THE LONDON DETECTIVE.

Henry Webb, the first witness, testified that he has charge of the detective police in London. Has been connected with the London detective force for thirty-two years. Was a sergeant for twenty years. Brought a warrant for the arrest of George McDonald. Arrived in this city from London on the 1st inst.

Q.—Where did George McDonald reside in London? Mr. Brooke objected to the question.

Mr. Marberry—Who issued the warrant?

Witness—The Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Sidney H. Waterlow. He is the chief magistrate of London.

Mr. Brooke—I object to the line of this examination.

Examination resumed: I know Mr. Waterlow's handwriting. [Warrant for McDonald shown to witness.] That is Mr. Waterlow's signature. I brought the warrant to this country. It was given to me by Mr. Freshfield, Solicitor of the Bank of England.

Mr. Brooke—I object to the admissibility of this warrant, because there is no proof of the jurisdiction of the Mayor; secondly, because the warrant has no seal and there is no proof of the genuineness of the seal; thirdly, because the warrant charges an offence over which our Government has no jurisdiction; fourthly, because there is no testimony showing that it is connected in any way with the defendant in these proceedings. Counsel submitted that the warrant itself did not describe any offence under the jurisdiction of even the Government of England. The warrant did not state where the offence was committed. It simply stated that the offence was committed in the said city, and the name of the city is not set forth. The jurisdictional fact should be fully and clearly set forth in the warrant. There is no allegation of any offence in the jurisdiction of the Government of England. I object to receiving the warrant in evidence.

Commissioner Gutman—I overrule your objections.

Mr. Marberry (to witness)—This warrant was given you for execution?

Witness—Yes, sir.

The witness was then cross-examined by Mr. Brooke.

Q.—Did you see Mr. Freshfield sign the warrant? A.—I did not. I know the signature.

Q.—Do you know that he is Solicitor of the Bank of England? A.—I do. I have transacted business with him as such.

Mr Marberry—Were you in the habit of executing warrants in London?

Mr. Brooke objected to the question, and it was withdrawn.

M'DONALD'S COMPANION.

Immediately after Mr. Webb left the witness stand, a young lady was called. She approached the witness seat timidly. The lady, who gave her name as Frances Gray, testified as follows:

I live at 80 Thatchbrook street, Pimlico, London. I know McDonald personally in London. He lived in Stanley street, London. He lived afterward in St. James place. The number is 17. I went once to his rooms with him in March of this year. I left London for Liverpool. I expected to meet Mr. McDonald there. He was coming to New York with him. It was on a Wednesday or Thursday, the 5th or 6th of March, that I arrived in Liverpool. Mr. McDonald furnished me with a ticket to sail for New York in the steamship Peruvian.

Mr. Brooke objected. He said the testimony was not material.

Objection overruled.

Examination resumed—I did not sail in the Peruvian because I could not find McDonald on the vessel.

Q.—When did you last see the prisoner? A.—On the day I went to Liverpool, to leave for the Liverpool. That was about the 5th of March. I left London about 10 o'clock at a quarter past 9. I saw the prisoner two hours before the outside of Getty's; he came in for me to speak to him.

Q.—What did he say to you then? A.—He said he would see me in Liverpool, and gave me some money.

Mr. Marberry—I desire the testimony of this witness be brought out by these questions.

MEETING IN NEW YORK.

Q.—What did the prisoner say to you? A.—He said he would meet me in Liverpool. On not finding him in Liverpool, I returned to London and went to the prisoner's rooms in St. James place. I went to his rooms. I did not find him there. To-day is the first time I have seen him since I started for Liverpool.

Q.—When did you first become acquainted with the prisoner? A.—In December last year.

Q.—Did you ever see him in the company of a man named Noyes?

Mr. Brooke—I object to the question.

Mr. Da Costa—It is a preliminary question.

Mr. Brooke—I object, unless the witness can testify to some complicity between a man named Noyes and the accused in the crime of forgery, and the crime must be proved to the ends of the jurisdiction of the Commissioner. Counsel did not care if the lady saw Mr. McDonald and Noyes, or any other man, together; unless they can prove they go to form a conspiracy, but certainly not such an offence as is contemplated in the extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States.

Mr. Da Costa submitted that the Commissioner should not hold the prosecution to the strict order of proof in a case like that before him.

Mr Marberry (counsel for the British Government) said there was a case before the Commissioner one feature which marked such cases—the feature of flight.

Commissioner Gutman—What do you intend to prove by introducing the name of Noyes in this case?

Mr Marberry—I intend to charge McDonald with conspiring with Edward Noyes, Frederick Albert Warren, and Edward Dilwell to rob the Bank of England. I propose to show that Noyes was arrested, and is now in the Old Bailey Prison, London.

Mr. Brooke—Suppose such facts are brought out, they don't prove anything other than the offence of conspiracy is not described in the warrant, and that offence is not contemplated by the treaty.

The Commissioner decided to admit the question relative to Noyes.

MACDONALD'S CONFEDERATES.

Q.—Did you see Noyes in the Old Bailey? A.—I saw a man there who he used to be with McDonald. I went to the prison by direction of a police officer to identify Noyes.

Q.—How did you identify Noyes? A.—The prisoners in the Old Bailey walked round, and I pointed to Noyes as the only man I knew. A photograph alleged to be that of Frederick Allen Warren was here handed to witness. I have seen the man at my house, and at places where I did business.

Mr. Da Costa—The man Warren has been arrested in Havana. I propose to show his connection with the prisoner.

Examination resumed—I have frequently seen him with McDonald. He said his name was Theodore Bingham. He told me he went by other names.

Cross-examined by Mr. Brooke—Were you arrested in London? A.—I was. I was arrested at the Euston station (now present.) I came with him to this city. He paid my passage and is to bear all the expenses incidental to my trip.

Q.—What were you to do in return for this kindness? A.—I don't consider it a kindness.

Q.—Were you forced to come? A.—I suppose I would have been compelled to come.

THREE HOURS TO GET READY.

Q.—Who directed you to come? A.—The solicitor of the bank said I should get ready for the trip in three hours.

Q.—Did the solicitor or Sergeant Webb, or any of the police authorities tell you that you would be proceeded against if you did not come to testify here? A.—No one told me that exactly.

Q.—What were you told upon the subject? A.—My friends said I was in a very awkward position. A detective officer told me to go to the solicitor's chambers. I knew I had to go, and I went. Sergeant Hagan told me to meet him to identify Noyes. I don't know the name of the officer who took me to the solicitor's office. I was there half an hour. I have never been in this country before.

Q.—When they told you to get ready to go to America, did you object or demur to this hasty proceeding? A.—Certainly I objected; but no particular inducement was offered me to come. When I objected to go, an officer came into the solicitor's office, and Mr. Freshfield said I would go.

Q.—Why did you come if you would rather not come? A.—I did not know but that I would be obliged to come.

Q.—Then you came to America because you believed you would be compelled to come by the authorities of England? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Have you any expectations of receiving compensation? A.—Yes, certainly.

Q.—What compensation are you to receive? A.—I have not been promised anything.

FASHIONABLE QUARTERS.

Q.—Where are you stopping in New York? A.—I am stopping in the Clarendon Hotel.

Q.—Where is Sergeant Webb stopping? A.—He is also stopping in the Clarendon Hotel.

Q.—When do you intend to leave? A.—As soon as I possibly can.

The witness was here directed to retire for the present.

Philip Farley, the detective officer, testified that he was deputized by the Marshal to arrest the prisoner; found him on board the steamer Thuringia, on the 20th of March.

Mr. Da Costa here announced that Sergeant Webb had just received a despatch from Mr. Freshfield, Solicitor of the Bank of England, as follows:

"Full depositions, certified by Consul, sent by special messenger."

The fact was embodied in an affidavit made by Mr. Da Costa.

Mr. Brooke moved that the prisoner be discharged, on the ground that no evidence has been produced implicating him in the crime charged against him. The English authorities have had thirteen days to prepare and present depositions, and the prisoner should not be kept in custody because of their negligence.

Mr. Marberry replied that the English authorities should be allowed time to prepare depositions. It was not the duty of a United States Commissioner to facilitate by the admission of technicalities the escape of a prisoner accused of a great crime.

Col. Fellows said the Commissioner had no more evidence to hold McDonald than to hold any person.

Mr. Da Costa here applied for a postponement of the examination for two weeks, and the application was granted.

McDonald was taken back to the county jail by Deputy Marshal Robinson.

THE MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE

addressed to "A. Biron Bidwell" has been delivered to Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., by Postmaster Jones. It contained thirty-four $500 U. S. bonds. Postmaster Jones is a joint custodian with Mr. Jarvis of the bonds.

The package of drafts addressed to "George McDonald, care of Duncan, Sherman & Co.," amount to $20,000. They are in various amounts on English houses. The drafts are seemingly genuine, but they may be pure forgeries or raised drafts. The banking house believe them genuine—probably a portion of the receipts of McDonald's robberies, invested in English securities.

THE SIEGFRIED POISONING CASE.

The Trial of Frederick Heggi on Charge of Poisoning Frederick J. Siegfried—The Prisoner's Own Story.

The trial of Frederick Heggi was resumed yesterday in the General Sessions, before Recorder Hackett.

Mrs. Jacob Roch, a witness for the prosecution, who was absent during the previous part of the trial, and therefore was called out of order, testified that she had known Siegfried and Heggi, and remembers that the latter called at her house and asked her husband and herself whether they knew Siegfried had died and been buried in Newark. The prisoner also requested them to inform young Siegfried of his father's death, which they did.

Weeks W. Culver, the counsellor retained by Siegfried for contesting his father's will, having been called, testified that the latter had never communicated to him any suspicions he may have had of his father's having died from poison.

Frederick Heggi, the prisoner, testified that he was born in Canton Berne, in Switzerland, and is 61 years of age. He had made the acquaintance of the Siegfrieds in their native city, when he (witness) was about 20 years of age. Witness came to this country about two or three years after Siegfried. The latter secured for him his first work after his arrival at the trade of a machinist and engineer, and they had always been the best of friends, meeting each other frequently. Had once seen young Siegfried in his father's saloon in First avenue, during which interview the father and son had a verbal quarrel. They were now very friendly. Siegfried went to Newark to elude the Sheriff who had a warrant for him for an alleged breach of promise with Caroline Miller, leaving the city on the 31st of July, 1869. On the 3d of August the witness received a letter from Siegfried asking him to come to Newark immediately on the receipt of the letter. He had lost the letter, but had shown it to three men. (Men here produced.) Witness then went to Newark, and while caring for Siegfried administered some wine to him which the physician prescribed. He never purchased, gave, or caused to be given any arsenic or any poison of any kind. Was arrested on the 2d of April last, and has been in the Tombs ever since. He did not force Mrs. Siegfried out of the carriage in which he (prisoner) was being conveyed to his (the prisoner's) residence as she testified. Witness was told by Mrs. Siegfried on the Sunday before his arrest, that Fred proposed to have him arrested for poisoning his father.

While they were in Newark, and on the 12th of August, 1869, Siegfried asked him to secure a lawyer to draw his will, saying that he (Siegfried) did, but did not know that the lawyer was wanted to draw the will. Never had any conversation with Siegfried about the will. After the lawyer had finished his writing he read it, and this was the first intimation he had of any intention on the part of Siegfried to make his will in his favor, and even then he did not expect to get anything, as he thought Siegfried would live. The latter was in his house four days before he died. Witness presented the will at the office of the Surrogate on the morning of the Monday following Siegfried's death. Siegfried told him that he intended leaving something to his grandchild, but nothing to his son Fred. Siegfried was almost always drunk, and was a weak-minded old man. Counsel will sum up this morning.

Siegfried's property was supposed to amount to about $12,000, but the will was so drawn up that Heggi was unable to claim more than $2,500.

THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING.

A Prayer for a Mischief-Making Pastor—Congratulation for Safe Return from the Capital of Our Country.

Among the written requests sent to the Fulton street prayer meeting were the following:

Pray God to give me strength to make a living for my self and family.

Another requested prayer "for a blasphemer."

Another "for a young man in this city, who is wasting his substance in riotous living."

A sincere "sister" wrote the following:

I ask your prayers to know how to serve God and do good to my fellow man.

"An anxious sinner" wrote:

Pray for me. I have asked you to do it two or three times before, but have not received one reply. I am thus far. I have refused to give my heart to Jesus so many times that I am now afraid I shall be ruined forever. I wait no longer; I shall surely be lost. But if I try to be a Christian I cannot possibly be any worse for me, and I may perhaps be saved. Won't you pray for me till I am a Christian?

Another wrote:

Pray that our pastor may be removed from us. He has broken up our little band and we are a scattered flock.

A tempted sister wrote:

A minister's wife, away from her husband and little ones, fears that while she has taught others the plan of salvation she will herself be a castaway. If this fear be a delusion of the tempter, pray that her misgiving be taken away, and she may be able to return to her family rejoicing.

Another wrote:

Please pray that all my backslidings may be forgiven. I am in great distress of mind on a c c of my sins. Oh do earnestly pray that to-day, now, this present hour, I may find joy in Jesus.

A hale old man with loud voice announced:

I am going to throw a firebrand in some of your hearts before this meeting is over. In the city of Philadelphia one hundred churches have turned the inebriating cup off the Lord's table. The General Conference of the Methodist Church have taken this matter in hand. In Brooklyn eight churches have reformed in this particular. I tell you, brethren, if we would carry on this war against the intoxicating cup we must assail it on the Lord's table.

He added that an Inebriate's Home was just being started in Boston; that a great revival of religion is in progress, and that the work of the Young Men's Christian Association there is greatly blessed.

Another brother said that he had heard a minister of the Gospel say that he "had passed through two or three revivals of religion, and never saw such a revival as another." And that another clergyman had said to him: "We have had an outpouring of the spirit, and we have had a blessed, glorious time, but we are all tired out." The same speaker proceeded to speak at some length of the sun. "The difference between the natural sun and the Sun of Righteousness is, that the Sun of Righteousness warms you inside and outside both."

Another gentleman said:

I was driving on the Catskill turnpike with my family in a carriage several years ago, and found some time on the mountains. We rode up and down and up and down, and when at length we stopped at a toll gate to pay toll, I peered through the arch of trees, and I could see nothing but light, but infinitely extended. I said to the gate keeper, "Where are the mountains? Have the Catskills vanished?" He replied, "You are on the top of the mountains." We will keep on this great religious road, up hill, and up hill, though I feel as if I were going to hell.

I have never felt such inability to express myself convincingly in an argument with a skeptical friend. I tried to open his dark, dark mind, but I failed. He rejected revelation, and left me no ground to stand on. I said to him: "You say reason. Reason is nowhere. You say nature. I recognize God in nature. But say revelation and I will give you a life."

Another speaker asked the congregation to congratulate him. He had "been to Washington, that sink of iniquity, and got back alive!"

Here the leader of the meeting cut him short with the concluding hymn.

Religious Excitement in Colorado.

DENVER, March 25.—Mr. E. Hammond, the revivalist, has been laboring here in Denver about ten days. The Governor's Guard Hall, which will hold about 1,000 persons, has been filled every morning and evening, and at some of the evening services many were unable to obtain admission. On Sunday evening some of the neighboring churches were opened to admit those who were turned away from the overcrowded hall. Several hundred adults, as well as youths and children, have been converted, and the interest continues this week unabated, and is, perhaps, increasing. The Presbytery of Colorado, in session here on Saturday and Monday, added thirteen or twenty ministers to Mr. Hammond's working force. The daily newspapers concede that much good is being accomplished through these religious efforts.

Contents of the Weekly Sun.

THE WEEKLY SUN, published this morning, contains the following:

The Hanging of William Foster—How the Condemned Passed His Last Night on Earth—Scenes at the Gallows; The Gibbet in Boston—Execution of McElhaney, the Wife Murderer; Eloquent Sermon of Henry Ward Beecher on Capital Punishment; American Criminals Abroad; What the Methodist Preachers Say about the Daily Papers; Alexander Caldwell's Escape—The Kansas Senator Resigning to Avoid Expulsion; Decency in the Senate—Sharp Passage of Arms Between Senators Conkling and Schurz; Plundering the People—The Manner in which the Public Money was Squandered by the Forty-second Congress; Tampination in Louisiana—Letter from Gov. McEnery Reviewing the Political Situation; All About Petroleum—The Oil Trade—Its Present Condition and its Famous Men; Termination of the Cabinet Crisis in England—Mr. Gladstone and His Colleagues Resume Office; The Great Bank of England Forgery—Arrest of One of the Forgers in New York; The Orange Groves of Florida—Their Number and Value—Hints to Farmers; European Opinion of Grant's Inaugural; The Great Wrestling Match; Shooting His Playmate—Trial of a Boy for Homicide; Plundering the Blacks—Another Record of Carpet-Bag Abuses in the South; Emancipation in Porto Rico—Congratulations from Washington; Good News from Cuba; John's Visit to Memphis; Book Notices—A New Volume of Poems; Rural Felicity in England; Hints on Fashion and Dress; Notes on Science and Industry; Many Columns of Editorial Articles and Agricultural Matter; Life in the Metropolis—Interesting Sketches of City News; Stories—Heroic and Humorous; Dense Cumulus and the Little Market Gardeners; Financial Intelligence, and Markets.

The WEEKLY SUN contains a complete epitome of the news of the week from all parts of the United States and the American continent. Copies in wrappers ready for mailing to the old country may be had at the desk of our publication office. Price four cents.

A DOUBLE SUICIDE IN JAMAICA.

A Printer and his Wife who Prefer to Die Rather than Go to the Poor House.

Julius Ende has for two months worked as a compositor in Jamaica, L. I. By the foreman of the newspaper he has been ordered to do menial service, and he has been the butt of the other employees' ridicule. He was in destitute circumstances, and for weeks submitted to their insults rather than abandon his situation. A few days ago, however, their taunts became unendurable and he quit the office. He lived with his wife, Julia, in a small tenement in York street. He had no money, and the two went without food for several days. Rather than go to the poor house Ende and his wife resolved to commit suicide.

On Monday evening they carefully washed themselves and put on a change of linen. The house was put in order, carefully swept and dusted. Then Ende honed his razor until it cut a hair, and with the utmost deliberation cut a gash in his left arm, severing the main artery. He then cut near the ankle and opened another artery. The razor was handed to his wife, who cut her arm and ankle precisely as Ende had done, severing both arteries. Then they both went to bed, believing that they would soon bleed to death.

Just then a neighbor who knew of their destitution entered with some food for their relief. He found their coverings stained with blood, and gave an alarm. The doctors stopped the bleeding, but it is feared too late to save their lives.

Ende is a German, 45 years old, and is of more than ordinary intelligence. He has been in America twenty-five years. A few years ago he owned and edited a newspaper in Washington, and was subsequently employed in the Government printing office. In the