TEA THAT WILL NOT CHEER

A CARGO OF ROTTEN TEA TO BE THROWN ON THE MARKET.

Wrecked off the Bermudas—Soaked for Sixty Days in Bilge Water—The Owners Refuse to Receive it—Sold for Less than a Mill per Pound.

A gigantic swindle on the public is in preparation in the large malt house at West and Bethune streets. It consists in making salable a vast pile of condemned tea by giving it the appearance of the pure article. This is done by what may be termed the doctoring process, the most important part of which is the use of poisonous chemicals to give it taste, astringency, and color. When these properties have been secured it is to be mixed with good tea, after which it is to be put on the market. Those engaged in the imposition are hurrying it forward so that the authorities shall not have time to frustrate their design. If they succeed they expect to realize a large fortune.

Previous to its present treatment there were several remarkable incidents connected with the tea. It was originally a part of the cargo of the British steamer Petersburg, which was wrecked off the Bermuda islands while on her way to this port. The vessel struck on a rock, which knocked a hole in her side, and for sixty days the tea was immersed in the sea water in the hold. When it finally reached this city it was officially examined, and was pronounced rotten from its long soaking, whereupon the consignees and underwriters refused to have anything to do with it.

SOLD BY AUCTION.

The Government afterward sold it by auction for what the lead in the cases would bring. There were 9,162 chests. The price paid for them was $505, the buyer being a petty speculator. The project of preparing the tea for the public by artificial agencies was not thought of until after the sale.

The Petersburg sailed with the tea from Amoy, China, in the beginning of February. She had on board one of the finest cargoes of black tea ever imported. It consisted of 40,000 packages of Oolong, Ninyang, weighing 1,466,192 pounds. The whole lot was valued at $600,000. It was insured for the full amount in the china and the North China and Japan Companies, which are owned by English capitalists; and also in the Atlantic Company, which is located here, with branch offices in the great eastern tea exporting marts. The steamer was commanded by Capt. Lockwood, a New York man of the highest character, and started on what promised to be a quick and prosperous passage. In addition to the tea she carried 1,558 pieces of tin between decks.

The accident happened to her while she was entering Tucker's Sound in the Bermudas, for coal. A pilot was employed at the mouth of the sound. He was asleep when the vessel struck the reef, or, as it is called, a hidden rock, which cut a great hole in her bottom. She sank to the water line, and remained fast on the rock in that condition.

A British man-of-war came to her assistance, and the sailors set to work removing the costly cargo. Three days and nights of hard work was got through without damage from the water. The remainder was left in the hold. That portion of the tea which was removed was placed on lighters which were chartered to bring it to the United States. One of the lighters with 5,000 packages on board sank in Boston harbor.

SIXTY DAYS UNDER WATER.

The Petersburg was raised and repaired about the last of April. Throughout the operations either the tea which is at the West street malt house or that in the hold floating around in the water and bilge oil from the machinery. The steamer arrived here on the 25th of June with the tea in the same condition. The officers wanted to throw it overboard as useless, but the consignees of the vessel thought that by delivering it they might collect freight. Messrs. Smith, Dowling & Company, the consignees, informed the owners of its arrival, but they neither refused to touch it. It was then left for the Board of Underwriters, who in turn abandoned it to the Custom House, which was compelled to receive it under the Treasury laws as unclaimed goods.

Inspector Daniel Sullivan was detailed to discharge the damaged cargo. He attempted to store it in Woodruff & Robinson's warehouse in Brooklyn, but was forbidden by the Health Department of that city, who pronounced it dangerous to the public health. Archer's stores at Red Hook, in the lower outskirts of Brooklyn, were subsequently selected for the storage of the polluted tea. It was shunted on the dock at that place, and was left standing in the sun for several days until it began to smell offensive. The owner of the stores requested the Custom House officials to have it taken away. Mr. Boyd, one of the damage examiners in Assistant Appraiser Gilbert's division, was sent to inspect the tea. After a short period he reported the result of his examination on the 11th of June, in the following words:

The tea is badly rotted from long immersion in sea water, and is of no commercial value.

UNFIT FOR MANURE.

Mr. Boyd also told a SUN reporter that he did not consider it good even for manure.

Appraiser Darling forwarded the report to the Collector of the Port, and the latter directed the tea to be sold, which course was the only one open to him. The order of sale was as follows:

CUSTOM HOUSE, COLLECTION OFFICE, July 14, 1873.

GENTLEMEN: Nine thousand one hundred and two packages of tea are now lying under general order at Archer's stores, Brooklyn, Red Hook. They have been examined by the U. S. Appraiser and reported as "badly rotted from long immersion in sea water," and "of no commercial value."

Please take the necessary steps to have the same sold by public auction at the warehouse in question, and take charge of the proceeds of sale, after deducting the charges thereto without delay.

I am, very respectfully,

E. DES ANGES, Deputy Collector.

Messrs. JOHN H. DRAPER & CO.

The troublesome tea was sold at Red Hook on the 17th of July under circumstances which afford curious insight into the ways of unscrupulous speculators in teas. Mr. Draper saw that he didn't expect to get any bids, the tea looked so bad and dirty. Most of the cases fell to pieces at the slightest touch.

THE SALE.

Mr. Draper heard that some New York speculators went to the Bermudas to see it, and that they declined to buy it at a farthing a package. The bidding for the 9,162 chests commenced at $50 and ran up to $505, for which they were sold. J. A. McKenna was the purchaser.

The chests were worth, before they were damaged, about $40 each. McKenna got them at the rate of five and three-fifths cents a chest, or one-twelfth part of a cent a pound. McKenna disposed of the lead in the cases for more than $2,000. The doctoring of the tea was not thought of at this time.

Common mud scows were employed in transferring the tea from Red Hook. There were three loads taken away. They were landed on the wharf at the foot of Bethune street, from which they were removed on trucks to Matthew White's malt houses. A squad of Italian street-sweepers were engaged, at 20 cents an hour, to do the work. They shovelled the tea into barrels like so much manure.

It was ascertained at the malt house that the tea was to be washed in fresh water to remove the salty taste from it, after which it was to be spread on the floor to be dried, for which the malt house owner charged a cent a pound. The drying process was completed this week. The next step after this will be to color it and strengthen it with chemical compounds, and when this is accomplished it is to be mixed with good teas and offered for sale.

Government officers and importers who have seen the tea pronounce it entirely

UNFIT FOR CONSUMPTION.

They speak of it as dirty stuff. It is said that the persons interested in the swindle have already been offered $35,000 for the tea just as it stands. A heavy capitalist made the offer.

The Board of Health heard of the character of the tea at their meeting last week, but were not informed of all the facts connected with it. Some citizens addressed them a communication on the subject, as follows:

To the Honorable the Commissioners of the Board of Health:

Your attention is respectfully called to a cargo of tea now being discharged at the foot of Bethune street, North River. Samples of it said had been sold at Red Hook, was landed and delighted in this port to be dirty, and we believe sold to the community. The tea can be seen at White's malt house, corner of Bethune and West streets, where it is now being cried by the auctioneer.

It may be stated that the boxes containing what was called tea fell to pieces while being handled on account of their rottenness. Believing that this same tea would be offered for sale and used by the people, we humbly submit the matter for deliberation. WATCHMEN.

New York, July 28, 1873.

Dr. Morris was requested by the Sanitary Superintendent to make an investigation, and report the facts. He says that he found the scheme to be a bare-faced swindle. His report is as follows:

JULY 28, 1873.

Respectfully returned inspected:

I found that there were some ten thousand cases of tea, cargo of ship Petersburg, which was wrecked off the Bermudas. This tea has been submerged several months. It was soaked with salt water. It is now partially dry, but the tea, mixed with other tea, has been put upon the market.

In my opinion there is nothing injurious and detrimental to health in this tea. In fact all of the active principles of the tea have been lost by the continued soaking. This tea, if offered for sale, should be marked "Bay tea for the market. I consider a most barefaced swindle, and I respectfully recommend that this matter be referred to the proper authority to have this fraud prevented.

The loss, of course, will fall upon innocent purchasers of inferior grades of tea.

S. T. MORRIS, M. D., Sanitary Inspector.

A SENSIBLE RESOLUTION.

The report was laid before the Health Commissioners, who passed a resolution prohibiting the sale of the tea. Here the matter stands. The resolution in question is as follows:

Resolved, That no adulterated or deleterious coffee or other preparation from which drinks are made shall be manufactured, sold, held, or offered for sale, and that this additional ordinance be duly published according to law.

Dr. Elisha Harris, the Registrar of Vital Statistics, informed a SUN reporter that the tea was undoubtedly meant for poor people. He denounced the imposition in unmeasured terms. The effect of the tea, he said, would be injurious to those who drank it.

A QUARREL IN THE REFORM CAMP.

The Comptroller Fighting Single-handed Against the Mayor, President Vance, and Commissioner Wheeler.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment met in the Comptroller's office yesterday afternoon.

The question of the payment of the big-pipe men having been called up, Comptroller Green said that Commissioner Van Nort's requisition called for $300,000. This work in Tenth avenue has cost the city $2,000,000, and it was not yet completed. There was not $300,000 due on the work. He thought that $100,000 was a sufficient sum to appropriate, as that would carry on the work two weeks.

President Vance thought that the board ought to be furnished with a statement of the amount which had been expended, and also an estimate of the probable cost of the completion of the work. Mayor Havemeyer thought that the board ought to be informed when the work began and when it is likely to be finished.

"I suggest that we send for Commissioner Van Nort," said Commissioner Wheeler. "He can doubtless give us all the information we want in a few minutes."

At this Comptroller Green moved that he be authorized to issue $150,000 additional Croton Aqueduct stock to pay the large-pipe men and to carry on the work. The resolution was adopted after having been amended so as to empower the Mayor to procure an estimate of the cost of the whole work from Mr. Van Nort.

Commissioner Wheeler presented a communication from Messrs. Howland and Howe, the Commissioners of Accounts, asking for an appropriation for clerks and for supplies.

Comptroller Green moved that the communication be tabled.

Commissioner Wheeler thought that the Commissioners of Accounts needed help. Their duties were very arduous, and the work required of them could not be done in a long time unless they had clerks to assist them.

"I don't know of the existence of any law which authorizes the Commissioners of Accounts to employ clerks," said Comptroller Green.

"In my judgment," said the Mayor, "the law appointing a Commissioner to do certain work involves the supplying him with the materials necessary to carry it on. The law might make me a Dock Commissioner, but because it did not say in terms that I might employ assistants, it does not follow that I must roll up my trousers and wade around in the water and build docks myself. Of course I would be expected to employ practical dock builders to do the work. In this case I think there is law enough to justify us in making an appropriation to meet the necessary expenses of the Commissioners. Then turning to the Comptroller, the Mayor added: "I know there is a common law; but it takes a lawyer to common sense."

At this point Messrs. Howland and Howe entered the room. Mr. Howe said that in addition to examining the books in the Comptroller's office, they were obliged to examine all the laws authorizing the issue of the various city and county bonds. It would take them many months to complete the examination of the books and accounts of every department unless they had assistants. They asked for an appropriation large enough to enable them to employ one clerk at $2,000, one at $1,800, and one at $1,600. They also asked for $200 for stationery, and $1,000 to be used as a contingent fund. Mr. Howe added that the employment of the clerks until the end of the year would involve the expenditure of only $3,400.

After Mr. Howe had finished his statement, the Comptroller renewed his motion to table the communication.

At this the Mayor said sharply: "I think that this question should be settled to-day."

"What we have is law which authorizes us to make the appropriation," said the Comptroller.

"I don't care much about that," said the Mayor. "We have law enough." Then turning to the Comptroller he added, "You and I do thousands of things that we have no law for doing."

"I think not," said the Comptroller.

"There are many things we do in all the departments which the public think there is no law for," said Commissioner Wheeler.

Here Comptroller Green said that while he wished to give the Commissioners of Accounts all necessary assistance, he was not willing to do so until he had satisfied himself as to his authority. He might, perhaps, be satisfied that there was no law authorizing them to employ clerks, but he wanted time to further examine the question before acting upon it.

After transacting some business of minor importance, the board adjourned to Monday next.

As Mr. Bowland, one of the Commissioners, was going out of the room, the Comptroller said to him, "I will lend you some of my clerks if you wish any help."

Mr. Bowland answered sharply, "I don't see how we can accept any assistance from you," and went out of the office.

CHARGES AGAINST A LAWYER.

Counsellor Gideon L. Walker Accused of Attempted Subornation of Perjury, Tampering with Witnesses, and Attempting to Compound a Felony.

Shortly after the opening of the General Sessions yesterday, Mr. Allen of the District Attorney's office, addressing Recorder Hackett, said he wished to call the attention of the Court to an affidavit relating to a case pending in the court, which he said was illustrative of the manner in which many prosecutions were more or less affected. He read the following:

City and County of New York, ss.: John Lloyd of 344 West Forty-second street being duly sworn deposes and says that defendant is a witness as complainant in the case of the People against Thomas Watson and Charles Stevens, which came before the grand jury of the Court of General Sessions for their action on Aug. 6, 1873. That before said day deponent was spoken to by a certain person who said Gideon L. Walker, who professed to act in the capacity of counsel for the said Watson, and also that on the evening of July 23, 1873, the deponent was visited by a person representing herself to be the sister of the said Stevens, who informed the said deponent that he could recover his watch if he would stop the prosecution of the case. That also a person representing herself as the brother of said Watson, visited deponent and made the same offer to deponent. On refusal of deponent to accept the terms offered, the said person representing himself as Watson's brother then offered the said deponent any amount of money that would satisfy deponent. That at the same time the last named person offered deponent part of a house in Harlem free of rent for one year, as well as moving expenses and sums of money varying from $500 to $100 as an inducement to deponent to remove, so that subpœna might not be served upon him to appear at the trial. That Gideon L. Walker, representing himself as a lawyer, was present with said Watson's brother at the times said offers were made to deponent, and on refusal of deponent to accept the offers to withdraw the case, the said Gideon L. Walker advised deponent to stand firm, and stated to deponent that he would be with him on his bed on returning from a place. That when deponent attended as witness in the Grand Jury room, he was told by the said Gideon L. Walker that the Grand Jury would not be in session. That the said Gideon L. Walker told the clerk of deponent wished to have the case postponed, and that said Gideon L. Walker seen every morning and informed deponent to be at court around. That during the last two weeks deponent has been repeatedly approached by said Gideon L. Walker, the brother of Watson, and others, who have made every effort to induce deponent to withdraw the case, to the scandal of the neighborhood. That on the night of Friday, Aug. 1, 1873, the brother of Watson went to the residence of deponent at 344 West Forty-second street, and took deponent to a lager beer saloon kept by one Kram, on Forty-second street between Eighth and Ninth avenues, he, deponent, would get his watch. That deponent went to said saloon and received his watch from the Dutchman, who informed deponent that a person had left the watch there for him.

JOHN LLOYD.

Sworn to before me this 7th day of August, 1873.

[Signature] DORMUS,

Notary Public for the city and county of New York.

Recorder Hackett asked Mr. Allen what he wanted done about the matter. Mr. Allen replied that the affidavit had been read to call the attention of the Court to it and ask for advice as to what should be done.

The Recorder then asked, "Who is this Mr. Walker?"

A tall, gray-headed man arose and said, "I am the man."

Recorder—Are you an attorney practising in this court?

Mr. Walker—I am an attorney and counsellor of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and presume that gives me the right to appear here for myself or any one else. In answer to the District Attorney, I wish to say that I want him to make his statement in some responsible way. What does he want? If I am to be arraigned as a counsellor, I understand that the proper place for that is the Supreme Court, whence I derived my authority to act as counsellor. Now, as to this issue of falsehoods in that affidavit—

Recorder—I cannot hear you now on the merits of this matter. I understand that very grave charges are made against you of attempted subornation of perjury, tampering with witnesses, and attempting to compound a felony. Mr. Allen, lay your papers before the Grand Jury.

Mr. Walker—Your Honor, there is not the least use in that. I am not and have not been the attorney for this man Watson or of the man indicted with him. Everything I have done in relation to the case was for a brother of the defendant who has been my client for years. In the hall of this building the man who makes that affidavit said—

Recorder—I repeat that I cannot hear you now on the merits. You can defend yourself against any accusation brought against you at the proper time and in the proper way. I direct that the case be laid before the Grand Jury.

Mr. Walker made several other efforts to be heard, but the Recorder said he must put anything he had to say in the shape of a counter affidavit, and the counsellor finally subsided.

A Son Hired Out to Beg.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 7.—An aggravated case of Italian slavery has been discovered in this city. A bright little Italian boy, named Vito Antonio Abatte, aged 9 years, was placed by his father, who is in the employ of a railroad company at Buffalo, in charge of another Italian named Paolo Princhiteltа, with the understanding, as the father alleges, that his son should be taught a useful trade. Princhiteltа took up his abode on Tolle street, in this city, and sent the boy out every day to play the violin and gather pennies. On the Fourth of July young Vito collected $10, and was whipped for not getting more. The boy was arrested by the police, and he told them his story. His father was telegraphed for, came to Providence and took the child to Buffalo. Princhiteltа absconded. It is probable that the father hired the son out to Princhiteltа for a fixed sum, with the understanding that he should be taught to play music and beg.

IN THE WOODS AT SING SING

A MEETING OF METHODISTS ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Making the Forest Ring with Praises—A Touch of the Days when they Never Preached of Down on Angels' Wings—The Cholera Days of 1832.

From the enthusiasm of the second day of the camp meeting, and the large concourse also of yesterday, the prospect is this year for one of the most glorious of camp meetings on the old and honored ground. A little meeting on Wednesday evening preceding the public services, and improvised by four benches with straw between, in an avenue between tents, received an old time blessing. Mother Stanbury, whose memory reached over the whole forty years that they have prayed in the wilderness, was a leader in prayer. She started the songs, exhorted with power, and shook hands all around in the good old Methodist style. She told of the many times she had been on this old battle ground since the forty years ago when she came there a happy Christian, and of those who had gone home to glory before her, and with fervor struck up:

I'll be there, I'll be there
When the general roll is called,
I'll be there.
A little longer here below,
Then home to glory I shall go,
Now here's my heart and here's my hand
To meet you in that better land;
And when we land on that blest shore
We never will come back any more.
I'll be there.
When the general roll is called
I'll be there.
I don't care where you bury me,
My sins are pardoned, I am free,
And when you lay me under ground
I'll be there.
I expect to rise when the trump shall sound
I'll be there.
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too;
I'll be there.
I'll tell you when I feel the heat
Is when I'm among the Methodists,
And when the roll the general roll is called
I'll be there.

SONG AND PRAYER.

The love feast at nine yesterday morning drew a throng, and was opened by Presiding Elder Merwin, who said: "I wonder if we can't sing an old-fashioned love feast hymn, and let us, as Wesley often said, 'sing lustily.'"

Then the veterans began. "If I should give all my testimony," said a preacher, "it would be forty years before I got through. I'll be the man who said, 'Lord bless me and my wife and my son John and his wife; us four and no more.' So I can only sing:

I'm happy, I'm happy,
I'm on my way to Zion;
I'm happy, I'm happy,
I'm on my journey home."

A layman said: "Thirty-three years ago I came to this camp ground. I've been here every year since."

A sister testified: "More than thirty years ago I gave my heart to God on this ground, and have been here every year since."

So they continued: "Thirty-eight years ago I found my Saviour here. There was then no pulpit house of plank, only straw and benches; but the Lord was here."

Mr. Haedstrom, the Swedish minister, said, "Over forty years ago God converted my soul, and except when off on preaching duty, I have been here every year since."

An old man began, and the brother in charge called out, "Sing it louder, brother." He answered, "I will, but

I AM SO FULL

I can't get it out." He then gave experiences of fifty-eight years ago. Another said he felt he was in one of the best places on earth. He also was there at the first camp meeting, and "when the general roll is called" he would be there again, and they would shake hands again on the banks of deliverance on the other side of Jordan. A preacher said that thirty-six years ago he came to this place with his father and mother. Another told of "forty-four years ago, at a camp meeting in Delaware," he was converted at sunrise in the morning.

The silver trumpet used at the earliest camp meetings in these parts, and inscribed, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion," was formally presented to the Rev. Mr. King, the trustee of the Sing Sing camp ground by the brother who had long been its custodian.

A mother in Israel testified that she "was converted in 1826 under the instrumentality of Seth Crow, now in glory. He was

A SON OF THUNDER.

I married a preacher, Theodosius Clark, and with him went over the mountains and valleys, and was in glorious revivals. I'll tell you what, I want to see the old-fashioned power. I am in my eighty-third year, and never expect to see another camp meeting like those I have seen."

At the conclusion of the love feast came the great attraction of the day—an able historical review of the Sing Sing camp meeting, by the Rev. Joseph Wakely, who added many extemporaneous anecdotes to his text while he went over the long list of the fathers of the church—ninety preachers and thirty prominent laymen—now dead and gone, but whose contemporaries and associates were behind the speaker on the stand, and often responded and confirmed his memories.

The first camp meeting was held on the Sing Sing camp ground in September, 1832. The association was incorporated in May, 1834. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave $250. 1832 was the year of the cholera's first visit to America, and there were fearful times. Guess Dunn in the night air in the woods in tent life; and every day it was asked from the stand:

"ANYBODY DEAD?"

"No." "Anybody sick?" "No." "Anybody poorly?" "No." At last one brother said he knew of one sick. It was a backslider who was sick of sinning and had called the Great Physician, Jesus, to heal him. That was when the speaker was young. None of the snow in Greenland's mails had fallen on my brow. In those days they never put the down on the down on angel's wings, and they did not wrap silk around the sword of the spirit. They preached hell. We are living in the manhood of the world. Never did its great heart beat and throb as it does now. We travel by steam, to our correspondence by lightning, and take our portraits by sunbeams. We are the age of intensity. He had been here at almost every Feast of Tabernacles, and the long roll of departed brethren and sisters was as familiar to him as the face of his mother. There was Presiding Elder Merwin, whose son, a Presiding Elder, was in the stand, who once put his head out of the window and found it was a bullet. The camp meetings in those days were infested by rowdies. Said Elder Merwin, "This will damp the devil's gunpowder." There was Daniel Ostrander. He was a little man, but a little great man; and Merritt Chamberlain, who told the younger preachers to "feed the sheep, not butt them." And Bradley Silleck, who was a wonderful exhorter. One time, by the waving of his hand, the 'power' came, and twenty fell. The 'power' was a common blessing in those days. The skin of the Lord lay all around in the camp. Mr. Wakely remembered "when God Smith called on God for the 'power,' and one hundred fell to the ground. God never spoke again.

IT KILLED HIM."

Sept. 3, 1814, the Rev. Mr. Andrews, minister of Twenty-seventh street, was drowned on his way to the camp meeting. The speaker and many others in the pulpit were on the boat. When the speaker first left New York to preach, Capt. Wardell took him on his sloop and landed him at Rhinebeck in three days, and charged him nothing, which was well for he started without scrip.

Colored preachers and camp meetings entered into the history of the camp ground. One colored brother said, "Take care, take care, sinner. God totes de thunder in His fist and flings de lightnin from His fingers." There was brother Jas. Horton who weighed 400 pounds. You remember how high he would jump, how loud he would shout, and how sweetly he would sing. And women preachers used to put up the tents and sometimes frowned as well as smiled; of whom one said, he has just as much grace and is as good a Christian as brother A. and C. But an ounce of grace will go a great deal further in some folks than it does in others.

"Forty years to come some one will preach the historic sermon. I shall not be on the camp ground. Some of us already brush the dew on Jordan's banks; the crossing must be near."

Kate Stoddard Gives a Quit Claim Deed of her Interest in Goodrich's Property.

Some time ago was published the fact of the foreclosure of a mortgage held by Jane E. Graous against the premises in Degraw street which were owned by Charles Goodrich. In the proceeding Lizzie King, or Kate Stoddard, was made a defendant, as the widow of Charles Goodrich. Some time afterward Mr. James L. Campbell, the counsel for Eliza J. Tunnel, owner of the premises upon which the mortgage was being foreclosed, called upon the counsel for Lizzie Lloyd King. Mr. Campbell stated that the mortgage was executed before Lizzie Lloyd King and too rich had become acquainted, and that Tunnel was anxious to pay off the mortgage, which was for $2,500, and there was also a first mortgage of $5,000, but was anxious to get rid of whatever claim Lizzie had in the premises. By the foreclosure Tunnel could have had her claim cut off, but at a cost of some $400 or $500. Mr. Campbell therefore called upon Mr. Thompson to know whether he could get a quit claim deed of Lizzie Lloyd King of her interest in the premises. The counsel answered that he would see her. Lizzie said that she wanted none of Goodrich's property except the presents he had made her. He advised her to execute a quit claim deed without consideration therefor, and she did it. The deed was delivered yesterday to Mr. Campbell, Mr. Tunnel merely paying her the fare for drawing it up. Mr. Tunnel's counsel had previously expressed his willingness to pay Lizzie ample consideration for the deed, but this she refused to accept, and he intimated that Mr. Tunnel would gladly make a voluntary contribution toward defraying the expense of her defence.

An International Scullers' Race.

An agreement has been entered into between John A. Biglin, of New York, and George Brown, of Halifax, N. S., to row an "international scullers' race" of five miles in best-and-best boats, at Halifax, Aug. 30, in pursuance of this agreement the sum of $500 a side has been deposited in the hands of the Hon. John Morrissey, who is temporary stakeholder. The second deposit of $500 a side is to be posted on the morning previous to the race, at which time the final stakeholder will be chosen.

INJUSTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

The Poor Men's Shanties Taxed Higher than the Rich Men's Lots—Inequalities in the Down Town Wards.

The Supervisors' Committee continued the examination of the tax books yesterday.

Mr. M. Schwager said that the valuation on his six houses in Tenth avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, was $64,000. He thought it excessive, as the houses were with difficulty rented, owing to the fact that the house adjoining was a malt house. He also complained that other property in the neighborhood, which was more productive, was valued less than his.

Mr. Samuel Potter complained that two lots on Sixty-ninth street, near Tenth avenue, was assessed on a valuation of $7,500, which was $500 more than any other property in the neighborhood was valued. He said that he did not care about the amount of the tax, but he wanted everybody treated alike. "I want my tax reduced," he added, "so that my neighbors will not laugh at me."

Mr. Robert Boyd complained that the valuation on ten lots in Eighty-first street, between First and Second avenues, was increased from $37,000 to $48,000. He thought the valuation excessive, and would gladly sell the lots for less than the assessed value.

Mr. Stewart protested against the excessive assessment on property owned by Mr. Colwell in Eightieth street, near the Central Park. He complained that the new Tax Commissioners would not allow citizens to examine the tax books, which were formerly open to the inspection of all interested persons. He considered this a great grievance, as property owners could not learn the inequality which exists unless they examined the books.

Mr. Louis Heldt is the lessee of several vacant lots in Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, between Second and Third avenues, on which he has to pay the taxes and assessments. The valuation on these lots was increased from $51,000 to $90,000. Last year he paid $1,470 in taxes, when the rate was nearly three per cent. But this year his tax was $2,250, although the rate was only two and a half per cent. He added that no improvements had been made, and that no street had been opened.

"Not one dollar has been expended for improvements in that street in five years," said Supervisor McCafferty. The Supervisor added that the tax books showed that Mr. Heldt's lots and many lots in Seventy-third street, near Avenue A, on which poor men had built small shanties were assessed as much as lots in fifty seventh street—a graded and paved thoroughfare.

Mr. A. Andrews owns four lots in Eighty-fourth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, and several lots in Eighty-fifth street, between the same avenues. Mr. Andrews complained that these lots were assessed $2,500 each, although they were worth only $1,000 more than $5 a year in rentals. He said he had been assessed for parks, boulevards, riverside drives, and all sorts of things. But he could not see that he had derived any benefit from those drives.

"They will keep on assessing you until they drive you out," said Supervisor Koch. "That is the benefit you will receive."

"Don't you think that the laying out of these roads and drives will benefit your property in the end?" inquired Supervisor McCafferty.

"Very likely, if I live long enough," replied Mr. Andrews; "but I am seventy-five years old now. When Eighty-fourth street becomes a Wall street," he continued, "my property may become valuable."

"About the time your son becomes as old as you are now," suggested Supervisor Koch, smiling.

To Supervisor McCafferty's question whether any improvements had been made in the street, Mr. Andrews replied, "Not a house has been built there in ten years. Why, we can't rent those that are there. The people have since been humbugged by the city officials, and they are being humbugged now." [Laughter.]

At this point Supervisor McCafferty asked the complainant whether he knew how much his neighbors were assessed. Mr. Andrews having replied in the negative, the Supervisor examined the tax books and maps, and he said, "These books show that the lot on the corner of Ninth avenue and Eighty-fourth street is assessed at only $1,600, and that the two adjoining lots fronting on the avenue are assessed at only $1,100 each. Then turning to Mr. Andrews the Supervisor said, "Your lots are assessed at $2,250 each—$1,400 more than the lots in the avenue. Now, can you give me the relative value of your lots and those on the avenue?"

Mr. Andrews looked surprised, and for a few minutes examined the tax book but said nothing. At length he looked up and said, "Those lots on the avenue are worth more than twice as much as mine. Mine should be valued at $1,100; mine should not be valued at more than $800 each. Still I would submit even if they were assessed at $10,000, provided that everybody is treated alike."

"But you see from what I have shown you that everybody is not treated alike," said Supervisor McCafferty. "I would ask you to examine the tax books for the past ten years, and you will see frauds that would astonish the taxpayers of this city. I have made a cursory examination of the tax books of the Fifth, Eighth, Eighteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-first Wards," he continued, "and I have discovered that the same inequalities and irregularities exist in the valuation of property in those wards as those which had been brought to light by the committee."

The Supervisor added that he was more than ever convinced of the necessity of having the books of all the wards examined. The committee intend to apply for the necessary authority at the next meeting of the Supervisors.

THE PILGRIMS SHAKING HANDS.

A Novel Ceremony Closing the Free Methodist Camp Meeting at Dover, N. J.

"Pilgrims, come forth from your tents," shouted Presiding Elder Gould from the preachers' stand at the Free Methodist camp ground, near Dover, at 7 o'clock yesterday morning.

In response to this call the Pilgrims flocked to the enclosure which separates the worshippers from the spectators to participate in the ceremony which was to close the eight days' encampment. Many of them had been out in the fields praying, and they came in singing and shouting. When collected, they nearly filled the enclosure which separates the worshippers from the audience, the women occupying one side and the men the other. An hour was expended in the relation of religious experiences, the testimony being unanimous as to the great spiritual success of the meeting, although very few sinners had been converted. Then the preachers formed in procession by twos, and all the Pilgrims fell in behind them. A favorite Free Methodist air was started, and with feet keeping time and in the measure, the Pilgrims marched three times around the circle of tents. Every voice joined in the grand chorus, which was mingled with shouting and hand clapping. The Dutch Methodists sang as heartily as the others, but in their own language. An old woman, too decrepit to march, sat in front of a tent and sang in a feeble treble, clapping her withered hands and swaying to and fro. When the third circuit of the ground had been made, the head of the column was halted, and as each pair passed they took their places on the end of the line. This manœuvre made every Pilgrim pass in front of every other one, and a cordial hand shake was given in each case. Joyful exclamations accompanied the joining of hands: "I've been gloriously blessed!" "God keep you another year." "Hallelujah, sister!" "Glory enough!" &c., were mingled with fervid shouts. After the ceremony of shaking hands, the Pilgrims were left standing with their backs to the tents, and describing a complete circle around the ground. Then they joined hands, sang together again, and the services of the encampment were over.

FLEECING THE EMIGRANTS.

Another Den in which the Labor Employment Dodge is Successfully Worked.

The pulling of the swindling game at 113 Chatham street, through the exposure of THE SUN, has called the attention of the police to others of a like character, and some of them are conducting their business with much more caution than formerly. Numerous complaints have been made of the skin faro game at 42 Bowery, which has been in almost uninterrupted operation for years. It is kept by Alexander and Moses Weiss and William Steffins, and employs numerous ropers or cappers. The game is carried on in one room, while another, opening upon a hall, is labelled office. Here a tall, slim man, with dark complexion and heavy moustache—to all appearance a man of business—receives the victims taken into the den by the cappers.

His name is said to be Dreitz, and among his comrades he bears the title of Captain. In Bowery parlance he and the cappers are on the labor fay. In other words the cappers entice strangers into the Captain's office by representing it as a labor bureau, and it is seldom that any escape without paying toll to the game in the front room. It is wonderful to note the unerring accuracy with which the cappers pick out their man, fix upon his calling, or estimate the amount of money he has. It never happens that a penniless emigrant is roped in, although now and then they snare birds which are scarcely worth the plucking. On Wednesday afternoon they captured a Philadelphian who was looking for work, and explained to him the mysteries of faro as practised in the Bowery. The lesson cost him $23.

The Mysterious Death of Mrs. Bancker.

Dr. W. W. Bancker, charged with causing the death of his wife by malpractice, was yesterday committed to the Tombs by Coroner Herrman to await the report of Dr. Endemann on his chemical analysis. As Comptroller Green has refused to pay the demands of Prof. Endemann for an analysis made some time ago, he refuses to do any work in this case until he is paid $300. Dr. Chandler also has refused to undertake the analysis unless the Coroner guarantees payment. The prisoner admitted yesterday that he knew of his wife's condition previous to her death. He regretted that he did not tell the Coroner the truth at first.

THE CHINESE INQUISITION.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A Secret Council of Twenty Holding the Power of Life and Death—A Tribunal from which there is no Appeal.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* tells the following remarkable story about a supreme Chinese tribunal in that city. It is said to be composed of twenty of the wealthiest and most influential Chinamen in San Francisco, and exercises the same autocratic power among the Celestials that was wielded in Venice by the Council of Ten. Chinamen are assassinated by the order of this secret body, and the verdicts of our courts are often rendered null by compelling the party obtaining the verdict to refund or to indemnify his Celestial brother for any trouble caused him by the verdict of an American court. Many cases are disposed of by this tribunal that Americans never hear of. In fact the Chinese maintain a distinct and separate government in the heart of San Francisco in defiance of law.

THE FIRST LINK

in the chain of evidence which exposed the extence of this infamous board was the receipt of the following letter by the Chief of Police on the 18th of last June:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 17, 1873.

734 PACIFIC STREET, DOWN STAIRS.

This letter was written at the instigation of our wish, we being three poor girls, kept by this old man, Hon Chan, and the old woman, Ah Yee, as slaves, to make money for them by prostituting our body, and unless we make so much money nightly we are whipped and tormented. We would like to lead a more honorable life, if we could, from these old wretches. Will the authorities of San Francisco not aid the poor victims, as we are, from this most disgraceful life, and in doing so we will ever be grateful.

their
AH X SING,
SANG X CHOW,
SANG X FUNG.
marks.

The girls were rescued and Hon Chan and Ah Yee were tried and fined $500 apiece.

The girls were taken to the Chinese Mission, where, after the proper amount of courtship, they each selected a husband and were lawfully married, the husbands giving bond in the sum of $500 to treat them properly.

LUN YAT SUNG'S COMPLAINT.

A few days after the consummation of this triple wedding, Lun Yat Sung, who had married one of these girls, was summoned before this secret Chinese council. The following letter, which is sent to the Chief of Police, fully explains what there occurred:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27. Some time in May or June last, Ah Sing, a Chinese girl, having fled to the police station for protection against a brutal keeper, Ah Yee, was sent to the Mission House, No. 916 Washington street. On the 23d of June, I, a Chinaman, Lun Yat Sung, being produced a heathen, was married to the girl, Ah Sing, in the presence of the Chinese Consul-general. On the 12th of July, the Hip Yee Tong Society called me to their place of meeting and ordered me under penalty of death, to pay Ah Yee, the keeper, Ah Yee, or some other man, in lieu, $250, as the value of the girl Ah Sing. At that meeting each and all of the persons named elsewhere (nine in number) were present, and they finally told me that unless I would pay the said $250 in three days (which I could not) I should not be protected in the Mission House, but through fear of losing my life, am restrained from appearing on the stir of street from transacting my business. I pray for protection. LUN YAT SUNG.

The secret council finding they could not reach Mr. Sung with the assassin's knife sent him a letter offering to compromise for $100. The authorities then decided to arrest the chief conspirators, and Ah Chan, Ah Wong, Ah Sam, Ah Ching, Low Wan, Ah You, and Ah Foo were captured in the police court where they came to witness the trial of Ah Ping. They are all leading Chinese merchants, some of them being immensely rich. They were cross-examined by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, who speaks Chinese like a native Mongolian. The conversation was however carried on in pigeon English. Decapitating a young rooster and hoping that it you tell a lie that God will strike you in like manner is the Chinese form of oath.

THE TRUTHFUL AH YOU

testified as follows:

Rev. Mr. Gibson—Now, Ah You, I want you tell me all truth about this matter.

Ah You—Oh, me no lie. He lie (pointing to Yat Sung).

Mr. Gibson—You know I Chinaman's friend. I do all I can to protect and defend Chinaman, but when you buy and sell women to prostitute your body, and violate our law, and do wrong. You do that, your name stink all same one dead horse. One man marry one woman, take her to his home, work for her and support her. You take him to your house. Yat Sung tell him you pay $250. He say he not have so much money, and then you say you will kill him.

Ah You—Oh, me no say so. He lie. You go take one paper to all Chinese merchants, at six place, stay here, me stay here. You find they all say me no liar. If give say he (Yat Sung) no liar, me give you $2,000.

The reverend gentleman declined the munificent offer, but said: "You tell a false oath, and some you lie."

Ah You—Mr. Gibson, you know that he lie. You know me. You come to my house. I go to your house. You say to me, 'Ah You, if no cut off one chicken's head and then say I kill him.'

Mr. Gibson—Would you cut off a chicken's head and say you no lie?

Ah You (with great emphasis)—Yes, me cut off one thousand—ten thousand—chickens' heads and say me no lie.

Mr. Gibson—Now you get ten