The Sun.

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MR. BEECHER TO HIS FLOCK

MUSIC, POSIES, PRAYER, AND TEARS IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

An Essay on Man, with a Moral to It—Mr. Beecher's Opinion of a Good Dog—A Talk about Death that Made Everybody Weep—One of the Most Brilliant of Sermons.

It seemed yesterday as though all the persons who, on Thursday and Friday, failed to obtain admittance to the Brooklyn City Court to see Mr. Beecher on the witness stand, had gone in a body to Plymouth Church to hear him from the pulpit. The strangers were so numerous that the ushers had more than ordinary difficulty in keeping the passages clear until the pew holders had taken their seats. Then about a third of the remainder were admitted, and the rest went home, after trying ineffectually to get to the door through which they could at least see the congregation and the preacher.

On one side of the platform, on the small table, was a glass flower dish containing Japanese and calla lilies, orchids, passion flowers, red and white camellias, azalias, smilax, mignonnette, and ferns, and a creeping vine that spread for some distance along the choir rail. There were no flowers at the other side of the platform, and the long, slender-shanked glass flower stand, so well known to the constant attendants of Plymouth Church, was conspicuous by its absence.

The great preacher was seemingly in robust health, but his face was a little pale, and there was a far-away expression in his eyes that indicated a melancholy condition of mind; nor were the signs deceptive, for Plymouth's pastor, whose mercurial temperament makes him as sensitive to changes in the weather as a barometer, had allowed himself to fall into a dejection which bore the same proportion to his high spirits and vitality of Friday as did the warm, balmy weather which closed last week to the sombre gray sky and drizzling rain of yesterday morning.

No sooner had Mr. Beecher taken his seat than the organist pressed the keys of his instrument, Mr. Camp waved his hand, and the members of the choir, rising from their seats, opened the musical exercises with "I waited for the Lord," quartette and chorus.

A PRAYER LESS THAN A MINUTE LONG.

Then Mr. Beecher walked to the front of the platform, and with upturned, half-closed eyes prayed for a blessing that should lift men from time into a consciousness of eternity. The petition was exceedingly brief—only a few words uttered in less than a minute.

Part of the fourth chapter of the Second Corinthians was next read, and Mr. Beecher announced the 1208th hymn, and, contrary to his custom, reading the whole six verses himself. He rendered the lines with deep feeling, throwing great elocutionary power and pathos into the words:

Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternal joy come.

In the second and longer prayer, he said:

Thou, O God, art not sitting in eternal survey, nor in eternal peace Thine; for love is Thy heart, and in love is sympathy, and such solicitude is with Thee as love alone can give. We rejoice in, although we cannot comprehend, the assurance that Thou art bringing this into happiness. We aspire to the same life, and to have within ourselves the same resources as our Lord, and to have the subjection of all things to us, that like Him we may go about doing good. May we, by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, be lifted in this place some what as Thy servants of old did see, when the heavens opened to them and they saw Jesus standing within them, that we too may see that God of Gods, and shooting through the starriest sky and above the convulsed ground, that we behold the work of His hands, the earth Thou for what we need not desire, the forgiveness of our sins. Thou do still crown our lives with gifts; but great as the sun gives, pouring its blessed refulgence in an intensity that is only of how to receive, we more trust in Thee; that here upon the sea never distrust the compass, but we are ashamed to realize that we distrust Thee. Grant us greater confidence, that we may walk day by day that path, seeing it as we draw our strength from that vital fountain, the unfathomable channel, by themselves seek the same source. Grant upon all the households represented here, grace, mercy, and peace.

The prayer then became as comprehensive as the universe. He asked a blessing upon Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, America, all foreign nations, and the whole world.

A PLEA FOR VARLEY.

The 1230th hymn was announced, but before it was sung Mr. Beecher spoke of the Brooklyn engagements of Brother Varley. He said, in recommendation of the English revivalist, who is followed by any great singer comes to this country all the newspapers herald her visit, and a pardonable excitement is felt among persons of taste and culture; surely ministers had the same right to come and go that others had, and it was wrong for editors and reporters to ridicule revivals. It did not follow that because they, or persons similarly constituted, did not care to hear Brother Varley, that they should rail against others going to hear him. "For my own part," continued Mr. Beecher, "I rejoice in Brother Moody's work in England. It is high time how much amusement his visit has given the English press." When an old field is ploughed up, he added, none could deny that a good work is being done, but if the beetle bugs and angle worms are asked what they think of the operation, there would be an undivided opinion among them that it is a rude and a vulgar operation. Mr. Beecher thought many of the old fields of religious thought in England, as well as here, required to be ploughed up despite the objections of those who did not wish to be disturbed. "I rejoice then," he continued, "in the work of our American brethren in England, and in any return that such men as Mr. Varley can make here. I welcome him heartily, as I would welcome any man of any denomination, Roman Catholic or Protestant, who came to our shores on a similar mission."

Another interesting fragment was a lecture to be delivered in the week. In connection with it a letter had been handed to Mr. Beecher, who now read it aloud, thus: "Charles Dennis recommends this man. I guess it's all right.—S. B. H." "Is that you, Brother Halliday?" asked the pastor, looking with a comical air of reproach at his assistant, whose skull cap was just visible a short distance back from the platform. "I suppose it's all right, but if not, I'll hold you both responsible."

The hymn was then sung, and Mr. Beecher read as his text the 14th verse of the 4th chapter of Second Corinthians:

Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you.

MR. BEECHER'S OPINION OF A GOOD DOG.

Mr. Beecher, instead of throwing his text aside at once without comment, as he ordinarily does, gave due notice that he was going to leave that pasture, adding that he would return to it afterward with developed truth.

The first part of the brilliant sermon which followed was devoted to a masterly tracing of the successive steps by which men and brutes progress toward a higher and better nature. What did a lion think of, he asked, in his soberest moods? Simply of how to get enough to eat, so that he should be a lion still. Serpents, alligators and all the great arms of life destroying animals thought only of how to encompass and entrap their victims, and thereby perpetuate their own savage races. To destroy other life that they might feed, and so preserve their own, was the one great necessity of their being; they must, as all of their nature, continually revolve in that circle of blood. One step higher in the scale and companionship was found to be developing, as in birds that became gregarious; yet this companionship was in itself maintained by the law of violence, the members uniting together, but not on terms of equality. The strongest horn ruled the herd. Nevertheless, a certain mutual confidence was observable, as when animals consorted with each other to fight the common enemy, or in the case of birds, when they found food, and by some mysterious means made the fact known to others; this range, however, was very small. Then, as we went higher we reached the lowest point where humanity began to develop, but here there was a gulf which no reasoning, no philosophy could bridge. Even looking at the highest specimens of the brute creation, such as the elephant and the horse, or what came immeasurably nearer the human standard than did the monkey—the dog, "for a good dog," said Mr. Beecher, with great earnestness, "is fit for immortality," even here the gulf remained unpassed.

MAN.

Starting from the brute to the human creation the development still went on. Men learned not by instinct, but by experience. How did they become acquainted with the great laws of God? Nature never taught them, but by infringing upon them; the consequences were such as to warn them from a similar error in the future. No doubt, no instructive knowledge ever taught man how his body was made. The rules of general guidance might be so taught, but not in all the cases to which these rules applied. Experience was essential, and for ages the world had been digging away at experience; they had to learn by suffering; all races must traverse the same path, black and white, for the black man could suffer too; in that respect he was fully equal to the white; and thus humanity had developed itself in the knowledge of divine law by suffering and mistakes. There were many men, philosophers and scholars, who would not listen to any remarks on wronging. They did, "we have learned to think, to cast out the bad and retain the good," as though they were the only men who had ever lived or ever could live who understood things as they were!

From individuals the preacher went on to deal with nations, the rules and laws governing the latter, he said, being immeasurably more imperfect than those by which the former were controlled. Nevertheless, it was necessary for the very existence of nations that every one should work in some degree for the general good, and thus it was learned that happiness lay in the direction where men looked after themselves by looking after their fellows. It was the immutable law of human nature; the mother nourished her babe by feeding herself.

THE INJUSTICE OF JUSTICE.

Speaking of the iniquities of certain laws, he said: "Of all the unjust things on God's good earth there is nothing so unjust as justice, as men go." Christ's death, he continued, was the most significant event of his life. It gave to mankind that great doctrine, not yet thoroughly understood, that man might not merely live to love but to suffer for the things he loved. The great test was: "What will you give for those you love?" and Christ's answer to the question was: "I will give myself," and for ages thereafter there slept in his repulchru that vast truth which he died on the cross to establish. "And here," said Mr. Beecher, "the circle completes itself. Animals begin by destroying each other to build themselves up; then, as we trace them higher, we find increasing gentleness, and afterward rude companionship; finally we find love for others. In the first and rudest state happiness is found by having enough to eat and drink; then by the possession of power; still higher, consideration for others is found to induce happiness; higher still, and happiness consists in laboring to make others happy, and finally men realize that the truest happiness is found in suffering that those we love may be happy. Here, then, is the complete revolution; first, let others suffer that I may be happy; last, let me suffer that others may be happy."

DEATH.

The closing portion of the sermon dealt with the question of death, bringing the preacher home, he said, to his text. All through the Old Testament there was nothing said about future rewards or punishments. If you obey, was the only principle, your days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. If you disobey, you shall sow that other men may reap. There was little looking further than this life. "And he died and was gathered to his fathers," was the most ordinary form of describing death. He was not exterminated, but he was supposed be in a great twilight cavern, in a state of semi-consciousness, surrounded by his kindred. He was not annihilated, he was gathered to his fathers.

Later, the Sadducees did not believe in any resurrection wha ever. They were generally the richest and most aristocratic of the Jews, and said this world was good enough for them. Like many men who had every luxury they could wish for, they would not believe anything they could not see or hear. The other Jewish sects believed in resurrection imperfectly, but not much was known about it until Christ laid down his life to throw its doors open to all. In the language of Christ there could not be found a single uncourteous expression of death; no horror, no dim, or dirty, or slime was spoken of in connection with it, either by him or his disciples. "And what is death?" asked Mr. Beecher, his eyes filling with tears and his voice trembling. "Falling asleep in Jesus! Toothache causes far more suffering; neuralgia immeasurably more. It is no more pain than is felt by a bird spreading its wings and rising into the air and the sunshine. Parting life is like the ripe apple hanging to the bough. The dew of the night is sufficient to dislodge it, and it drops to the ground. Death, except in rare cases, brings no suffering."

Here Mr. Beecher's voice trembled so as to impede his utterance, and the tears stre med from his eyes. His agitation extended itself to his congregation, and in all parts of the church people were seen to be busied in handkerchiefs, and sobs were audible.

THE CONGREGATION IN TEARS.

In a few seconds Mr. Beecher went on, and concluded his sermon thus: "Who has not seen the trembling virgin full of wonderment because she was beloved. She thought her suitor too great to love her, forgetting that true greatness can love downward, as Christ loves us. Every angel is ministering spirit to them, sent forth by the grace of God. Look at the social life; whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. Now Easter comes, and I bring handfuls of flowers to celebrate the rising of my Lord. They are presents to Christ." "There is not," said Mr. Beecher, through his tears, "a boy who sauces me as I go down to the ferry but I look on him with compassion, saying, 'I am not my own, why should I not look upon him as God looks upon me?' I give all I have to Christ, and now, when I have no more, I bring one last gift—myself. O, Jesus! it is all I have to give. I shall see my loved ones there. Those who have many, and those who have but one friend will be reunited with them there. Mothers, skeptical in their early grief, lean over the body of their child, and say, 'I could bear it, if I knew I should soon follow.' Let all be comforted; when the blessed hour of rushing immortality arrives, all will be there. Mothers shall find children, and friends shall be recognized."

By this time a large portion of the congregation were in tears, and Mr. Beecher could scarcely command his voice sufficiently to offer up a very fervent prayer.

He then said simply "Shining Shore," and the first hymn in the appendix was sung:

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not stay them, though as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger:
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, direct before us, we behold a shore
We may almost discover.

The benediction was pronounced, and after several persons had pressed forward to shake hands with Mr. Beecher the congregation moved slowly out.

CHASING A MURDERER.

The People of the Red River Country Defied by a Desperado.

From the Little Rock Gazette.

Our readers are pretty well informed regarding the deliberate assassination of James Brown, the murderer of W. J. Murphy and Hillar, near Fulton. From passengers from below, yesterday, we learn that the whole country turned out in pursuit of the desperado, and every attempt was made to effect his capture. The villain took to the water like a duck, and for hours concealed himself in Red River and the bayous with which the country abounds. He was pursued from water to canebrake, and from canebrake to forest, and proved himself a fearless swimmer, as fleet of foot as a deer, and a dead shot. On Saturday col. Dudley of Texarkana sent a special train with a posse of men, headed by Judge Bancroft, to Fulton, who took to the brake south of Red River. Soon more men arrived by another train from Texarkana, and large squads of farmers and planters scoured the woods and swamps. At last they had him surrounded, and the men closed in, but only to find the bird had flown. He was soon after discovered in the river beside a log, swimming rapidly with the current. Volley after volley shot gun be fired above the log. Volley after volley was fired at the man, but he bore a charmed life. Finally the shots came so thick and fast that he landed the north side of the river, and with a wave of his hand bid defiance to his would-be captors. Arriving at the top of the bluff he met a small squad of negroes, who opened fire on him, which he returned with accuracy, as one of the men fell badly wounded. At a farm house some distance down the river he exchanged his shot gun for a hat and coat. Nothing further could be learned of his movements after leaving the house. The woodwork of the gun bore the indentations of a dozen bullets. The murderer is but slightly known in the locality of his numerous crimes, generally being called Brown, sometimes McCartha. He is described as very tall, broad shouldered, with reddish hair and beard, and mustache closely cut. Tillar, the murdered pursuer, was a resident of Texarkana, well known and a brave man. The people are reported to have given up the chase, the posse from Texarkana returning on Sunday night.

A Widow Believed to be a Witch.

From the Covington (Ga.) Enterprise.

In the county of Newton, eight miles from Covington, three families reside near together. The first household consists of an old maid and her widowed mother; the second of husband, wife, and two children; and the third of an old lady and son. So strongly has the delusive idea implanted itself in the minds of the two latter families that the widow is a witch, and in league with the devil, that they refuse to allow her to visit or to borrow anything from their houses. They say she has made witch balls from hair gathered from the tail of a tricky cow, which, if rubbed against any article, will charm any one who touches it. These people place horse shoes over their beds and under their door steps to kill the influence of the old woman's charms. They verily believe that she intends to witch the whole neighborhood, and bring some plague upon its inhabitants. Silver bullets have been moulded with which to shoot her in case she intrudes upon the families at night by creeping through the keyholes or coming down the chimney. Silver dimes have been nailed in the bottom of the churn and well bucket to prevent the witch from taking an underhand advantage of her neighbors.

"I Come to Warn Ye."

From the Detroit Free Press.

A resident of the Sixth Ward has been missing wood from his pile for seven weeks past, and the other night he watched and caught a negro loading up a big armful. Springing out, he cried:

"Aha! I've caught you, have I?"

"Is dat you?" asked the negro, as he dropped the wood.

"Yes, this is I, and I want to know what you are doing here?"

"Doin' heah?"

"Yes, sir."

"You heard dis yere wood pile, don't you?" inquired the darkey.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, dere's a new family moved into dat shanty over dere, an' I don't like dere looks one bit. I believe dey'd steal wood quicker'n lightning, an' I cum over to warn ye. If ye miss any wood don't say dat I didn't tell ye what kind of folks dese are."

And he walked away, leaving the man dumbfounded.

HUNTING UP THE TRUANTS.

AN OFFICER'S DAILY SEARCH FOR RUNAWAY CHILDREN.

A Glance Into the Courts and Alleys—A Surprised Mother—Boys and Girls who would Much Rather Work than Go to School.

Mr. Wesley B. Church of 63 North Moore street is the truancy and vagrancy officer of the ward schools in the First District. Parents have generally sided with him in reclaiming their disobedient children. In only one instance has he called on the police, and that was when a parent threatened to throw him into the street as a confidence operator.

In one of his tours of investigation last week Mr. Church stopped before a tall brick tenement at 47 Leight street, saying, "There's a truant in here somewhere, I believe." Door after door gave back only hollow echoes to the sharp rat-a-tat upon its panels as Mr. Church went from story to story in pursuit of the child. "All the families are generally out at work at this time of the day," he explained, "but we'll try the last story, at any rate."

"I have called to see about Tommy," said Mr. Church, as a short, stout, heavy-featured woman, fresh from the washtub, with arms and face reeking with perspiration and soap suds, replied to the knock.

"An' wat about Tommy is it?" replied the woman, looking keenly at her questioner.

"Well, I've come to find out why it is that he doesn't attend school more regularly. He's not been in his seat for more than three weeks," said Mr. Church.

WHERE IS TOMMY?

"Goodness gracious! isn't Tommy in school this foine mornin'," broke out the mother, throwing up her arms and clasping her hands above her head. "Why I've sint that blissid boy to school every day for the last three weeks, and every afternoon as soon as school lets out he comes home just as rigular as clock work. Oh, dear! what'll iver become of that child? You see there's a sit of young skilliwags around here that 'tice Tommy into the street, and then away he goes. All my other children are good boys, and they wouldn't till a lie or play hookey for the world. But those Rogerses and Dobases will be the ruination of my Tommy," exclaimed the mother.

The home of the truant Tommy was by no means a place to inspire a youngster with Sunday school resolutions. There were only two rooms, and one of these was occupied by a big washtub and parallel lines of drying clothes, with a small cot bed in the corner. The other room contained a small stove, some chairs and cooking utensils, and a table, on which were bones and broken potatoes. The skeletons of two dried herrings completed the remains of the breakfast.

"Well, will you see that Tommy is taken back to school again?" inquired the agent as he turned away.

"We'll just see about that," replied the mother with a grim look, as though she meant business with Tommy the next time they met. She tossed a shower of pearly soap bubbles from her arms with an emphatic gesture, and then went back to her washtub.

From Ladight street down Canal to 71 Mott street the trail of the truant led Mr. Church through a dimly lighted hall, with stairs and dirt blackened walls, to a brown, tumble-down wooden shanty in the rear, up a narrow flight of stairs loaded with sweepings and shaky with age and neglect, and then a vigorous knock on the panels of a rickety door. A black-eyed little girl, with a head of hair as tangled by a flying broom, which he returned with accuracy, as one of the men fell badly wounded. At a farm house some distance down the river he exchanged his shot gun for a hat and coat. Nothing further could be learned of his movements after leaving the house. The woodwork of the gun bore the indentations of a dozen bullets. The murderer is but slightly known in the locality of his numerous crimes, generally being called Brown, sometimes McCartha. He is described as very tall, broad shouldered, with reddish hair and beard, and mustache closely cut. Tillar, the murdered pursuer, was a resident of Texarkana, well known and a brave man. The people are reported to have given up the chase, the posse from Texarkana returning on Sunday night.

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PAT BRITT.

A Molly Maguire who Bids Open Defiance to the Law.

MINERSVILLE, Pa., March 30.—If common rumor be true the Hon. Pat Britt of Thomastown, this county, aged twenty-one, must be a broth of a boy. Up to this time he has shot not less than three persons, and has on his hands an unfulfilled threat to kill his next door neighbors, the Brennan family. There are among the constables of this county some men who are not in the habit of taking water for the worst character in the mining region; among these constables is one especially famous hereabouts—Joe Karcher—but even he has not succeeded in bringing the redoubtable Pat into town.

On the 23d of December last Officer Lavenberg of this place, accompanied by Constable Price, started for Thomaston with a warrant for Pat's arrest for shooting into the house of his next door neighbor. Arrived at Pat's house, Lavenberg stationed himself at the back door, and Price rapped at the front door for admittance, but no one opened it, and Lavenberg becoming impatient went to the front door, telling Price to go around to the back of the house and he (Lavenberg) would bring Pat out. Rapping at the door, he called out: "Pat, you'd better come out, for I'm found to have you." Whereupon the door was opened, and Lavenberg sprang in and grasped Pat's father! Pat bounced out the back door, dodged Price, and was off like a shot. The officers were quickly on his track, and got into the town of Thomastown in time to meet Pat coming toward them armed with a double-barrelled shot gun. Lavenberg called on Pat to surrender, but the only answer Pat made was to fire, the charge of shot taking effect in Lavenberg's hands and face. "If you haven't heavier shot than that I'll bring you," said the officer, and rushing at the desperado received a second charge of shot mixed with small leaden slugs, full in the abdomen. This brought Lavenberg to the ground, and Pat escaped.

Such is the story told me by the officer himself, who is on his feet again for the first time since the shooting. Britt is still at large, and defies any twelve men to come and take him. When he was about twelve years old he shot a man, and running to get out of the way of the officers jumped down a half filled air hole near an abandoned mine, about one hundred feet, and broke both legs.

THE RAILROAD THROAT CUTTING.

The Erie Cutting Under the Rates Charged by the Baltimore and Ohio.

The Erie Railway Company have announced new rates of passenger fares from New York: To Cincinnati, $15; Louisville, $18; Indianapolis, $16; Columbus, $14.50; St. Louis, $20; Quincy, $22; Kansas City, $31; Chicago, $18; Omaha, $34. Proportionate reductions are to be made by the Erie from Philadelphia and Boston to those points. The reductions are to take effect to-day. These rates are below the lowest rates of the Baltimore and Ohio road. This action was the result of a meeting of the managers of the Erie with the New York Central and Pennsylvania agents. The latter agreed to the measure, but were compelled to obtain consent of their principals. This delay gave Erie the advantage in time, and the managers quickly availed themselves of it, and on Saturday night they placarded the city with the announcement of the reduction. The Pennsylvania agents have announced that they will sell tickets after Monday at the figures made by the Erie.

It is said that a contract is ready for the signatures when by Jay Gould leases the New Jersey Southern Railroad to President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, for a long term of years. This will give the latter name1 road a direct line into the long desired goal to Baltimore. The contract is to be signed as soon as Mr Garrett returns from Florida, which will be in a few days.

THE SCHOOL QUARREL.

A Remonstrance Against the Consolidation of the Parochial Schools.

A memorial to the Board of Education protesting against the application of public money raised by general taxation to the support of Catholic parochial schools is being circulated for signatures. The protest says:

That the appropriation of public money to the support of the schools belonging to another religious sect or denomination would disintegrate and destroy the entire public school system, making it necessary to yield to similar demands from parties who may be found preferring to have their children taught by teachers of their own views in religion, science, politics, or of their own nationality, thus frittering away the noble democratic principle upon which our greatness, which has hitherto been the pride and glory of New York.

That the proposal to support "the Catholic parochial schools" by the public money introduces a religious controversy into our educational and political system, which, in all ages and countries, has been disastrous to the peace of the community, and at the present time, the attempt of any religious sect to get the use of funds raised by general taxation would be the signal for a war of determined hostility against a cause of all the friends of religious liberty and equal rights.

The memorial further says that the consolidation proposed by the trustees of the Catholic parochial schools is prohibited by the School act, and by the charter of the city of New York.

THE OLD WORLD'S NEWS.

Carlist Officers Joining the Alfonsists—A Spanish Professor Transported.

SANTANDER, April 4.—The Carlists have not entered the province of Santander. The submissions of insurgent officers to Alfonso are are increasing in number. Nearly 100 have been announced in this province alone within the past few days. Gen. MacConell has given notice of his adhesion to the King.

LONDON, April 4.—It is reported from Madrid that Prof. Piner of the University of Madrid has been arrested because he petitioned the King against the recent reactionary educational decrees. The Professor, although ill at the time of his arrest, was sent to Cadiz for transportation to Fernando Po.

Advices from Rome say the Papal Nuncio to Spain has left the Vatican for Madrid, bearing instructions to the Spanish clergy to strive for the restoration of peace under King Alfonso.

Prussia and Belgium.

LONDON, April 4.—On the 2d of February, the Prussian Government sent a note to Brussels in regard to the pastorals of the Belgian bishops and other publications, complaining that their tone and tendency were such as to encourage German Catholics in their opposition to the State. Complaint was also made of the Duchesse affair, concerning the alleged plot to assassinate Prince Bismarck. The answer of the Belgian Government has not been made known.

A Fight Between Jersey City Coroners.

Coroner John Mahan, while walking up Newark avenue, Jersey City, on Saturday evening, was attacked by Coroner John Lynch and Edward Cosgrove, and in the scuffle Lynch or Cosgrove bit Mahan's nose badly, and Mahan knocked both down. Capt. McHorney, who saw the act, arrested Mahan, and took him to the First Precinct Police Station. Lynch and Cosgrove ran away and were not captured. A feud has existed for some time between Lynch and Mahan. Cosgrove is under indictment for aiding in the escape of the murderers of William Livingstone.

An Incendiary Fire in Trenton.

TRENTON, April 4.—The Trenton Iron Works, owned by Edward Cooper and Abram S. Hewitt of New York, and Charles Hewitt of Trenton, were fired by incendiaries at one o'clock this morning and the main building and contents were almost totally destroyed. The works were the largest for the manufacture of wire in the United States, employing over 300 hands, who will be temporarily thrown out of employment. The loss will approach $100,000. No insurance. The company's office is at 17 Building ship, New York. The office will be rebuilt at once.

A Panic in a Church.

Just after the congregation had assembled yesterday in the Bushwick Dutch Reformed Church, on the Bushwick road, near Maspeth avenue, Williamsburgh, a fire was discovered in the lecture room adjoining. The smoke poured into the church while the morning service was proceeding, and the excited congregation dropped their hymn books and ran into the street. The flames were confined to one corner of the lecture room, and were soon extinguished, and the religious service was resumed.

A Car Pickpocket's Partner in Quod.

On Saturday night, while Mr. Peter Reid of 222 East Thirty-ninth street, was riding on the platform of a Twenty-third street car, he felt a man tugging at his watch chain. The thief sprang from the car, and Mr. Reid was about to pursue him, but was held by the coat by one of the pickpocket's confederates. Mr. Reid handed the fellow over to an officer, who took him to a police station, and there he gave his name as John Williams. Justice Otterbourg committed him yesterday.

Attractions in the Old Bowery.

Four duels, two steamboat accidents, a fight with Indians, and a bloody encounter in the English channel are only a few of the strong points in the new play, "Around the World in Eighty Days," in the Bowery Theatre. The drama has drawn crowded houses from the first. Its authors, Messrs. Pilet and Connolly, are both journalists, and unfortunate now to write a play that will please the people.

Justice Stemmler's Successor.

The Hon. Alfred T. Ackert has been appointed by Gov. Tilden to the Civil Justiceship in the Seventh District, in the place of John A. Stemmler, deceased. Mr. Ackert is Secretary of the Council of Tammany Sachems, and belongs to the swallow-tail Democracy.

RECORDING HISOWN DEATH

A MAN WHO TOOK POISON AND THEN NOTED EVERY SYMPTOM.

Drinking Astonishing Quantities of the Drug that Killed Socrates—A Disease that Baffled the Most Eminent Physicians.

A most remarkable death in Brooklyn on Saturday night promises to make a page of scientific history unequalled by anything in the treatment of nervous diseases. Mr. F. W. Walker, an electrician of 300 State street, was in November, 1871, run over by a pork truck at William and Cedar streets, New York, and when he was picked up his face was trampled in gashes by the horses, and his right hand was so mashed that the fingers could not be distinguished from disconnected flesh. He was carried to the Washington Life Insurance building and attended by a police surgeon. Then he was removed to his home in Plainfield, N. J., and there he recovered, but he carried a maimed hand, and the muscles of his face were thoroughly involuntary in their action, pulling his features into every sort of contortion. His eyelids drooped heavily, and the muscles were powerless to raise them, so that for hours he would be as a blind man. He managed a large insurance business, and his affliction made him unfit to continue his occupation. He was a man of very large acquaintance and culture, well known to all the bankers on at Washington and many famous Senators, was an intimate friend of Andrew Johnson, and as correspondent of the *Express*, before and after the war was begun, he was known at the Capitol and in this city. His family was exceptionally cultivated, and the large society of friends who visited him tried to alleviate his suffering.

BURNED WITH HOT IRONS.

He sought Dr. Brown-Sequard, and put himself under the treatment that Dr. Sequard had used in Charles Sumner's nervous affection. The physician seared his forehead and face with an iron heated to white heat and cut many facial muscles, taking a small bit out and then searing the ends of the incised muscles. He frequently returned from Dr. Sequard's presence with his face scarred and seared by the hot iron. Mr. Walker was bald headed, and overthe scalp was passed the hot iron in long furrows, back and forth, until it was marked like a checker board. The scars healed away under prompt treatment.

Dr. Sequard gave a series of doses of strychnine, hoping to have it act as a sedative on the nerves so that when they once came to a rest they might be kept so by the use of the drug. It did not prove strong enough, and its use was abandoned, Dr. Brown-Sequard putting more faith in the morphia.

After Dr. Sequard's wife died he went to Paris, leaving his patients in care of other physicians. He sent Mr. Walker to Dr. Agnew, the celebrated oculist. Mr. Walker's eyes began to grow worse, and he was troubled with diplopia—double sight.

CUTTING THE MUSCLES OF THE EYE.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, when he sent Walker to, Dr. Agnew, advised him to have the internal rectus muscle of the eye divided as a remedy for the quick twitching of eyes. This did not work well, and Dr. Agnew divided the right one, which drooped heavily down on the opposite side. Mr. Walker then used court plaster to make the eyelid true again. He intended to have it stitched, but Dr. Agnew had the cartilage of the eye divided with no better success. The interior of the eyeball filled with little granules, which inflamed at the slightest touch, so that Mr. Walker began to experiment on these himself, and by a galvanic process he removed them. He studied electricity with the aid of his wife's and son's eyes, experiment ed largely, and pursued the subject so far that he determined to use it as a medicine. He was driven out of every calling almost by his great affliction, and he began to search for patients for static, faradic, and galvanic electricity. He hoped in this way to acquire a more competent support for his family, and in research, hoping to find a specific remedy for his own case. He moved to Brooklyn last December, and opened an office at 300 State street, and put a sign on his house making known that he was a medical, faradic, static, and galvanic electrician. His social and genial nature attracted to him a large number of friends, who subscribed to his practice, and in many cases were benefited by it.

A NEW REMEDY.

He turned into his sixty-fifth year, and hale, hearty and bouyant in every way, his affliction was the more intense. He went to Dr. Agnew again and favored a sedative drug. The doctor on his visits to his office and house began to administer extract of hemlock. Prof. Harley of St. Thomas Hospital, London, had directed the use of hemlock for nervous diseases, and one day last week Dr. Agnew used it successfully on a little girl who was troubled with the terrible affliction of twitching muscles. Dr. Walker on Saturday gave him in their office forty drops of hemlock, and in a half hour they gave him forty more, and in a half hour forty more. The drug was expected to act directly on the nervous centre, controlling all of the muscles of the body, and producing a state of relaxation. The drops did not work. The doctors then gave sixty drops more, and the 180 drops of the most energetic poison did not move the patient. A tea made of hemlock had killed Socrates, and three grains of the extract as home made moonshine ought, the doctors thought, to move almost any person. One hundred and eighty drops had not moved Mr. Walker. Dr. Webster advised Mr. Walker to stop on his way home and get some of Dr. Edward Squibb's fluid extract of hemlock, which is the strongest represented one grain for every minim drop. Mr. Walker bounded into his house on Saturday afternoon, and seemed full of health. He said to his wife that Dr. Agnew had given him much hope. He went to his library table and began to dictate to his wife a medical circular. He dictated a moment, and then said that he had taken his medicine.

RECORDING THE EFFECT.

Since his earliest treatment he had dictated every symptom of his disease, and every effect of his medicine to his wife, making a valuable record of Dr. Brown Sequard's treatment. He lay down on his bed with his hemlock beside him, took fifty drops, and began slowly to dictate to his wife. His mind was clear, and his manner lucid. He told his wife not to be alarmed at any symptom, as Dr. Agnew had told him just how the symptoms would follow each other, and just how he would pass out from under the drug's influence. The object of all was to relax all the muscles so that the twitching of the facial muscles would cease, and when this was done, a continuation of the hemlock in smaller doses, it was hoped, would relieve him entirely. He took the first dose, and his wife wrote his words down as follows:

4:10 P. M., took 50 minims Squibb's fluid extract of conium (hemlock); 20 minutes to 5 P. M. effect very decided in dizziness, relaxation of muscles and limbs. Feel as though I should have difficulty of walking immediately and want of power to control movements; forced to lie down, but no mitigation of spasms, limbs and legs weak, unable to hold up head, speech thickening, tongue lame and heaviness in top and back part of head; pulse 56.

5:15 P. M., took fifty drops; some nausea, some cramp at taste of cloroform and in muscles across the chest, just above the sternum; no diminution of spasms about eyes nor of photophobia.

5:25 P. M. drowsiness, inclined to sleep.

5:30 P. M. very difficult to speak, speech difficult, fullness in throat, prostration nearly complete, diplopia (double sight) vastly increased.

5:40 P. M. nausea, twitchings on right side, unable to articulate, eyes closed, fullness almost to suffocation in throat, pulse about sixty. In part six—

THE RESULT THAT WAS NOT RECORDED.

He called for water just before he began the sentence that was never finished. His wife ran to get some coffee, and as she returned she saw her husband dead. His last utterances were thick-tongued, but he had anticipated this symptom, and expected to pass from it into the relaxation wherein lay the cure. He was dead from 150 drops of hemlock, and died quietly.

The eventful death was a sequel to an eventful life. In 1861 Mr. Walker was sent to Fort Hatteras, twenty-two miles from Washington, by Gen. Mancester, to capture Emack, the rebel spy. He took a cavalry troop and made the capture. He put the spy under the supervision of two men, who allowed him to escape. Emack drew a bowie knife, and as Mr. Walker—known then as Gen. Walker—was wishing his face, the rebel stabbed him in the abdomen, running the knife through the back, and then stabbed him twice again, but the blows were cut off by a memorandum book. Emack escaped, and was afterward in charge of Libby Prison, where Col. Wood and Gen. Michael Corcoran held all him boast of his exploit. He was afterward known as Bowie Knife Emack, the Yankee Killer.

Mr. Walker was poisoned in the National Hotel in 1867 in Washington, and as he narrowly escaped death then so he did four years later. After the war he was a broker at 81 Beaver street. He was afterward deputy internal revenue collector. He leaves a family of five children, one a minister. A large number of friends visited his house yesterday, and his funeral on Wednesday from St. Peter's Episcopal Church is to be under Masonic supervision. Mr. Walker was Past Grand Master of Illinois.

The Coroner's inquest is to be held this afternoon. Already the case has excited the most intense interest among Brooklyn physicians. The death record is preserved as an unprecedented document.

BROOKLYN.

Old Cart, John Stillwell of the Union avenue police was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery yesterday. Part of the Williamsburgh police acted as escort.

Mathew Toby of Stuben street, Brooklyn, hanged himself to a tree in a vacant lot between Ralph and Bedford avenues, where his body was found by a policeman yesterday morning.

The Rev. Geo. K. Woodward of Brooklyn, who was accused of telling five frivolous lies, and threatened with discipline, preached his farewell sermon last night. He resigned the pastorate, and has consulted lawyers, intending to sue certain of his church members for slander.

WHERE TO GO ARMED.

Why Passengers in the Third Avenue Railroad Cars Should Carry Loaded Revolvers at Night—The Story Told by a Conductor.

A party of well-dressed young men entered a Third avenue car near the Cooper Institute on the down trip about eleven o'clock last night and took seats. At first the conductor thought them pickpockets, but after he had collected their fares he told some gentlemen who were on the rear platform that he was mistaken. He founded his belief on the fact that one of them had paid for all. This, he said, was not customary with a gang of pickpockets, as each paid his own fare. One gentleman said that it was easy to be seen that the young men were honest, as it was not possible for them to steal enough in these hard times to be able to dress so well. "Oh, yes they do," said the conductor; "why I can point out any day on the Bowery, along by Houston and Prince streets, pickpockets who dress more stylishly than those," meaning a party inside. A gentleman here said that the police had pretty effectually broken up picking pockets on the cars,