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THE CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.

W. C. RALSTON AND HIS GIGANTIC FINANCIAL SCHEMES.

The Ruler of the Great Bank of California—A King in the Stock Market and Prince in Social Life—The Aladdin of the Pacific Coast, and the Men with whom he Dealt.

Looking at W. C. Ralston any one would have said that he was, of all men, the one most unlikely to commit suicide. Knowing him, that presumption would have deepened into a profound conviction. He seemed an embodiment of intense vitality, physical as well as mental. Of medium height and stout figure, he seemed to be possessed of great muscular strength and activity. A strong will was stamped upon every lineament of his countenance. His gray-brown eyes were keen and cold; his lips were thin and straight; his cheek bones were high and cheeks rather flat; his brow was sufficiently lofty to give good promise of baldness; his smoothly-shaven chin was square and had a snappy way of closing on a negative, as though worked by a spring. Ever since anybody knew Ralston he has been in contest with somebody, or with a legion of people. It has been affirmed that he did a great deal for the development of the natural resources of California, but that is true to a much more limited extent than is generally supposed. He was ambitious, grasping, and tyrannical. Enterprises which he could not control and hold the lion's share of, he crushed unscrupulously. Wherever others had demonstrated, at their own cost, the feasibility of a project, he stood ready to seize upon it when it seemed ripe for profit, and expected the projectors to be content with what he was disposed to allow them. While nominally only cashier of the Bank of California, his real position was very nearly akin to that of the elderly naval man who professed himself

"the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight,
And the midship mite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

A KING OF FINANCE.

Ralston was President, Vice-President, directors, and everybody else, in that bank. D. O. Mills, the President, was only a figure-head, and "the whole duty of man," as understood by the other said officers, was to keep their mouths shut. Ralston knew everything, planned everything, controlled everything. "See Ralston about it," was all one of them would venture to say. So, with his restless love for dabbling in all things and getting hold of all things, Ralston got a surprising number of irons in the fire of speculation. He owned a large share of the ore road at the Comstock lode, and controlled the milk business of San Francisco. He was two-thirds owner of the California Theatre, and raked in a good share of the profits on the city's supply of water. He was President of the Kimball Manufacturing Company, which made wagons and furniture and all sorts of things, and he ran the Mission Woollen Mills, and the iron works. He was the right bower of Friedlander, the king of the grain ring, or else Friedlander was his right bower—it is a way they worked in business of the coast between them, and off times caused the heart of the Grainer to mourn. He furnished the brains for several heavy "jobs" upon the city, two railroad schemes, the Ravenside Bridge, the Spring Valley Water Company's sale of their works and other "enterprises," not all of which were successful, however, fortunately for the city. He was largely interested in the gas monopoly, and put a million and a quarter of dollars into the Palace Hotel project. He held a powerful influence in local and even in State politics, and had a "select pretty" for those whom he saw fit to put in office. "Sandy" Taggart, the City Auditor, was one of his best supported adherents and strongest friends. It would have been well if all those whom he put in place had been as honest and able as Austin.

IN THE STOCK MARKET

Ralston was a king. Both Sharon and Jones were deeply under obligations to him, and he participated in their schemes, which were always upon a gigantic scale. Year after year would come what was known as "the spring rise" in stocks. For a few weeks the fictitious values of all sorts of stocks would be vastly enhanced or would fluctuate with such activity as would cause the hair of a conservative broker to stand upon end. Those excited operations were not upon the basis of any real discoveries of fresh values in the mines, although they professed to be. The simple fact was that at that season the gold of the Bank of California could be most conveniently used for special Treasury purposes, and consequently advantage of the opportunity was taken by Ralston, Sharon and Jones to "give the boys a new deal." A little later in the season, when stocks had been worked off at high figures and a double profit had been made on an artificially produced general depression of the market, the gold was called in, to be used by the grain ring in their speculative operations. Through such manipulation the private fortunes of Ralston and those intimately associated in his operations became enormous, but the bank's standing was far from being proportionably improved. He was said to be worth twenty millions of dollars. That was probably an over estimate. California air seems prone to encourage overestimates, but he must certainly have been very rich. His palatial residence at Belmont cost a million of dollars, and he expended in maintaining it an average of over three hundred thousand dollars per annum. Then he built a house in San Francisco for a city residence, which is said to have cost a half million dollars. Before that he kept up the style of

A BACHELOR PRINCE

in a suite of gorgeous parlors in Commercial street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. There the big fish in the political puddle used to assemble, put up "jobs" on the innocent public, and hold high carnival. It was a very convenient location. The "Mint," a first-class saloon and restaurant, frequented by politicians, was just a little below on the other side of the street, and directly opposite was Martin's, where, if you give them timely notice, they can get you up a finer dinner than is within the capabilities of the "Maison Dorée," or a "Poodle Dog," or any other noted haunt of the gourmands of San Francisco. Even Warren Leland unqualifiedly approves Martin's. Sumptuous repasts used to be furnished from Martin's to Ralston's parlors across the way, and many a select banquet has paused in wonder, gazing upon the flashing lights and listening to music and revelry floating out from the great windows of the dingy faced old building in which the money king and his friends made merry. Sometimes the iron shutters were closed, and then the ear of the passing wayfarer was enchanted by the silvery laughter and the melodious voices of fairer and gentler beings than politicians and stock speculators. Alas for the merry times gone by! Those parlors have been dismantled; the luxurious baths, and pier glasses, and bronzes, and carved sideboards, and crimson silk counterpanes, and silken curtains, and Persian rugs, have all been scattered.

RALSTON IN HIS OFFICE,

at the bank, and Ralston in those parlors were as distinct individualities as Wm. M. Evarts and Falstaff. In the bank he bore the air of an autocrat. His desk and chair were elevated on a platform in the centre of a large room, to which he was admitted by a huge herculean and superlicious darkey. All about the walls were big, leather-seated chairs, for people craving audience with him. He received his visitors in turn, wheeling his chair away from his paper laden desk to confront each. One who brought a heavy letter of credit approached. Ralston assumed a mechanical smile for this visitor's benefit.

"Merely visiting California?"

"Yes, for my health."

"Going to see Yosemite?"

"I scarcely know."

"You should. Most magnificent sight in the world. You go by way of"——etc., etc.

The interview closes with an invitation to call again. If the visitor is of sufficient importance, Ralston, when he returns, invites him down to Belmont.

"What an agreeable man," the visitor thinks, in going away. An anxious looking man approaches and whispers something in a supplicating way, evidently a petition for accommodation. "No," is the gruff, brusque reply, delivered in any way, that square lower jaw shutting like the lid of a money box, and disappointing the looker-on because it does not click. "What a disagreeable man," the negatived one thinks in passing out. If a visitor is slow in stating his business, Ralston fires off a "Come to the point, sir; come to the point," and nearly two sentences later interrupts him with, "No use talking any more; I know all about it; don't want anything to do with it," and then turns to call up by a look the next person in order. Those coming upon very important affairs are trotted off through a long, narrow passage way to a dismal state apartment—the directors' room—a ghastly, chilly place, with maps on the walls and census reports on the big table, which is surrounded by great chairs. There Ralston perches on the arm of a chair, says "sit down" to his visitor, and by his manner in listening inevitably conveys the impression that his time is worth seven thousand dollars a minute.

Ralston was a spendthrift, and one who did some good. The aid he gave to the scheme for the irrigation of the San Joaquin Valley should alone entitle him to kindly remembrance, and doubtless many other enterprises in which he had a finger will flourish all the better, now that he is gone, for the impetus he gave to them. Sutro will scarcely grieve much for him. He encouraged the gigantic Sutro tunnel project up to the point at which he saw he could not control it and manipulate it as he wished without the sacrifice of certain mining interests in which he was largely concerned, and then sought to throw the Frenchman overboard. The long and desperate struggle that ensued is matter of public knowledge. For once he was not victorious.

RALSTON'S COMPETITORS.

The men who are credited with his overthrow, Fair, Mackey, Flood, and O'Brien, were a lucky and powerful team. Fair used to be a mining superintendent, and when in San Francisco, took his drinks, about seven years ago, in an obscure little groggery called the "Auction Lunch," in Merchant street, near the market, then kept by Messrs. Flood and O'Brien. Fair liked his hosts, for they were both jolly good fellows, and put them up to a good thing or two in stocks. Gradually they quit the gin business, and spent their time in stock speculations. Thanks to Fair and to Mackey, who only a few years before worked in a tunnel for $4 a day, but was then a superintendent, they amassed money rapidly. The four men formed a secret partnership. Two of them made the news from the mines, good or bad as occasion seemed to demand, and the other two made use of that news in "boosting" and "cinching" stocks on California street. They always stuck to operations in the Comstock lode. Flood had a prejudice against ores which needed roasting for reduction, "cooking ore," as he called them. The Comstock yield needed only stamping, water, and amalgam, and the "tailings" were so rich, especially from the Flood & O'Brien mill while they were working "Hale & Norcross" and developing "Consolidated Virginia" and "California." Strange that the holders of Hale & Norcross stock waited about it, but they did! The time that Sharon put up a job which "cinched" pretty nearly everybody and even took in a crowd of Nevada miners who came down to San Francisco threatening to lynch him—only a few years ago—he appeased public wrath by a solemn announcement that he had put every dollar of stock out of his hands, and would never operate in mining stocks any more. So he did. He put all his stocks into Flood & O'Brien's hands, and they operated for him on his secret instructions, receiving fine commissions therefor and enjoying magnificent opportunities for speculating on their independent account. Two years ago they were by public rerute worth nearly, if not quite, four million dollars each. How much they made out of the "Big Bonanza" bubble last year is not definitely known—probably as much more. Flood is the brain of the firm in San Francisco, Mackey at the mines. The latter is said to be the richest of the four; Fair to have the least. O'Brien tried a few years ago to encourage silk culture on the Pacific coast, and spent some thousands upon it unsuccessfully.

The Cause of the Failure—President Ralston Said to Have Died of Apoplexy.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—The affairs of the Bank of California have been put in the hands of an executive committee consisting of William Alvord and George H. Howard. A statement of the condition has not yet been prepared, but trustworthy information shows that the liabilities will be upward of fourteen millions, and the assets from seven to eight millions. The directors applied to Flood & O'Brien on the day of the failure for relief, and offered to present to that firm the entire paid-up capital stock of the bank, namely, $5,000,000, also $1,500,000 in bank, and in addition $1,000,000 to be assessed on the stockholders—in all $7,500,000—provided Flood & O'Brien would, for this consideration, assume the liabilities of the bank. The proposition being declined, the bank had to suspend. The assets will shrink considerably before they can realized. The true condition of the bank had been concealed from the directors up to Thursday.

A full meeting of the directors of the bank was held at one o'clock P. M. yesterday. When Mr. Ralston entered the room Mr. Mills promptly asked him to resign as President of the bank. Mr. Ralston complied with the request at once. Mr. Mills then asked Ralston to leave the room, and he did so. The directors were still in session when the news was brought that Mr. Ralston had drowned himself. Mr. Ralston promised at the meeting that if the management was left in his hands he would pay dollar for dollar to the depositors and fifty cents on the dollar to the stockholders, but after an exciting discussion it was decided to accept his resignation. The directors professed to be astounded at the developments showing the true condition of the bank.

WHAT THE STOCKHOLDERS LOSE.

The stockholders will lose their stock and have to pay all the liabilities, and the principal ones will have to stand an assessment of probably 50 per cent. The following are the names of some of the principal stockholders: The Barron estate, Thomas Bell, Nicholas Luning, Moses Ellis, Capt. S. B. Thomas, Asa T. Hamton, Geo. Howard, William Norris, John O. Earl, John Parrott, Jr., Michael Reese, D. O. Mills, Mark Livingstone, and O. F. Gifford. Some $3,000,000 of the liabilities are in the form of acceptances for advances made by one leading capitalist to strengthen the bank. Ex-Gov. Stanford holds $400,000 of these acceptances.

The business at the bank adjourned this evening, after a protracted session, to meet Monday and attend ex-President Ralston's funeral in a body. They will resume the session on Tuesday. Nothing whatever is known of their deliberations. Coin is being transferred during the day from the United States Treasury, and though no loans can be obtained, money is easier. Real estate dealers say that the effect on that branch of business will be rather beneficial than otherwise. Prices have been maintained.

The National Gold Bank and Trust Company to day authorized the President and cashier to borrow $1,000,000 in coin on the real estate and securities of the institution. The bank is in excellent condition. If it were to go into liquidation, it could pay the stockholders a handsome dividend after paying deposits in full.

It is difficult at present to state the effects of the Ralston failure upon manufacturing enterprises in which he was interested. It is feared that the Kimball Manufacturing Company will hardly survive the shock. The rolling mills are in a better condition. The Cornell watch factory will probably be seriously crippled. The effect of the failure on mining stocks cannot be estimated at present, because there is no market. All business in that line is suspended.

THE CAUSE OF THE SUSPENSION.

Out of the many theories advanced as to the causes of failure, viz.: sending money out of the city to buy wheat, the locking up of coin by other parties, speculations in mining stocks, &c., a statement of the cause by Mr. Ralston will be of interest. Throughout all the public interviews yesterday and to-day Mr. Ralston stated explicitly that the suspension was not owing to any hostile act by adverse parties, and that the best of feeling prevailed between himself and the parties who have been credited with the lock-up of coin. At an interview on Thursday evening, at Mr. Ralston's residence, he repeated that assertion in the presence of other parties. As a reporter left the room Ralston followed him into the hall and said: "The statement I have made is the cause of the failure are my statements to the world. ——— a matter of personal and private information. I tell you that this failure is the result of a persistent effort for months to break this bank." Yesterday Mr. Ralston transferred all his property to Senator William Sharon for the benefit of his creditors, and Mr. Sharon, in receiving the trust, pledged his honor to stand by his old friend to the last dollar of his own private fortune.

The Bank of California is dressed in mourning. The Pacific Stock Exchange this afternoon adopted resolutions deploring the death of Mr. Ralston as a faithful friend and valuable citizen, and as a champion of the city and State; also extending the sympathy of the board to the family of Mr. Ralston, and resolving to attend the funeral in a body. The San Francisco Stock Exchange appointed a committee to wait on Mrs. Ralston, tendering the sympathy of the members. They also resolved to attend the funeral in a body.

MR. RALSTON DYING OF APOPLEXY.

The tragical death of Mr. Ralston forms the principal topic of conversation throughout the city, and expressions of regret and sympathy for the deceased banker are heard on all sides. Later information tends strongly to disprove the theory of suicide, and the statements of the attending physicians go to show that the death of Mr. Ralston resulted from apoplexy while bathing. An inquest was begun to-day. The jurors are John R. Garnice, C. L. Miller, H. F. Williams, W. A. A. Cohen, R. F. Morrow, J. R. Keene, W. H. L. Barnes, and J. O. L. Wadsworth.

Ten Thousand Dollars Worth of Gloves.

The Parisian Glove Manufactory of Fortuni Hegle, at 232 Fifth avenue, was entered by burglars on Saturday evening and $10,000 worth of gloves were taken. The burglars were evidently well acquainted with the interior arrangements of the store, and with the habits of Mr. Hegle, Sr., who sleeps in the building. He left the store at half past six in the evening, and at eight o'clock when he returned the burglary had been committed. The basement door was forced open. Twenty-one dozen, which is not twenty feet from the grand entrance of the Sievens building, had been broken open with a paving stone, and the burglars had gone to the first floor, whence they took away many valuable gloves. Most of them Four and six button gloves of the fall importation. Mr. Hegle offers $5,000 reward for the capture of the thieves and the return of the goods.

A Pennsylvania Village Burned.

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 29.—The entire business portion of Reynoldsville, Pa., a station on the low grade division of the Allegheny Valley Railroad, was burned yesterday morning. The following business houses were destroyed: Arcade block, in which the fire originated; Cole's hardware store, Seley's dry goods, Tomplkins & Dingman's grocery, Doyle's grocery, D. C. Oysters & Co.'s banking house, Bogners & Co.'s clothing store, Alexander's drug store, and a number of restaurants and dwellings. The large masonic temple in course of erection, and school house were also destroyed. The proprietors of the Reynoldsville *Herald* are heavy losers. The total loss is estimated at over $100,000; insurance about $40,000.

WILL THIS ONE ESCAPE?

A Horrifying Sunday Murder in a South Fifth Avenue Tenement—The Flight of the Terrified Son—A Daughter's Sight.

About noon, yesterday, Katie Callaghan sought the miserable home at 189 South Fifth avenue, from which she had been driven twelve hours before by her brother Thomas. She had occupied, with her mother and brother, a little room on the second floor of a rickety tenement. No one answered Katie's timid knock, and she tremblingly opened the door. On the floor in the middle of the den her mother lay dead, everything in confusion around her. The dead woman's face was swollen and almost black, and on her neck were blue marks, evidently made by the fingers of her murderer. The feather bed, the only thing of any value in the apartment, had disappeared.

A policeman was summoned, and within half an hour after an alarm was speeding to every precinct in the city and Brooklyn for the arrest of Thomas Callaghan, murderer of his mother.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

A SUN reporter visited the tenement with Officer Mulligan of the Eighth Precinct. It is one of the most wretched houses on the avenue, and inhabited by American whites, Germans, Italians, and negroes. The approach to the Callaghan apartments is by a spiral and almost perpendicular staircase. The Callaghans had been paying $8.50 a month for two front rooms, the largest of which they sublet for $5 a month. The apartment in which they lived is not more than eight feet square. In a recess in the wall was a bed, and on the opposite side a worn-out sofa. The body of the woman was covered with loose clothing and other articles, which the murderer had tossed upon it while searching for things of value. The smell soon drove the reporter from the room.

From the statements of the neighbors and of the daughter Katie, it appears that Mrs. Callaghan was about 50 years old, and had been a widow for a long time. Last November her son Thomas enlisted in the regular army, and about three months ago her eldest daughter went to New Hampshire to work in a hotel. Before the departure of her daughter Mrs. Callaghan had been quiet and well behaved, but she soon began to drink heavily. Her youngest daughter Katie works in Heyman & Cohenfield's feather establishment, and has been living with her mother.

THE SON'S FIRST CRIME.

About two months ago Thomas deserted from the army and returned home. Since that time he has done nothing but drink, and beat his mother nearly every day. Her cries were often so loud as to alarm the neighbors. On Saturday noon Thomas was lying drunk and asleep on the sofa, and Mrs. Callaghan stole quietly out of the room and began to ascend the ladder leading to the roof. A colored woman living in the rear advised her not to go up, as it was too hot. Mrs. Callaghan answered that she wanted to get out of the way while her son was asleep, for as soon as he would wake up he would beat her again. She desisted, however, from ascending to the roof, and went out on the street. There she drank some liquor, and was helped home by a charitable Italian. The son swore at the Italian for bringing her back. On Saturday night Thomas was yet drunk, and about midnight he drove his sister, Katie, out to the street. Mrs. Callaghan was not again seen alive.

THE MURDERER'S FLIGHT.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning Thomas was seen by his colored neighbors going down the stairs with a heavy bundle, tied up in a sheet. He seemed to be quite sober, and was swinging himself, "I must have money, and if I can't pawn it I must sell it." Several of the neighbors saw him going down the avenue with his bundle, but as far as the police could find out, he did not pawn it. He has not been seen in that vicinity. It is thought that he procured some money to cross a ferry, and then took the top of the country.

Callaghan is about five feet ten inches in height, light complexion, high cheek bones, and reddish brown hair and beard. He left home yesterday, he wore a silk cap, check white and blue shirt, striped office coat, light pants with a black stripe, and buff shoes. He was arrested about two weeks ago for disorderly conduct.

THE CRIME.

The neighbors all say that they heard no noise yesterday morning, while the marks on Mrs. Callaghan's neck and arms leave no doubt that she died by violence, even if it had the murderer not confessed his guilt by flight. The theory of the police is that Thomas must have strangled his mother, and thus prevented her from shouting. When she was dead he lifted her from the bed to the floor, and looked around for means to save himself. He finally took the feather bed and his sister's clothing and went out to raise money to get away with. It is impossible that he could have gone far before selling or pawning the bed, as such a conspicuous bundle would attract attention on the street. There can be no trouble about identification, as there is a minute description of Callaghan at the recruiting office.

Mrs. Callaghan's body was removed to the Morgue. A telegram has been sent to her daughter in New Hampshire.

Tom Callaghan was arrested at 4 o'clock. He denies killing his mother, but acknowledges having had a fight with her.

ROBBING THE TREASURY.

How Delano Spends the Contingent Fund of his Department.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Mr. Sam'l Walker, confidential clerk to the late Board of Indian Commissioners, publishes a letter in the *Capital* to-day in which he discloses some interesting facts in relation to the disbursement of the contingent fund of the Interior Department. He says:

The Secretary's office has, at the Government's expense, four carriages and five horses. These are attended to by one foreman of stables at $840 per annum, one watchman at $720 per annum, two stable hands at $600 per annum each, and two drivers at $720 per annum each. The cost of harness and repairs, repairs of carriages, &c., for six months was reported to have been over $2,100. At the same rate for the balance of the year the entire cost of carriages and horses for the Secretary's office alone would be about $5,000 per annum. The Secretary himself does not use all the carriages and horses himself exclusively, but it makes no difference to the taxpayer who pays for them. Another department, with three carriages, a driver and two horses have been at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, for the past four months, and the driver, wife, who is employed in the Patent Office, draws his pay during the absence. Some of these things could take place without the absolute knowledge and concurrence of the Secretary and his assistant, who thus secure benefits by have been credited with the moneys while crippled soldiers starve, that they have able-bodied stable hands.

In addition to this land niet accommodation for the Secretary's office, friends in all parts of the Government, the Land, Patent, Pension, and Indian offices have horses and carriages costing enormously for their support, and there is no accounting for expense incurred under the supervision of Mr. Bond, one of Mr. Delano's confidential assistants, which is only for the benefit of the Secretaries, their wives, and friends. That a certain assistant engineer is acting foreman at this an assistant engineer is acting foreman gardener, two gardeners at $720 each, and the services of nearly all the laborers at Arlington are needed. In addit on to the flower gardener, the grass plots around the department are attended to by this costly force, with the aid of still another supervisor, who is paid as engineer, the whole costing more than $100,000 per annum. The report of expenditures shows that purchases of flower pots, &c., are made at public expense.

In speaking of one of the contracts for transportation of Indian supplies Mr. Walker says:

It is a singular fact connected with the Indian service that no report adverse to the interests of Ring agents or contractors has ever been acted on, except to appoint a commission, which invariably reported in favor of the Ring and against the unfavorable report, and all matters complained of were suppressed. No better example can be furnished than McCann's transportation contract for 1873-4-5. In 1873 and 1874 it was found by McCann employed the Government for carrying goods one hundred and thirty two miles, the actual distance traveled being ninety miles. Subsequently, under a new contract made necessary by the revoval of Red Cloud Agency, he was allowed pay for a distance of two hundred and twelve miles, while one department had the evidence of McCann's wagon master, subcontractors, and a Red Cloud employee, giving the distance at ninety miles. The loss by that single operation was over $44,000, and Mr. Delano knew the facts perfectly, for he got them directly from me through the chief clerk of the Indian office, as well as officially from the Board of Indian Commissioners. The same distance was paid for the succeeding year at a corresponding loss to the public treasury. McCann's contract for the current fiscal year should not just cause of impeachment against the contracting officers of the Interior Department.

The contract was let to him from Omaha, thus throwing out the lowest bidder, a Mr. Wagon transportation from Cheyenne to Red Cloud Agency, which was the kind of transportation advertised for. By the law the Union Pacific Railroad was compelled to carry Government goods without cash payment, the corporation being indebted to the United States. Economy and the public interest demanded that this law should be carried out, and all Government transportation for the Government as far as possible on that road. By making McCann contractor the Government is cheated out of the benefit of this law, and compelled to run Omaha to Cheyenne, and the law was violated in not giving the contract to the lowest bidder.

Death of a Famous Engineer.

Edward H. Tracy died on Saturday evening at Carmel, Putnam county, N. Y., of heart disease, after five months' illness. Mr. Tracy began the business of engineering as a rod man on the Cheenango canal, under John B. Jervis, and was afterward assistant engineer of the Croton waterworks, superintended the construction of High Bridge, and subsequently was made Chief Engineer of the works, holding the position for 14 years. In 1870 he was again appointed to the position. The funeral will take place on Monday afternoon from St. George's Church, Rutherford place.

Beecher's Performances.

TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, N. H., Aug. 29.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached to-day the fourth of his regular Sunday discourses in the mammoth tabernacle tent. There was an immense crowd in attendance, arriving by special trains and carriages from the surrounding country. The sermon was from the text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."—Matthew, 5th chap., 48th verse.

A MURDER ON SHIPBOARD.

THE KILLING OF CAPT. LAWRENCE BY HIS FIRST MATE.

Bound and Gagged in his Cabin—Two Boys the Only Witnesses—The Murderer's Escape to the Shore in the Schooner's Boat.

The coasting schooner Joseph E. Potts of Port Jefferson, commanded by Capt. Leveset Lawrence, took in a cargo of coal at Port Johnson, N. J. on Friday, and started early in the morning for Stonington. When about to enter the Sound Capt. Lawrence decided to lie over for a fair wind, it blowing fresh from the northeast, and he anchored in Cow Bay about 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. The sails were furled, everything made ship-shape, and supper began to be prepared. Capt. Lawrence descended to the cabin and waited for the table to be set. The cook, Augustus F. Tuthil, a lad of 17, prepared the supper and arranged it in the cabin. As he went below with the last article for supper, a hot pot of tea, the mate followed him. What followed is thus told by the boy.

"When we came to anchor in the bay all persons on board were alive. On Wednesday Capt. Lawrence shipped a mate at Port Johnson, the name of whom none of us but the Captain knew. I called Capt. Lawrence to supper. He came down into the cabin, and I went forward. I soon heard a noise as though a man was choking. It appeared to come from the cabin. It soon stopped, but I soon heard it again. I then went aft. I was alarmed: I was afraid of the mate, as he had stolen the Captain's pistol the first day he came on board. When I got aft I looked in the cabin, and saw the mate have the Captain on the floor of the cabin. He had him partly down, and was putting a gag into his mouth. I then attempted to go into the cabin, when the mate pulled a pistol out of his pocket, and presenting it at me, said: 'You go on deck and keep still, you boy. If you don't I'll shoot you!' Being afraid he would shoot I went on deck. I was so frightened that I did not know what to do, and feared to give an alarm, as the mate said if I alarmed the other schooners he would shoot me. I heard no further noise as I went forward.

THE MATE'S ESCAPE.

"The mate soon afterward came on deck and told me to go aft and get into the boat. The boat was at the davits. I asked him what he was going to do with me. He said he wanted me to set him ashore. I told him I didn't want to get into the boat, as I was afraid. I and Charles F. Harris then got into the boat and took him ashore on the west side of King's Point. While taking him ashore he ordered us to row faster, and took hold of the oar himself and pushed, laying his pistol by his side, pointed toward us. We left him ashore, and came back on board of another schooner that lay at anchor near us. After we left him ashore we saw him go in another boat and row off westward. When I got on the other schooner I told the captain and mate that the mate of our vessel had robbed the captain and gone ashore, and asked them to come aboard of our vessel. They did so. We all went into the cabin, and I saw Capt. Lawrence lying inside the stateroom, after they had cut the bonds that fastened the door. I then came out on deck and waited until they came out. They said he was dead, and I haven't been able to go into the cabin but once since then."

Charles F. Harris of Port Jefferson, the other young lad who, with the captain and mate, made up the crew, also saw the murder. He said: "I heard the gasping and choking when he was forward some seventy feet under the cabin door. With young Tuthil he saw the deed done by the mate through the cabin window. The mate was putting a large wooden gag in the captain's mouth as he held him down on the cabin floor. The captain's feet were tied with rope yarn, and long strings of rope were wound around his body, and the gag was fastened in by a large piece of rope yarn passing around the neck and under the shoulders. When the order was made by the mate to go aft and get the boat, he said, 'If you don't get that boat ready and take me ashore I'll shoot you.' When they refused he pushed them along, and at the point of the revolver he had stolen from the captain, compelled them to get into the boat and take an oar while he took the other.

When the mate was shoved off the boys watched him for a short time. They saw him go to Oriental Grove, a short distance from King's Point, and, taking a boat from the pier, row into the river and point her bow toward Whitestone.

SEARCHING THE VESSEL.

The boys went back and notified Capt. John Nichols and Mr. Warren Saxe of the schooner R. G. Whilden, and took them to their vessel. Capt. Nichols searched the cabin and found every thing in great disorder, small bits of rope being scattered around on the floor, and various articles of clothing being thrown promiscuously about. The state room of Capt. Lawrence was locked by ropes tied to the handle of the door. Mr. Saxe cut the ropes and found the body of Capt. Lawrence lying on the floor gagged and tied hand and foot. Blood was spattered on the floor and on the sides of the state room. Capt. Nichols cut the ropes that bound Capt. Lawrence, and finding the body slightly warm endeavored to resuscitate him. They soon found it was useless, for on closer examination they found a large black bruise on the right side of the head, the skull apparently being sunken in as if struck with some blunt instrument. A large cleaver was beside the body. A blow struck with the broad side of it would make a similar mark as appeared on the head of Capt. Lawrence. The Captain's pocketbook was lying on the table empty.

After being certain that Capt. Lawrence was dead, Capt. Nichols and Mr. Saxe left the body as they found it, and informed Coroner Thomas Wetherill of Stonington, who, on Saturday, held an inquest, and the above facts were all that were elicited, and Dr. Hugh B. Vanderwater having rendered an opinion that Capt. Lawrence died of strangulation the jury so rendered their verdict.

THE MURDERER.

The boys say that the mate was entirely unknown to them. He was continually grumbling at the amount of work he had to perform and had several sharp disputes with the captain on the subject. The boys describe the mate as an Irishman, about six feet one inch in height, raw-boned, large frame and apparently 28 years of age, long red hair and side whiskers and several ink sketches imprinted on both arms. Before quitting the vessel he changed his working clothes for a blue flannel suit. The gag was made that day by the mate, and seen by the boys. On searching the mate's bunk another gag was found which they identifiedently been used before, being indented with several teeth marks.

The body was sent to Port Jefferson on Saturday. Capt. Lawrence was about 70 years of age, and had a family of a wife and five children, all grown. He was highly respected and known to many coasting captains. The boys refuse to go on board the vessel again, and she lies at anchor in Cow Bay deserted, and in a sinking condition.

GOING FOR THE CANAL RING.

An Order for the Arrest of Lord's Accomplices—Restitution by one of Them.

ALBANY, Aug. 28.—Judge A. M. Osborn last night granted, upon the application of Deputy Attorney-General Fairchild, an order for the arrest of Thaddeus C. Davis of Buffalo; also an order for the attachment of the property of Davis. Davis is now a Canal Appraiser. He was appointed Jan. 24, 1873. The complaint in the action charges Davis with receiving from the State Treasurer $16,000 and upward, a part of the proceeds of the frauds for complicity in which George D. Lord was arrested and yesterday held to bail by Judge Osborn upon a criminal charge. Davis appears to have been engaged by the Board of Canal Commissioners ostensibly to protect the interests of the State upon the hearing of the claim in this matter, while the reality he was employed by Lord against the State. The arrest of Davis was not effected up to 2 o'clock this afternoon. It is said that he has been allowed to go to Buffalo, and that he will deliver himself up on his return. This report, however, needs confirmation.

The witnesses examined in the Lord case yesterday appeared before Judge Osborn this afternoon, had their testimony read to them, and subscribed their names to it. They were then held in the sum of $5,000 each to appear here before Judge Osborn on Tuesday next. The papers will be transmitted to the District Attorney of Erie county, to be presented to the Grand Jury there. The statute under which George D. Lord was held to bail yesterday was passed in 1869. It provides that any person holding office under the State of New York who shall receive or consent to receive any fees or perquisites, directly or indirectly, for performing or omitting any official act, with the express or implied understanding on his part that his official action or omission to act is to be in any degree influenced thereby, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction shall be punished by imprisonment in a State prison for a term not exceeding five years, or by a fine not exceeding $5,000, or both, in the discretion of the Court.

Lewis E. Bennett, one of the accomplices in the Hand Relief bill swindle, has made a full restitution to the State, through the Investigating Commission, of the moneys received by him as his part of the joint fraud. The amount is about $12,000. He handed the money over to the commission to-day.

BUFFALO, Aug. 29.—Thad. C. Davis is quietly sojourning at his residence in this city. He arrived here last night late.

Failure of Dry Goods Firms.

MONTREAL, Aug. 29.—Fourteen city dry goods firms here have been compelled to make arrangements with their creditors during the past week.

A DEFAULTING OFFICIAL.

The Treasurer of New Jersey Disappears with Sixty Thousand Dollars—A Fortune Spent in the Philadelphia Groceries.

There was great excitement in Trenton on Saturday by the announcement that Josephus Sooy, the Republican Treasurer of the State, was a defaulter to the amount of $60,000. He has been elected for four consecutive terms, and last winter, when the Democrats had a majority in the House and the Republicans in the Senate, the action of the latter in refusing to go into joint session for the election of a Treasurer caused him to hold over another term. Some months ago the Comptroller warned Sooy's bondsmen that he needed looking after, and some of them spoke to him. Some weeks ago it was known that he had several thousand dollars, which he said were received from the Pennsylvania Railway Company. As there was no record of such money on the books the Comptroller visited the company's office in Philadelphia and ascertained that the company claimed to have paid the Treasurer $80,000 more than they were credited with on the books in Trenton, but they were not able at the time to find vouchers for the same. The Comptroller, returning, asked the Treasurer whether he had received the money paid by the company, and the Treasurer admitted that he had, but had deposited it in the Union Bank at Mt. Holly and the Camden Savings Bank, but that amount had not been credited, and he had sent his book to have it done. The Comptroller told him to attend to it immediately, and the Treasurer went away with the avowed intention of doing so, since which time he has not been seen.

The bondsmen are Gen. John S. Irick, Vincentown; James U. Durand, Newark; W. A. Ripley, Newark; Samuel H. Dobbins, Mount Holly; John Brown Parker, Mount Holly; William Sooy, Green Bank; Nicholas Sooy, Burlington; Edward T. Thompson, Shamony. The amount of the bond is $300,000. The sixth and seventh bondsmen are brothers of the defaulter. On Friday evening the Comptroller entered complaint before Justice F. S. Mills, of Trenton, against Treasurer Sooy for embezzlement of funds of the State, and a warrant was granted for his arrest and an officer despatched to Mount Holly. A report of the defalcation was also sent to Gov. Bedle at Long Branch, who arrived in Trenton, as did Attorney-General Vanatta from Morristown, and they were in conference until a late hour with Comptroller Runyon and Assistant Comptroller E. J. Anderson. The State securities and school funds were examined to day, and found intact, the money stolen being confined to money received from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, either as taxes upon property of the United companies, or in dividends upon stock of the United companies owned by the State. None of this money was ever reported by the State Treasurer. The probabilities are that an extra session of the Legislature will be called to impeach Sooy. Rumors that Sooy had committed suicide are not confirmed.

TRENTON, Aug. 29.—Treasurer Sooy was arrested at 508 Redwood street, Philadelphia, this afternoon. Constable Thorn of Trenton, and Detective William H. Wood of Philadelphia were in pursuit of him the entire day, tracing him from groggery to groggery. He was partially intoxicated and almost destitute of funds. The entire amount stolen has been squandered. Sooy pleads innocence, claiming that the funds are on deposit in the Mount Holly Bank, and that he will make full restitution on Friday next. The belief is prevalent that he is delirious, and the opinion is borne out by his most singular conduct since last Tuesday. Mr. B. J. Anderson of the Comptroller's office and J. A. Hall, the Governor's Secretary, were all of today searching records to ascertain to what extent the peculations had run. They are traced back to January last, and aggregate $60,000. In addition to this unlawful appropriation he has squandered about $75,000 of property since going into office. The brothels of Philadelphia were frequently visited by him and have often lent money on his notes. He is 67 years old, and has a wife and family, one son, a Methodist minister, being located at Princeton, and another employed in the Treasurer's office here. Sooy was taken before Gov. Bedle at the State house to-night, and was subsequently remanded to the care of Constable Thorn. He will be duly committed to prison. A special session of Legislature will be called to impeach the unfaithful officer. Meantime no expenditures or appropriations can be made.

A POLITICIAN STABBED

Henry McLaughlin's Affray with a Gang in Brooklyn Yesterday.

Early yesterday morning Henry McLaughlin, cousin of "Boss" McLaughlin, brother of Fire Commissioner "Bub" McLaughlin, was standing at Fulton and Jay streets, Brooklyn, with some friends when a party of young ruffians who had come up Fulton street, knocking some passengers off the sidewalk, and insulting others, came against him. There were two who were foremost in their attacks, and they seemed to pick out McLaughlin for a fight. He met their first advances by striking one of them over the eye. As the young man fell back, some of his companions called out, "What don't you give it to him?" which is a signal among rowdies for the use of something more dangerous than the fists. The youth whipped out a knife and struck Mr. McLaughlin in the side. Then he ran. Mr. McLaughlin felt to the sidewalk, the blood spurting from the cut. Yesterday he was in a critical condition, and no one was allowed to approach him except his physicians and friends. He refused to make an ante-mortem deposition. The police say that his assailants were the common ruffians, and deny that the fight was the result of a political row.

Mr. Charles Farley of the Fire Department in the afternoon gave to Capt. Smith of the Washington street police station, a large pocket-knife, which he said he had wrenched from the man who had stabbed McLaughlin. He said that he, Jacob Cohen, a Myrtle avenue clothier, McLaughlin and another politician were on their way home. Five young men who were on a spree came along and jostled against them. Each one of the party stopped to resent this, and some blows followed. The young men then scattered and a running fight ensued. The ass