BREAK-NECK EVENING FUN.

THE PERILOUS SPORT THAT THEY HAVE ON CONNECTICUT'S HILLS.

New London's Challenge to Norwich and What Came of It—"Get Ready Your Surgeons!"—The Week of the Racing Sled—One Man Probably Killed and Eight Wounded.

NORWICH, Jan. 20.—Since the heavy fall of snow in New England several weeks ago, the old sport of coasting has been revived with an enthusiasm that has infected all ages and classes.

In no places has the fun been more fast and furious than in the twin cities of Norwich and New London, whose many long, sloping hillsides and swelling knolls were just made for it. And at every day and until late at night the merry shouts of boys have rung with the voices of scores of young men and women, and with the humor-stimulated runners. At length the coasting parties became so numerous and hilarious in this place that it became necessary to either give up the streets entirely to them, or to interfere in behalf of the country traffic. The city fathers hunted over their dusty, double-ribbed volumes of by-laws, and fished out an old ordinance that forbids coasting or sliding on the hills.

The law was enforced, the hillsides were cleared, and for a time the sport was checked. Then the young men, with their sleds behind them, crossed the Shetucket river, which bounds the city on the south, and nightly from 300 to 400 of them have made the long hills of Preston populous. The favorite place of enjoyment has been Fox's Hill, which is a succession of long swells that stretch almost from the entrance of the bridge over the river, through the clustering suburbs of Preston to the highest peak, about three-quarters of a mile away in the country. The coasting route is between crowded dwellings and over a much frequented turnpike, down which at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes in the day and evening a multitude of sleds dash at lightning speed. There have been many accidents on this course; small sleds have been smashed by collision with larger ones, and their occupants have been more or less seriously injured. There had been no previous accident, however, to at all compare with that of last evening, which resulted in the crippling of two or three men and the probable death of another.

The cause of the accident was the sharp rivalry that has long existed between New London coasters and those of Norwich in regard to the speed of their respective sleds. The first fruit of this friendly contention was a challenge from the New London boys to a trial of speed on a hill in their own city. Norwich responded, and last week sent down a delegation of twenty men, with their sleds. The race came off, and the Norwich men returned with no broken bones. The result was unsatisfactory to New London, and yesterday her representatives sent the following note:

"Get out your surgeons and be prepared, for we are coming up tonight to make things up."

The Norwich men got ready, and at dusk Fox's Hill was lined from its bottom well down towards Lake Avenue with all sorts of coasting machines, from a wooden-shod "bob sled" to barrel staves and dripping trays. The main interest centred at first in the Norwich party, who sported a large, heavy, steel-shod double sled, made in Providence, and owned and steered by Mr. Peske, who is the champion coaster of Norwich. It is very swift, and seats nine or ten persons. At length the New London boys arrived, bringing with them a large racing sled, of the sort known as a "double ripper." This sled consists of two sleds joined by the flank seat, and is steered by a complicated system of rope pullers and contrivances by means of which the pilot can govern the course of the forward runners. It is provided with three headlights and reflectors, which throw a broad glare over the roadbed in front and upon the sides. It is owned by Mr. Fred. Allen of New London, who was its pilot last night. It will hereafter be known as Allen's sled.

When the New London boys reached the top of the hill they found nearly a thousand persons waiting to see their prowess. The surface of the hillside was a sheet of smooth, unbroken white; the air was soft and still; the new moon, sinking behind the hills, shed a hazy radiance upon the scene. The sleds were in charge of men whom were Mr. Frank Dowe, Mr. Coy, clerk of the Crocker House, and James Adams, clerk in a New London drug store, joined their sled at the hilltop. There were only eight persons on the seat, and they waited for a larger load. Eight men then was the clipper of the Norwich boys; still further in the rear were unnumbered and nameless sleds, ready to follow the race.

At length Mr. Charles Almay of Norwich took a rear seat on the New London cutter, swinging a signal lantern upon his right arm, the "Go" was given, and the great sled started down the slope, redoubling its speed with every foot of advance. The crowd parted to either side of the road, and the streaming headlights lit up a long vista of clear space over the glassy pavement. Not a second behind them started the clipper of the Norwich boys, who felt confident of victory; confident that their sled would make the whole distance of three-quarters of a mile in 45 seconds. Close together the two sleds tore along at blinding speed. So rapid was the descent in some parts of the course that it was almost impossible to see.

The clipper of Norwich gained on the "double ripper" of New London, and, when the last descent was reached, they sped on side by side. At the foot of this descent is a large brick manufactory, near which stands an iron post by the roadside. So hard pressed was Mr. Allen of the New London sled, and so confident of by the terrific speed, that he veered slightly to one side to avoid collision, and urged his vehicle toward the lamp post, which he did not discern in the gloom. He saw his mistake too late, and when almost upon the post tried to turn back toward the roadbed. The sled whirled, and drove broadside upon the post with a fearful crash. The occupants were thrown headlong upon the hard pavement in every direction. Some were tossed against the palings of a fence several yards distant, and all were knocked senseless.

As soon as the accident was known, the wounded men were borne to the house of Mr. William R. Burdick, near by, and physicians summoned from Norwich. Nearly all were terribly bruised and lacerated. The right leg of Frank Dowe was broken in two places below the knee, and Mr. Coy was so badly torn about the lower part of the abdomen that it is thought he is permanently crippled. James Adams had his right leg broken and splintered, and the bones of his left hand were driven through the skin. It is feared he is fatally injured internally. He was carried to the Wauregan House, in Norwich, where he now lies in a critical condition. Mr. Dowe and Mr. Coy were taken to their New London home, under the care of Dr. Gordon, on the steamboat train, at 10 o'clock last night. Mr. Allen, the pilot, escaped with three bruises. The sled was badly shattered and its headlights were smashed.

After the accident the sport was suspended for quite a few minutes, and then was continued until late in the night. At about 9 o'clock Julius Allyn, a young man of Norwich Falls, ran his racing sled into a lamp post near Huntings's flower garden, and three of his ribs were broken. He was so badly injured otherwise that it was necessary to carry him home.

On Thursday night last a young man, Mr. [illegible] of Norwich ran into a hydrant while coasting on Fox's Hill, and was fatally mangled and bruised internally.

On New Year's Day special permission was granted by the authorities to coasters to slide on Broadway Hill, in the centre of the city. The place was black with boys and maidens, young people with white and locks painted on their sleds. A cavalry squad rode up to the owners of two large sleds, and each carried down large parties, who used every effort to outstrip their rivals. At length Coy was driven near the sidewalk; it became unmanageable, and was thrown with fearful force against a lamp post. Its occupants were thrown to the ground, and one young man, Mr. Gibson, was nearly killed. Both pavements were broken, and he was cut about the head and face. Two winters before both Gibsons were broken in a similar accident.

A new law prohibiting coasting on any of the streets about the city is talked of here today.

Leaving a Village Out in the Cold.

From the Ellsworth Journal.

The long pending difference between our village and the authorities of the New Orleans and Montreal Railway, concerning the taxation in the town, amounted to a decision in the municipal court of this city, yesterday morning, by replevying stock and other loose property on the boundaries of the town. On that evening the Flister express train arrived here as usual, and an express guard arrived a special train from Bangor and demanded Purdy and Hale, who is agent of the railroad at this station, in charge of goods in which charges had been paid; and all the movable property of the road, that could be subject to replevin, removed the whole to Milo Junction, and operated the road from there. Scarcely any one knew what was the matter, or cared, only a few disinterested what was the cause of this extra night work. Even the express company knew nothing of the affair until next morning.

Bribing the Press.

From the New York Times.

[illegible] impleasant disclosures have been elicited in relation to bribes received by editors and by at least one member of the Board of Aldermen, in connection with the Nozzom of Benevolence. Some of the newspapers, in various parts of the country, have denounced Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, to

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

The Practice for More Than Eighty Years—A Power More Potent than Congress.

From a Speech by the Hon. Lyman Trumbull at the Great Mass Meeting in Chicago of Dec. 30.

The present Senate, at its last session, passed a bill which was voted for by Mr. Ferry, its President, and nearly every Republican Senator present at the time, which bill asserts the plenary power in the two Houses over the count of the votes for President and Vice-President, and their authority to receive and reject votes. By what authority did Republican Senators vote for these measures brought forward by Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Morton, if the Constitution gives the President of the Senate the right to count the votes? Every Congress from the days of Washington to the present time has asserted its power over and provided for the count of the electoral vote. There is scarcely a member of the present Senate who has not asserted and acted upon this same power, and the claim now set up in some quarters that under the Constitution the President of the Senate has the authority to make the count is an assumption at war with the practice of the Government for more than eighty years, and is revolutionary in character. For Mr. Ferry and other Republican Senators to assent to such a claim would be to stultify themselves.

If being, then, the duty of the Senate and the House of Representatives to make the count, they can no more escape it than they can any other duty imposed upon them. In acting upon this subject they must act as independent bodies in the same manner as they do other business. The Constitution knows no such body as a joint convention of the two Houses of Congress. When the certificates containing the electoral votes are opened, it is in the presence of the Senate as an organized body, with its President presiding, and by the House of Representatives, with its Speaker presiding. The President of the Senate has no more right to preside over the House when the two bodies assemble in the same room than when they are in different rooms; nor has he any more right to preside over the two Houses when in the presence of each other than has the Speaker of the House. For convenience, to preserve order, and prevent confusion when the two Houses assemble in the same room, it has been usual to provide by concurrent resolution, adopted separately by each House, that the President of the Senate shall preside over both, but this is a matter of agreement between the Houses. Whatever is done by either House must be done separately, whether they act in the presence of each other or not. But it is said that the counting of the electoral vote by the separate action of each House is impracticable; that they will never agree. As well might it be said that they would not agree to pass appropriation bills or to any other measures necessary to carry on the Government. The concurrence of the two Houses of Congress upon many questions is essential to the existence of the Government, and when the time comes when either House of Congress persistently refuses to cooperate in measures of legislation necessary to the existence of the Government, our system is a failure. Such a state of things is not to be supposed, nor is it to be supposed that the two Houses of Congress cannot agree upon some mode of counting the electoral vote that shall not only have the forms of law, but be just and right. No man is fit to represent the people of this country in either House of Congress who is not willing to unite upon some method that will insure a fair and honest count of the electoral vote. Let us demand this of our Senators and Representatives. It is a reproach both to their intelligence and their patriotism to suppose that they cannot adjust their disagreements. No man can have stronger convictions than I have that Mr. Tilden is honestly and fairly entitled to the electoral vote of Louisiana, and therefore elected President, but I was never afraid to submit a good case to a fair tribunal for decision, and to agree to abide the result. I believe the Returning Board of Louisiana had no authority under the State law to canvass the vote for electors of President and Vice-President and reject votes in its discretion. Others think differently. If there be no other way of arriving at a decision of these questions, let Congress ask the Supreme Court or any other impartial tribunal what the true construction of the Louisiana law is, and he will be a bold Congressman who, after that opinion is obtained, shall set up his own opinion against it. It is not for me to suggest what method the two Houses shall adopt to bring about an adjustment of pending disagreements. The people have a right to demand that they find some mode of doing it.

There is a power in this country more potent than the arbitrary acts of Returning Boards, the edicts of party leaders, and the demands of partisan demagogues; it is the power of public opinion, delegated by the people. There is a voice which Senators and Representatives, never blinded by party passion, and conspirators against fairness and honesty, however high in authority, will heed. It is the voice of the people. Let that voice be heard at Washington through resolutions of public meetings and monster petitions to Congress demanding that body to adopt some means which will prevent the inauguration of any man as President through force, fraud, or corruption, and that will give effect to the voice of the American people as constitutionally expressed. If, unfortunately, the two Houses should finally fail to agree as to the count of the votes from a particular State, the result would necessarily be that the vote would not be counted—and the President of the Senate in such a case would have no more power to count it than he would to pass a bill; about which two Houses disagreed.

The power conferred on them by Mr. Morton's bill last session, has shown this very clearly. He said: "If a question arises about the opening of a vote, whether you shall count it or not, and those on whom the Constitution has devolved the duty of deciding it fail to agree, the legal consequence is precisely what this bill says, shall not be counted." Exactly. The majority may be, because those upon whom the Constitution has devolved the power of determining it have failed to agree that it shall be counted, or how it shall be counted. And because they fail to agree, and because the Constitution has not gone further to dispose of the question, we propose to settle it by Statute. The sagacity of members of the Senate and House may be exhausted upon selecting the best and the safest tribunal, but still it will lack constitutional authority; and, lacking constitutional authority, it is naught, and being naught, to set up a man as President of the United States without authority is another definition of usurpation."

JAIL BREAKING IN MISSOURI.

Excavating under the Concrete Floor of the Jail in St. Joseph.

From the Herald.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 20.—St. Joseph is wild with excitement today over the escape of six prisoners from the Buchanan county jail. The job was planned some time ago, and an effort was made to escape through the roof of the jail. The plot being frustrated another was devised, which culminated last night in the escape of all who desired to go. Those who took advantage of the opportunity were John Lawrence, under sentence of twenty years for the murder of his father, Hiram Lawrence, in Holt county; Charles C. Thompson, an old penitentiary convict, indicted for the murder of Constable Greg Sullivan, in July last; Alexander Broughton, held for complicity with Thompson, both being daring desperadoes and leaders of a gang of horse thieves; William Sallis, charged with robbery on the highway; John Sallis, charged with horse stealing, and James Martin, who is charged with grand larceny.

The escape was made through a brick wall separating the cell occupied by Thompson and Sallis from an unoccupied cell used for storing mattresses and furniture not in use. The work was done with a thin-bladed butcher knife, each of the prisoners having previously prepared himself with a wooden key, with which at night he unlocked his own cell and entered the cell of Thompson and Sallis. The men worked alternately, and evaded discovery by placing a box over the door of the cell in which they were, covering the rubbish beneath the mattresses in one corner of the unoccupied cell. They penetrated the concrete flooring and made a subterranean excavation downward and to the outside of the walls, then upward to the brick wall on the south side of the building.

The remaining prisoners say that night before last the tunnel was completed, with the exception of removing the bricks on the pavement outside, and all things were in readiness for the flight. Last evening the Sheriff's deputy locked the prisoners in their cells for the night and retired from that part of the building. Soon afterwards the cell doors were applied to the locks, the doors were noiselessly opened, and the criminals sallied out and made preparations to depart. One by one they shook hands with their fellow prisoners, and told them that they had "made up their minds to get out of the jail if it cost the company."

The preliminaries over, one by one they silently made their exit through the narrow opening, found themselves unhampered outside of the prison bars, and fled. A horse was stolen from a stable opposite the jail, and it is presumed that one of the fugitives to call. The horse and saddle were adorned with revolvers, and will die rather than submit to recapture.

Gossip About Mr. Bennett and the Herald.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The departure of Bennett for Europe is, it is said, intended to be a starting point for reformation. It is not expected that he will return in a long time—perhaps never. He leaves America as Byron left England, seeking another home. It is now well understood that during the interval between the Lord Byron and the departure Bennett was consoled in his own mansion in the Fifth Avenue. The house being connected with the *Herald* establishment by telegraph, he kept up an incessant communication with his downtown office.

It is understood that the *Herald* is placed in the hands of a managing editor, who acts for a small rent, not less than $5,000 a year. This will pay them a surplus of nearly as much more. The Bennett building in Nassau street will be turned off in a similar manner. This will give a wide margin for its net profits, which ought to clear $ 200 a year by its rentals.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

Has just commenced a new story entitled "The Forest Home; or, Everard's Repentance." This charming story is now ready in the *New York Weekly*.—Adv.

The greatest pain reliever in the world is Dr. Thomas's Eclectric Oil.—Sold by druggists.—Adv.

THE FRAUD IN LOUISIANA.

HOW THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT AT THE POLLS WAS REVERSED.

Twenty-Eight Hundred Votes Thrown Out by Supervisors who Cannot Legally Reject a Vote—Charges of Intimidation Disproved.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Nearly every member of Mr. Morrison's Louisiana committee has returned to Washington. Mr. Morrison declined to be interviewed to-day, but intimated that although the testimony taken by the committee is conflicting, when it is summed up there can be no doubt that the entire Democratic ticket, Presidential and State, has been honestly and fairly elected by a large and unmistakable majority. Beyond this he could not be induced to go. Mr. Blackburn, chairman of one of the sub-committees, was more talkative, and gives probably a more exact account of the condition of affairs in Louisiana than has heretofore been published. He says that no one who has not been there can conceive what a miserable condition the people of that State are in. They have been absolutely reduced to want and beggary by the system of fraud, peculation, and thievery practised upon them so long by their carpet-bag State Government. In the absence of a just government, robbery, plunder, and bloodshed have indeed given truth and color to the heart-rending stories that have thrilled the hearts of Northern people; but these are attributable to an entirely different cause. Instead of proceeding wholly from Democratic sources, and being committed for political purposes upon harmless and innocent black Republicans, these outrages are known to have originated in every department of life, to have been committed upon all races, sexes, and conditions alike, and to have been instigated for every possible purpose that can actuate a people driven to desperation and crime by the most oppressive and corrupt Government ever known. The people of the State, Mr. Blackburn says, are determined to stand it no longer. They do not wish to precipitate civil strife, but believing that they have rightfully and legally defeated the party that controls the present obnoxious State Government, if an effort is made to continue it in power it will have to be done with the cooperation of the United States Army, which may render a conflict inevitable. The methods by which the Packard Government has been declared elected and installed are regarded as infamous, and the people will, if necessary, in their own good time, arise and assert their knowledge of the fact.

Mr. Blackburn's committee took testimony in the parishes of Lafayette, Lafourche, Livingstone, Tangipahoa, Plaquemine, Iberville and St. Landry. In so far as these parishes are concerned, according to his own observations and the testimony taken by his committee, the Democratic party has been swindled by the Returning Board out of twenty-nine Democratic votes. The method by which a greater part of the swindling has been done has not heretofore been correctly stated. The rejection of votes by the Returning Board, Mr. Blackburn says, is a very different thing from the rejection of votes by Supervisors of Registration, by whom, it will be shown by this and the other Democratic committees, the votes have been thrown out. The election law of that State does confer power upon the Returning Board, in certain contingencies, to reject votes, but this right is not conferred by law upon Supervisors of Elections. The Supervisor has simply to make to the Returning Board the returns as furnished him by the Commissioners of the Election, who make their report in duplicate, forwarding one to the Supervisor, and the other to the clerk of the parish. The Returning Board then makes its compilation, not from the consolidated statement of the Supervisor, but from returns found, in the first place, in the returns of the Commissioners of Election as obtained from the various voting precincts.

The Supervisor, therefore, if there is any occasion to reject, should not and cannot have the right to do so; but he occasionally does, Mr. Blackburn says, since that this has been done. Ample proof has been obtained showing that the returns as furnished the Supervisors of Election are quite different from those appearing upon the records of the Returning Board, rendering it certain that votes have been thrown out by the Board in the hands of the Supervisors. The Returning Board is to make the canvass from the returns direct from the various voting places. In not a single parish, Mr. Blackburn says, has this been done, the canvass being made from the consolidated returns of the Supervisors. In this way the Supervisors of Election, and in numerous cases forced by force the Republican ticket against their will. The most aggravated and worst form of intimidation which appears from the evidence is that of the employer directing to discharge his employees for voting the Republican ticket. But the extent of this sort of intimidation is no greater than, and perhaps not quite so great, as is known in the large manufacturing establishments in the East. He knew that in the city of Chicago, on the 7th of November last, in the house of J. V. Farwell & Co., printed cards were distributed notifying the employees of that concern that their services would no longer be required if they voted the Democratic ticket. In the testimony, Mr. Blackburn said that he had hundreds of cases where negroes had been taken out, stripped, tied to trees, and whipped until they would abjure Democracy, and pledge themselves to vote the Republican ticket.

Of the fraudulent manner in which the elections were conducted that of a single Democratic polling place in Iberia parish will furnish an instance. This parish polled eleven Republican votes and 352 Democratic votes. These votes were all thrown out, without protest from anybody that the election was not fair, or proof of any violence, fraud, or intimidation whatever. The real of this testimony is that the parish were allowed to stand as they were, because they were all Republican.

Bad Times in England.

From the Herald.

LONDON, Jan. 6.—I never recollect the time when the domestic trade of England was so depressed and wretched a state as it is now. Go where you will and ask whom you wish, and you will hear the same thing. There is no work. We have plenty of hands, but we can pay our expenses." As for the demand from the United States for English goods, it seems to be almost a thing of the past. The great steamers go out from Liverpool or London in ballast, week after week.

Oysters.

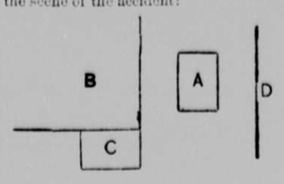
Hundreds of gallons of fresh oysters can be had at Delmonico's, from John M. Post & Co., 52 Barclay street, city.—Adv.

Reduced prices on furniture and carpets, Cash only. Lee and Dr Chatham street. Pay monthly.—Adv.

GLEN COVE'S EXPLOSION.

The Shock that Levelled a Building, Killed Two Men, and Injured Others.

All day yesterday people thronged about the ruins made by the terrible explosion of a sugar boiler at the Glen Cove starch and sugar factory. Fifty workmen dug among the débris to ascertain whether there were any men buried there. It was feared that there might have been some strangers, who were in the village near, in the factory at the time of the accident. Before evening the débris has been fully explored, and no bodies were found. The only persons who lost their lives were Dr. Oscar Wiele, the chemist, and Adolph Grimm, one of his assistants. The four who were injured were not dangerously hurt. The damage done to the factory was confined to the sugar works, the starch department was uninjured. The following is a diagram of the scene of the accident:



A represents the building in which the sugar boiler exploded; B the starch building covering eight acres; C the business office, and D a picket fence. The building A was demolished as though it had been a powder magazine. Dr. Wiele was blown through the wall and through the picket fence. When found he was a mass of scalds and bruises, and while he lived he suffered the most terrible agony. Some of the time the poor fellow was partly conscious, and uttered profane language. He was well known in the village as a disbeliever in the existence of a God.

Mr. Wright Durven, President of the factory company, who was in the office at the time of the explosion, said: "I heard the report, and the walls of the office were shaken as though by an earthquake. I thought the building was coming down upon me. A piece of the boiler, weighing 1,500 pounds, passed over the office, doing no other damage than knocking down a small chimney."

Adolph Grimm, who lost his life, was only nineteen years of age. He had been employed in the works only a few weeks.

Dr. Wiele was buried yesterday from the Glen Cove Episcopal Church. The edifice was filled with factory employees and the village people. The proprietors of the factory with their families occupied front pews, as the deceased man had no family or relatives in this country. The Rev. John C. Melton conducted the services, and at the close the coffin was carried by six young men to the grave, that had been dug within a few rods of the church door. Twenty little choir boys with their white garments surrounded the grave, and after the coffin had been lowered they sang an appropriate selection.

A rubber overshoe belonging to Dr. Wiele was the only thing, and that, and all of the accident hanging from one of the branches.

For several days previous to the explosion a dozen carpenters had worked on some alterations in the building in close proximity to the boiler, and had continued working during dinner hour to save time. They completed their work on the day before the accident, and thus their lives were saved.

The Glen Cove factory has been in operation twenty-one years, and there are twenty boilers in the buildings, yet the explosion on Saturday was the first that had occurred.

PIETY AND COUNTERFEITING.

A Mild-Mannered Saint who Made Ten-Dollar Notes of Twos.

James L. Manker, the mild-eyed young man who was arrested in Brooklyn on Saturday night for raising $2 currency notes to $10, had passed in Mrs. Van Vlek's boarding house in Henry street for a model of piety. He had been there about a year, living in a meanly furnished room on the third story. His father is a Methodist clergyman, and Manker has attended the Methodist churches of Brooklyn. He manifested a great aversion to the ways of the wicked world, and frequently told his landlady that he took no pleasure in going into the streets in the evening. She took a mother's interest in him, regarding him as the best boy she ever saw. He spent most of his time in his room, writing. He sent frequent contributions to the Harpers and read afterward to the landlady and an elderly female friend in, these, he said, were his articles. He was next kept busy writing sermons for Mr. L. Rosvally, the converted Hebrew, and wrote many religious articles for the *Hebrew Evangelist and converted Jew*, a journal published by Rosvally at 75 Gold street, this city. The writer had a talent for religious composition which seemed to give him great pleasure, but he was far too modest and mild mannered to disclose his satisfaction in this work to any but his aged lady friends. His mind seemed to dwell on pious things. The good women, who ascribed his virtues to all of their little circle of friends, never dreamed that, in the long hours he spent in his rooms he was patiently using paper stencil plates and darning needle to change two-dollar bank notes into tens. When Sergeant Kellet made a second search of Manker's room and found the stencils, materials, a box of paint, and a camel's hair brush that had been used to touch with green the spots on the altered bank notes that had been too much scratched.

Mrs. Van Vlek took her friend his breakfast yesterday morning in his cell in the Butler street station house. When she told him to tell the truth, however, and it was, he wept. Manker told the Sergeant that the only way he could account for the articles found in his room was that they might have been left there by his friends, of whom he had many.

Manker said last night that he received the bank note that he offered Bernard Trevor from Rosvally. As to the stencil plates Manker said that they fell from a pamphlet or tract that he picked up when he was in Rosvally's room.

PERSISTENT MRS. COOK.

The Ghost that has Haunted an Evansville House for Eighteen Years.

From the Evansville Journal.

An intelligent and trustworthy citizen has furnished us with the facts about certain apparitions seen each in a dwelling in the suburbs of this city.

About eighteen years ago there lived in this city a Miss Harris, who was young, amiable, and engaged to be married. She had a very intimate friend, Mrs. Cook. The two had often discussed the doctrine of Spiritualism.

One evening she was engaged in earnest and half in jest, that the one of the two who should die first should appear to the survivor in order to set at rest all doubt. They agreed that the one dying first should, if possible, make the demonstration.

In less than a year Mrs. Cook was dead, and in a short time Miss Harris broke her engagement when her wedding day was near. On the evening which had been set apart for the wedding she retired early. About midnight, finding she could not go to sleep, she raised the mosquito bar and arose to walk to the window. As she did so she saw seated in a veiled figure, stationed at the foot of the bed. One quick, earnest look, and the girl recognized the features of her dear friend, Mrs. Cook. She was terribly frightened, and, uttering loud shrieks, ran past and down stairs into the room of her uncle and aunt, and there, trembling with fright, cowered behind their bed. She was so unnerved that she was unable to speak, and they were trying in vain to ascertain the cause of her fright, when another scream was heard, and a servant girl, who had a room opposite Miss Harris, bounded into the room. The girl said that she had heard Miss Harris scream, and thought it was her aunt. Her fright was so great that she was unable to speak, and she stood trembling and kneeling at Miss Harris's door, with her hand shading her eyes. She looked again, recognized the dead woman, and ran down stairs.

A close search of the house failed to reveal any intruder or any signs of one. The doors were all locked and bolted. The servants and widows alleged.

Miss Harris afterwards married a most worthy minister of the Gospel, and is now residing in the Far West.

About two months ago two young ladies arrived in this city from New Albany, Ind., to visit the family of Mrs. Cook. A few weeks before they left they were both sleeping in the room formerly occupied by Miss Harris. Just after midnight both awoke suddenly. There, standing by the side of the bed, was a white-robed figure, but veiled only that of a woman. Each girl, in great fright, softly attempted to awaken the other. As they looked that figure, dim and shadowy, glided slowly backward, and disappeared into the hall, through the closed door. They both arose instantly, fearing it was some thief. The girls went to the host and hostess, aroused, and a thorough search of the house ensued. It was in vain. Every door was closed and bolted. Every window and shutter was fastened.

And thus it stands. The last visitors had never heard the story of Miss Harris and the spectre. If anybody can explain this away by natural causes, we should like to have it done.

What he Didn't Say when Under Oath.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Secretary Chandler brands the following as a deliberate forgery, declaring that he never wrote or sent such a despatch:

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1876.

TO GOV. M. L. STEARNS: Hold Florida for Hayes and Wheeler. Money and troops will be sent you.

Z. CHANDLER.

Check at the Outset,

With Milk of Magnesia, those agonizing complaints, gout, the blindness, and gravel.—Adv.

SENATOR HOAR'S ELECTION.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE CONTEST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Rock upon which Boutwell's Ship was Wrecked—Gen. Judson Kilpatrick Raving at Parker's—Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted.

BOSTON, Jan. 20.—The Senatorial contest in this State which has terminated in the election of Congressman Hoar of Worcester, is the death blow to Gen. Butler's aspirations for the office of Governor. A chapter from the inner history of the four days' battle on Beacon Hill will be of interest. When the contest opened, Mr. Boutwell was the strongest man, apparently, in the field. He had the open and earnest support of every Federal officeholder in Eastern Massachusetts, with one notable exception—Collector Simmons.

The Collector had the sagacity to perceive that Mr. Boutwell had lost his hold on the Republican party in Massachusetts, and that the old anti-slavery men were not likely to rally in support of their played out leader. Then, too, the astute young Warwick at the Custom House has a long memory, and he had not forgotten Boutwell's opposition in the Senate chamber to his confirmation. He remembered how Boutwell shivered in the icy blast which swept down from the aristocratic neighborhood of Beacon Hill; how even Butler had failed to hold Boutwell firm against "the solid men of Boston," who went to Washington to nip the aspiring Mr. Simmons's prospects in the very bud. So the Collector took no active share in the real work of the campaign, and damned Boutwell with faint praise. It is true he supported him, but only as a feint. Simmons's real choice was Gov. Rice.

The general body of the Federal placemen worked early and late for Boutwell, and the entire lobby of the Massachusetts State House was retained, though the fees were niggardly. The whole reliance of Butler and the rest of the Boutwell managers was upon the lobby and the outside work of the officeholders. They neglected to work in earnest the Legislature, although they appointed nominal leaders in both the Senate and the House. These leaders trusted to the mercenaries of the lobby and to the Federal placemen. What might have been accomplished is shown by the splendid send-off Mr. Boutwell got upon the first ballot, when he received twenty votes against Hoar's six.

The Hoar managers, Gen. Washburn of Worcester and Hon. Odin Thayer, were wiser than their opponents. Col. Washburn took the work of organizing inside the Legislature upon himself, while Mr. Thayer worked quietly at the Hoar headquarters in the Tremont House. Committees from every county in the State were appointed from among legislators supporting Mr. Hoar. These committees made a thorough canvass of the members from their respective counties, and reported every morning at headquarters.

Meantime, the officeholding friends of Boutwell secured a parlor at Parker's, whence they endeavored to handle their men boarding in the minor hotels and in private houses. The mass of the Boutwell vote came from the smaller towns, and the Boutwell men, unused to the metropolitan and cosmopolitan life at Parker caravansary, kept shy of the private parlor where their leaders daily assembled. The result was that the solid strength with which Boutwell began on Tuesday gradually diminished to 83 votes on Thursday. The lobby, thus deserted by its supporters, was filled with the solid Hoar column every day, and the sight afflicted them, grew discouraged and did nothing.

On Thursday afternoon, just after the second ballot of that day, there was an entertaining scene at Parker's. The upstairs parlor was crowded with a disappointed and desperate group of officeholders and their friends, when Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, who had been on the field for three days, was in his most excitable mood. He raved at the Boutwell men for not having organized, and especially for not having had a public headquarters. The General did not ask for a bloody-shirt campaign this time, but he thought money was needed. The lobby crowd was furious. With one voice it declared the campaign a failure, because of the lack of money. Foster said: "If we had stood on that table counting to the centre table, we might elect Boutwell even now." But no money was to be had.

Collector Simmons said it was none of his funeral, and he would not furnish either brains or money. At length, after a long debate, everything was put into the Collector's hands. He advised a division of good City, Rice, but acknowledged that it was a forlorn hope. Rice vote decided to Hoar. The votes were Boutwell men and 63 Democrats. If these votes could be consolidated Rice could be elected triumphantly. Gen. Butler, who knew that everything for him now depended upon getting Rice out of the Governor's chair, gave his votes to Hoar. The outside Democrats flocked to and fro. Prominent Republican merchants, friends of the Governor, leading Democrats, and Republican journalists were seen; hasty consultations were had in Back Bay mansions, and in the corridors of the City Hall, where one branch of the City Government was in session. A grand coup was determined upon.

The next forenoon, when the Boutwell legislators arrived at the Capitol, they were assembled in a committee room and told that they must go over to Rice. They were sullen and mad at being sold out, and listened silently to the harangues of their leaders. An hour of voting arrived. The roll was called; but few answered to the names of the Hoar army. Upon being questioned, the appointees said that they had no particular love for Moulton, but that if the Council could muster them they had no objection to fight. They said they would find nothing to do, and that they would rather fight for Boutwell. All was confusion—a rabble rout. The leaders arose and declared the result—the votes for Hoar—and he was elected Senator for six years from the 4th of March next. In those memorable moments Boutwell's ambition was bottled and sealed up forever.

MR. GEORGE JONES SUED.

The Police Commissioners Say they have been Libelled, and Demand $40,000.

Police Commissioners Smith, Erhardt, Nichols, and Wheeler have each brought a libel suit against Mr. George Jones, of the *Times*. The following is the complaint in Mr. Erhardt's case, and the others are like it:

Supreme Court, City and County of New York—Joel B. Erhardt vs. George Jones.

The plaintiff, Joel B. Erhardt, by Fullerton, Knox and Crosby, his attorneys, complains of the defendant, George Jones, as follows: That at the time hereinafter mentioned the defendant was the editor, publisher, and proprietor of the New York *Times*, a daily newspaper, published in the city, county, and State of New York. That at the time hereinafter mentioned the plaintiff was one of the many months prior thereto, had composed the Board of Police Commissioners in said city and county, and, as such, was a public officer, and was at the times hereinafter mentioned actively engaged in the performance of his duties as such Commissioner.

That on the 14th day of January, 1877, the defendant maliciously published in said newspaper a certain article, to wit:

"The streets are to be cleaned at last, or rather Broadway, and some of the potential thoroughfares are to be cleaned for the benefit of the Police Commissioners. The Police Commissioners wanted a trifling $150,000 or so to be appropriated (but they got it not long ago), and they refused to pass the appropriation bill unless they got it. We have reasonably inferred that the Commissioners have not carried their point, even though they have apparently been compelled to back down. The street cleaning appropriation bill has been passed, and Broadway has been kept so dirty during the last thirty days for the purpose, we think it was intended, Very much less than half, if any, of the money appropriated for street cleaning is to be trusted. It was thought seen that an appropriation to man time was quite as effective for the clerks of the Police Board as the desired action of the Board of Aldermen. Broadway is, we hear, to be swept and cleaned at an unusual public and to expect, for purposes not known to themselves, the entire amount in the appropriation so secretly, by processing a hypocritical regard for the health of the people. We hope, however, that the Commissioners will be disappointed. And we have what is called a very strong security government.

That said article was false and malicious and was published concerning the said Police Commissioners, of which the plaintiff was one, as hereinbefore stated, and the plaintiff alleges that said article was published with intent to injure the said Police Commissioners, and with the malicious intention of the defendant to injure and vilify the honest practices and well-deserved fame of the said Commissioners, and to cause it to be believed that the said Commissioners were acting in violation of their official duties and were dishonest and corrupt, scoundrels, and piratical knaves that said article was and is a false libel.

That, by means of said publication, the plaintiff has been injured in his good name and credit, and has claims damages because thereof to the amount of $40,000, with costs and costs, and such other and further relief as may be just and proper.

FULLERTON, KNOX, CROSBY, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Mexicans and Filibusters.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Telegrams are being received from Lower California, and letters from Sonora and Mexico, asking how much of an army of filibusters is starting out from San Francisco to capture the northern Mexican States. Yesterday and the day before a large number of men, eager for war, called at the office of Gen. Mosan, Consul, and offered their services to fight in the ranks of the Mexican army. Upon being questioned, the applicants said that they had no particular love for Mexico, but that if the Consul could muster them they had no objection to fight. They said they would find nothing to do, and that they would rather fight than idle. They were one and all young men. As they stood before the Consul, they looked like a lot of adventurous class who must have something to do.

John O'Mahony Dying.

From the Sunday Herald.

John O'Mahony's whole life has been a struggle for Ireland's rights, and to-day he lies in his lonely chamber on the brink of the grave, with little to solace his last hours. Were it not for the kindly offices of his friend, Thomas Cass, O'Mahony would be left to himself. All was confusion—a rabble rout. The leaders arose and declared the result—the votes for Hoar—and he was elected Senator for six years from the 4th of March next. In those memorable moments Boutwell's ambition was bottled and sealed up forever.

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