THE GRACE CHURCH SEXTON.

ANECDOTES OF THE QUEER MAN LONG FAMOUS IN THE CITY.

William Allen Butler's Versified Picture of Isaac H. Brown—Peter Stuyvesant's Thermometer—A Lord from Delmonico's.

The 12 o'clock train from New Haven yesterday brought to this city the body of Sexton Isaac H. Brown, who died on Saturday at Branford, Connecticut. Mr. Brown went to Branford on the 12th of July, as had been his custom for eight or ten years past. He had not been well for some weeks before that, having had an attack of malaria, which developed typhoid conditions; but on Sunday, July 11, he was much better, and his physician, Dr. John Devlin, told him that he thought it would do him good to go into the country. So Mr. Brown and his wife went to Branford, and took their rooms at the Totoket House, an inn that claims some notoriety from the fact that the grandfather of Rutherford B. Hayes built a part of it, a good many years ago. Mr. Brown's arrival at the little Connecticut village was hailed with rejoicing by the inhabitants, hardly one of whom did not personally know and like the big New York sexton. Many of them had good reason to like him, for they had partaken of his charitable bounties. It was through his instrumentality that the money was raised to pay off the debt upon the Episcopal church there, and he it was who raised $2,500, subscribing liberally himself, to build little Grace Chapel at Branford Point, so that the poor of that neighborhood might have a church.

But it was evident that Mr. Brown was not himself. He was not so jovial as usual; his hearty laugh was not heard as often; he complained that he could not shake off the malaria. Little by little he grew worse, but it was not until Thursday of last week that he or his friends had any apprehensions of danger. Then he grew worse rapidly, and symptoms of apoplexy showed themselves. On Friday he became unconscious, and on Saturday evening at 5 o'clock he peacefully died. Mrs. Brown was with him all the time, and his many Branford friends did all that they could for the sick man, and when it was known that he was dead the grief was widespread. His nephew-in-law, Mr. Jonas Stolts, started on Sunday for Branford, and yesterday the body of the old sexton was brought back to his pleasant home in East Twenty-first street, where he had lived for many years. Yesterday afternoon it lay in a plain coffin with the face exposed.

It is a good while since Mr. Brown's hair was brown. He was in his 68th year, having been born in this city on the 4th of December, 1812. He was born in Catharine street, and, as far as his immediate friends know, was an only child, for he now has no relative living that is known here. His father died when he was a child, and his mother not many years afterward. The boy was apprenticed to a carpenter, learned the trade, and worked at it. Then he was appointed on the Municipal Police force, his huge body making him well fitted for such position. Afterward, under Mayor Kingsland, he was appointed inspector of hacks. In 1836 he became the sexton of Grace Church, whose pastor was then the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Taylor. The sextonship he held until his death, and he attained to the reputation of being the model sexton of the city. No better description of him has ever been written than that penned by Mr. William Allen Butler, the lawyer poet of this city, in the poem entitled "The Sexton and the Thermometer," in which in verse is told an amusing incident of Mr. Brown's career. The volume containing the poem is dedicated to E. A. Duyckinck, and in the dedication Mr. Butler writes: "The story of 'The Sexton and the Thermometer' was told me in 1849 as you and I gathered it in that circle of refined good humor of which the late Dr. John W. Francis was the genial centre, and I versified it at your request."

After describing Grace Church, but not by name, in easy verse, the poet continues:

One Diggory Pink of this church was the sexton,
Noise of your sextons, grave, gloomy, and gruff;
Bell ringers, pew openers, takers of snuff,
Dusters of cushions, and sweepers of aisles;
But a gentleman sexton, nearly related
For bows and good manners, as sweet as seches, and smiles.
A gentleman, too, of such versatility,
In his vocation of such amiability,
Blest with such wit and uncommon facility
That his sextonship rose by the means he invented
To a post of importance quite unprecedented.

No mere undertaker was he; or to make
The statement more clear, for the dead's sake,
There was nothing at all he did not undertake;
Discharging at once such a complex variety
Of functions pertaining to gentlemanly society,
As gave him with with every one great notoriety;
Blending his care of the church and the cloisters
With funerals, fancy balls, suppers, and oysters;
Dinners for Aldermen, parties for parishes,
And a hundred and fifty arrangements besides;
Great as he was at a funeral, greater
As master of feasts, pure or impure, of nuptials,
Little less than the host, but far more than the waiter.

But most with the ladies his power was supreme,
Or disputing his edicts nobody would dream;
For 'twas generally known that Pink kept the key
Of the very select society.
Parvenus bribed him to get on his list;
Woe to the man whom his flat dismissed!
The best thing he could do was to cease to exist.
So his quick ready wit and preeminent talents,
Its life might present, in its manifold texture,
In emblem quite out of the church architecture,
Which unlike, in its irregular outspread and column,
A great deal that's comic, with much that is solemn.

Nothing could be truer to the life than this, and the lines quoted give the sexton's characteristics completely. Much has been written about his skill in social matters—his power as one who indeed held the keys of the best society. It is upon this that his reputation was made. There was a time when no great feast or entertainment was complete unless Brown had control. Brown was the style. This era extended back to the days when Warren street and College place were fashionable regions, and then in the aristocratic mansions of the day Brown often presided as master of ceremonies. But it was during and immediately after the war, when fortunes were suddenly made, and parvenus were more plenty than when Mr. Butler wrote the poem, that Brown was at the height of his glory. It is said that he is responsible for the fashionable "crush" that then came into vogue, and it is also said, with now great a degree of truth cannot be ascertained, that he organized a company of "dancing men," good-looking fellows with agile limbs and the social temperament of gentlemen, whose duty it was to attend these huge parties, and thus furnish eligible dancing partners for the "rosebud garden of girls" that bloomed at those veritable hothouses. However true the story may be, it is certain that Brown's personal supervision was necessary in those days to make a party "go," and such was his mastery of the detail of party giving, and his ability to spend other people's money judiciously, if lavishly, that he never failed to give entire satisfaction.

As a sexton he was just as successful. He stood at the door of the church and bowed elaborately to the old families, familiarly to the new ones, and conveniently ignored others. His memory for names and dates was remarkable. Standing thus at the door on a Sunday morning—on Easter, for instance, when the church would be thronged—he would ask one pew owner after another how many seats he would take, and without a stroke of a pencil would after several seat the throng, never making a mistake or overcrowding a pew. He learned as if by intuition the characteristics of the members of the congregation, and used his knowledge wisely. The poem quoted above is based upon an instance that shows this: Peter Stuyvesant had a thermometer hanging over his pew, and governed his feelings by it largely. Brown knew this, and one cold morning when the church was cold heated the thermometer at the nearest register, sent the mercury up to 90°, and returned it to its place just as Mr. Stuyvesant came shivering into church. The old Knickerbocker looked at the instrument, saw that it registered 72°, and, removing his outer garments, sat down in comfort. All this Mr. Butler tells in his poem, giving Mr. Stuyvesant the name "Foldrum." According to the poem the joke leaked out:

Foldrum heard of it, too, saw how it was done,
And felt that he owe the sexton one.
Next Sunday he paid him. "Pink," said he,
"I owe you a dollar; here, take your fee."
"A dollar, sir? No, sir; what for, if you please?"
"For raising the mercury forty degrees."

Among the notable funerals and feasts of which Mr. Brown had charge were those of Gen. Winfield scott, Dean Richmond, William B. Astor, Sir Edward Cunard, Orison Blunt, and ex-Mayor Havemeyer; also the famous reception to the Prince of Wales in the Academy of Music, the celebrated Diamond Wedding, and the Grand Duke Alexis ball.

Mr. Brown was a thirty-third degree Mason, a member of Puritan Lodge No. 349, of which he was Past Master, and of which he would probably have been reelected Master had he lived. He was an enthusiastic Mason, and gave liberally of his money.

Mrs. Brown was about the same age as her husband, and they would soon have celebrated their golden wedding. Like her husband, she is a cheerful, jolly woman, short and plump. Their married life was very happy. They never had children. The funeral, which will be under the direction of Puritan Lodge, will be held on Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock in Grace Church. The Rev. Dr. Potter, rector of the church, is in Europe. The officiating clergymen will be the Rev. Dr. Nelson, assistant rector of Grace Church; the Rev. Dr. A. B. Carter, rector of Grace Chapel; the Rev. Dr. John W. Cramer, and the Rev. Henry Olmstead of Branford. The burial will be in Greenwood, where Mr. Brown has long owned a handsome lot. On this lot there has stood for several years a marble statue of Pythagoras, which the sexton secured when he was in Europe. This, he said, was all the monument he desired. In this lot Mrs. Brown will also be buried, and no one else, according to Mr. Brown's own desire.

Mr. Brown was a Democrat in politics, an old member of the Tammany Society, and at his death a member of the Irving Hall General Committee. It was his invariable habit to attend the Fourth of July celebrations in Tammany Hall, and occupy a prominent position in a front seat. In his early years he associated much with actors, and he was a member of the Ivanhoe Lodge of Odd Fellows when it was at the best, and contained many actors among its members. It is said that he, Dolly Davenport, Henry Pearson, Mark Smith, James W. Collier, Judge John H. White, and Andrew J. Garry, were the founders of the notorious Sons of Malta, a society that embodied his views of practical joking. In his later years he had less to do with actors, and in consequence a good story is told. He worshipped blood, and bowed down before family. It was his custom to reserve several good seats in the church for distinguished guests, and he prided himself on his ability to tell at sight who were worthy to sit in them. One Sunday a tall, elegantly dressed man, with long, flowing side whiskers, entered. Brown looked at him and was puzzled. "Lord Dundreary," whispered a young fellow who stood by the door to his companion. Mr. Brown caught the word "Lord," and that decided it. With his best bow and most expansive smile he showed the stranger to the chosen seat. The man was one of Delmonico's waiters. Mr. Brown seldom made such mistakes.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

The Narrow Escape of Four Girls whose Boat was Capsized in the Passaic.

PASSAIC, N. J., Aug. 23.—At about 8 o'clock last evening a boating party, comprising Misses Dora and Rachel Sappler of Brooklyn and Misses Tillie and Daisy Getchins of this place, started from the residence of the latter for a row down the Passaic River, in the direction of Belleville. On returning, an hour or two later, their boat was thrown by the tide a little above the Rutherford bridge upon a sharp ridge of sunken rocks that jut out into the river, forming a sort of breakwater some 200 feet in length. At flood tide the extreme end of this rocky point lies about two feet below the surface. Between it and the shore the water is from six to twelve feet deep. In the past summer several pleasure parties have come to grief on these rocks, and two fatal accidents have happened there.

As they struck, a sharp rock punched a hole in the bottom, and the water began to pour in. The Misses Getchins, who were at the oars, tried to pull the boat off the ridge, but the oars were broken in the attempt. In a few minutes the boat settled down at one end, and began to fill rapidly. The rocky ridge was so sharp and the tide ran so swiftly that they knew they could not maintain a foothold on the ridge if they should try. They then made their last and desperate attempt to bail out the water. Seeing that this would fail, the Misses Getchins, who are good swimmers, decided to leap from the sinking boat, and, by capsizing it, secure a support until aid arrived. Grasping their companions, who could not swim, the girls sprang out, and succeeded in turning the boat bottom side up, in which position it floated, and aided to keep them up. The Misses Getchins were too much exhausted to attempt to swim ashore, and Miss Dora Sappler became unconscious, and had to be supported by the others.

Mr. Isaac Frank of the Astor House, New York, and his brother, Mr. Moe Frank, were bathing in the vicinity, and hearing the cries of the girls, they swam from the opposite bank to their rescue. Taking Miss Sappler's insensible form between them, they carried her safely to shore. On their return the older brother became entangled in a snake's weed, and would have been drowned had not his brother dived beneath him and freed him from the weeds. The elder brother was so much exhausted that the other had to swim with him to the shore.

In the mean time Mr. Edward O'Brien, who was passing across the Rutherford bridge, seeing by the bright moonlight the struggling men and the upturned boat, to which the three girls were clinging, leaped from the central parapet of the bridge, a height of thirty feet, and swam to the boat just as, having drifted off the rocks, it was passing into the shadow of the bridge. Mr. Moe Frank, after leaving his brother safely ashore, had by this time run several hundred yards down the beach, and at a point near the bridge he plunged in again and reached the boat. With Mr. O'Brien he then carried the women in turn to the shore.

Miss Sappler has fully recovered from the shock. The Frank brothers suffered some ugly cuts in swimming among the sharp rocks where the boat was capsized.

MARSHAL SALMON'S DILEMMA.

Making a Seizure, but Unable to Carry the Property Away.

George K. Otis is the contractor for carrying the United States mails to and from the railroad depots and the Post Office. For this purpose he keeps about 160 horses. His stables are in a six-story building in Wooster street, near Spring. The lower part of the building is used for sheltering his wagons, and the upper stories are devoted to stabling purposes. The sixth story is used as a hospital for sick horses. Mr. Otis frequently buys horses to recruit his stock. Over a year ago he purchased a promising animal, for which he paid $200, and which he has since kept for the use of his daughter.

On Thursday last three men called at Mr. Otis's stable and asked permission to ascend to the sixth story to look at a mill and other machinery that had been advertised for sale. Permission was granted, and the men went up stairs. On their return it became apparent that they had used the machinery as a pretext only, the real purpose of their visit being to search for a strayed horse. On Friday day Mr. Otis's $200 horse, Captain Jinks, was in the hospital for recuperation. The men examined him critically, and when they came down stairs one of them said to Mr. Otis:

"That horse on the sixth floor was stolen from me two years ago."

Mr. Otis replied that he had bought the horse, and that he would not give him up unless compelled by law to do so. The men went away, and Mr. Otis heard no more of them until Saturday afternoon. When they were going away they spoke of replevying the horse, and thus warned of their intention, Mr. Otis consulted his counsel, John S. Ray of 115 Nassau street. He was advised to admit the Marshal with the writ of replevin, and to allow him to take the horse if he could do it. It was explained to him, however, that he was not legally bound to assist with means for removing the animal.

On Saturday afternoon City Marshal Peter W. Salmon visited Mr. Otis's stable, armed with a writ of replevin, granted by the Third District Court, the office of Robert Taggart, of 691 Hudson street. Mr. Otis was out, but his foreman greeted the official visitor politely. He showed him up to the sixth story, where the disputed property was munching his oats. The Marshal darted into the stall, unhitched the horse, and began to lead him toward the entrance to the elevator, which is the largest of its kind in the country.

"You can't bring him down this way," said the foreman, who had the spring lock of the door in his hand.

"How am I to take him down, then?" demanded the puzzled Marshal.

"I don't know, sir. Mr. Otis said you were to have the horse, but that you would take him down stairs yourself."

"I'll rig a fall, and let him down that way," said the officer.

"Mr. Otis objects to that, too, sir. He says it might strain the wall."

The horse is still in the hospital.

LOST BY ERRORS.

The Base Ball Game Between the Union and Rochester Nines in Brooklyn.

The second match between the Union and Rochester nines, which was played in the tourney yesterday on the Union Grounds, was lost by the Brooklyn team through errors by Pike, Troy, and Joe Farrell each giving runs. The Unions led off with three base hits, which, through a mistake of the third baseman, let in two runs, the Unions thereby taking the lead in the game by 2 to 1. The score stood at the same figures up to the seventh innings, when wild throws let in two runs for the Rochesters. The best fielding was done by Nelson and Daly, Nelson's line ball catches being very fine. The score below gives the figures. To-day the Unions play their last game with the Nationals, and the Nationals play their last game here with the Rochesters on Wednesday.

ROCHESTER.

	r.	ib.	po.	a.	e.
Brady, 2d b.	0	0	0	3	1
Farrell, 3d b.	1	1	1	2	1
Deasley, c.	1	0	5	0	1
Myerley, 1st b.	0	2	18	0	0
Kennedy, s. s.	0	0	0	4	0
Clapp, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Hawes, c. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Roche, l. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Daly, p.	0	0	2	7	0
Totals.	3	6	27	16	4

UNION.

	r.	ib.	po.	a.	e.
Pike, 2d b.	1	1	3	2	1
Nelson, s. s.	1	1	4	3	0
Troy, 3d b.	0	1	2	1	2
Rip, c.	0	0	4	1	1
Hayes, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Eaton, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
J. Farrell, 1st b.	0	0	8	0	1
Schenck, p.	0	1	1	0	0
Cramer, r. f.	0	0	4	0	0
Totals.	2	4	27	7	5

RUNS SCORED EACH INNING.

Rochester	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	—3
Union	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

First base by errors—Rochester, 3; Union, 1.
Earned runs—Rochester, 0; Union, 0.
Umpire—Mr. Daly.
Time of game—One hour 40 minutes.

At Cincinnati:

Cincinnati	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—5
Providence	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	—3

The directors of the Buffalo Club have grown tired of their young players, and reorganization is the serious talk at present.

Moynahan of Chicago, who played in the early part of the season with the Dubuque club, has been engaged by the Buffalos.

Skinny Men.

Wells's Health Renewer cures nervous weakness, restores manhood. $1. 115 Fulton st., New York.—*Ads.*

Many Forms of Nervous Debility

In men yield to Carter's Iron Pills.—*Ads.*

EXTRA RACES IN SARATOGA.

THE FAVORITES AND THE FIELD WINNING TWO RACES EACH.

Girofle Beating Dan Sparling—Goldbug and Dan K. Winners after Hard Struggles—Wayfarer's First Victory in a Steeplechase.

SARATOGA, Aug. 23.—The final extra meeting began to-day, and there was a good attendance. The weather was warm but pleasant, and the track was in fine condition. The results of the race were a draw between the favorites and the field, each winning two races. In the first event Dan Sparling was made the favorite this morning, because McLaughlin was engaged to ride him, but the sporting fraternity were disappointed, Girofle winning in an easy gallop. As an offset, Goldbug won her race, but not without a struggle, Telemachus, late the King, giving her a hard race. Dan K. and Warfield sold almost even up in the pools, Dan K. having the call, and he rewarded his backers by a good victory, taking the race, however, only by a head. The concluding event was a steeplechase, which was a Waterloo for the betters on favorites. The pools sold at the rate of eight to one on Reed's pair. When the flag fell, Faustina bolted, and when near the finish, Meaney, in his anxiety to catch Wayfarer, grew careless and was thrown, thus giving Wayfarer his first victory as a steeplechaser.

First Race—Purse $350, of which $50 to the second horse; entrance free; maidens allowed, if 2 or 3 years old, 5 lbs.; if 4 years, 10 lbs.; if 5 years or upward, 17 lbs. Three-quarters of a mile. The starters were: Pacific (Wolf), Hurry (Barnes), Dan Sparling (McLaughlin), Girofle (Donohue), and Marchioness (Allen). Pools sold as follows: Dan Sparling, $400; Girofle, $300. The field—Hurry, Marchioness, and Pacific, $45.

The horses went off at the first attempt, Marchioness at the pole leading a half length before Dan Sparling on the outside, who was a length before Pacific, Girofle and Hurry getting away last. Marchioness and Dan Sparling led down the chute, and they turned into the backstretch lapped, a length before Girofle, Pacific and Hurry bringing up the rear a length behind Girofle. Passing into the lower turn, Dan Sparling and Marchioness were neck and neck, and Girofle had drawn a little closer, and at the three-quarter pole she was on even terms. Coming down the homestretch, Girofle pushed to the front, and came away from Dan Sparling in the last furlong, winning easily by three lengths. Dan Sparling second, four lengths before Pacific third, Marchioness fourth, and Hurry last. Time, 1:16¾.

Second Race—The Relief Sweepstakes for three-year-olds, $50 entrance, h. f., with $700 added, of which $200 to the second horse, and the third to save his stake; colts to carry 110 lbs., geldings 107 lbs., and fillies 105 lbs.; winners of any race in 1880 of the value of $1,500 to carry 7 lbs. extra; horses not having won any race in 1880 allowed 7 lbs.; maidens allowed 12 lbs. One mile and five furlongs. The starters were: Goldbug (Wolf), Telemachus (Donohue), and Clarendon (McSanley). Pools sold as follows: Goldbug $400, Telemachus, $250, Clarendon $165.

An even start was effected, Telemachus, taking the lead, immediately out of the chute and down the backstretch with a lead of a half length, being lapped by Gold Bug, Clarendon lapping the latter. They came down the homestretch in a bunch, and passed the grand stand with Gold Bug and Telemachus head and head, and Clarendon a length behind. Telemachus then went to the front and led Gold Bug round the upper turn a good half length, Clarendon several lengths behind. When the half-mile pole was reached Gold Bug was a head in front of Telemachus, and Clarendon four lengths behind. Down the backstretch they raced in the same order, and when the three-quarter pole was reached Gold Bug was a good length in front. In the homestretch Telemachus caught the whip and closed up the gap a little, but when near Wolf gave Gold Bug her head and she shot to the front a winner, Telemachus second, and Clarendon third, several lengths behind. Time, 2:57.

Third Race—Purse $350, of which $50 to second horse. Entrance free. The winner to be sold at auction for $1,500; the beaten horses not liable to be claimed. If more than one be sold for $1,000 allowed 7 lbs.; if for less, an additional allowance of 2 lbs. for every $100 below the latter price. For horses beaten and not having won a race at Saratoga this year, a further allowance of 5 lbs. One mile and a furlong. The starters were: Dan K. (Donohue), Warfield (McLaughlin), and Suannanoe (Harris). Pools sold: Dan K., $375; Warfield, $350; and Suannanoe, $15.

A fair start was given, with Dan K. a little in front, Warfield took the lead almost immediately, and passed the grand stand a half length before Dan K., Suannanoe last. Warfield opened a gap of two lengths, passing round the upper turn and to the half-mile pole, where Dan K. began to close up. Going round the lower turn Warfield still led, followed by Dan K., and in the homestretch Dan K. moved to the front, Warfield still running fast, and Suannanoe beaten in the finish. An exciting contest took place, and Warfield caught the whip, but Dan K. kept right along, and beat Warfield by a short head, Suannanoe third. Time, 1:58. The winner was bought in by his owner for $1,005, an advance of $505 over the entering price.

Fourth Race—Free handicap steeplechase; purse $450, of which $100 to the second, and $50 to the third; horses entraced free; about one mile and a half. The starters were Day Star (Meaney), Faustina (McGrath), and Wayfarer (Brown). Pools sold as follows: Day Star and Faustina, $200; Wayfarer, $25.

When the flag fell Day Star bolted, and went out of the course, and Wayfarer led over the first jump, followed by Day Star, Wayfarer was over the water jump before Faustina reentered the course, and Day Star was second. Wayfarer placed three lengths between himself and Day Star in crossing the chute, and they continued over the course with Wayfarer four lengths before Day Star and Faustina ten lengths behind. They went toward the upper turn in the same order and making a circuit of the field again, crossed the chute near the half mile. Another turn was made near the three-quarter pole, in which Meaney, on Day Star, gained several lengths on Wayfarer, and getting into the course where they were started, Wayfarer led Day Star three lengths. Reaching the water jump Wayfarer was two lengths ahead, Day Star second, and Faustina eight lengths behind. They recrossed the chute, and, when in the field, Meaney, on Day Star, began riding to catch Wayfarer, but when about 300 yards from the chute he was thrown, and Wayfarer, to the delight of the spectators, turned into the finish fifty yards ahead of Faustina. Time, 3:03. Day Star's jockey was only slightly injured.

AMUSEMENTS.

Opening of the Park Theatre.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey has made a number of improvements in the Park Theatre, altering, decorating and upholstering it until its character has been entirely changed. The entrance is better; the seats are more comfortable; the orchestra has sunk into an ornate hole; the boxes have been rejuvenated; the drapery is of the new artistic dispensation, and the whole establishment has a grateful air of good taste and liberal management.

The house was intolerably warm last evening, but the audience was large, brilliant of raiment, and evidently much gratified with the new interior. The entertainment with which the season opened was a new phase of Mr. Sol Smith Russell, a "pastoral comedy-drama," called "Edgeworth Folks." It is a sort of not uninteresting dramatic background against which Mr. Russell's well-known characterizations are relieved, and which serves to afford him reasonable opportunities of getting out his whole repertoire. This he does with great effect, keeping the house in a continuous roar of laughter and encores from beginning to end. The entire entertainment is bright and amusing, and well worth seeing.

Mr. J. K. Emmet's Reappearance.

Mr. J. K. Emmet emerged from his recent cloud of misfortune last evening as bright as the moon after a rain storm. A magnificent audience hailed his reappearance in "Fritz in Ireland" at the Grand Opera House. Whatever his failings, he has not lost his hold on the hearts of the people. His songs are as sparkling, his dancing as graceful, and the pathetic portions of his play were as touching as ever. It is a performance that draws showers of applause from the galleries, and that awakens the emotions of the parquet and dress circle, without a word or an action that can offend the most delicate sensibility. Mr. Emmet, however, lacks the effective support that attended his representation last winter.

Amusement Notes.

Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre opened last evening with Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels. There was a full house, and the various performances of the sable artists were received with great favor. The "Gallery Slave" is announced for next week.

Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre opened last night to a full house with "The Tourists in the Pullman Palace Car," which enjoyed a good run last season at this theatre in Fourteenth street. It is a lively little burlesque, interspersed with songs and dances, and has already established its popularity. The performers are mainly new. Miss Carrie Swain from California has a pleasing face and a very good soprano voice, and all sing well.

Lathe and graceful Buffalo Bill, the famous scout, sprang upon the stage of the Windsor Theatre last evening from the artificial cliff erected in the rear. As an enraged panther springs upon its prey, Bill sprang upon the ruffians who were about to slaughter his bride, *Onita*. His timely appearance was greeted with excitement and delighted them. "Touch but a hair of her head," he said to the leader, "and you die like a dog!" As he said this, Bill stood erect, holding his rifle in the position of "ready." The house, which was filled from pit to dome, fairly shook with applause, and Bill, who was attired in a Mexican hunting suit of red and black, was forced by the tumult to come forward to the footlights and bow repeatedly. It was the first night of the border drama of "The Prairie Waif," and Bill gave upon the stage an example of his marksmanship with the rifle

THE AMITYVILLE TRAGEDY.

JUSTICE CAPEN TO EXAMINE THE THREE PRISONERS TO-DAY.

Taking the Men from Brooklyn to Amityville—An Officer's Walk on the Railroad Track—Recalling the Deer Park Murders.

The three prisoners, Edward Hegeman, Bertram Greene, and James J. Hickey, who were arrested by the Van Brunt street police in Brooklyn for alleged complicity in the murder of Louis Schmidt of Amityville, L. I., on the night of June 30, were yesterday turned over to Queens County officials by Justice Walsh. When the prisoners were taken to Police Headquarters Greene's wife and sister met him, threw their arms about his neck, and wept piteously. Greene coolly told them to stop crying, saying that he could prove his innocence and would punish those who had caused his arrest. Hegeman admitted that he was in Amityville on the night of the murder, but said that he can show the spot were he was and prove that he had no connection with the shooting of Schmidt. Hegeman's father-in-law, William Smalling, owned the farm that was the scene of the murder for many years before James Martin, the present owner, and Schmidt's employer, purchased it. The police say that Hegeman was very angry when the property passed out of the family. It was purchased at partition sale, and Mr. Smalling and Martin quarrelled about the purchase. The threat was made, it is alleged, that if Mr. Smalling could not live upon the place no one else should. At the Coroner's inquest Mr. Smalling proved an alibi. Hegeman is known to have been near Amityville on the night of the murder with two men. He had a flat farm spring wagon, with which he was peddling lemons and clothes pins. The murder and arson were committed about 9 o'clock on Wednesday night, June 30. Mrs. Oscar Willsey, who heard the three shots fired at about that time, heard a wagon go by her house at about 9:30 P. M. toward Farmingdale. On Thursday night Hegeman told witnesses that he had come that morning from Farmingdale, and when the story of the murder was told in his presence, he is alleged to have said that he heard before breakfast that morning that Mr. Martin's house had been burned, and that Leopold Schmidt's body had been found in the well. Schmidt's body was not found until 9 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

Four years ago there was a mysterious murder of four persons in the house of David H. Skidmore, at Deer Park. Hegeman, according to the testimony taken in that case, was alone and sick in a hut in the woods on the farm. The only members of the household who were not murdered were Charles H. Terrell and Maud Taylor, his companion, who said that at the time of the murder they were in the hut taking care of Hegeman. Terrell was in the village of Deer Park on the same day, as he swore, to get medicine for Hegeman, but the proof was that he purchased only some whiskey.

It is thought that Hickey will be discharged. The police are looking for another man. The prisoners were taken to Amityville yesterday in charge of Officer Geo. W. Finger of Breslau and Officer Wright of Freeport. They reached Amityville at noon and sought Coroner Preston. The Coroner was not in town, and the officers took their prisoners before Justice Capen. The Justice postponed the examination until this morning. The officers then started with the prisoners to take the train to Breslau. They missed the train, and Finger started to walk to Breslau with Hegeman and Hickey on the railroad track. The journey was made in safety, although neither of the prisoners was manacled in any way. Wright went to his home in Freeport with Greene in his charge.

TWICE CALLED FROM THEIR BEDS.

The Double Attempt at Incendiarism that Excited Residents of Englewood.

At about 11 o'clock on Sunday night the cry of fire aroused the residents of the beautiful village of Englewood, N. J. Many sprang from their beds, and, running to windows and doors, saw a bright light on the premises of the late Charles T. Chester, the electrician, whose residence is one of the finest in Englewood. The family were absent, and the only occupants of the house were Messrs. W. N. Roberts and Addison F. Andrews and a colored female servant. The neighbors hastened to the place and found the two young men and the servant making great efforts to extinguish a fire that had been started in a large outhouse, about twenty-five feet west of the large and costly barn, in which was stowed considerable valuable property, beside its belongings. Soon the only fire engine in the town was on the spot, but the townspeople had put out the fire, and its services were not needed. George Wiggins, a man-of-all-work on the premises of Mrs. Reed, adjoining the Chester estate, seemed to be the only one who could shed light on the mysterious origin of the fire. He said that two tramps had called at Mrs. Reed's a little after dark and asked for a place to sleep. He told them to go to the Poor Master. On separating after the fire the neighbors heard Wiggins's declaration that he would remain up for the rest of the night and watch with considerable satisfaction, as burglaries and thefts by tramps have been of somewhat frequent occurrence in the neighborhood.

In about an hour the sleeping townspeople were once more aroused by the fire alarm, and again the fire was seen to be on Chester premises. Against one end of the building, which had an hour before been saved from burning, a large pile of brush had been piled, together with four empty oil barrels, and set on fire. Mr. Roberts at the window of the building from that where the fire first was. It did not require much effort to put out the fire, but several persons were hurt in the attempt, one young man having his right hand severely burned and cut. A general search was then instituted for the incendiary, but none was found. Some of the searchers remarked that Wiggins seemed very zealous in his efforts to find tramps, and it was recalled that he had had a quarrel with the servants on the Chester estate, and had been ordered to quit the premises on several occasions. He was closely questioned, and it was deemed expedient to have him arrested. Constable Jamieson took him to jail without any formal complaint being made. Yesterday Wiggins was held for examination. It is strongly suspected, however, that the fires were the work of tramps.

Small-pox in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23.—The small-pox in this city is confined in a very narrow district of the Fourth Ward, generally known as the "Slums." Those taken with the disease are at once removed to the Municipal Hospital. Twenty persons are there now under treatment, and most of them are said to be doing well. There were only two deaths from small-pox in this city last week. There is no spread of the disease in Camden, although the people there are very much frightened. It is believed to be on the wane.

Throws Overboard by Pirates.

BABYLON, L. I., Aug. 23.—On Sunday afternoon, as Charles Austin was sailing on the bay near this place, his boat was boarded by two strangers, who threw him overboard and sailed away with the boat. Austin, after swimming for a long time, reached the shore, but in an almost exhausted condition. The boat was found at Amityville. The pirates are unknown.

NOTES OF THE POLITICAL CANVASS.

There is to be a Hancock and English ratification meeting in Glen Cove this evening.

Yesterday was visiting day on Governor's Island, and nearly fifty persons called upon Gen. Hancock.

A tremendous banner is being painted for the Hancock and English Campaign Club of New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Democrats of the Fifth District of Jersey City will raise a banner and hold a mass meeting on Wednesday night.

A grand mass meeting to ratify the nominations of Hancock and English will take place at the Academy of Music, Jersey City, to-morrow night.

The Democracy of the Sixth Ward of Newark, N. J., will hold a grand mass meeting and banner raising at the corner of South Orange avenue and Jones street, this evening.

The Francis Nolan Association of the Eastern District of the city of Brooklyn has been organized with 100 members, in support of Gen. Hancock and William H. English.

A Hancock and English Campaign Club was organized yesterday in the Sixth District of Jersey City, which comprises Bergen and Greenville. Over 100 voters signed the roll.

The Democrats of Glenville, Conn., and vicinity, had a stirring meeting on Saturday night. A handsome Hancock and English banner was raised, and Col. Sherron and Capt. Sarah H. Rynders spoke to a large and enthusiastic gathering.

At Steve Hall, in Brooklyn, last evening, there was a large attendance of young men who belong to the Young Men's Hancock and English Club Corps, and preparations were made to divide the corps into companies to furnish music for the campaign.

The Hancock and English Campaign Club of Deckertown, N. J., held a second large and enthusiastic meeting on Saturday night. S. Wright Holbrook of New York was the chief speaker. The club numbers nearly 200 members, and the number increases daily. The Hon. L. S. Ayres is President, and A. L. Morrow, heretofore a prominent young Republican of southern New Jersey, is an officer.

There was a large and enthusiastic Hancock and English meeting at a pole raising at Hopewell, Mercer County, N. J., on Saturday. About 2,000 people were present. The principal speaker was George O. Vanderbilt, ex-Speaker of the New Jersey House of Assembly. He said that after making a thorough canvass of the county he firmly believed that Mercer County would give Hancock and English 1,000 majority in November.

In Twenty-eighth street in the Twenty-second Ward, in South Brooklyn, a fine banner has been flung to the breeze for Gen. Hancock and William H. English, and another club formed under the name of the James Ross Association, with sixty members. They elected Mr. James Ross for President, Robert Irwin, Secretary, and William R. Thompson, Treasurer. They will hold their meetings Monday in every week until the day of election.

Are You Costive?

If so, be careful of disease. Take Quirk's Irish Tea.—*Ads.*

Holman's Pad cure malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, children's diseases, without dosing. Get genuine.—*Ads.*

BEATING BLOOMFIELD'S MARE.

Sport that Took the Washington Market Butchers Away in Business Hours.

Washington Market sent a large delegation down to the Prospect Park race track yesterday, to see fair play between George Bloomfield's bay mare Lady Blossom and Victor Bramson's bay gelding Willie Boy. George Bloomfield is a veteran butcher in the market, and Bramson is a hotel keeper in West Twenty-third street. Bramson's gelding had made it uncomfortable for a fast horse that John B. Kelly of the market was very proud of, but the gelding always fell behind when George Bloomfield's mare endeavored to race him in Harlem lane. Thus it was that when Mr. Bramson offered to bet $200 that the gelding could beat the mare the money was instantly covered. This was two weeks ago. The gelding was in constant service, but the mare was out in the fields, rapidly getting fat and stiff. Yesterday Mr. Bloomfield had it nearly his own way in the matter of friends. The marketmen formed a large majority of the spectators. Among them were Thomas Sheridan and George Oakley, who acted as judges, J. Everett Scott of Everett's Hotel, Abe Strauss, George Stevenger, Thomas Carman, John B. Kelly, Hiram W. Howe, George Reid, W. H. Case, John and Abe Egberson, John Keup, and J. H. Arnoux. They inspected the buildings on the track before the race and found two barrooms in them. They declared everything all right.

Mr. Bloomfield gave Mr. Bramson odds by putting the mare to a wagon while the gelding went in harness. Billy Thoms drove Bloomfield's mare, and Bramson's Johnny Murphy, the celebrated jockey, drove the gelding. The first start was a good one. It was a neck-and-neck contest between the horses at first. The ladies, who favored Mr. Bramson's gelding, arose and clapped their hands. Bramson's horse warmed up rapidly and sped away from the mare, who did her best and came in limping one length behind. She was a little lame in one of her fore feet, and it was seen that she was too fat. The first mile was made in two minutes and forty-eight seconds. Both the horses were said to be able to record 2:30.

"There," said an old butcher when he saw the time marked up, "that's better than most '2:30' horses make. It's my experience that a 2:30 horse usually can make a mile in 2:30 when she's doing her best."

The marketmen, who had put up large sums of money on the mare, scolded at Mr. Bloomfield for putting his mare on in such poor trim and for giving Bramson the odds of the weight of a wagon. They said that the wagon made a difference of five seconds in a mile.