NINE YEARS IN BONDAGE.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF A SLAVE GIRL NOW SHELTERED HERE.

Said to have been Kidnapped, Taken to Hayti, and there Inhumanly Treated—Her Appeal to a Church—Investigations and Doubts.

In the basement of a church for colored folk a young colored girl is hiding and finding shelter while recovering from the effects of the brutality of her master and mistress. She has been under the eyes of persons of her own race since Friday last, and she has been treated kindly. Nothing is known of her except what she has told at intervals, and there is a mystery about her that those who have sympathy for her have not yet been able to fathom. Her story, if true, is a remarkable one, covering nine years of slavery and inhuman treatment on a plantation in Hayti. Although suffering severely, she has told her story several times, and it is always the same. Her lips are bruised and swollen, a coarse bandage covers a wound on her head, and her body is covered with cuts and bruises. Even if her story is not true, she has been frightfully ill-treated by somebody.

According to her story she lived in Nashville, Tenn., nine years ago, with a preacher named Henry Pue, who was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church there. She calls herself Maggie Pue. The family lived in Spruce street. Maggie was then 7 years of age. She lived in a neat little home, but she does not remember the number, only the name of the street. She also remembers the location of the Rev. Nelson Merritt's church in the same street. She used to play in front of it, and among her playmates was a little child who lived close by. The child's father was a Mr. Brooks, a merchant. Although she was not of their race, Maggie was a favorite in the Brooks family, and she frequently played with the Brooks child during the evening while her mother attended church. Mr. Brooks had property in the West Indies, and he frequently spoke of going there to live, and he asked Maggie if she would like to go with him and take care of his child. The girl said she did not like to leave her mother, but Mr. Brooks persisted in asking her, and frequently, she says, begged her mother to allow him to take her to the West Indies. One evening Maggie's mother went to church, and Maggie went to Mr. Brooks's house to play with his child. The family had prepared to start for a new home, on Mr. Brooks's plantation. The children played together for several hours, or until Mr. Brooks was ready to start. Then Maggie started to go home. Near the door she was seized, her hands were bound, and she was dragged back into the room. Quicker than she could think what would happen to her she was enveloped in a coarse bag, with slits in it for breathing places. The top was tied, and she was thrown into a corner. That night the family left the city, and started for Hayti. Mr. Brooks kept hold of that bag, and when any one came aboard the vessel he would say that he was carrying a favorite dog. Not once during the trip to the seacoast was the bag untied or maggies bonds taken off. Without delay passage in a sailing vessel was taken, and not until the vessel was outside of the port was the bag opened. From that time the girl was a slave.

The girl remembers but little of the voyage. A few weeks after she was stolen she found herself one of more than a hundred negroes working on a plantation. She was told it was in Hayti. She was kept with others in a cabin on the plantation, and was called Maggie Brooks. She picked cotton and tobacco until she was big enough to do harder work in the fields. There was a whipping post on the plantation, and she says that some of the scars on her body were made while she was strung up to it. For the slightest offence she was whipped unmercifully, and the children were taught to whip her with a cowhide. Once, she says, she was shot in the shoulder, and once in the leg. Her master wanted to kill her for the offence, but her mistress prevented him. Her mistress was kind to her except when she was angry, she says. Save that some days brought a whipping, one day was like another, and until a short time ago she had no hopes of being free again.

The first time she was body-sold her to try to escape was on board the vessel that brought her to New York. She says that her mistress has a sister living in this city, and she prepared a short time ago to visit her. Maggie was then taken into the house as nurse for the babe, and when her mistress sailed she was taken along. She was frequently ill-treated on the voyage, and a colored man, who wore a white apron and a white cap, as she describes him, told her to escape as soon as she was ashore. On the day that the vessel arrived, she says, she asked her master to allow her to go to attend church on Sunday, because she had not been inside of a church for nine years, and she wanted to hear a preacher.

"The idea of your going to church," he said. "There's no God but Mammon, and no heaven but what I give you. What! I'll beat you half to death for your impudence."

The girl raised her hands to ward off the blow, but was knocked to the floor of her mistress's stateroom. Her master had picked up a chair and struck her with it on the head, bruising her forehead, cutting her lips, and knocking out eight of her teeth. Then, she says, he took a cowhide and beat her unmercifully, and when he was tired he gave the whip to one of his children to use on her body. Address was broken over her head so that her screams could not be heard. But the Captain, she says, heard of the beating, and threatened to have her master arrested as soon as he landed, and her master offered to give the Captain money if he would not say anything.

Her story of her wanderings in New York begins on Friday last. She says that the vessel arrived on Friday afternoon. Just as she was going ashore her mistress became angry, and struck her in the face. She fell on the pier, and several men who had stood near helped her up and seated her on a box. She saw her master and mistress jump into a carriage and drive away, and afterward an "M. P." as she describes a New York policeman, told her to go to the bethel in Sullivan street, and said that she would be sent back to her master when needed. He directed the way, she says, and gave her five cents for car fare. But she lost the way, and late in the afternoon found herself down town. She asked a newsdealer if he knew any good colored folks living near by, and he directed her to Mrs. Jackson, the wife of the janitor of the bethel, at 11 Barclay street. She found the place, and told her story. Her lips were bleeding, and she could hardly stand.

"I didn't know anything about her," Mrs. Jackson said, "but she was a poor colored girl, and I couldn't turn her away."

Her wounds were dressed and then she was asked to sit at the table and eat some supper. The girl shook her head and said: "No, no. I no eat there. I eat here," sitting down on the floor. But she was picked up and placed at the table. That evening Mrs. Jackson's two daughters visited the Rev. T. McC. Stewart in his study in the rear of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Sullivan street, and related the girl's story to him. He promised to see her. On Sunday last the girl entered the study. Mrs. Jackson had put her in a Seventh avenue car and told the driver where to drop her. She told her story again and said that she wanted to go to Nashville. "For God's sake help me get there," she said, as the preacher hesitated.

"Come here to-night and take that seat," he said. "I'll help you."

The girl was in the seat at the appointed time, and after the regular services the pastor related her story to the congregation, and appealed for a contribution to aid her. Somebody started

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, &c.

The congregation joined, and in a few minutes sympathy was fully aroused. In less than half an hour $76 was subscribed. But the pastor did not intend to be hasty. He took charge of the subscription, and he will keep it until he has investigated the girl's story.

Since then the girl has been under the charge of the wife of the janitor of the church for colored folk in Waverley place. A physician in the Northern Dispensary, across the street, is attending her.

On Tuesday evening the reporter saw the girl and heard her story. She talked with difficulty, owing to her swollen lips. Her story was disconnected, and frequently her answers could not be understood, but it was the same in substance as that which she told to Elder Stewart and Mrs. Jackson. In speaking of the whipping post and the whipping that she received on the occasion she bared her shoulder and showed two long red welts on her black skin. An effort was made yesterday to find the vessel that she arrived in. Only one steamship—the Arden—arrived from the West Indies on Friday last. She had no passengers. The latest steamship direct from Hayti and San Domingo arrived in the latter part of September.

Last evening the girl was unable to sit up. Several colored persons had talked to her in the day and she had fainting spells afterward. The slightest touch on a wound on the back of her head produces unconsciousness. The janitor's wife said that the girl persisted in saying that she arrived on Friday last, although she did not apparently realize that the truthfulness of her story depends on the date of her arrival. Elder Stewart has given the case to a detective, but nothing concerning the girl more than she has told has been ascertained.

Republicans Attempting to Break Up a Democratic Meeting.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct. 13.—A Hancock and English meeting at the M. E. Church in North Volney, on Saturday night, was interrupted by turbulent Republicans, and J. J. Lansing, ex-District Attorney, who attended it, it is supposed to make a disturbance, called one of the speakers a liar. A scene of great disorder followed, and a serious disturbance was barely averted. It was the intention of the Republicans to organize a Republican meeting after the Democrats got through, but the latter held their meeting in organization until midnight, and then it being Sunday, the other party were not permitted to use the church.

GEN. GRANT IN BOSTON.

Telling the Merchants what a Field for Business is Open to Them in Mexico.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—This morning Gen. Grant, with ex-Govs. Rice and Boutwell, Col. Hill, Col. Fred Grant and wife, Gen. Badeau, and E. W. Stoughton, were received at the State House by Gov. Long and his staff, the Executive Council, and others. Afterward they visited Quincy Market, and then were driven to the Mechanics' Association Rooms in Bedford street. It was with difficulty that an entrance was gained to Mechanics' Hall, so dense was the throng. A collation was served and a reception held, at which Gen. Grant spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION: I do not know, precisely what the news is I brought. That, I suppose, depends a little upon the politics of the individual. And as this is not a party association I should certainly say nothing at this occasion to have a political bearing, except that I am always glad individually when the result is as it is reported this morning. I do not know that I have anything special to say this morning, except that we know how much our success as a nation depends upon our commerce, and the commerce depends in a large measure upon the efforts and industry of the people engaged in trade, as all of you are. So far as agriculture is concerned in this country, that will take care of itself. We are relying to have intelligent farmers and cultivators of the soil, with their agricultural associations and county and State fairs. The most approved agricultural machinery in the world is found in the United States, and the most agricultural labor is performed here with the least number of hands. It depends upon you, gentlemen, and those in business, to find a market for those agricultural products, and also to find occupation for the surplus labor that is made by improved agricultural machinery. We have got to turn our attention somewhat to the surplus labor not now needed to cultivate the fields, and we want to find a market for our own manufactures. In my travels it seems to me I have seen where this might be done with profit to those who buy of us. We do not want them to pay us money. We want their products in exchange. I will not say much on this occasion about how it might be accomplished in the far East, where there is a big field; but my most recent visit has been to our neighboring republic, Mexico. There is a grand field there, it seems to me, for our enterprise and for an immense profit to them as well as to ourselves. We are not so particularly generous as to want to benefit our neighbors at our expense. (Laughter and applause.) But we can benefit ourselves and them, too, greatly, we are the most generous people in the world. I found in Mexico, a country which I had visited a good many years ago, just on the eve of a great advance, and very much as we extend our foreign commerce, a portion of thinking people were alarmed a little at the approach of American population and American railroads on their borders; but they were fully alive to the necessity and importance of railroads in their own country. They constituted the government, and were confidentially I may say, pretty much all the time I was there; and I did and said all I could to allay their apprehensions of danger from the approach of the universal Yankee. They have a very lively recollection of the Mexican war, which resulted in such a loss of territory. From occasional loose remarks in newspapers and by individuals, they are afraid that the approach of Yankee and American enterprise and railroads means the sloughing of this State and that. I assured them that they need have no apprehension, that at all events if there is any danger at all, the best way to allay it was to cultivate the best and most intimate commercial relations between the two republics [applause]; that if they tried to keep aloof from us, and benefit European nations by their trade to the exclusion of us, they made enemies of their neighbors. I told them that was not good policy. I told them their apprehensions were well founded twenty years ago, because at that time we had an institution never sustained except where it existed, and that it would not exist in any country longer than it could retain political control; hence, territory where slavery could be planted was necessary to the existence of that institution; and, of course, while slavery existed, they were constantly in danger of their territories being wanted to give the slaveholders political influence and supremacy in Washington. But now that institution was dead, never to be revived. We were a people of homogeneous institutions from one end of the country to the other, and there was no political advantage accruing to any political party by an accession of territory in any particular direction, and I believed it was almost the universal sentiment of our people that we wanted no territory we had to filibuster for; that if ever we acquired territory it would have to be with the consent of the people occupying that territory and our own consent. [Cries of "Good," and applause.] It seemed to very much satisfy those with whom I talked, and they asked me to interest myself in having American capital extended to their country to build up their roads. They would aid them with the right of way and the free admission of all the material required, and give a liberal subsidy if they could be assured of the building of the roads. There is no secret of the capacity of that country for production, if you think about it. We now do an importation business of nearly $200,000,000 of tropical and semi-tropical products. Mexico could produce the whole of them if she had railroads to give her an outlet for them, and her people have the industry to do it—a fact not generally credited. Nor did I believe it until I was there this last time. With their climate, industry, and everything required to produce all those tropical and semi-tropical products, which, as I said, amount to about $200,000,000 a year, and increasing as we are increasing in our products and wealth. We are now getting those products from countries where they are largely produced by slave labor. We are constantly paying into their treasuries a large amount annually for duties, and we give them back nothing but sterling exchange. When they want to buy anything, as they do their manufactured articles, they go to Europe for them, and we get comparatively nothing in return, fully 95 per cent. being paid for in sterling exchange. Mexico is not our only neighbor, but she is a republic. It fostered she can produce nearly all of those articles, and will take in exchange what our manufacturers produce. They will take from us cotton goods, locomotives, cars, railroad iron, rolling stock, all the machinery needed for the running of a railroad, agricultural implements, wagons, carriages, musical instruments, jewelry, clocks, watches, and a thousand and one other things, too numerous to mention. When we can pay for imports of our tropical products with the products of our manufactories, we shall benefit Mexico, benefit ourselves, and continue to give employment to the multitude of people that we now have, and which are ever coming to our shores, and will all be happier and better, I hope.

At the conclusion of his remarks the General and his party again took seats in carriages and were driven to the Hotel Brunswick.

PATERSON'S WATER FAMINE.

Insurance Agents Threatening to Cancel all Policies Held in that City.

The water famine continues to be the principal topic of discussion in Paterson. Owing to the closing of the mills from lack of water, between 6,000 and 7,000 men, women, and children are temporarily thrown out of employment. Yesterday the Water Company was unable to fulfil its promise to turn on the water on the upper level for a short time. Several insurance men went to examine the reservoir, and decided that unless something is done in the course of a day or so they will have to cancel all the policies in the city, as they are not willing to take the risk. The Mayor, Joseph R. Graham; Mr. Richard Rossiter, the Secretary of the Society for the Establishment of Useful Manufactures, and the officers of the Water Company held an anxious conference yesterday morning. The officers of the Manufacturers' Society said there was plenty of water in the river, but it all passed through the raceways in fulfilment of the contracts with consumers at the mills, and the individual subscribers of the Water Company were thus kept out of a supply. The officers of the Water Company said they could get enough water to cover any possible emergency, and keep up a supply for several days if the manufacturers using the water through the race would shut up their mills for twenty-four hours to give them a start. Mr. Rossiter and the Mayor thereupon went around and asked the manufacturers to agree to this arrangement. Some of them were willing to acquiesce, but others objected on account of the expense. Some of the locomotive works and other establishments would incur a loss of $1,000 a day by shutting down. It is thought, however, that some arrangement will be made to-day whereby the Water Company will be able to accumulate a little reserve. The company, in anticipation of this arrangement last evening, gave notice that they will turn on the water on the upper level for a short time this morning, and if possible will keep it on.

PATERSON, Oct. 13.—All the mills using water out of the race agreed this evening to close from 6 o'clock to-night until 7 o'clock on Friday morning. This will turn the water into the river in sufficient quantities to fill up the reservoirs, and afford a supply that will last several days.

Five Hundred Persons Dead of Starvation.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13.—The revenue cutter Corwin brings news that at St. Lawrence Island out of 700 inhabitants 500 were found dead of starvation. The traders had introduced liquor among them, causing them to neglect laying up the usual supply of provisions. The officers of the Corwin express the opinion that the Jeannette wintered on the Siberian shore, and is now to the west of the North Cape. The Corwin could not get far enough west to verify this belief, on account of the ice.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats mice. 15c. 115 Fulton st., New York.—*Adv.*

Miss Braddon's new story, "A phobel," is commenced in the *New York Monthly Fashion Bazar*, out to-day, and for sale by all newsdealers. Price 25 cents.—*Adv.*

A CLERGYMAN'S INSANITY.

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY FRIEND UNSETTLING HIS REASON.

Kissing the Corpse and Exclaiming, "She is Not Dead; She Has Resurrected"—A Strange Funeral Sermon—In the Asylum.

READING, Pa., Oct. 13.—The Rev. James F. Schultz was this morning taken to the insane asylum in Norristown. Since the first report of his insanity it has been ascertained that the death of Miss Leinbach, a lady acquaintance of the clergyman's, had much more to do with his loss of reason than was at first supposed. Prior to the interment of the young lady the Rev. Mr. Schultz entered the chamber in which she was laid out, and, grasping her hand, raised it to his lips and fervently kissed it.

"She is not dead now," said the maniac minister; "see! she is not dead; she has resurrected," he exclaimed, at the same time again kissing her bloodless hands and caressing her head by gently stroking back her wavy hair.

The friends of the young lady took him away with considerable difficulty, and he was urged to go to his boarding house and try to reconcile himself to the death of his friend. Instead of that he went in a carriage to the residence of another young lady friend, and vehemently urged all the inmates of the house to prepare themselves immediately, as the day of resurrection had come, and that his dead friend, Miss Leinbach, had been resurrected. He then went to his boarding house and turned on the gas at every burner. When remonstrated with he became very angry. One after another of the articles of furniture in the parlor he demolished. Oil paintings were torn into shreds, two mirrors were smashed, and the house turned topsy-turvy. Then he ran into the street and knocked down and injured five persons. The sixth person he attacked knocked him into the gutter. He was very badly injured, and remained unconscious until early on Sunday morning. At brief intervals of apparent sanity during the day he summoned the inmates of the house, with a number of visiting ministers, to stand around his bed, and told them that the day of his resurrection had come, because the lady he so much admired had been resurrected. He did not refer to the resurrection of Miss Leinbach when he preached her funeral sermon on Friday last. Mr. Schultz in the discourse spoke of the pleasures of carriage driving with ladies and their excellent company, of love stories, and other matters foreign to funeral discourses. He was not interrupted until many of the friends and mourners had become alarmed at his nonsensical remarks. Yesterday all the Reformed clergymen in the city assembled in his rooms, and it was decided to have him sent to an asylum for treatment.

The Rev. Mr. Schultz is 42 years old, and unmarried. He has had a weak mind for several years, but it was believed that he had been permanently restored, and he was allowed to preach as usual. He mingled in the best society, and it is generally admitted that the death of the young lady had much to do with again unseating his reason. Miss Leinbach was intellectual, refined, and it is known that he entertained feelings of the highest respect for her. At the first news of her death, and when her last dying request was made known to him, he wrote a letter to her parents, saying that under the circumstances he in all probability would disclose his secret, but officiate—that he could not. It was surmised that he could not preach on account of his feelings, and he was not questioned on what was considered a matter too delicate to talk about. Other arrangements were being made, when the news came greatly surprised on receiving another letter from Mr. Schultz, saying that he would preach the funeral sermon, as the dying girl had requested. On the night before the funeral Mr. Schultz was the guest of the Rev. Dr. Bausman of this city, and it is said that he remarked to Dr. Bausman that if anything happened to him they should not take him to the asylum at Harrisburg. He was assured that nothing was wrong, and Mr. Schultz retired. Last evening he mentioned the name of his friend, Miss Leinbach, and asked where she was. He wished to know why she had not called upon him.

"Oh, but they used me badly!" he exclaimed. "Why did they knock me down and fill my head with noise? But it's all right. God and our side will win in!" He showed bandages from his wounds and insisted that they be placed in another way. "Why does she not come to see me?" he asked, in piteous tones. "See my poor head, all covered with wounds!"

This was a fact, because yesterday it was learned that one of the men he had assaulted on Saturday night had knocked him down with a handsaw, lacerating his head in a frightful manner. The man who did this claimed that he did it in self-defence, as Mr. Schultz had come after him with a brass knuckle, and was about striking him down with it, as he had struck down a number of others. Mr. Schultz's friends, who are quite well off, decided to have him placed in the State Insane Asylum, and he was taken there by the first train to-day.

AMUSEMENTS.

Kate Claxton at the Bijou Theatre.

The pretty stage of the Bijou Theatre was attractively filled last evening by Miss Kate Claxton, Mr. Charles A. Stevenson, and their dramatic company. Mr. Boucicault's drama of "Pauvrette," produced successfully over twenty years ago in this city, was very elaborately and skillfully presented. It has been rearranged by the author for Miss Claxton's benefit, with the new title of "Snow Flower;" and it was received last night by a large and fashionable audience with no little warmth and cordiality.

It is a romantic play, and abounds in occasions of interest, but the material of which it is constructed is a little too coarse for wear, and is besides not to be trusted in a way that would warrant the eminent dramatist in classifying it as one of his literary gems. It will, however, suit Miss Claxton's purpose. The leading character is a great part adapted to her, and she will undoubtedly attain a popular success in it. The representation of last evening indicated as much, although it was far from smooth and was disagreeably interrupted by vast quantities of awkward and premeditated floral offerings, and an enthusiastic infant critic somewhere in the audience.

Mr. Stevenson, as usual, gives a very pleasing and effective performance, and the rest of the company is of fair material. Messrs. Ford and McCaull have put it on the stage very skilfully, and, with the assistance of Mr. Walforon's and the Madison Square Theatre, have been enabled to present a startling mechanical representation of an avalanche which is very cleverly accomplished, and elicited last evening the most enthusiastic applause. The play is a little too large for the stage of this comfortable theatre, but it is well worth seeing, and serves to display to advantage the talents of a deservedly popular actress.

Cayuga County's Oldest Resident Dead.

Mrs. Lydia Graham, the oldest person in Cayuga County, N. Y., died recently in Port Byron, aged 104 years, 5 months, and 26 days. She was born in New Jersey in 1776, in 1796 married Henry Graham, who died in 1860, aged 90, and had lived in the county since 1812. Of twelve children four survive her. For half a century she was a member of the Baptist Church, but about four years ago joined the Presbyterians. She was in almost perfect health till a few days before she died, having been able to go about the neighborhood visiting friends. The funeral was made an important occasion, being attended by hundreds of people from all the surrounding county. The village corner band led the funeral cortege, playing a dirge and other funeral music.

Bereaved and Destitute.

E. A. Price, 34 years old, died in St. Luke's Hospital on Tuesday last of consumption. He was a son of the late Dr. James Price of Brixton, England, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the College of Surgeons and Physicians of London. Dr. Price died at the age of 80 years, leaving a considerable property. Shortly after his death two of his daughters were injured in a railroad accident, and their brother, E. A. Price, generously gave to them his share of their father's estate. Twelve years ago he came with his young wife to this country. He was well to do until attacked by consumption. All the money that he had saved was spent during his sickness.

His widow, a delicate-looking woman, is entirely destitute at 251 Bowery.

The Garret Mountain Riot.

The trial of William Dalzell for the shooting of John Joseph Van Houten, at the Garret Mountain riot in May last, was continued in Paterson yesterday. Louis Burke testified that he saw the quarrel between young Dalzell and Van Houten, and that the defendant aimed his gun and shot Van Houten. Dalzell, the witness said, also aimed the cocked gun at others after he had shot Van Houten, but did not fire the second time. William Brown testified that Dalzell aimed the gun, and then dodged behind a stone, after which he aimed again at Van Houten and shot him. William Miller, Albert Mitchell, and others testified to the same effect. The trial will be continued to-day.

The Louisiana Benders Discharged.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 13.—Carl Bender and family were taken before Judge Luzenburg on a writ of habeas corpus and were discharged. J. B. Schaefer, the Kansas agent, has disappeared. He is considered a lunatic.

A St. Lawrence County Hunter.

Moses Leonard of Pierpont, N. Y., now aged 75, and late and nearly has been a famous hunter. In thirty years he has killed 44 panthers and 1,500 deer. He once killed three panthers in one day.

Heavy Storm West of Omaha.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—Reports from Omaha say that a heavy storm west of that point has prostrated all the wires between Omaha and the North Platte.

Sallow skin and pimples on the face cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. 25 cents.—*Adv.*

Drowsiness, biliousness, pains and aches, and ague, Hop Bitters always cures.—*Adv.*

DISSENSION IN THE TABERNACLE.

A Contest Concerning Major Corwin in which Dr. Talmage has Taken a Hand.

There is much excitement in Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle over the approaching election of trustees. A movement was started in opposition to Mr. B. R. Corwin's re-election as trustee, some time ago, but as it developed, Mr. Corwin's friends began to rally about him. Mr. Corwin has for some time been unpopular, and has, it is alleged, estranged a number of Dr. Talmage's warmest friends, so that they quitted the church. He has ranked as Dr. Talmage's most intimate friend, and the pastor has frequently been counselled to seek another adviser who would possess the confidence of his other friends. But Dr. Talmage has been as faithful to Major Corwin as was Henry Ward Beecher to Thomas G. Shearman under similar circumstances, and has turned a deaf ear to many of the stories carried to him. It is alleged that Mr. Corwin had not handled the funds of the church to the satisfaction of a number of members, thus leading to the secession of Mr. Nelson Hamblin and others. Charges were made against him in connection with the purchase of a carpet this summer, which added to the opposition manifested to his re-election. Over 200 members of the church signed a protest against Mr. Corwin's re-election. This was freely circulated.

As the opposition increased, Mr. Corwin's friends, who believed that he was unjustly and falsely accused, and that his unpopularity was due chiefly to jealousy entertained by others, insisted that he should stand as a candidate for re-election. Under date of Oct. 2, however, Mr. Corwin issued a circular letter, addressed to the members of the church and congregation, declining a renomination, because there were others who desired the position, because a canvass to elect him would be unpleasant, and because the contest would be damaging to the best interests, both spiritual and temporal, of the church.

This letter was pleasing to Dr. Talmage, and he wrote a note approving it. He heard, however, that in spite of the letter Mr. Corwin was going to seek a re-election, and called upon him to inform him that it was true. A warm interview followed, and as a result of it, it is said, the long-standing friendship between the two was broken. Dr. Talmage said that he had not received courteous treatment, and Mr. Corwin had several complaints to make of his pastor. Dr. Talmage consented to take a part in the contest, and accordingly he prepared a circular calling upon the members of his church to vote for Dr. H. A. Tucker, Mr. John R. Wilmarth, and Dr. Jos. P. Brown. Dr. Talmage said that he made the request in the interest of their beloved church.

The trouble came up before the meeting of the trustees on Friday night, and Mr. Corwin's action in reference to church matters was excitedly discussed. Several meetings of the gentlemen have been held, and the majority of the members of the church seem intent upon ousting Mr. Corwin. The latter, however, has not yet announced himself as a candidate, and says that his circular letter contains all that he has to say now.

BALTIMORE'S CELEBRATION.

Great Parade of Military and Firemen—The City Again Illuminated.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 13.—The third day of the celebration of the settlement of Baltimore, which consisted of a parade of military and fire companies, Grand Army of the Republic, Government officers, and other organizations, proved even more attractive than was anticipated, and the pageant was one seldom equalled. The throng of people on the streets was almost equal to that of Monday. The procession was in seven divisions. The lines were formed on Broadway, and, when completed, Gov. Hamilton reviewed the entire procession. After the review the Governor took the head of the column, supported by the Adjutant-General and Gen. Herbert and staff, and Col. John McNulty, chief of staff. The procession then moved up Baltimore street to Central avenue, and thence through a number of streets to the City Hall, where it was dismissed. A conspicuous object at the parade was the flag which floated over Fort McHenry in 1814, now the property of Mr. Appleton of New York, and loaned for the occasion. It was spread in an open barouche. To-night the city is again illuminated.

To-morrow there will be a procession of all the orders of Catholic knighthood, temperance, and benevolent societies, the Masonic and Good Templars, horticultural societies, Farmers' Club of Baltimore County, Hibernian Society, French Benevolent Society, Medical Society, Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, Charitable Marine Society, and eighteen colored organizations.

At the entertainment at press headquarters to the visiting members of the press to-day, Samuel Sands, Jr., one of the local Committee of Reception, was present. Mr. Sands is the oldest printer and editor in the State, being 87 years old. In response to a sentiment complimentary to himself, he said that he set in type with his own hands the original copy of the "Star Spangled Banner" as written by Mr. Key.

Sale of Trotting Horses.

Turfmen from all parts of the country assembled at Briggs & Taylor's New York Tattersalls, in this city, yesterday, to witness the great sale of the stable of the late Thomas P. Wallace. He was a wealthy brewer and a sturdy supporter of the trotting turf. He died recently in this city at the age of 44. He owned many fine animals, including Darby, the most successful trotter of last season. It was Mr. Wallace's custom to give his driver all the winnings of his stable. Following are the prices of the horses sold, and the names of their purchasers: Darby, b. g., 8 years old, record, 2:16¾, J. Flanagan, $18,000; White Stockings, b. g., 10 years old, record, 2:21, J. W. Shultz, $2,000; Triumph, ch. g., 11 years old, record, 2:25¾, William Sprague, $2,250; Weather Bloom, g. m., 12 years old, T. Williams, $445; Joe, b. g., 10 years, record, 2:29, Thomas Jones, $685; sorrel gelding, 7 years old, record, 2:29¾, William Cole, $485; bay road horse, 8 years, no record, can trot in 2:30, $880; bay gelding, 4 years, can trot inside of 3 minutes, C. Watson, $305. The harness, wagons, sulkies, skeleton wagons, sleighs, and blankets brought good prices.

Lively Times at an Election.

There was a very lively time at the election for a School Trustee in District No. 1, Town of Southfield, Staten Island, on Tuesday night. Justice John G. Vaughn, the retiring Trustee, was in the chair. A motion was made to reelect him by acclamation. This was protested against by many on the ground that it would be unlawful. Much confusion ensued, during which Justice Vaughn put the motion and declared himself elected. Policeman Fitzpatrick and O'Leary had great difficulty in preserving the peace. Finally the anti-Vaughn men, among whom were Supervisor Marsh, John A. Appleton, Charles Powers, Roman Schofield, and Knowlton S. Townsend withdrew, declaring that they would see the matter righted. It is said that steps will be taken to have a new election. Justice Vaughn says that for years it has been the custom in the district to elect the School Trustee by acclamation.

A Missing Girl's Body Found in a Pond.

BATVILLE, N. J., Oct. 13.—Annie Holman, aged 18, of Lower Mill, was found drowned in Laurel Pond this morning. The girl left her home yesterday morning to visit a neighbor, and as she did not return at night, a search was made, which resulted in the finding of her body in the pond. It is supposed that she accidentally fell off the foot bridge.

BRIEF MENTION.

Opening of the Twenty-third Ward Park, 147th street, this evening.

The Right Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald and Sir Edward Hutchinson arrived yesterday in the Gallia.

A train lighted with gas, the first of the kind on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, passed over the route on Monday.

John Johansen, a Swede, seaman on the bark Hazelhurst, which arrived in this port yesterday from Rouen, was cut overboard on the 3d inst.

Andrew Mitchell of 551 West Fortieth street was yesterday convicted in the General Sessions of having received stolen goods, and was sentenced to State prison for 3½ years.

Thomas Rooney of 163d street and Tenth avenue, while at work on the Hudson River Railway, at McCombs's Dam, yesterday, was struck and killed by a train going south.

In a desperate fight between Jack Yet and Sam Lee, Chinamen, at 611 Third avenue, Brooklyn, Yet struck the latter with a butcher's cleaver, inflicting a serious wound.

Mrs. Mary Way of 136 East 119th street was arraigned in the Police Court, yesterday, and was sent to the workhouse for two months for cruelly beating her four-year-old child.

A six-day bicycle contest is expected to take place in this city in the course of the winter. F. G. Collinson is a prominent mover in the proposed contest, and he will be a participant in the race.

Two large black bears have been killed, recently, near Leyden, Lewis County, N. Y. The first one, chased by men and dogs, took refuge in a tree, where he was shot. It weighed 300 pounds. The weight of the other was 345 pounds.

The woman who drowned herself at the foot of East Thirty-fourth street, on Monday morning, has been identified by Pierce English of 374 Seventh avenue as his mother, Grace English. She was 65 years old, and was born in Ireland.

Anna Bailey, a servant employed in the lager beer saloon at 7 Great Jones street, having been arrested for drunkenness, yesterday, made three unsuccessful attempts to hang herself in her cell in the Mercer street station. She was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

Patrick Barrett, the longshoreman who, on the 11th ult., shot and killed Patrick Dalton, one of a gang of men who assaulted him in West street, caused his arrest yesterday of William Gleason, another of his assailants. Gleason was committed for trial on a charge of assault.

The following schedules in assignments were filed yesterday: Morris and Jacob Levy to Marks Veller, liabilities, $48,370.39; nominal assets, $36,819.49; real assets, $26,848.65. Harry and Jacob Herman to Robert J. Rosenthal, liabilities, $25,287.26; nominal assets, $7,173.18; real assets, $1,916.70.

Christian Huebner of 8 Allen street, manager of the Thalia Theatre, accidentally trod on the toes of James O'Keefe of 672 Third avenue, while on the platform of a Third avenue car, one evening last month. O'Keefe passed him, and Huebner fell under the wheels of the car, receiving injuries from which he died in Bellevue Hospital. These facts were testified to before a Coroner's jury, yesterday, and O'Keefe was committed in $1,000 bail, which he furnished.

"Owen, the Archer," will soon be commenced in the *Fireside Companion*. For sale by all newsdealers.—*Adv.*

SHOOTING DOWN A BURGLAR.

A STARTLING EPISODE IN COMMISSIONER VREELAND'S HOUSE.

Young Mr. Vreeland Fires a Charge of Shot into a Crouching Figure in the Laundry—The Family Aroused by the Burglar Alarm.

For several months past many burglaries have been committed in the Bergen and Greenville districts of Jersey City. The burglars, in a majority of instances, have escaped the police, although every effort has been made to capture them. The houses along Ocean avenue and in the streets running thence to the shores of the bay, are situated at a considerable distance from each other, and the force of policemen detailed to watch that region of the city is entirely inadequate for the purpose. The residences of several wealthy persons in that neighborhood have recently been entered by burglars. Those whose houses have not been robbed, being thoroughly alarmed by the danger to which they were exposed, have taken every possible precaution to protect themselves. Commissioner Henry R. Vreeland of the Board of Public Works owns and occupies with his family a residence at Woodlawn avenue and the Bergen Point road. The house is surrounded by shrubbery and a fine lawn. In addition to having the most improved patterns of locks and bolts, the building is furnished with a burglar alarm connecting with every window and door. At 2½ o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Vreeland and his wife, who slept in the second story, were awakened by the ringing of the burglar alarm. Mrs. Vreeland, at her husband's request, hurried to the apartment of her son Hamilton in the story above and awoke him.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as he sprang from bed.

"Some one has broken into the house," his mother answered, "and your father wants you to go down stairs with him."

"Shall I take my gun?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, you had better," was the reply.

Young Vreeland thereupon hastily pulled on his coat and took his double-barrelled shotgun from the rack. It was not loaded, and he went to the bureau, inserted a cartridge in each barrel, and then went down stairs. His father met him with a lamp in his hand in the main hall. They proceeded to the basement, from which the alarm had sounded, and carefully examined the premises without discovering anything that indicated the presence of a burglar. When they approached the laundry, however, they found the door firmly closed. The elder Mr. Vreeland wrenched it open, while his son stood with the stock of his gun resting on his right hip, and his finger on the trigger. When they entered the chamber Hamilton Vreeland, by the dim light of the lamp, distinguished the outlines of a man's form crouched in a corner. He instantly and without uttering a word, discharged one barrel of the gun at the man, who fell to the floor with a cry of pain. Mr. Vreeland and his son did not stop to ascertain how seriously the man was hurt, but left the laundry and locked the door behind them. Then Hamilton Vreeland ran to his cousin's house in the adjoining block, and sent a messenger to the Fourth Precinct police station to inform the police of what had happened. Sergeant Waters was soon at Mr. Vreeland's house. He found the wounded burglar lying in a pool of blood. He was removed to the police station, where he described himself as John Simonds, aged 21, a waiter at 21 West Bloomfield street, N. Y. He stated that he had made two attempts during the night to enter other houses in the vicinity with the intention of robbing them. A large jackknife, a leather case containing some matches and cigarettes, a pasteboard box on which was written "No. 8 Hudson street, New York," were found in his possession.

As Simond's condition seemed precarious, the entire charge of shot having lodged in his back, he was carried to St. Francis's Hospital. His attending physician said that the wound was not fatal, and that the patient would be sufficiently recovered in a few days to be arraigned in Court. Hamilton Vreeland, who is about 20 years of age, voluntarily surrendered himself into the custody of the police until the circumstances under which the shooting was done could be judicially inquired into. He was taken before Justice Pelouhet yesterday morning in the First District Police Court, and, after making a sworn statement to the facts substantially as related, he was honorably discharged.

In conversation with a reporter for THE SUN he said: "It was a lucky thing for the fellow that I loaded my gun with No. 10 shot. I intended to load with No. 4, and had picked out two cartridges of that calibre, but purely by accident I inserted the lighter shot without noticing the mistake."

Base Ball.

A hand elastic ball was experimented with in the Troy and Metropolitan match, on the Polo Grounds, yesterday, and the result was that the runs, base hits, and errors were numerous. The players' hands suffered from efforts to stop the elastic ball. The general play in the game was strikingly inferior to that shown in Tuesday's splendid fielding game at Hoboken. The spectators tired of the game before it was over, and half of them went away before the close of the sixth innings. To-day the two clubs play with a League ball again. The score yesterday was as follows:

Metropolitan	0	0	2	0	3	2	1	2	2	—12
Troy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

In Brooklyn, yesterday, in the third contest between the Boston and Worcester Clubs, the latter won by the appended score:

Worcester	0	3