GEN. BUTLER IN BROOKLYN.

A GREAT CITY STIRRED BY THE CANDIDATE OF THE PEOPLE.

The Workingmen of South Brooklyn Listen to Him in Their Working Clothes—Cheered Also in the Academy and in Williamsburgh.

When Gen. Butler ascended the platform at the junction of Hamilton avenue and Van Brunt street in South Brooklyn at 7½ o'clock last evening, the wide square was packed with people, most of them laboring men, who had just returned from work. It was the largest open air meeting which has been held in South Brooklyn for years. On all sides there was a mass of upturned faces, and 5,000 persons at least were congregated. Music enlivened the occasion. Mr. Hubert Connift, President of the Twelfth Ward Butler and West Club, briefly introduced Gen. Butler, who, in spite of the chill breeze and the protests of the committee which accompanied him, spoke with bare head and without the protection of his overcoat. As he advanced to the front of the platform he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He said:

Fellow Citizens: I thank you for this kind greeting. I do not take it all to myself, but attribute it to the cause I represent. I assume a majority of the men before me are laboring men, and as such are Democrats. How is it that I, a Democrat born in the faith, now come before you in an apparently different capacity? From my birth I was a Democrat. I grew up in a manufacturing city, and I understood Democracy meant laboring men—the people. I remained a Democrat of the strictest faith. It is true I voted for Jefferson Davis in the Charleston Convention. For this fault was found with me, but I believed he was a true Union man at that time, and I believe so still. When Gen. Hancock, my gallant commander, was nominated for President I did all I could for his election.

Under one pretence or another power was taken away from the people. In Massachusetts men had to read or write in order to vote. When they went down to fight it was never asked if they had these accomplishments. They had to leave their mark on the enemy. (Cheers.) Then every obstacle was thrown in the way of naturalization. At one time naturalized citizens were forbidden to belong to the militia or to bear arms. This was when Know Nothingism swept over Massachusetts. I and have got outside of that time to forget Know Nothing. The remnant of which I was colonel was disbanded because it was composed of Irish Americans, and my commission was taken away. My fellow soldiers subsequently made me Brigadier General, and I was therefore the first man with my command to go to Washington to save the flag and the Union. (Cheers.) I look upon the laboring men as the true bone and sinew of the country.

There is one great Democrat, a noble statesman, an honest patriot, a friend of humanity, a man of Ohio. (Cheers.) I thought him out of the Chicago Convention. The principle attack that man down in a Democratic convention, forced to be heard of again as a public leader. The Democratic party is governed by the South. They are monopolists there. They control the labor of the negro and he is in competition with you. No matter which side wins you never win. Both parties try to take your minds away from the real issues. Both parties are ruled by the monopolists and crush you between the upper and the nether millstone. Stand together, you. Come to the living issues of the hour. I will give you the People's platform—equal rights, equal protection, equal privileges, equal burdens to all men under the law everywhere. That is a grand platform that will do to live for, and die for if necessary. (Loud cheers.)

As Gen. Butler concluded his ringing address he was cheered again and again. Returning to the front of the platform and waving his hat, he said: "Let us have three hearty cheers for the People's party and the People's platform."

They were given with a will. Messrs. Cleary and Robinson also spoke, and there was much disappointment that ex-Senator Grady did not speak.

As soon as Gen. Butler had finished his address he was driven rapidly to the Academy of Music. Here he was welcomed heartily by a vast audience, including many ladies and many prominent citizens of Brooklyn. When the General entered at 8 o'clock he was at once recognized, and even the ladies joined in the hearty demonstrations of friendly greeting. Gen. Butler looked rugged and hearty, and showed no signs of fatigue. Coming from the 15,000 miles travel that has been his share of the campaign thus far, he at once directed that the table which had been prepared for the speakers' use should be removed. Then he accepted graciously a bouquet presented by a pretty child, and listened to a Butler campaign song which was sung by a quartet club. The refrain was:

Hurrah, hurrah, when Butler leads the way.

Major Quincy spoke briefly in introducing Gen. Butler in order to give the General time to get to the Williamsburgh meeting. The latter was still in good voice and was in his happiest vein. He began:

For your very kind and I may say enthusiastic greeting you have my most sincere thanks. I am pressed for time because I have got to go to another meeting to-night. I see you want to cheer me to-night. I can get plenty of that anywhere, and it is very sweet when I have plenty time. I will also thank you not to call me a stranger in Brooklyn. I was here in 1860 and I can make my speech better than anybody can make it who is a stranger in Brooklyn. I was here in 1860 when the Democratic party were for Douglas and against secession. I was with only one secession leaning upon Fulton Ferry. I have been here many times since and always received the kindest welcome. I know the people of Brooklyn to be generous and charitable, with hearts always open in every good work. The last time I had the pleasure of addressing a Brooklyn audience in this magnificent hall it was to defend a lecture upon the Irish settler in America for the benefit of the orphans of your charitable institutions, and I know did the people of Brooklyn respond to that charitable cause.

We have brought us all together—you from your several homes and we many, many miles from my home. You is not an ordinary electioneering campaign. We are to perform the highest duty of the citizen, for on it depends what shall be our laws and what rulers shall be chosen to execute them.

Gen. Butler then discussed the deplorable state of the country, and traced the stagnation of business and the misery that prevails among a large class of workingmen to the enactment of bad laws and the toleration of destructive methods. He analyzed the results of public land stealing, bad financial management, wild speculation, railroad oppression, and the various causes of industrial depression which, he argued, must soon destroy the nation unless checked by the intelligence of the people.

While Gen. Butler was speaking of the dead cable effect of having very rich men and very poor men in any country a man in the audience shouted: "Three cheers for Cleveland!" and a few persons joined him. Instantly there was a commotion in the vast audience, and there were shouts of "Put him out." Gen. Butler, however, put the audience in a good humor by saying:

Don't put him out. He is only cheering for Cleveland, and I know of nobody that needs encouragement more than he does. Let everybody keep quiet. That man may keep quiet now. He has performed the whole duty of a Cleveland meeting.

In conclusion the General addressed earnest words to his hearers not to be frightened by the Mulligan letters, or to throw away their votes. He demonstrated to the Democrats and Republicans how they had, in fact, been throwing away their votes for the last twenty years, and warned the people that bloodshed and ruin must come to the nation unless something is done to emancipate 40,000,000 white men and women from the exactions of capital and the crushing out of their lives by the impositions of monopolists.

In the closing words of his warning, Gen. Butler spoke with an impressiveness of manner and solemnity of tone that compelled earnest attention. At the close of his speech the house shook with applause, and as he left the building for the Williamsburgh meeting the cheer upon cheer followed him.

Most of the audience remained to hear the succeeding addresses of Edward McDonald of New Jersey, ex-Senator Grady, etc.

When in the athletic grounds in North Ninth and Second streets in Williamsburgh are packed over 5,000 people are gathered there. The place was packed last evening hours before Gen. Butler arrived, the crowd doubling over the few seats occupied by women and swaying upon the platform, where a great many women, both white and colored, stood. Not only was it the largest meeting ever held in that part of Brooklyn, but it was the greatest in point of enthusiasm. This crowd stood for over two hours. It was in good humor with itself and with the speakers, as was evidenced during the address of ex-Senator Grady. His happy replies to questions propared the multitude for the speech of Thomas B. McGuire, who was to address the crowd after Grady left until Gen. Butler arrived. The General did not reach Williamsburgh until 10 o'clock. McGuire was introduced as a New York truck driver, and his narrative of his daily hard struggle was a picture of that of the most of his listeners, and they cheered him to the echo. An attempt to raise a cheer for Cleveland brought from the speaker the story of how men live on $9 and $10 a week supporting large families, and when he explained that they were forced to do so on account of the laws, and showed the character of Cleveland as a lawyer, he turned to the part of the hall where the attempt to cheer Cleveland had been made and said:

"Now cheer for Cleveland, will you?"

The audience yelled with delight, and raised the roof almost with cheers for Butler.

Instantly the situation changed. The people yelled, shouted, and waved their hats above their heads. It took five minutes for them to shout their greeting. As at the Academy of Music, the General began by asking the crowd not to cheer. "We come here to reason with each other," he said. Then he began an address that engaged the earnest attention for one hour. At its close their pent-up enthusiasm found vent in cheers and shouts. With difficulty Gen. Butler got from the place, so anxious was the crowd to get near him. When he did they reached his carriage the people gathered and marched in front, behind, and about it on its way to the ferry. The line of march was lighted with the glare of colored lights and exploding fireworks.

Mr. Gould Only Forget.

The proceedings against Jay Gould for contempt is not attending as a grand juror for the criminal court of the United States and have been discontinued. The officer who served the papers says that he knew it was one that he forgot. At the press of other business, the date he was summoned for. The paper was for the 8th inst. It was vacated yesterday, and the case was attended on Nov. 8.

HUSTLED OFF THE QUARTERSTRETCH.

The Version of Bergh's Man Modified by Witnesses for Mr. Withers and Mr. Monson.

Alonzo C. Monson and David D. Withers of the American Jockey Club sat at a long table in the Yorkville Court yesterday opposite Agent Evans of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who accused them of assault. Henry Bergh sat near. Elbridge T. Gerry represented Mr. Evans, and Judge Shipman appeared for Mr. Withers. Mr. Monson conducted his own case. Agent Evans's testimony was to this effect:

I arrived at Jerome Park last Tuesday too late to get a grand stand ticket, and I bought a field ticket for fifty cents. Nobody was at the gate in the grand stand, and I passed in. It was just before the last race. I made my way to the track and told Inspector Dike I had come to look at W. C. Daly's horse Voltaire, that had been reported to the society as unfit to run. Mr. Dike said if I examined the horse on the track it might make trouble, and he would send his Sergeant along to preserve order. I went alone to the chute, where Voltaire stood, covered with a blanket. The groom took the blanket off and then the saddle. I found that the horse's legs were healed, and I told Mr. Daly that I saw no reason why the horse should not run. I was starting to go away when Mr. Monson came up, exclaiming:

"Who is that man who says he is a Bergh man?"

"I am," I answered, and I pointed to the badge of the society on my vest.

"That man," he said, and grabbed hold of me. Mr. Withers seized hold of me, too, and both began hustling me off the track. The crowd saw us under a fence on the track. Then Inspector Dike took me away from them. All the time I was hurried I was crying "Shoot him! Shoot him! Shoot him!" While the crowd was following I was struck on the back of the neck and was kicked. Inspector Dike kept threatening to arrest Mr. Monson and Mr. Withers if I made a row.

Mr. Monson: Did you know when you interfered, that Voltaire's jockey had been weighed, and that the horse's name had been posted in the betting ring? A. I knew that my purpose to interfere with the race. If I had found the horse was unfit to race I was going to protest against it; the horse was lame I was going to arrest the owner.

Q.—Did you make a motion as if to draw a pistol? A.—No, sir. You hustled me so fast it was impossible for me to do anything.

W. C. Daly, the owner of Voltaire, testified:

Three horses were on the quarterstretch waiting to start when the officer asked me to let him see my horse and I did. Mr. Withers came over and said to Evans: "How did you get in?" "Paid," Evans replied. "Then you must have a badge." Mr. Withers said. "No," Evans said. "Then you must get out," Mr. Withers said to Evans, touching him politely on the shoulder. Evans didn't seem to want to go but went finally.

Justice Murray—Did Mr. Withers at any time put a hand on Mr. Evans? A.—I didn't see him.

Inspector Dikes admitted—I heard the cry "Put him out" and saw a crowd. Together with a man named Sharpnack Mr. Evans by the collar and was walking him along, and Mr. Monson was aiding him. Mr. Evans asked me for protection, and I turned him over to Capt. Yule. Mr. Evans did not ask me to arrest any one.

William H. Burrets, who took tickets at the gate, said he thought Mr. Evans was an elevated railroad man. Evans wore a blue coat without a badge and a leather cover on his hat.

Mr. Gerry asked for an adjournment to get two witnesses.

"They have had ample time, your Honor," Mr. Monson said, "to secure their witnesses. They have tried very hard to take away my character by publishing statements about me in the press. I think it is a great injustice that this case is not decided to-day, that Mr. Withers and I may not be subjected to this annoyance any longer."

The examination was adjourned to Thursday afternoon.

ST. JOHN IN BROOKLYN.

He Shows by Living Examples that a Vote for Prohibition is Not Thrown Away.

About 2,500 Brooklyn people went to the Rink in Clermont avenue last evening to hear the Prohibition candidate, ex-Gov. St. John. About 200 wore red and blue badges, with pictures of St. John and Daniel on them. John N. Stearns presided and the Rev. C. L. Wells of Flatbush prayed. When Mr. St. John was introduced he was cheered, and immediately afterward a voice proposed three cheers for Blaine and Logan. A score of cheers responded. Speaking of the election in Ohio yesterday, he said that more whiskey and beer were consumed at the election than on any one day in the history of the State, and it would be difficult to tell which party consumed the most. The struggle had been to see which party could retain the greatest number of whiskey votes. There was no issue, only a struggle for the spoils. The heart and conscience of the nation were not touched by any question in dispute. Take the platforms of the Republican and the Republican platforms were alike. There was a quibble over words so far as the tariff plank was concerned. Prohibition was the only live issue before the people. The speaker continued:

I ask the New York State Temperance Assembly, which asked me to resign, deserve laughter, now in its infancy, more laughter, if the Republican party stands up for whiskey how can steadfast temperance men take the ballot in hand and vote for it? The Republican party is the party of temperance. Mr. Blaine, in Philadelphia, proved, in favor of a protected paper trade, and now can those gentlemen who ask me to resign, and who have gone to Maine, to Maine, in the face of Blaine's people, displayed on election day the white feather, instead of the white plume. God help this country if it comes to the issue of the land of free. They never got to furnish a man if they expect me to walk drawn in his favor.

I think Mr. Blaine is a bad man. I don't believe that Cleveland is a good man. I believe Benjamin F. Butler is as honest a man as either of them. The candidates are all charged with something. They say I am a crank, and I plead guilty.

It was said, the speaker continued, that a vote for Prohibition was a vote thrown away. But a vote cast for principle was never thrown away. He then asked the veterans who voted for John G. Birney in 1840 to stand up. Five persons sprang to their feet.

"Did you lose your vote?" he asked.

They said "No" with one accord. Then a score who had voted for Fremont in 1856 stood up and said the same.

Building Lots at Auction.

Acres of land in neat little building lots were knocked down to the lowest bidder at the Exchange Salesrooms, 111 Broadway, yesterday, by auctioneer James L. Wells. The lots were purchased of the Fox estate, on the line of the proposed smaller and rapid transit Fifth street, between Ocean and Bedford avenues. Forty lots, most of them 100 feet deep on Freeman street between Nostrand and Rogers streets, sold for $7,815 to different buyers. Ten lots, from 20 to 25 feet on the Southern Boulevard, between 37th street and Westchester avenue, sold for $1,000 to H. B. Rogers. Fifteen lots on Bedford avenue, between Avenue D and Farragut street, sold for $4,020. Eleven lots on Rogers avenue, between Avenue D and Farragut street, sold for $1,280 to different buyers. Twenty-five lots on Ocean avenue, between Avenue D and Farragut street, sold for $2,250