BALTIMORE'S PRESS GANG.

KIDNAPPING MEN TO WORK ON THE OYSTER DREDGES DOWN THE BAY.

The English Naval Outrages of the Last Century Repeated—Brutal Treatment of the Men by Captains—Some Instances in Point.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 19.—Impressment for the navy was one of the horrors of England a century ago. Lecky, the historian, quotes Voltaire's graphic story of the Thames boatman, who bragged to him of English freedom, and was seen next day loaded down with chains, awaiting his turn to be taken aboard the vessel for which he had been rescrutled. "In a system so violent and so arbitrary," says Lecky, "all kinds of abuses were practised." Those abuses we are apt to fancy a thing of the past. Most philanthropists of our day would shrug their shoulders in utter incredulity if told that the cruelties of the "press gang" in the reign of George III. were mild by comparison with similar abuses which are being perpetrated now, not 200 miles from New York.

Baltimore has the unenviable distinction of being the seat of this terrible traffic in human life—for the evil referred to is an industry persistently carried on at certain seasons of the year. Woe to the immigrant who, after landing at Castle Garden, happens to drift down to Baltimore during the fall or winter and is caught in the toils of the harpies, whose business it is to secure hands for vessels engaged in oyster dredging! They spare neither age nor social condition—I was going to say sex, for women, disguised as men and boys, have been found on these vessels. I have seen no evidence that kidnapping or "shanghaing," as the oyster dredgers call their system of impressment, has ever been employed for the gratification of private vengeance, as was often the case in England, but there is no reason why it should not be, and with comparative impunity. It is certain, however, that educated men of refined sensibilities, who happened to be "down on their luck" and in sore need of employment, have been enticed on board the oyster craft of the Chesapeake, have suffered incredible hardships, and have been beaten, tortured, sometimes robbed, and turned adrift in bitter weather to make their way as best they might over fields of ice to the nearest farm house or village. Some, no doubt, have been less fortunate. It is not an uncommon thing to hear of bodies being found along the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, with marks and bruises indicative of violence. From what is known of the character and habits of the class of oyster dredging Captains, it is not at all unlikely that most of these bodies are those of dredge hands who have been maltreated, maimed, and finally thrown overboard. An oyster Captain named Williams was convicted last winter of causing the death of one of his crew in precisely this way. His victim was a young German who came to Baltimore from New York, where he had landed a few weeks before. He could not speak English, and was very innocent and unsophisticated. On reaching Baltimore he fell in with the oyster-dredging "runners," and being told that the work on the oyster boats was light and the pay good, he decided to take service with Capt. Williams. On reaching the "oyster rocks," however, he was speedily undeceived. The labor proved to be severe, the weather cold, the food poor and scanty, and the Captain's treatment brutal in the extreme. The young German soon fell ill, the Captain ordered him one day to work when he was unable to move. The lad endeavored to comply, but could not. The Captain kicked and beat him, hung him up by his thumbs, and worried him until he died. Then he took him ashore and buried him, without the formality of an inquest. Fortunately there were witnesses to his brutality. He was arrested, tried, and convicted of murder in the second degree.

How many similar incidents occur every dredging season to which there are no witnesses—or none at least produced in court? I have heard of one early last fall. A Captain reported at Cambridge having lost one of his hands who, he said, had committed suicide by jumping overboard. The Captain was affected to tears in describing the poor fellow's death. His story would have been accepted as true had not another man who saw the occurrence turned up with a different narrative. They testified, in short, that the Captain knocked the man overboard, and the lachrymose dredger is now in jail at Easton, awaiting trial. Every winter the towns on the eastern shore of Maryland, which lock up the Chesapeake and its tributaries, are overrun with ragged tramps who have escaped or have been discharged from oyster vessels. They all tell the same story of harsh treatment and suffering. In many cases, no doubt, they lie; but the fact remains that persons are kidnapped in Baltimore and taken aboard these vessels by stratagem or force; that they are treated as a rule with great brutality, and that not infrequently they die of the hardships and beatings to which they are subjected. So glaring a abuse that agitation for corrective legislation has commenced. The *Sun* of this city had a strong editorial on the subject a day or two ago urging action by the next Legislature.

"Shanghaing" is a somewhat intricate process, but it seems necessary to proceed with great caution, unless the victim happens to be a foreigner. In the latter case it is comparatively easy to inveigle him aboard through the offices of some scoundrelly compatriot. Once aboard, his goose is cooked, and there is little danger of inconvenient revelations afterward should the man escape with his life. Colored men also are favorite prey. Docile by force of education and circumstances, they usually accept the situation, and often become confederates in the game. Care and prudence are necessary in "shanghaing." Despite the fact that Baltimore has an excellent police force, which is constantly on the alert to put down the evil, as far as practicable under existing laws.

As a rule the victim is shipped of his own free will in ignorance of the treatment that awaits him. On board he is kept there by force. The life of an oyster dredger is a hard one at best. He works on deck in the coldest weather, and his food is almost invariably poor. When not engaged in turning the crank of the windlass which hauls in the dredge, he is employed at culling oysters or helping to load or unload the vessel. Most of the vessels engaged in oyster dredging are small. They have little, if any, cabin room, and the men are frequently compelled to sleep on deck. Cases of frostbite and death from exposure are common. Many men are knocked overboard from an accidental blow of the crank, some by a blow from the Captain, and cases of drowning are on record. In the experience of an oyster dredger. These facts are perfectly well known in Baltimore, and it is difficult to obtain recruits among the well-informed residents. It is for this reason that "shanghaing" is resorted to. If the "runner" fails to secure a recruit by fair means, he has no hesitation in employing artifice or force.

A case in point occurred a few days ago. The colored janitor of one of our medical colleges was induced by a species of confidence game to go on board an oyster vessel lying in the harbor, on the pretext that he was wanted as a witness to the shipping of a chance acquaintance, who was really an accomplice in the fraud. Fortunately for him, he succeeded in notifying the police, and was rescued before the vessel left port. Another victim on the same boat was not so lucky. Finding himself entrapped he jumped overboard and was drowned.

In playing their game the oyster kidnappers do not confine themselves to Baltimore. Their operations extend to New York. They have regular agencies there, and probably in other cities. A Frenchman named Louis Bourgoin presented himself at one of the police station houses in this city the other afternoon, and, with the aid of an interpreter, told a pitiful tale. He said he arrived in New York from Paris, where he left a wife and child, some months ago. He failed to get regular employment in New York, and seeing an advertisement which promised remunerative work at fishing and dredging, applied to the advertiser. On the payment of $4 he was promised work. And, in accordance with the arrangement entered into, he came to Baltimore, where he was taken on board an oyster vessel. He was put to work at the windlass, and in a few days broke down. "My companions," he said, "were seven colored men, with whom I had to sleep on the bare deck of the vessel. They had the serving out of the food, and gave me what they chose."

The native oystermen of the Chesapeake are not by any means a brutal class, but the necessities of their trade transform them occasionally into hardened criminals. Their life is necessarily one of privation and exposure. Accustomed to suffer themselves, they become indifferent to the sufferings of others, and, brought into contact with the refuse of the cities, for their crews are often made up of jailbirds and bummers who are loth to work, they are frequently tempted to abuse their power as masters of their vessels. The excesses are too often countenanced and shielded by the rich oyster packers for whom they work, and there are people here in Baltimore, otherwise respectable, who, because of their pecuniary interest in the business, profess to think the stories of kidnapping and maltreatment on dredging vessels exaggerated or wholly false. The evidence, however, is too strong to be controverted, and it is quite within bounds to say that not a tithe of the whole truth has ever been or ever will be discovered.

New York Sunday School Association.

At the annual meeting of the New York Sunday School Association last week, Ralph Wells was elected President; Frank Dickinson, Secretary, and John G. Bussing, Treasurer. The association is undenominational, and is under an annual expense of about $3,500, which sum is raised with the aid of the different denominations. The association holds a weekly meeting of Sunday school teachers at the Broadway Tabernacle, besides several other meetings on different days during the week.

OUR OCEAN MAILS.

A Defence of the Postmaster-General in his Fight with the Steamships.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The *Post* will publish to-morrow an elaborate review of the controversy between the Postmaster-General and the several American steamship companies. It is understood that the article is a semi-official statement from the Post Office Department, and it is interesting on that account. It will say:

"All who have carefully examined the law itself know, independently of this statement, that it presented these essential features: First, it contained no mandate. The Postmaster-General was left entirely free to enforce or to ignore it. Secondly, if in his judgment he saw fit to habilitate the law, he then became subject to the stipulation that the contracts contemplated therein should be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder after genuine competition. Thirdly, the total amount to be distributed under this arrangement was $400,000. The text of the law was very concise. It laid down only these three propositions, and it left the Postmaster-General absolutely to his own discretion as to whether he would avail himself of its provisions. The laws already on the statute books furnished abundant material wherewith to conduct the routine of the department within limits which hitherto have proved quite satisfactory. The new law was really a suggestion, which the Postmaster-General was invited to weigh and to dispose of as his investigations might seem to warrant. He was under no obligations to adopt the suggestion unless he found it to the advantage of the Government to do so.

An attempt was made to coerce the Department. It failed. The plea was the benefiting of commerce, which the Post Office Department had no right to consider. The motive was a desire on the part of a few steamship companies to pool the $400,000 on their own terms, which were utterly untenable, and this purpose was, very properly and very fortunately, baffled. These alleged American steamship companies combined to bring the Government to terms, and in the struggle that ensued the department managed to secure a better service than those lines proposed to give without any sacrifice of dignity or increase of expense."

The article asserts that mails for Central America go through under the new arrangements in nine days, as against fifteen under the old system; that mails now go from New York to Havana in 96 hours, instead of 112, as formerly; that between San Francisco and New Zealand and Australia there has been a decided gain, and that the service in other directions has not suffered, while improvements are rapidly being arranged. The article concludes:

"So far from the Postmaster-General refusing American lines a fair compensation for carrying the mails, he tendered them a good deal more than other companies were willing and anxious to accept for the same service. They refused, not because the price was inadequate, but because their greed obscured their judgment. All this is of record, and will be duly demonstrated. The falsehoods which have filled the air for months past will soon be permanently called in.

"When the people examine the facts in this case, as set forth in the Postmaster-General's report, they will see that no attempt was made to discourage American shipping, but that, on the contrary, the attempt was made by these *soi disant* American lines to bully the Administration. It will be seen, furthermore, that the foreign mail service has not suffered any impairment, that no interests have been jeopardized or injured, and that, with all this, the public money has been conscientiously and effectually economized."

DEATH OF AN OLD NEW YORK TEACHER.

Miss Arabella Field Stricken with Apoplexy in a Texas City.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 21.—The body of a guest was found last evening in the bath room connected with her apartments in a hotel in this city. She had been stricken by apoplexy just as she stepped from the bath. An investigation of her effects showed her to be Miss Arabella Field of 572 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. She registered on the 15th inst., and was en route from San Francisco to Washington, D. C., intending to stop at New Orleans.

The house 572 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, is a three-story apartment house, with a store on the first floor occupied by Mr. J. E. Tomas, who also lives with his family in the story above. He said last night:

"Miss Field did not live here, but I have known her intimately for twenty-five years. She left New York about two years ago, during which time she has been travelling in foreign countries. She had been in Europe, South America, and the Sandwich Islands. The last letter I received from her was written in San Francisco, and she said in it that she was on her way home. My wife and I were looking for her arrival with the keenest pleasure, as she was a fine conversationalist and gave very interesting reminiscences of her travels in foreign countries. She had independent means, but I do not know the amount of her wealth. During her last visit to Brooklyn she intrusted to me the keys of a safe deposit apartment in the Mutual Life Insurance vaults in New York, which I presume contains her will and other papers. So far as I know she has no surviving relatives. When I first knew her twenty-five years ago, her parents were dead.

"She had a brother who went to the war, and it is believed he was killed in battle. She taught school in New York for several years, teaching last about twelve years ago in School No. 1. She sought to enlarge her very extensive information by travel. W. A. Williams of Hoboken was her lawyer, and, I presume, knows all about her affairs. I have sent word to have the body sent to me in Brooklyn. Miss Field was only about 43 years old. She weighed nearly 200 pounds."

MRS. BROOKS' SUICIDE.

After Attending a Party she Hunge Herself with a Sheet.

TOLEDO, Nov. 21.—During the present week Mrs. Antoinette Brooks, 51 years of age, and a sister of the wife of United States Marshal Breeds, came here with her son from her home in Painesville on a visit. Mrs. Brooks was the wife of a well-known railroad official, and one of their sons is a professor in Oberlin College. The lady has been suffering from slight insanity, and at one time was confined in the insane asylum. Her case finally assumed a milder type, and she was permitted to rejoin her family.

Last night a party was given at Mr. Breeds's house, at which Mrs. Brooks was present. When the family arose this morning and Albert Breed, a son of Marshal Breed, was sent to awaken his aunt, his repeated knocks at the door meeting with no response he forced an entrance. In front of a wardrobe in the corner of the room hung the lifeless body of his aunt. Around the top of the wardrobe she had fastened a sheet, which had been secured carefully to prevent it from slipping. Through this sheet she had placed a Turkish towel, which she had torn in two pieces, and brought the ends together. Standing on a stool she had carefully adjusted the knot around her neck, and after securing it had pushed the support from under her.

WILLIAM R. MARTIN ARRESTED.

W. B. Chamberlin and George P. Kinne Accused with Him of Conspiracy to Defraud.

William R. Martin, formerly a Park Commissioner, and Ward B. Chamberlin, lawyer, of 120 Broadway, were arraigned before Justice Murray in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday, charged with conspiracy to defraud George W. Wilson, a lawyer, of 132 Nassau street, out of $1,300. Warrants had been issued also against George P. Kinne and Henry W. Morgan, charged with complicity. Kinne was arrested in the afternoon.

Wilson says in his affidavit that he was induced by Martin and Kinne to buy the house at 180 East Eighty-seventh street. It was represented to him that Chamberlin, as assignee of John H. Dean, had sold the house to Morgan, who could give a clear title to it, and that there was a mortgage for $6,000 held by Caroline C. Bishop, which could remain. He says that he was induced to pay $300 for Morgan's interest in the property, to lend $200 to Kinne, and to pay $500 to Chamberlin toward clearing off the mortgage, and that he now learns that Morgan, even if he is not a myth, never had any interest in the property. He says he cannot get the deed of the property or get his money back.

The three prisoners furnished $2,000 bail each for examination on Dec. 1. Morgan has not been found.

Didn't Like the Cable Cars.

The driver on a Third avenue car turned the brake so vigorously last night when the conductor rang the bell that a young man on the front platform was pitched nearly over the dashboard, while a passenger inside fell against the front door with a crash. The driver chuckled to himself and hummed a strain from "Old Lavender."

"You don't seem to feel downhearted to-night," said the young man.

"Never a wance," said the driver, winding up the brake rapidly and letting it fly again.

"How's that?"

"Just back to me auld job."

"Been out of town, eh?"

"To a furrin country. Sure, I thought it wad be a foine thing to warrsh a cable car, and they transferred me to it. But where, saw the rocks and the coals I changed me mind. I had nothin' to do at all at all; no exercise wid the brake, unless some granger happened——"

Here a truck crossed the track ahead of the car, and the driver threw himself on the brake with a frantic burst of profanity directed even the trackmen. Then he continued, cheerfully: "So I standed wid the brake, no trucks before the harses, no devartisement to occupy the period. I thought, on me word, I'd dot before they id git me back to me auld car."

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.

SUFFERINGS OF A VIRGINIA HUNTER.

Found Half Starved and Frozen by a Party of Rescuers After Four Days of Searching—Surrounded by Wolves in the Night.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 17.—Tucker county, in this State, is almost an impenetrable wilderness. To-day as little is known of it as was known fifty years ago. Occasionally hunters penetrate its primitive forests, and are never again heard of. Two years ago John Loeh and James Evans left Davis, the nearest village, and struck out into the unknown region. They never came back. For weeks their friends roamed over the country in search of them. Not a trace of them has ever been discovered. For fifty miles beyond Davis there is not a human habitation. A vast gloomy forest stretches over mountain and valley. Its inhabitants are deer, bears, wildcats, panthers, and other wild beasts. The region is high, cold, and damp. The thick woods keep off the sun, and a matted growth of laurel so covers the ground that in many places nothing can penetrate it. The country is not well drained and is swampy. The water stands in dark pools in the many depressions of the ground. In the deep caverns among the ledges of rocks ice forms in the early autumn, and does not melt until late in the succeeding summer. So thick are the branches of the trees that in places the sunshine has not touched the ground, perhaps, for centuries. An eternal twilight broods over the wilderness.

Before daylight on Friday morning last James Helmick and Abe Dawson left the hamlet of Davis and struck into the wilderness on a hunt for deer. Late that night Dawson returned alone, almost unnerved through fear and fatigue. He said that after hunting in company for some time, Helmick and he became separated. He put up a deer and followed it until 2 in the afternoon. The chase led him into the depths of the wilderness. He lost all points of the compass, and wandered around until it became dark. He was near a stream then, and, as a last resort, followed its course, until it led him to a region with which he was acquainted.

Helmick did not return that night, and the next morning Dawson and his friends of the settlement concluded that Helmick was lost on the mountains. Headed by Dawson, a party of twenty-five men started into the wilderness in search of the missing man. All that day the search was pressed, and at night was continued by the glare of pine torches. It snowed hard during the day. At night the flakes ceased to fall, and the cold became intense. It was feared that Helmick would perish unless he were found soon, as he had no means of building a fire. Just beyond the summit of the mountain the seekers found a man's tracks in the snow. Just back of the ridges of the mountains the tracks turned short to the left and entered the almost impenetrable wilderness that reaches to the Black Fork and the Canaan Valley beyond. The footprints in the snow showed that Helmick had been running. This fact and that of his turning sharply to the left showed that he was completely bewildered and almost frenzied. Sunday night came and the utterly worn out party could go no further.

On Monday a still greater number of men engaged in the search. A large party started from the other side of the mountain as well as from Davis. The following of the trail through the laurel was resumed. The search was extremely difficult. The men had to creep at times on their hands and knees and search minutely in the moss and wet leaves for the trail. That Monday was cold, and when night came they had not followed the trail more than four miles. Its course now led south toward the Black Fork. The men slept that night in the laurel ready to proceed early the next day. At daybreak the search was resumed, and about noon the party came to a deep ravine. On the further bank they saw the lost hunter leaning against a tree. He was very weak, and talked with difficulty. He had reached the ravine, he said, on Friday evening. He knew he was completely lost. Having no matches, he was tired to build a fire by discharging his gun into a stump. His clothing was soaking wet. The laurel was so thick that he could not move a rod from where he stood. He tried to keep off the cold by jumping and flapping his arms. He grew tired, and despite his discomfort he fell asleep.

On Tuesday morning he awoke to find himself covered with snow and both feet frozen. He gave up the idea of reaching home the way he had travelled before, and thought to get out of the wilderness by following down the mountain stream to Blackfork River, and down it to the settlement. So badly were his feet frozen that he could not walk on the land, so he waded in the icy stream, which was mostly waist deep. At length he came to the high falls where the creek plunges over the cliff into the Black Fork River. The river above the falls is impassable, and he could see no way to get around the perpendicular cliffs. Sorrowfully he was compelled to retrace his steps. He decided to wade back up the stream and try to find the summit of the mountain. It was late in the evening before he came back to the place where he had spent the night.

It was now Sunday evening, and he had eaten nothing since Friday morning. He was unable to walk any further, so he leaned against the tree and thus spent Sunday night. He could not sleep for cold, his feet were frozen again. The wolves had scented him and gathered in a pack near him, making night hideous with their howls. He shot one of them which sprang at him from the laurel, whereupon the others ran away. He saw a panther leap across the ravine below him. He was not molested by it.

After the second night of horror and suffering he was too weak to make any further effort to save himself. When he tried to walk he could not tell when his feet were on the ground, and as often as he made the attempt he fell into the laurel. In the deep snow he took his station at the tree and waited for death. His feet were very painful, and he cut off his shoes to ease the pain. In doing so he gashed his feet badly and the loss of blood further reduced his strength. He had given up hope when rescued. A stretcher was made of the boughs of trees and the rescuing party carried him over the mountains to the nearest point where medical aid could be got. It was late Monday evening when they arrived with the lost hunter, whose sufferings during the rough journey were intense. The doctor thinks he can save Helmick's life, but fears both feet will have to be amputated.

The Steam Cars on Eleventh Avenue.

The Law Committee of the Board of Aldermen met yesterday to hear argument on the use of steam on Eleventh avenue by the Hudson River Railroad Company. Citizens along the route vigorously opposed the use of steam, and urged that the Common Council should at once withdraw the privilege. They renewed the argument that steam cars were dangerous to pass at to the danger to life and the injustice of monopolizing the streets with long trains drawn by steam. The subject is to be considered further.

Clerk Masterson Assaulted.

Peter Masterson, a clerk at Police Headquarters, was complainant in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday against Daniel L. Cook of 455 West Seventy ninth street. Masterson charged that on Friday night he had been assaulted by the prisoner and Kate Murray. Cook said that he was walking with a young lady, and that Masterson assaulted her. He said that Masterson struck him when he remonstrated, and he hit back in self-defence. Cook was put under $300 bail to appear for trial. Masterson is 65 years old.

Should Vanderbilt's Gift Escape Taxation?

Comptroller Loew has withheld his signature for the present from the certificate of the Tax Commissioners remitting the taxes on the plot of ground on Tenth avenue, from Fifty-ninth to Sixtieth street, given by William K. Vanderbilt to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The Comptroller is of the opinion that only the part to be occupied by the hospital should be exempted from taxation.

Expecting the Lockout to End in a Week.

Swalton & Storm's locked-out cigarmakers had an informal meeting at Ross Hill Hall yesterday. They said they believed that work in the factory would be resumed a week from to-morrow. The committee appointed by the International Union to investigate the boycott at Lynn, which is the cause of the lockout, will report at a meeting of the Board of the union in Turn Hall to-morrow.

Miss Ross Sues Mr. Levinson.

Miss Helen Ross, 21 years old, a daughter of James Ross of City Island, has sued George Levinson, proprietor of the City Island Hotel, for $25,000 for breach of promise of marriage. She says in her complaint that he met acquainted with her a year and a half ago, and that he began to make love the first time they went out for a walk. He promised to marry her, she says, six months ago. Mr. Levinson denies that he ever promised to marry her.

Adonis Dixey's Japanese Boys Must Go.

When Justice Power called the case of the Children's Society against Adonis Dixey yesterday morning, Elbridge T. Gerry, Gen. H. A. Barnum, Dixey's lawyer, and Col. Barton of the Bijou Theatre were present. Mr. Gerry and Gen. Barnum explained to the Justice that Mr. Dixey had agreed to withdraw from the stage the young boys who have appeared in "Adonis" for several hundred nights, and who, Mr. Gerry now complains, are too young. The case was dismissed.

Would-be Suicide Pechota Held for Trial.

John Pechota, the Hungarian cigar maker, of 220 East Seventy-third street, who tried to kill himself on Friday night, was arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday. He is 20 years old. His wife told the Justice that they had one child. Pechota said that he had been drunk, and had taken the poison without knowing what it was. He was held for trial.

Asphyxiated by Coal Gas.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 21.—Henry Raesche, a conspicuous citizen, aged 56, was found dead in bed this morning. When he retired last night he closed his stove door, but the gas escaped through a broken pane of isinglass and asphyxiated him.

MISS KATE FIELD'S LECTURE.

The Social and Political Crimes of Utah Aired in Chickering Hall.

Miss Kate Field delivered last evening her lecture on the "Social and Political Crimes of Utah" to a large audience in Chickering Hall. She said that Utah was not so very distant, and that when the Rockies took poison the Atlantic seaboard must call in the doctor.

"But for Vermont," said Miss Field, "there never would have been any Mormonism. Joe Smith, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball were all born in Vermont. It seems only justice that Senator Edmunds, the author of the last anti-polygamy bill, should be born in Vermont. New England has much to answer for."

Miss Field recited one of the Mormon hymns on the subject of polygamy:

> Now, sister, list to what I say,
> With trials this world is rife;
> We can't expect to miss them all,
> Help husband get a wife.
> He can't expect to be with thee
> Contented all your lives;
> So help your husband all you can
> To get a dozen wives.

"John M. Cane," said the lecturer, "receives $8,000 a year for misrepresenting 15,000 Gentiles, and doing his best to overthrow or prevent Federal legislation in regard to Utah. Eli H. Murray, a veteran of the war, receives $2,500 a year for doing his best to sustain the laws of the United States. So the traitor, the upholder of polygamy, the Mormon, receives $2,400 a year more than the patriot and pure man. It seems to me this was like under an abominably magnanimous Government.

"When a Mormon takes an interest in a historical personage, he will be baptized for him. That makes such a person a Mormon, even after death. So Washington, Luther, Franklin, and Queen Anne have been baptized for and are Mormons. At the resurrection these worthies will be very much astonished to find themselves Mormons. Luther's remarks on this occasion ought to be especially vigorous.

"The Mormons have no politics. From beginning they have voted as a unit. There are no Democrats or Republicans in Utah. The Gentiles are patriots. Polygamy is a great bloc on the escutcheon of the United States, but the great issue in Utah is treason. The loya citizens of Utah ask not anti-polygamy laws, or the disenfranchisement of women. They ask the disenfranchisement of all, themselves included, and the appointment of a Federal commission to govern Utah, such as governed the Territory of Louisiana and Florida sixty years ago. That is unconstitutional, say the polygamists. It is not. Congress has full power to legislate for the Territories. If Congress shall not legislate for religion, shall a mere dependency do so? Men and women of the Empire State, you who make public opinion and laws, what do you mean to do about this crime?"

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Henry C. Timm's Concert in Steinway Hall.

A very agreeable concert was given yesterday afternoon in Steinway Hall on the occasion of a benefit tendered to Mr. Timm, one of New York's oldest and most justly honored musicians. Mr. Timm has been intimately connected with music in almost all its various forms as represented here for a period of fifty years. He came to this country in 1835, and made his first appearance as a pianist in the old Park Theatre. He took the post of second hornist in the orchestra of the Park Theatre, and occasionally played solos between the acts, but soon rose from this work, which was not worthy of his talent, to the post of musical director of a travelling company playing operas, tragedies, and comedies. He has been regularly at many different churches in this city, and was one of the chief promoters of the Philharmonic Society and its first President, which office he filled for many years. His later years have been principally occupied with teaching. Mr. Timm has composed quite extensively, but published little. Yesterday's programme contained two numbers, "Que Tolis" and "Benedictus," from a mass of his made in 1885. They were well written, melodious, and pleasing, and sung by an excellent quartet—Miss Juch, soprano; Miss Hession Campbell, alto; Mr. Charles Thompson, tenor, and Mr. A. E. Stoddart, bass.

The piece around which most interest centred was a duet for two pianos with accompaniment of orchestra, played by Mr. Timm and Mr. Rafael Joseffy. This was Mr. Timm's first, sample, gentle, and beautiful concerto in E flat—a refreshing bit of unconscious, childlike music. It was delightfully rendered by the two gentlemen, who seemed in perfect sympathy with each other, phrase echoing phrase with entire spontaneity, chords coming together with absolute precision.

The Meiggs sisters, four young ladies whose performances are characterized by wonderful voice blending and smoothness of execution, sang very entertainingly two or three selections.

The Mozart Society, which is composed of usually attractive one, and it is to be hoped that the genial musician's profits from it were considerable.

Two Brothers Assaulted and Robbed.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 21.—Samuel and John May, farmers, residing in Washington county, were in the city yesterday, and disposed of a lot of stock. On the way home last night they were met at a deep cut in the road, about five miles from the city, by seven men, who dragged them out of their wagon and, after beating them terribly, relieved them of $14 and $60 in checks. The brothers fought desperately, but were finally overpowered, after inflicting severe injuries on some of their assailants. No arrests have been made.

A Virginia Planter Murdered.

LYNCHBURG, Nov. 21.—The dead body of a planter named Hammersley, of Campbell county, was found by the roadside last night. He was returning from this city, where he had sold a crop of tobacco, and was followed twelve miles by a negro, who split his head open with an axe and robbed the body. The negro is at large, but every effort is being made to capture him. He will be lynched if caught.

West Shore Railroad Litigation.

NEWBURGH, Nov. 21.—In the case of the United States Trust Company against the West Shore Railway Company, George Keller, and others, Judge Brown granted an order directing Referee Abram S. Cassidy to retain a sum sufficient to pay the defendant Keller until further notice. Judge Charles F. Brown, in Supreme Court, Chambers, today made a final order denying the application of the West Shore Railway Company to have the assessment of their property reduced from $469,000, as fixed by the assessors, to $250,000.

Ridding Themselves of Tramps.

DENTON, Tex., Nov. 21.—Fifteen tramps, who were confined in the calaboose here for refusing to work, were waited upon last night by a mob of unknown men, who overpowered the guards and took the tramps out, administered thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, to each, and then told them to "git." They "got," and not a tramp is seen in Denton to-day, and no more are expected this season.

Defeat of Caceres's Forces.

LIMA, Nov. 21, via Galveston.—Further details of the engagement at Jauja prove that it resulted in a complete triumph for the Government forces. Five hundred of Gen. Caceres's troops were taken prisoners. While the Government's loss was slight, Jauja is occupied by the expeditionary force. The rebels destroyed the bridge at Huarispampa, over which they retreated.

Shot a Policeman.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 21.—Early this morning Policeman Mercer was shot in Seventeenth street, and will die of the wound. The ball took effect in his side and passed through his body. His assailants are unknown, but are suspected to be a gang of hoodlums who make the place their headquarters.

Shot and Killed his Wife.

OMAHA, Nov. 21.—John Lauer shot and killed his wife at 4 o'clock this morning. He says that he mistook her for a burglar. His statement is viewed with suspicion, as he is reputed to have treated his wife with great cruelty.

ODD STORIES.

Seventeen bushels of wheat is the product from one grain of seed in three years on a Dakota farm.

Even a burial is a desecration of the Sabbath at Thurso, Scotland, and the cemetery is not opened them.

They have golden streets in Salisbury, N. C. The mischievous boys in behind dome with gold quartz worth $15 a ton.

An Omaha woman kindly consented to have her picture taken in a group with her three divorced husbands.

A New Bedford farmer claims to have found his lost watch embedded in the hollow of the shoe of his horse. It had not sustained any injury.

A Mount on bachelor gives public notice that he is coming East to hunt for a wife, and that he has $75,000 clean cash to take care of her with.

Two good $1,000 United States notes were recently found in an outhouse that B. McAllister of Monongahela City, Pa., was idly looking through in his library.

In Lincoln county, N. M., near the Patton Mountain, can be traced what were once the walls of a large city lining the walls are growing monster cedar trees, said to be thousands of years old.

Scarlet fever was conveyed to a little girl of Watertown, N. Y., by a little friend who sent her a "dying kiss" on a sheet of paper. The little girl kissed the enclosed spot and soon followed her playmate.

A Mississippi farmer found a swarm of bees belonging to a Virginia lady and they became very drunk. They are now so demoralized that they are eating up what honey they have on hand and refuse to make any more.

A red, white, and blue coffin and a monument with an American eagle perched upon it, was the ambition of a Cincinnati man lately deceased, and as he had the whole outfit prepared prior to his decease, his ambition was satisfied.

To test his marksmanship, a young man of Sounra fired at a crow. His aim was bad, for Miss Ella Hurst, who was passing on the highway, received the ball in the mouth between her parted lips. She suddenly shut her teeth upon it and held it. Her only injury was a slight cutting of the lips and the breaking of the enamel of her two upper front teeth.

"Two of the trees of my buried lee overlap each other and pain me dreadfully," said the wife of Jacob Bersan of Marlboro, Mass. The lad had been smothered and buried one month. The husband, unknown to the wife, had the car exhumed and tons straightened out, and she said she knew by the relief that followed the exact moment the act was performed.

THE EAST ST. LOUIS MURDER.

MAYOR BOWMAN'S ASSASSINATION SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

Shot Down at his Own Door—The Victim Once Private Secretary to Senator Houston, and a Second in One of his Duels.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 21.—To-day's efforts to clear up the mystery surrounding the assassination of former Mayor John B. Bowman in East St. Louis last night have only served to deepen it. The man had many bitter enemies, but none of them had the nerve to commit such a crime. He was assassinated at his own gate, shot from behind, and the deed was evidently deliberately planned and executed, but who was the planner and assassin is a mystery. One theory is that the crime grew out of the Winstanly will case. The late Mayor Winstanly was a wealthy man, and an ardent supporter of Bowman. When making his will he consulted with Bowman in regard to the distribution of his wealth, and it is alleged that the latter influenced him to ignore some of the heirs. One of these, Hick Wyatt, said in a saloon, in the presence of witnesses, that if John B. Bowman had cut him out of Winstanly's will he would not live sixty days after the fact had been found out. The prevailing opinion is, however, that the assassin did not live in East St. Louis, but that he was a hired desperado who had been well paid to remove Bowman. There is a theory, also, that Bowman met his death because of his efforts to implicate certain enemies of his in the safe burglary transaction at the City Hall some time ago, and there are a hundred other theories.

The Coroner came down from Belleville this morning and began the inquest. Witnesses testified to hearing the shot fired and finding the body. An important piece of testimony was that of a Mrs. Wm. Harper, who lives near the Howe Institute, a short distance from the Bowman residence. She said that about fifteen minutes after the shooting, while she was sitting up stairs in her front room, she saw three men pass by the house. They were conversing about the murder, and while they did not mention any names, their conversation was such as to lead her to believe that they were the parties who committed the crime. She got a good look at them, and gave a good description of them. There is thought to be little doubt that they are the men who committed the murder.

This witness was followed by a man about whose evidence considerable mystery was thrown. He proved to be a private detective, who had found the pistol with which the crime was committed. He found it in a field which the assassin had to cross to avoid the public road. It is a bulldog, of calibre corresponding to the bullet that caused death.

A reward of $5,000 was offered this morning by the son of the murdered man for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers. The citizens are making up a reward of $5,000 more, and the State and city will also offer liberal rewards.

John B. Bowman was a native of Baden. He became involved in a revolution and fled the country. He came to America in 1855, making his way direct to Missouri, and becoming soon after his arrival private secretary to Senator Thomas H. Benton. He accompanied Mr. Benton on his tour through this State, and acted as his second in one of his duels. He was appointed Postmaster at Kaskaskia, Mo., and held the office for two years. His name original y was Bauman, but being spelled Bowman in his commission as Postmaster, he adopted the change. In 1858 he settled in East St. Louis, and at once came to the front. In 1865 the city was charged with political contests in those days meant physical struggles, and bloodshed was the frequent result of the meeting of factions on the street and in the municipal halls. The city was divided into the Bowman party and the opposition party, who were styled the Redlegs, from the name of the candidate of the faction.

When the city was organized under the general laws of the State in 1857 Mr. Bowman was elected Mayor. The opposition claimed that the election was irregular, and set up another Government. The rival Mayor actually had all the municipal buildings, except the Police Headquarters, and in an attempt to storm it two of the Bowman deputy marshals were killed. Frequent fights occurred in the Council chamber, and Mayor Bowman made many bitter enemies, as well as many warm friends. All those interested in the contest will remember Mr. Bowman was the leader in most of the enterprises inaugurated in East St. Louis. He was instrumental in having the National Stock Yards located there. He was the chief mover in the construction of the gas works, the street railway, and in bringing railroads to the place. He made the first map of the town, and was attorney for the Wiggins Ferry Company under the Presidency of the late Senator Lewis V. Bogy, whose personal friend he was. He was also attorney for the St. Louis Bridge Company at one time, and at his death was attorney for the National Stock Yards, the Vandalia Railway Company, Western Union Telegraph Company, and the East St. Louis and Carondelet Railway Company. He built Christ's Catholic Church, and assisted in the building of St. Henry's German Catholic Church, and was generous in his contributions to charitable purposes.

Mr. Bowman, while he had many bitter enemies, had as many warm friends, and his figure, with a brunt brakeman's silk cap, which he always wore, was a familiar one in this city.

Aged Pierpont Potter's Daughter in an Asylum.

Pierpont Potter of Jamaica, L. I., who is 91 years old, and who is said to be the oldest Free Mason in the State, has been compelled to send Miss Carrie Potter, his 30-year-old daughter, to the insane asylum in Mineola, where it is hoped however, her malady will soon be cured. It is said she was to be married to Mr. Stephen Power, a wealthy builder, whose acquaintance was several first prizes for needlework at Queens county fairs. Two weeks ago she began at times to wander aimlessly about the house. The strangeness of her actions was supposed to be due to malaria. Lately she ceased to recognize old friends.

Driving Off with Little Miss Zuber.

Dubenia Zuber, 14 years old, the daughter of Vincent Zuber, a Bay Side farmer, visited friends in Astoria on Friday. After her visit she boarded the 5.35 P. M. train from Long Island City, which went only to Flushing. There she called a hack, driven by Patrick Hader, to drive her home. When she got inside the driver whipped up his horses and started in an opposite direction from Bay Side, despite the calls of his passenger to go home. When he had reached Parson avenue in the outlying part of the town he stopped, and was about to climb over the rest to where Miss Zuber was, when she leaped to the ground and ran toward Alfred Tow pson's house. Miss Zuber had fainted before she reached the house and told her of her trouble. Mrs. Townsend took her home. Yesterday, on her complaint, Hader was arrested, and was sentenced by Justice Smith to the county jail for five months.

The Nautilus Sails Well on the Surface.

The Nautilus, Lieut. Zalinsky's submarine boat, lies at the Government wharf at Fort Hamilton. When she was launched the ways broke, and she sank with a hole in her bottom. The water damaged her engines and