THE PARISH IS ON STRIKE.

CURIOUS ASPECT OF AFFAIRS AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

The Street Looked Like a County Fair Yesterday—No Money Paid in at the Church—Parishioners Indignant Because Capt. Ryan and Fifty Policemen Were There.

The space in East Twenty-eighth street in front of St. Stephen's Church and from the church east to Third avenue is about as large as the plaza immediately in front of the City Hall. This space from morning until after the noon hour yesterday resembled the social section of an agricultural county fair. There were hundreds of men and women on the sidewalks, walking back and forth in the spring-like sunshine. All the conversation turned on Archbishop Corrigan and Dr. McGlynn. Policemen in uniform stood like Caryatides holding up the sides of the houses, and policemen without uniform mingled in the crowd. Capt. Ryan and Detectives Mallahy and McCarthy, in plain clothes, were sometimes in St. Stephen's Church and sometimes outside, but they were all the time alert to discover if there was any "disturbance" hatching. The policemen were the reserves of the Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-seventh precincts.

Many parishioners were indignant at the presence of the police, and they did not hesitate to say so to Capt. Ryan and to the policemen. There were altogether fifty policemen on duty, both inside and outside of the church building. It was understood and not denied that Capt. Ryan had furnished the policemen at the request of the Rev. Arthur J. Donnelly, who has succeeded Dr. McGlynn in the pastorate of St. Stephens's. One of the members of the church said:

"It is an insult. Father Donnelly offers to the old friends of Dr. McGlynn to assume that there is any danger that they will not conduct themselves like good Catholics in the house of God. Dr. McGlynn has taught us to revere the place and to respect the priests while they are performing holy offices. Complaint will be made to the Police Commissioners."

Capt. Ryan said that the reason why so large a number of policemen was at the church was that he wanted to guard against "a drunken man or a Knight of Labor or some person of that kind," as he put it, getting into the church. Capt. Ryan attended all the masses from 5½ A. M. to 1½ P. M.

Pasted on lamp posts, on houses, on elevated railroad stairs, and every available place were notices similar to this:

> REMEMBER YOUR PASTOR.
> Subscriptions for the
> REV. DR. McGLYNN
> Received at Dr. Carey's, Thirtieth street and Second avenue.

Pictures of Dr. McGlynn were hawked about by men who made money like smoke. The pictures were photographs representing Dr. McGlynn standing in a priest's frock holding a prayer book in one hand. The morning newspapers, which were piled high on neighboring news stands, went off like hot cakes, though a big supply had been obtained for the occasion.

In fact, it looked like a holiday festival. But there was one who could not consistently take a holiday view of the proceedings, and he was Pastor Donnelly. He celebrated one mass, the first in the morning, beginning at 5:30 o'clock. Then he retired, and for the remainder of the day devoted himself to making as successful as possible the second Sunday of his administration of St. Stephen's parish. From his own parish, St. Michael's, on the other side of the town, Father Donnelly brought the chief of his men, who stood at all of the doors to the body of the church and the galleries on the Twenty-ninth and Twenty-eighth streets entrances, but they did not take in a cent. They had desks to put money in, and all they got from each worshipper passing in was a ticket with the legend:

> Good for ten cents—when Dr. McGlynn returns.

The collectors went away after the mass, but Father Donnelly got them into the baptistry on the Twenty-ninth street side and the ticket sellers consented to try again. They tried again at the 8 o'clock and the 9 o'clock masses, but it was to no purpose. They got plenty of pasteboard, but not one cent in money. After the 9 o'clock mass the collectors knocked off and were seen no more.

The 11 o'clock high mass in St. Stephen's Church, an elaborate service, proceeded under a good many little difficulties. The white-robed boy choir refused again to sing, but they occupied the choir seats that no other choir could be substituted, and the small organ behind the boy choir was silent. There were but two lights at the great white altar, one glimmering spark on each side of the sanctuary. The big star above the altar was not lighted, and only one taper flickered in front of the altar of St. Stephen. There was no light before the altar of St. Mary the Virgin. The chancel was lighted only by gas jets in two sconces on the wall at the sides of the altar.

The volunteer choir was present, but three of St. Michael's choir were in the choir loft. The basso of the professional choir had resigned. The soprano, tenor, and contralto sang.

The St. Stephen's altar boys refused to take part in the service, and Pastor Donnelly sent for sixteen boys from St. Michael's parish. Instead of having the boys from St. Michael's parish that the St. Stephen's altar boys would give them, individually and collectively, a good thumping for coming over to St. Stephen's Church. A panic seized the new boys and eleven failed to appear. Five served at the altar, but their services were not altogether satisfactory to the officiating priests. The high mass at St. Stephen's Church is a more elaborate ceremony than that at St. Michael's. Naturally the new altar boys were embarrassed, and the priests had to tell them what to do next.

A St. Stephen's altar boy was asked if the altar boys who have resigned really intended to inflict punishment on their visitors. Respectfully but firmly the little fellow replied:

"We did indeed, sir, but most of 'em went away and we hadn't the heart to pick a little crowd. It was a regular circus to see how they performed in church."

For the offertory the organist played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," but the baskets were not passed around. The reason was that there was none to pass around. Pastor Donnelly had supplied new baskets late on Saturday night because the old ones were missing, and yesterday morning the new baskets also were missing.

The celebrant was Dr. Loughran, the deacon Father Barry, and the sub-deacon Father Doyle. Dr. Lynch preached the sermon. The pulpit is a tall structure on four wheels. During the mass service the pulpit is against the wall, and when it is to be used it is pushed out to the front of the altar near the pews. A parishioner has done this dutymany years. There was a long delay before the sermon, which took place yesterday. Meanwhile the organist played Schumann's "Traumerei." The trouble was occasioned by Mary Halligan, one of Dr. McGlynn's household, who resigned when he was suspended. She was sitting on the pulpit stairs, and she didn't see the necessity of getting off directly. A parishioner of St. Michael's Church wanted to move the pulpit. After Miss Halligan had consented to worship in another place, the new man pushed the pulpit. He was not used to guiding it, and it hit the front pews occasionally.

It was said yesterday on excellent authority that Dr. McGlynn will make another and fuller statement in a day or two.

The Committee of Thirty-five met yesterday at 455 Third avenue, and from 10 A. M. until 7 P. M. locked themselves in while they prepared a long communication to the parisioners of St. Stephen's parish. The report will be read to-night at a meeting of the parishioners in the basement of St. Stephen's Church. It will treat of the reception which Archbishop Corrigan gave the sub-committee which presented to him the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the parishioners on last Monday evening.

The subscription raised to defray Dr. McGlynn's expenses to Rome has already reached $2,000. The parishioners are confident that he will go to Rome.

CRIME IN MICHIGAN LUMBER CAMPS.

Dens to which Women are Sent from the Cities for Immoral Purposes.

DETROIT, Jan. 23.—During the last week a bill was introduced in the Michigan Legislature to suppress the infamous dance house in the lumber camps of the upper peninsula. The worst stories from that region are corroborated by the story of one of the victims of the infamous traffic. In the Detroit House of Correction are eight women who are sentenced to one year's imprisonment for being found in one of these dens. Two of these are in the prison hospital. One, known as Minnie, will be released, and will leave in a few days to go to her home in the East to die. In view of the pending legislation, the *Free Press* will to-morrow publish an interview with her, which gives an account of a life the horror of which can be hardly imagined.

On a great lee of employment, Minnie, whose husband had deserted her in Chicago, was induced to go to a camp near Menominee by a cheap restaurant keeper named William Gaines of 111 Halstead street, Chicago. Not until her arrival in the lumber region did she realize the life she was to lead, and then lack of funds prevented her return. By force she was compelled to do the bidding of the fiends who kept the hell in which she was confined. Kicks and beatings were frequent. The slunts in which they were penned was surrounded by high palisades, and thirteen bloodhounds further prevented escape. All attempts to communicate with the outer world were frustrated. Once the attention of the authorities was attracted, and a deputy sheriff called to investigate. He was presented with $50, and left.

The girl's story has been verified by the Superintendent of the House of Correction, after a careful investigation. What is published is but a hint of the life led in these dens of infamy, the details being too revolting for publication.

MISSIONARY WORK IN BOSTON.

Dr. Phillips Brooks Preaching to Criminals and Outcasts in Faneuil Hall.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks spoke in Faneuil Hall this evening to an audience made up of the two extremes of Boston's citizenship. It was the intention of the organizers of the movement to limit the attendance to the criminals and outcasts of the city. As a matter of fact, about one-quarter of the attendants were wealthy parishioners of the eloquent rector of Trinity, and a majority of the remainder were of the class for whom his words were intended. The precaution had been taken to station a large number of policemen in various parts of the hall, but no crowd of 5,000 persons was ever more orderly or more completely absorbed in the words that were spoken to them. The meeting, which is the first of a series to be held in the same place on Sunday evenings, has a double significance. It is, perhaps, the first attempt on a large scale in this country to gather together the outcasts of municipal population for purposes of moral and religious instruction. The idea is copied from the work of several Scottish clergymen who have recently been successful in such a movement. The second point of significance is that the meetings are held under exclusively Episcopalian auspices, and that the forms and ritualism of that Church are entirely ignored. The meetings are in charge of the Trinity Club, an organization of young men, most of them parishioners of Dr. Brooks, who are associated not for religious or moral work, but for sociability and mutual enjoyment. They have entered into the present movement as an experiment, and, as they announce it, "to extend the range of Dr. Brooks's power to elevate and uplift mankind."

To interest an audience which combined the elements of the Back Bay and the North End was the most severe test ever applied to Dr. Brooks's powers. He conducted the services alone from first to last. The order of service was distinctly Congregational. The great audience joined heartily in singing two or three familiar hymns, which everybody seemed to know. Dr. Brooks offered an extempore prayer and read selections from the Bible. Then he announced his text to be the words: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." His reason for being there was told in a sentence.

"My friends," he said, "there are a multitude of persons in this world to whom those words have become precious beyond all expression, and it is a very natural disposition of anybody who has anything that is very precious to himself to go and tell other people of it, and that is simply the reason why we are come here to-night."

The discourse was extempore and in the preacher's most eloquent vein. He spoke with marvellous rapidity and great force, frequently holding the vast audience breathless with interest in his most impassioned passages. His subject was God's Pity, and the sentiment throughout was of a nature to pierce the sensibility of the most hardened. His words, however, sometimes overshot the comprehension of that portion of his hearers to whom they were especially directed.

Sam Jones and Sam Small addressed three immense audiences to-day, the building in each case being toosmall to hold the thousands who sought to hear them.

THE ANDOVER CONTROVERSY.

Congregational Clergymen Condemn the Action of the American Board.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—During the past three or four weeks the pastors of the leading Congregational churches of Boston have preached sermons condemning in very earnest terms the action of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions in taking sides in the pending Andover theological controversy, and for refusing to send out missionaries who sympathize with the views of the accused professors. The more noticeable discourses have been those of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, pastor of the Old South; the Rev. Dr. Herrick, pastor of the Mount Vernon Church, and the Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, pastor of the Shawmut Church. The latter clergyman, in his annual discourse upon missions to-day, said, regarding the policy of the Board:

"In the name of Christ, whose I am and whom I serve, I protest against their declaring the theological fitness of ministers of Christ's Gospel. I repudiate that claim. I protest against their trying to manufacture or settle theological creeds or questions. I protest against their rejection of consecrated young men and women who believe in Christ, and Him crucified, and who would be missionaries to the ends of the earth. I protest against their discouraging and chilling the missionary zeal of the Christian young men and women educated in Christian households, holding evangelical Christian faith, who, having been trained in our colleges and seminaries, would go out into heathenism to save souls for Christ. I protest against the expulsion of a consecrated competent Christian gentleman from the Prudential Committee unless he is first declared a heretic or unfit. I protest against the non-return to his field of work of the active veteran missionary who has mastered the language and still desires to preach Christ and Him crucified unless better reasons for his recall are given than those officially made known. I protest against having a clergyman in place of a business layman at the head of the Prudential Committee. In the name of economy, if not of Christ, if not of wisdom, I make this protest. I protest against the secret partiality and general autocratic methods of a close corporation. I protest against the continued unmodified existence of this close, self-electing, not easily influenced, unrepresentative corporation, as being the fertile soil of faction and alienation between churches and brethren."

THE DELHI POST OFFICE.

Many Fearlessly Active Democrats and One Mugwump After the Place.

DELHI, N. Y., Jan. 23.—The office of Postmaster in this town is the most important and lucrative Federal appointment in the county. The term of H. N. Buckley, the Republican incumbent, expires early in February, and a struggle has begun for the succession which involves nearly all of the Democratic politicians of southern central New York. The four principal candidates for the place are: George L. Gordon, who is endorsed by the Democratic Supervisors; Henry Davie, who is supported by County Judge Arbuckle and the Democratic County Committee; E. S. Hatfield, the candidate, it is said, of ex-County Judge Isaac H. Maynard, now Second Comptroller of the Treasury at Washington, and Editor Smith of the Delhi *Gazette*. Each one of the aspirants has secured the endorsement of members of the Legislature, Congressmen, and other influential parties out of the county, and each is sanguine of success. Three of the contestants are active and lifelong Democrats, and the other is of the Mugwump variety, without color or consistency of political record.

In the Federal appointments hitherto made in this county under the present Administration, perniciously active Democrats have been ruled out, causing much dissatisfaction in the ranks. Perhaps in the selection of the new Postmasters for the vacancies soon to occur at this place and Walton and Deposit, the old liners will have satisfactory recognition.

A Complimentary Breakfast to Director Edmund C. Stanton.

Many friends of Edmund C. Stanton, director of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, joined yesterday in giving to him a complimentary breakfast at Heim's, 29 West Twenty-seventh street. The company met at 9 o'clock, and the jollity was continued until after 12 o'clock. There were loads of good things to eat and a deluge of liquid refreshment. The burden of the speechmaking was complimentary to the very great success of the guest of the afternoon as a manager. The fact that under Mr. Stanton's management the opera company is now enjoying its most prosperous season was pleasantly referred to, which brought out the additional information that for the coming week's performances, as was the case each day last week, every available seat in the opera house has been sold. Among those who joined in the testimonial to Mr. Stanton were: H. E. Krehbiel, Frederick A. Schwab, Joseph I. C. Clarke, Maurice M. Minton, Arthur F. Bowers, John P. Jackson, Lucien G. Chaffee, Edward I. Stevenson, Royal W. Merrill, Paul M. Potter, Edward W. Morse, S. J. E. Rawling, and Chester L. Lord.

Funeral of Mrs. Voorhees.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The funeral of Mrs. Voorhees, wife of Senator Voorhees, took place from her late residence in this city this afternoon. The Rev. Dr. Leonard, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, conducted the ceremonies.

Among the many handsome floral offerings sent by friends were a pillow from Mrs. Cleveland, and a column three and one-half feet high, against which rested a floral cross and crown, a tribute from the employees of the Government printing office.

The remains were taken to the Baltimore and Ohio Depot to be conveyed to Terre Haute, Ind., their last resting place. All the members of the family in Washington, except the wife of Delegate Voorhees of Washington Territory, will accompany the remains to Indiana.

Gov. Pitchugh Lee in St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 23.—Gov. Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, with a party of a dozen gentlemen, arrived in the city this morning. They will visit the ice palace to-morrow, and at 8 o'clock attend a reception banquet at the Ryan. Senator Davis will be among the speakers. The party will visit Duluth.

A Dangerous Man.

Dumley—You wouldn't think, Featherly, that that dapper-looking little fellow across the way is a dangerous cutthroat, would you?

Featherly—Cutthroat! Heaven, no, Dumley; whose throat has he cut?

Dumley—Mine; he is a Yorkville barber.

THEY MARCHED TO KRUGS.

A SAD MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN TWO FRONTIER TOWNS.

The Poneyburgers Went for War and for Bill in a Box, but Brought Back Peace with Honor—Bill in no Need of a Box.

PONEYBURG, Wyoming, Jan. 18.—The trouble between this town and Krugs dates back to the time when Buffalo Sam Kites was elected Marshal here. Sam had been the Marshal at Krugs, but had left there under a cloud. Krugs is a town of four or five hundred inhabitants in northern Wyoming. Poneyburg is larger, but not much. As soon as Sam got out of a job at Krugs he came here, and, partly as a matter of spite and partly because the people of Poneyburg had a high respect for the fighting qualities of the ex-Marshal of Krugs, he was at once chosen chief here. As soon as the boys up at Krugs heard of this they came over and tried to clean Sam out. The fighting began one Saturday night, and lasted until the next Wednesday. In the mean time two men were killed and several wounded. Sam held his own in great shape, and the fellows from Krugs went home at length with a higher opinion of their neighbors. Soon after this the citizens of Poneyburg elected Bill Ketchingman assistant to Sam, and for several months no very serious difficulty arose between the citizens of the two towns.

During the last fall and winter rows have been of frequent occurrence, however. The killing of Wes Stapleton in Krugs just before Christmas aroused the Poneyburgers to fever heat, and nothing but the remonstrances of the old heads prevented almost the entire town from going over to Krugs and settling up all the old scores at once. After that the excitement died out, until last Friday Assistant Marshal Bill Ketchingman announced that he had to go over to Krugs to serve a paper. Most of his friends thought it was a risky undertaking, because threats had been made that if he or Sam came within rifle range of that town they would be massacred; but when it was proposed that he should have an escort he declined the proffered honor, and with Sam's consent he started out alone. That night, when the leading citizens gathered at the hostelries down town, the situation was discussed in all its bearings. Most of the speakers thought that Bill had gone to his death, but some said they guessed he would not be hurt.

"The feeling ain't as keen as it used to be, boys," said old man Sanborn, "and they won't touch him. If they do, though, somebody'll get hurt. Bill is loaded, and he handles himself as pretty as any man I ever saw."

Some of the younger men insisted that the assistant had marched into the jaws of death, and that it was nothing less than murder for the people of the town to let one of their officers go off alone on such a mission. "There's men up there," said Mose Fancher, "who'd just as soon swallow Bill as not. They have had it in for him for a month, and he'll be a pudding for them, you see."

The excitement grew next day. Late Saturday afternoon, when a despatch was received at the Poneyburg telegraph office from Krugs, saying: "Bill here. Send box." This was addressed to Mr. Bolton, a dry goods man here, and was promptly delivered to him, but its contents were known to every man in town as soon as they were to him. The telegraph operator had whispered it to a bystander, and that individual had hastened up town with the information that Bill Ketchingman was over at Krugs, dead, and that the murderers had telegraphed for a box. Bolton was besieged in less than no time, and though he explained that the telegram referred to a business transaction of his and had nothing to do with the Assistant Marshal, no one would believe him. All that night and Saturday night recruiting went on until 150 men well armed had intimated their willingness to join the expedition.

At daylight on Sunday the procession moved out, making a very warlike appearance. The men were on foot, the supplies going in two wagons. On the way it was agreed that half of the force should be sent on ahead and the other half should remain in the background at first to act as a reserve. Some members of the Poneyburg army objected to this scheme, suggesting such a thing as being beaten in detail, but the recommending the advisability of overpowering the enemy at the first onslaught, but they were overruled. Arriving at Krugs, one-half of the force was left out of town with instructions to rush in when they heard shooting, and the advance guard set out resolutely for the headquarters of the City Marshal. When they entered the town no one offered any resistance, and when the Poneyburgers arrived at the principal hotel and looked around them they saw only a few lightsome citizens standing with gaping mouths and hands in pockets.

Mose Fancher, who was in command, cleared his throat and said: "We have come for Bill Ketchingman's body. We didn't bring any box, but we'll make some here for you fellers. We're from Poneyburg, and we want to see the Mayor and the City Marshal."

One elderly man, who was leaning against a post, said the last he saw of Bill he was down in Dave Feiker's saloon with a crowd, and he guessed he was there yet. If the Poneyburgers would set up the drinks for the crowd the place would be pointed out to them, who flocked by hundreds "to see old Bayly's vault."

For many weeks after his wife had been placed in the vault Bayly would visit the place daily, take a seat near the coffin, and sit there to read and meditate. He also held, as he said, daily communion with his wife. Upon occasions a lady whom he knew visited the vault and found the old man there. To her he said: "I came up here this morning to see Mary. When I went in I said: 'Good morning, Mary. How are you to-day?' She told me that she felt fully well." And his statement of the morning call upon his dead wife was made in all seriousness, too. At length the cemetery authorities took exception to the vault and the coffin being opened, and they were both kept closed. Bayly then erected a frame building about six feet square and ten feet high upon the top of the vault. There was a window on each of three sides and a door on the fourth, entrance being made from the back of the vault, which is built against the side of a knoll. The room was carpeted and furnished with a table and chairs. There Bayly used to sit and read. Around the walls and about the vault were arbors and frames erected, upon which Bayly's wonderful religious views were inscribed. The vault was the attraction of the cemetery for years, but of late has decayed.

The old man leaves two children, a son and daughter, who will inherit his large property.

THE REV. FLORENCE MCCARTHY DEAD.

A Brooklyn Priest was Achieved Unpleasant Fame a Few Years Ago.

The Rev. Florence McCarthy, a former pastor of St. Cecilia's Roman Catholic Church, in Herbert and North Henry streets, Brooklyn, E. D., died last week in Chicago. In January, 1883, Miss Bridget Cronin, the organist of St. Cecilia's Church, caused his arrest for attempted assault upon her. She also sued him for $30,000. He failed to appear and she got a verdict of $10,000. There was a retrial, and then Miss Cronin got a verdict of six cents. A few days after this Kate Dixon, his servant, had him arrested for assaulting her. He had a charge against her for stealing money from him. He was not convicted, and his case against her was dismissed.

On the last Thursday in January, 1884, Father McCarthy hired a sleigh and went out riding with Lillie White in Harlem. He refused to pay Mr. Gerth, the proprietor, for the sleigh, and Mr. Gerth had him locked up in the 126th street station. Justice O'Reilly fined him $10 for disorderly conduct. On the following Saturday evening he disappeared from St. Cecilia's Church.

Fifteen Policemen to be Vaccinated.

A man named Burke, who lives at 435 West Fortieth street, was found to be suffering from smallpox yesterday. He had been sick since Thursday, but his physician did not suspect that he had small pox until yesterday. Policeman Burke, a relative of Capt. Williams's command has been boarding at Burke's, and last evening he was relieved from duty on the recommendation of Police Surgeon Satterlee. Miller has been sleeping at the station house in the same room with fifteen other officers. They have all got to be vaccinated to-day.

A small-pox patient was removed to the Riverside Hospital from 410 seventh avenue yesterday.

Miss Van Zandt Going to Europe.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—Mrs. Van Zandt said today: "My daughter and I are going to Europe. We shall go to Paris and take up our residence there. It is our plan to remain in Paris until a decision is reached in the case of Spies."

Sporting Notes.

James F. Larkin, the amateur light-weight boxer, is willing to be a professional. He is out in a challenge to Tommy Barnes to fight to a finish for a purse of $500.

ning was the best man. The medal for club swinging has been awarded to Frank Sullivan of the Village, who differ as to the merits of Mr. C. E. Smith and Mr. Gerberding. Mr. Harris did not win.

A carnival pigeon shoot will be held under the direction of the Middlesex Club, Lion at Dunellen, N. J., on Feb. 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25. The entrance fee for the six sweepstakes is $12.50, and the man making the largest score will get a $100 prize in addition.

A handicap tournament at cushion carom billiards will begin in Champion Sexton's Broadway rooms on Jan. 31 for prizes of $500, $200, and $100. The contestants and their handicaps are: C. G. Davis, 100; D. C. Johnson, 140; Frank Ives, 120; Jules Gotten, 120; Eddie Leverin, 100; Matt Corbett, 100; Henry Stedeker, 90; Peter Downy, 75.

The amateur athletic tournament in Brooklyn on Saturday night under the direction of the Varsity Boat Club, was brought to a close with a rattling set-to between George Denning and S. Doody for the light-weight championship of Long Island. It was erroneously published yesterday that Doody won. Honors were pretty even, but the judges were unanimous that Denning had won.

DUCK HUNTING IN THE BAYOUS.

The Scarcity of Feed Drives the Mallards and Teal from their Old Haunts.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 23.—There has been a sudden let down in the game market of New Orleans. A few weeks ago the supply of wild ducks in this market exceeded anything ever known before. Mallards sold for a dime a pair, and teal for half a dime. To-day the supply is cut off fully three-fourths, and these ducks are selling for $1 and 40 cents per pair, respectively. The only explanation of the disappearance of the ducks from their former haunts near the city is the destruction of the feed—wild celery, water cress, wild rice, &c. During the past month these plants have died in such quantities that the ducks have fled to other feeding places, and those that remain behind are remarkably thin, and have a fishy flavor. The unusually low water in the river and in the swamps, in consequence of which most of the lagoons are dry, may have something to do with the disappearance of these swamp plants and the flight of the ducks.

The ducks have retired deeper into the swamps, and Lake Leray and Bayou des Allemands have become the hunting grounds for mallards and teal. The latter is one of the oldest hunting grounds in the Union, and the supply of game is apparently as inexhaustible today as it was a century and a half ago, when the Dutch hunters from whom the bayou is named supplied the town of New Orleans with ducks. There are over 100 professional hunters on Bayou des Allemands alone, and from the single station of Bayou des Allemands on the Southern Pacific road no less than 1,000,000 ducks were shipped to New Orleans last year, and as many as 12,000 in a single day. The average number killed each year by a good professional hunter is 7,000.

The professionals hunt in parties of from ten to thirty, and have regularly organized camps in the centre of the swamp. They have their rude huts built in the higher patches of ground; and running from their houses for miles back in the prairie are ditches that they have cut, and which they keep always open. It is through these miniature canals that they push their pirogues when searching for ducks. Both sides of the bayou are complete networks of these ditches, running in all directions. The most rigid observance is maintained of the rights of ownership of these canals. It is this that prevents amateur hunters from accomplishing much in the way of shooting ducks, as they have no use of these canals and are unable to force their pirogues or dug-outs through the thick matted grass that covers the surface of the swamp. Even the professionals find this grass very troublesome, and more than half the ducks killed are lost in it. Nearly all the best hunting grounds in the bayou have thus been taken up, and the amateurs are left only the outlying districts, where ducks are few and hunting bad.

Just west of the duck fields are the snipe and woodcock grounds, in St. Mary parish, where a good hunter will pick off 350 snipe and 150 woodcock a day. Both snipe and woodcock are abundant just now, and there are some prairie chickens to be found also. The supply of these, of wild turkeys, deer, rabbits, and other game is making good some of the deficiency due to the lack of ducks.

THOMAS P. BAYLY'S TOMB.

The Queer Structure Erected by an Eccentric Man in a Norristown Cemetery.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Jan. 23.—Thomas P. Bayly, who was buried in old Montgomery Cemetery, this place, on Monday last, was a queer character. He was born in Front Royal, Va., nearly 82 years ago. After living successively in Virginia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, and again in Virginia, making a large fortune in the dry goods business in New Orleans, he came here in 1855 with his wife and children and settled for life "away from the bustling scenes of commercial life." In 1860 he published an autobiography, in pamphlet form. He was at first a regular attendant at the Presbyterian church, where he had a pew, but, as he says in his pamphlet, "despairing of making anything of my moral man there, I gave up attending it altogether, and left my wife and children to fill the pew, in the hope that they might derive the profit designed me." Then for a while he was a Methodist, finally becoming a Spiritualist of the most eccentric kind. He spent many of the last years of his life in writing out his religious experiences in combination with certain passages of Scripture, the manuscripts being sufficient to fill a hundred good-sized volumes. The last volume is almost illegible, owing to the trembling hand in which it is written. He only completed the diary four weeks ago, and told his daughter he was ready to die, as his work was done.

Mr. Bayly was fond of the reputation of being queer, which reputation was fully impressed upon the community when his wife died in 1866. He erected a very elaborate vault in Montgomery Cemetery, upon one of the most beautiful sites on the grounds. It was built of marble. Inside it was furnished with a bier of his wife's death, and opposite was the date upon which he expected to die, Aug. 3, 1881. On either side of the entrance to the tomb were benches, back of which, on a low wall, were two marble tablets covered with wooden covers. On one of these was the epitaph of his wife, and on the other was one them as his two children who had died years before. On the other side the tablets bore the names of his two living children. Then there were religious emblems and inscriptions painted on wooden frames that gave the place a local interest. Every year, when he flocked by hundreds "to see old Bayly's vault."

For many weeks after his wife had been placed in the vault Bayly would visit the place daily, take a seat near the coffin, and sit there to read and meditate. He also held, as he said, daily communion with his wife. Upon occasions a lady whom he knew visited the vault and found the old man there. To her he said: "I came up here this morning to see Mary. When I went in I said: 'Good morning, Mary. How are you to-day?' She told me that she felt fully well." And his statement of the morning call upon his dead wife was made in all seriousness, too. At length the cemetery authorities took exception to the vault and the coffin being opened, and they were both kept closed. Bayly then erected a frame building about six feet square and ten feet high upon the top of the vault. There was a window on each of three sides and a door on the fourth, entrance being made from the back of the vault, which is built against the side of a knoll. The room was carpeted and furnished with a table and chairs. There Bayly used to sit and read. Around the walls and about the vault were arbors and frames erected, upon which Bayly's wonderful religious views were inscribed. The vault was the attraction of the cemetery for years, but of late has decayed.

The old man leaves two children, a son and daughter, who will inherit his large property.

A Relic of '98.

A large green silk banner was shown at the rooms of the Gaelic Society, 17 West Twenty-eighth street, yesterday afternoon. It is a relic of the stormy days of the Irish insurrection of '98, and is said to have been carried by the insurgents at the battles of Vinegar Hill, Arklow, New Ross, Enniscorthy, and Oulart Hill, where the patriotic Father Murphy met his death while leading on his pikemen. In the centre of the banner appears the sunburst; in the midst of its rays stands out the sinewy form of the Irish *Kerne*, his *claidearach*, or harp, thrown over his shoulders, while he clutches in his hands a battle axe, apparently in the act of making an attack on the prostrate form of a massive lion which lies at his feet. The banner itself, independent of its historic associations, is really an artistic specimen of Irish needlework of the period in which it was made. It is the property of Mr. Robert J. Cutler of Waterford, Ireland, a lineal descendant of the grandfather of Capt. Williams's command has been boarding at Burke's, and last evening he was relieved from duty on the recommendation of Police Surgeon Satterlee. Miller has been sleeping at the station house in the same room with fifteen other officers. They have all got to be vaccinated to-day.

A small-pox patient was removed to the Riverside Hospital from 410 seventh avenue yesterday.

Shot Himself in his Landlady's Parlor.

M. Kinzinger was a shirt manufacturer, who was never successful in business. After his wife died, five years ago, he lived at the house of his sister in East Eighty-third street until last week, when he engaged a room in Mrs. Brem-r's flat at 156 East Eighty-fourth street. On Saturday morning he sent Mrs. Brem-r's daughter to Third avenue to buy him a newspaper, giving her two cents, which he said was all the money he had in the world. On Saturday evening he played dominoes and appeared to have gotten over his despondency. Just before noon yesterday he sat down on the sofa in his landlady's parlor, and an old-fashioned four-barrelled pistol to his right temple, and shot himself dead.

Oystermen Opposed to the Proposed New Law.

Reports received from all points on Long Island where oyster cultivation is carried on say that the oystermen are strongly opposed to the bill lately introduced in the Assembly providing for the appointment of a State Oyster Commissioner with plenary power to grant State leases of lands under water for the purpose of oyster cultivation.

Behind Police Headquarters.

Fifteen or twenty young ruffians, under the leadership of Jim Brackett, assembled and insulted passers-by last evening in Mott street, back of Police Headquarters, until Policeman Welsh came up and tried to stop them. They pelted him with all sorts of missiles. He and another policeman finally drove them off. Brackett escaped.

THOMAS HOGAN'S FUNERAL.

SORROW OVER THE BOY WHO WAS MURDERED BY PINKERTON MEN.

Strikers March in a Body Before the Hearse—Only Five Carriages, but Thousands of People Gather in Front of the House.

In the front room of Francis Hogan's modest apartments at 583½ Grove street, in Jersey City, yesterday morning rested a polished black walnut coffin with silver bars. A silver plate on the top bore this inscription:

> Thomas Hogan, died Jan. 20, 1886, aged 14 years 10 months.

On the lower end of the coffin lay a pillow of flowers, a tribute from the dead boy's fellow workers. It was formed of white roses, white pinks, and white and purple immortelles. The latter formed the words "Our Comrade." Through the glass slide could be seen the body of the boy who was killed by the Pinkerton men at the foot of Henderson street on Thursday. A patch of plaster concealed the bullet hole over the right eye. The body was clad in a white shirt with standing collar, white satin tie, and a white satin low-cut vest. Hundreds of people passed through the room and took a last look at the boy's face. Mayor Cleveland was among the callers. The boy's mother stood close to the coffin, with her eyes fixed on it. His father stood on the opposite side of the room.

Outside in the street fully 4,000 people had gathered. They crowded both sides of the street for more than six blocks. They had assembled before 1 o'clock and waited until 3 o'clock, when the body was borne out to the hearse. John Murray, John Somers, James Kehoe, John Chauncey, Thomas Baughart, and Bernard Leonard, comrades of the dead boy, were the pall bearers.

Three hundred of the strikers marched in procession before the hearse. Five carriages containing relatives and intimate friends followed the hearse, and thousands of people walked. St. Michael's Church in Ninth street was crowded before the funeral party got there. Father Boylan said the services for the dead, and sprinkled the coffin with holy water. Nearly all the people followed the hearse to the grave in St. Peter's Cemetery. Father de Concilio repeated the services for the dead at the grave. The thousands stood uncovered while the coffin was being lowered, and then marched slowly home.

LONGSHOREMEN TALKING STRIKE.

They Will Go Out To-day Wherever They Find Old Dominion Freight Handled.

Police Superintendent Murray, Commissioner Voorhis, Inspector Steers, and Capt. Gastlin consulted yesterday as to the measures to be taken in view of the general strike of longshoremen that the police anticipate will begin to-day. Capt. Gastlin already had about seventy men under his command, in addition to the steamboat squad numbering as many more, and it was resolved to increase this force to 220 by drafts from the different police stations. The Superintendent also instructed those police Captains whose precincts border on the river to hold their reserves in readiness.

The Executive Committee of the Ocean Association, representing the longshoremen of the Old Dominion line are attached, were in session all day yesterday. Most of the morning was spent at 123 West Houston street in reading over reports from the longshoremen who had gone on strike at the Anchor line wharf and at the warehouses of the Clyde line, where Old Dominion freight was to be loaded. At 2 P. M. they adjourned to attend the meeting of District Assembly 49 in Pythagoras Hall. The Old Dominion strike was pretty generally discussed at this meeting, and the District Assembly adjourned to the Ocean Association to endeavor to prevent a general strike.

The Executive Committee of the Ocean Association returned to the headquarters in Houston street and remained a part of the evening. One of them said:

"We cannot make war upon any line that does not handle freight of the Old Dominion line. We know that the transatlantic lines will not. Some other lines besides the Anchor line may do so to-day, and, if they do, the longshoremen will strike at once. Our reports show that many of the warehouses and steamship lines and railroads handled freight of the Old Dominion line on Saturday, and the men did not rebel. They said that they were told that it was not freight of the Old Dominion line. We have made persistent inquiry to-day, and found out that it was. We shall not make a fuss about that now, but the longshoremen will surely strike if it is done again. The Old Dominion has got to knuckle down or we'll know the reason why."

IS SIR JOHN LOSING HIS HEAD?

Strange Rumors Concerning the Prime Minister of the Dominion.

OTTAWA, Jan. 23.—Quite a sensation has been caused here by a rumor to the effect that the recent disturbances in the Cabinet were due to Sir John A. Macdonald's overbearing temper, which, it is alleged, has much increased of late years. It is even darkly hinted that the Premier, with increasing age, is losing the balance of his mind, and that this has been manifested on various occasions, but most notoriously in the Privy Council. Some of the Cabinet meetings have, it is alleged, been most stormy, and a climax was recently reached when Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, shook their fists in each other's faces. Sir Charles also lost a hot temper, and this incident is reported to have occurred just prior to his last visit to England.

Another alleged proof is that the Premier's vanity has increased to an almost ridiculous extent of late, and that the recent defeat of his party in Ontario, which he attributes to Mr. Mowat's strenuous personal efforts, recoiled upon him with redoubled force. The report, which has been published in several Canadian papers, has caused considerable public alarm.

The Murderer of Ciccarelli Arrested.

The murder of Michaele Ciccarelli at 50 Mulberry street on Christmas Day, 1882, was followed by the escape of the murderer. Michael Petrazzo. He was arrested in Boston recently for counterfeiting, and was recognized yesterday by two of Inspector Byrnes's detectives, who had been summoned by the Boston police. He has travelled half over the globe since the murder, and was at one time heard of in Venezuela.

Ciccarelli, a young laborer in the Street Cleaning Department, lived at 50 Mulberry street with Michael Tuozzo, known as Mike Tuse, who kept a saloon at 41 Mulberry street. He had already been married by Mayor Grace to Tuozzo's daughter Maria, a girl of 14, and the church ceremony was performed for the following New Year's Day. Michael Petrazzo, who also lived at 50 Mulberry street, was accused by Tuozzo's other daughter, Mrs. Lucia Ciccarelli, of having stolen the lace collar that was part of her holiday attire. Tuozzo and Ciccarelli undertook to punish him, and in the row were both shot. Tuozzo recovered, but Ciccarelli died a few days afterward.

Senator-Elect Hiscock.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 23.—Senator-elect Frank Hiscock will start for Washington at 3 o'