THE RETORT ON MR. BOYD.

JUSTICE MICHAEL NORTON SPEAKS FOR THE CIVIL JUSTICES.

Denying that They Dismiss Corporation Suits Out of Favor, and Declaring that the Prosecution is Inefficient.

Justice Michael Norton of the First Civil District Court is on the warpath against Corporation Attorney Boyd, because of Mr. Boyd's attack upon him and the other Justices, made in a communication to the Board of Aldermen on Dec. 29, 1887, in letters to the Mayor, and in interviews forming part of the reports in THE SUN of the controversy provoked by Mayor Hewitt over the failure to punish violators of corporation ordinances. The Justices who have been criticised have talked the matter over fully, and now they have something to say in reply to Mr. Boyd. Justice Norton gave his answer yesterday. He says that his associates will endorse what he asserts, and that some of them have in conversation been even more severe in their strictures upon Mr. Boyd.

Justice Norton spoke of the general accusations, and referred to the story "that word has now gone forth through Judge Norton's district that hereafter he will accept Mr. Boyd's interpretation of the law, and that on no consideration could he dismiss the complaint or reserve his decision beyond the eight days allowed." Then Justice Norton said:

"Now, I deny that anything I have done in the trial or decision of corporation cases has been 'out of favor to defendants.' I deny that therein I have 'yielded to the powerful friends of offenders,' or that I have now experienced a change of heart and will henceforth 'accept Mr. Boyd's interpretation of the law.' I have all along interpreted the law as I found it, conscientiously and to the best of my ability, and intend to continue to do so in the same manner, without modifying my views to suit Mr. Boyd, whose 'interpretation of the law' the appellate courts have invariably found to be faulty.

"My clerk's docket for the past three years shows that about two thousand corporation cases were begun in the First District Court. Many were dismissed by consent, the complaining officer being absent, or there having been only a copy service of the summons. Many were discontinued by the Corporation Attorney, and others, when called, were announced by him to have been settled. Judgment was given for the plaintiff in 420 cases, an average of 140 judgments yearly. Thus, of the cases actually brought to trial, judgment in about one-fourth was given for the plaintiff. Why did Mr. Boyd in so many cases fail to get the penalty? On taking the bench, I found that he had instructed his clerk in charge to make a prima facie case by a policeman that certain goods or other articles had obstructed the street for two hours or longer in front of premises in which the defendant or defendants were reputed to do business, and then judgment was asked against the defendant or the defendants collectively, if there were more than one, and this although but one of several defendants had been served, and the officer had not, on that occasion, seen the defendant or either of the defendants, if more than one. I am informed that in this way judgments have frequently been given against defendants who had for a long time been out of the State, and against others who were then occupants of narrow quarters in a cemetery.

"I held that as the offence charged was of a criminal nature, and a judgment against the defendant subjected him to imprisonment, no presumptions could be indulged, and the complaint must be proved by direct and positive evidence, and that the offence being a personal one, no judgment could be given against a party not personally served. Mr. Boyd, or his deputy, insisted that where there were six members of a firm judgment against all, subjecting each to imprisonment, should be entered, although but one was shown to be present at the time of the alleged offence, and the summons was served, not upon that one, but some other member of the firm. Mr. Boyd's particular grievance seems to be that when he had made out such a prima facie case as I have stated, I uniformly held he had made no case at all, and refused, until he had made out a case, either to mulct the defendant or to require him affirmatively to prove that he was innocent. I held, and the Court of Appeals has backed me up, that merchants have the right, to a reasonable extent, to obstruct the sidewalks with goods in transit to or from their stores, and of necessity must do so; and I have refused to give judgment against a merchant merely because goods were found on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, unless these goods were shown to have remained there an unreasonable time. Where the obstruction was proved to have been unreasonable, if it was shown that the defendant served was present and cognizant of the offence, my practice was—although I had grave doubt whether even then the case was brought within the strict words of the statute—to give judgment for the plaintiff against that one defendant, dismissing the case as to any others.

"Eminent counsel argued before me that this ordinance was, in its wording, legally ineffective to make out a case against any one who had not with his own hands placed the obstruction complained of, or personally directed it to be placed. I wrote an opinion on Aug. 16, 1886, deciding as I have stated. In it I called attention to these points:

"1. In many cases the action for sign penalty is based upon the circumstance that the proprietor of a small saloon or other place has painted the lower portion of an unsightly telegraph pole, itself an unlawful obstruction; or that the keeper of a cheap little restaurant has set a diminutive board, with his bill of fare pasted thereon, leaning against some convenient object; or where a few words, advertising the defendant's business, are painted upon an awning, which awning was not or itself objected to. Thus, though the complaint in these cases sets forth that defendant 'violated the said ordinance by encumbering the walk with a sign,' &c. The conclusion would seem to be that the words upon the sign, and not the awning, encumbered the walk.

"2. I am convinced from the corporation cases brought before me during the past four years that but a small proportion of ordinance violations are prosecuted, and that of those prosecuted against the poorer classes of tradesmen and others are larger in the majority.

"3. Finally, the Bureau of Encumbrances of the Department of Public Works is empowered with authority to, and is charged with the duty of summarily removing all unusual obstructions in the public streets; and the lawful exercise of his authority in the discharge of his duty in this regard by the Superintendent of this bureau and his subordinates, after a full notice to all concerned, would more thoroughly, and with more equitable regard for the rights of individuals and the general public, keep the streets clear of improper obstacles and hinderances than in any other manner.

"To the charges made by Mr. Boyd I say: (1.) I assert emphatically that I have never adjourned corporation cases from month to month, and have made no adjournments against the protest of the Corporation Attorney, and never without his consent, except in single instances, on application of the defendant, for good cause shown; and adjournments have, in most instances, been granted on Mr. Boyd's application, or on that of his assistants, for his own convenience. In very few instances have there been more than two adjournments. I can remember but two occasions when Mr. Boyd appeared personally before me in any corporation case. In the first his interpretation of the law as to making out a prima facie case was very summarily 'sat upon,' first by the General Term of the Supreme Court, in a collateral suit between the same parties on the same facts, and afterward by the General Term of the Common Pleas on direct appeal. In the second case Mr. Boyd came and specially to ask an adjournment of all the corporation cases set down for that day. I refused to grant his request in the cases where there was no appearance for the defendant, either personally or by counsel, and adjournment was resisted, and in consequence a large number of dismissals were granted for failure to prosecute. (2.) Where there has been no appearance for defendant I have given judgment for plaintiff on the evidence adduced, if sufficient, and not otherwise, and have not cross-examined witnesses. (3.) The docket will show that in every case there has been either judgment for the plaintiff, judgment for the defendant, or a dismissal, except where cases are marked settled or discontinued; and therefore, (4), there has been no reserving of decisions forever. (5.) Papers were marked dismissed only in cases where no prima facie case was made out, and I venture the opinion that not infallible like Mr. Boyd, in the interpretation of the law—that in such case that was the proper disposition to make of them.

"The main reason why so large a proportion of these cases are dismissed is, as Mr. Boyd himself wrote to the Aldermen, that the police cannot obtain sufficient proof that the defendant occupied the premises. If the immaculate Mr. Boyd, who talks of making formal charges against the Justices, and who speaks of now bringing a test case, had been efficient in the discharge of his duties, he would long ago have obtained from the Court of Common Pleas a judicial settlement as to what constitutes a prima facie case for violation of a corporation ordinance, and a controlling opinion as to whether the ordinance can be construed by implication to fasten the offence charged upon a defendant by merely showing, through hearsay, that he does business on the premises in front of which the obstruction was found.

"Mr. Boyd includes among those 'who throw every obstacle possible in the way' of recovery in corporation ordinance suits, all of last year's eleven District Court Justices, except those of the Ninth and Tenth Judicial districts, and no cases were brought, he says, in the Tenth district. In his letter to the Aldermen Mr. Boyd praises Justice McGowan of the Ninth district, as having by his course and practice added this office by his prompt and impartial disposition of the suits brought before him." If the Justices of the District Courts, Mr. Boyd adds, would dispose of these cases with such fair and conscientiousness as Mr. Justice McGown, the city would have no reason to find fault with the result. And Mr. Justice McGown, in turn, speaks of those who were his brother Justices of the District Courts as persons liable to impeachment for malfeasance. Well, what do the records show Mr. Justice McGown to have done entitling him to Mr. Boyd's special praise and immunity from his censure? I have had an examination made of his dockets. The only one accessible to my messenger shows that in four years ending May last 1,000 cases were brought in the Ninth District Court for violation of corporation ordinances, and in 250 of these judgment was given for the plaintiff. Most of the other 750 cases were simply marked 'Dismissed,' whether 'to avoid having appeals taken,' I leave to Mr. Boyd to decide. Many were marked 'Dismissed for want of proof.'

"I confess to some bewilderment on finding that though I gave Mr. Boyd yearly twice as many recoveries as Justice McGown, I am threatened with impeachment for putting every obstacle possible in his way, while to Justice McGown is awarded the very highest commendation. Judgments for the plaintiff were given in the First as in the Ninth district in one-fourth of the cases brought, and Justice McGown used the objectionable word 'Dismissed' in relatively as many cases as I did.

"A peculiar feature of the judgment for the plaintiff given by Justice McGown is, that instead of being for the $5 penalty for street obstruction named in the ordinance, the fine was made but $1 in quite a number of cases, and $2.50 in a large number of others. Where did Justice McGown get his authority for reducing the judgments below the amounts legally prescribed? And when he thus arbitrarily violated a clear provision of law, was not it Mr. Boyd's duty to have had proceedings instituted for his impeachment?

"Mr. Boyd says that some of the Justices have decided that the District Courts have no jurisdiction to try these suits. I have never so held, but have exercised jurisdiction in all cases brought, though the question seems a doubtful one, and it ill becomes Mr. Boyd to impute dishonesty to the Justices who venture to differ with him on that point. Is Mr. Boyd really entitled to say, as he does, that the District Court Justices who differ with him in the matter have therein corruptly 'yielded to the powerful friends of offenders?' After all, is it not barely possible, and I reluctantly make such a suggestion in relation to so immaculate a person as Mr. Boyd—is it not possible that all the so vaunted threats of proceedings against these Justices and of 'keeping this agitation up until a lesson shall be taught these men,' and hints at removal for 'general inefficiency,' are intended to cover up Mr. Boyd's own shortcomings, as evidenced by the small number of his recoveries in all the District Courts, not excepting Justice McGown's, and to shield himself from apprehended removal for his own 'general inefficiency'?"

HE YOKED THE BEAR UP.

Mr. Bergett's Remarkable Capture on the Upper Lehigh.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 15.—Coonrod Bergett, a muscular wood chopper and hunter of the upper Lehigh region, captured a black bear in a very peculiar way near the headwaters of the Lehigh River on last Wednesday. Early that morning Bergett, with a small-sized ox yoke on his shoulder, started through the woods for Bill Hunting's place, nearly two miles distant over the hill. The yoke belonged to Hunting, and Bergett, who had been using it to break in a pair of two-year-old steers, was about to return it to its owner. Along the side of East Hill, half way between his place and a section of wild country called Huntersland, Bergett saw a bear shamble out of the bushes a short distance ahead of him and start for higher ground. The bear's sudden appearance was a great surprise to him for a moment, and, without waiting to take a second thought, Bergett dashed at the bear with the intention of knocking it down with the ox yoke. The noise made by his boots in the crusty snow reached the ears of the bear before Bergett had got near enough to strike it, and the startled animal turned toward the woodsman with a growl and prevented him from thumping it with the yoke just then.

Hoping to completely demoralize the bear in a hurry, Bergett rushed at it with the uplifted yoke and dealt it a pretty good bow on the head as it made an effort to back into the bushes beyond the reach of Bergett's big weapon. The blow from the heavy hard timber of the yoke aroused every particle of the bear's fighting nature in an instant, and as Bergett was in the act of raising the yoke for another stunning blow, the now thoroughly enraged bear sprang underneath the yoke, grabbed Bergett around the waist, and gave him such a terrible squeeze that he was glad to drop the yoke and struggle with all his might to get out of the bear's powerful clutches. He had to thump it on the nose several times with his fists and kick it in the belly like everything before it was willing to lean on its hold on him, but he finally freed himself from its murderous embrace and started for a large hemlock tree, which happened to be just there handy. After Bergett had worried the bear as long as he cared to, he picked up a stick and thrust it between the tree at the bear's head. It struck the bear in the left nostril and made it more wrathy than ever, and the next thing that Bergett knew the bear reared upon its hind legs and plunged at him from the other side of the tree.

Bergett backed out of the way mighty lively, but the bear wouldn't have reached him if he had stood still, for, instead of landing on the ground on the opposite side of the twin trees from which it had sprung, it sunk down as soon as its forward feet had passed the trunks, its sides heaving with the effort between the two trees, and there it was in a perfectly helpless condition, with its hind legs on one side of the trees and its big paws on the other. When the bear found that neither pawing nor kicking had any effect in releasing its body it began to roar worse than ever. Bergett said that, when he saw the bear was fast, he at first thought was to get a stone and mash the animal to death, but, not seeing any stones near by, his second thought was to yoke the bear up.

Without waiting a moment, Bergett ran and got the yoke. Then he climbed on the back of the still kicking and bellowing bear, pulling the yoke after him. The bear came near throwing Bergett over his head once, but the plucky woodsman clung to the bear's long hair with one hand, while with the other he hung to the yoke. Bergett finally managed to get astride of the bear's fore shoulders. Several times the bear reached around and once within an inch of biting Bergett on the leg, but every time it did this the backwoodsman rapped it on the head with one of the bows of the yoke and made it behave itself.

After a good deal of dangerous and particular work had been done by Bergett as he sat there on the bear's shoulders, he succeeded in getting one of the bows of the yoke under the bear's throat and fastening it to the yoke on the back of its neck. Then he jumped to the ground, twisted off some small saplings, made a few withes, and fastened the other end of the yoke securely to the tree. While this was going on the bear struck out terribly, but it had to stay where it was and struggle.

Bergett then started for his house. He made good time, but an hour had elapsed before he got back where the bear was. He had his rifle with him, and he found the bear still grunting and endeavoring to get out of the noose. Bergett then put a bullet through the bear's head in short order. He did not get to sleep that night until the bear's carcass, which weighed 383 pounds, had been safely stored in his barn.

SORRY FOR THE POOR DEAF MUTE.

One of the Ladies Thought he'd Make a Good Husband—The Other Disliked his Feet.

There were only a few persons in the last car of a train that left City Hall station, on the Third avenue elevated, about 2½ yesterday afternoon. But if they all enjoyed a certain little episode as much as THE SUN reporter did, then their ride was worth a nickel.

In two of the seats that face each other in the centre of the car sat four persons. Two of them were men who rode with their backs to the engine and conversed earnestly in the deaf and dumb alphabet. The two persons facing them were ladies, and they seemed very much interested in the pantomime in front of them.

At Twenty-third street one mute left the train, bidding his friend a hearty good day with rapid signs and a guttural sound peculiar to mutes. Left alone, his other said loud, in his seat and looked earnestly out of the windows. In a moment one of the ladies said:

"Poor thing, how sad he looks! It must be an awful thing to have to go through life in silence."

"He'd make a good husband to have around in case you wanted to think, or write a letter," replied her friend.

"What terribly big feet he has!" remarked the first one. "I wonder if big feet are peculiar to deaf mutes?"

By this time the train had paused at Thirty-fourth street, when one woman grabbed the other excitedly, and said: "Oh, I wonder what time it is! Our train leaves at 3:30."

Just at this moment the man with the big feet happened to be glancing at his watch, and the lady touched his arm, making signs that she wanted to see its face. With an amused smile the man held it up in front of her, and said calmly:

"You can look at it, if you want to, madam; but it is only 3 o'clock, and you have plenty of time."

As a matter of fact, if that man had told those women that Bunnie had given back the $25,000 to Baby Bunting, or that scalskin sacques were selling in Broadway at $5.50, they couldn't have been more utterly astounded. For a moment they sat and stared blankly, and then began to laugh hysterically, and finally one managed to gasp out:

"Then you are not dumb after all?"

"No, madam," said the man, half apologetically, as if he felt he ought to be. "But my friend was."

Until the train reached Forty-second street both those women continued to indulge in little fits of spasmodic laughter; but the man didn't seem to mind it.

New Lights for the East River.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Notice is given by the Lighthouse Board that on or about Feb. 1 two fixed red lights will be shown, one above the other, from lanterns suspended from arms of a spindle which has been erected on Man-o'-War Rock, East River, New York. The upper light will be 32 feet above mean low water. The spindle is painted alternate brown and white stripes 6 feet wide.

Also, that on or about the same date two fixed red lights will be shown, one above the other, from lanterns on top of a post which has been erected on Flood Rock, East River. The upper light will be 30 feet above mean low water. The post is painted white.

A Child Born with Two Heads.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 14.—The report of the birth of a two-headed child near Princeton, Ind., on Monday last, has been fully verified. The child was born to the wife of Henry Wilson, a farmer living four miles from that city. It had two well-formed heads, one just behind the other, and weighed twelve pounds. The strangest part of it is that the heads were covered with hair three inches in length. The front head was more perfectly formed as to features than the one behind, which had only an indistinct nose and mouth. The child lived a few minutes only. Certain parties are trying to secure it for preservation and exhibition in a museum, but the mother is unwilling it should be placed to any such use.

A Policeman Fatally Shot.

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 15.—Early this morning Policeman Joseph Glenn saw two men acting in a suspicious manner in an alley in the rear of the residence of John Hoffman, Sr., a wealthy citizen. On approaching they commenced firing upon him, discharging eight shots. One shot went through his hat another struck him in the leg, and a third entered the abdomen. The third shot proved fatal. The assailants escaped.

HE YOKED THE BEAR UP.

Mr. Bergett's Remarkable Capture on the Upper Lehigh.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 15.—Coonrod Bergett, a muscular wood chopper and hunter of the upper Lehigh region, captured a black bear in a very peculiar way near the headwaters of the Lehigh River on last Wednesday. Early that morning Bergett, with a small-sized ox yoke on his shoulder, started through the woods for Bill Hunting's place, nearly two miles distant over the hill. The yoke belonged to Hunting, and Bergett, who had been using it to break in a pair of two-year-old steers, was about to return it to its owner. Along the side of East Hill, half way between his place and a section of wild country called Huntersland, Bergett saw a bear shamble out of the bushes a short distance ahead of him and start for higher ground. The bear's sudden appearance was a great surprise to him for a moment, and, without waiting to take a second thought, Bergett dashed at the bear with the intention of knocking it down with the ox yoke. The noise made by his boots in the crusty snow reached the ears of the bear before Bergett had got near enough to strike it, and the startled animal turned toward the woodsman with a growl and prevented him from thumping it with the yoke just then.

Hoping to completely demoralize the bear in a hurry, Bergett rushed at it with the uplifted yoke and dealt it a pretty good bow on the head as it made an effort to back into the bushes beyond the reach of Bergett's big weapon. The blow from the heavy hard timber of the yoke aroused every particle of the bear's fighting nature in an instant, and as Bergett was in the act of raising the yoke for another stunning blow, the now thoroughly enraged bear sprang underneath the yoke, grabbed Bergett around the waist, and gave him such a terrible squeeze that he was glad to drop the yoke and struggle with all his might to get out of the bear's powerful clutches. He had to thump it on the nose several times with his fists and kick it in the belly like everything before it was willing to lean on its hold on him, but he finally freed himself from its murderous embrace and started for a large hemlock tree, which happened to be just there handy. After Bergett had worried the bear as long as he cared to, he picked up a stick and thrust it between the trees at the bear's head. It struck the bear in the left nostril and made it more wrathy than ever, and the next thing that Bergett knew the bear reared upon its hind legs and plunged at him from the other side of the tree.

Bergett backed out of the way mighty lively, but the bear wouldn't have reached him if he had stood still, for, instead of landing on the ground on the opposite side of the twin trees from which it had sprung, it sunk down as soon as its forward feet had passed the trunks, its sides heaving with the effort between the two trees, and there it was in a perfectly helpless condition, with its hind legs on one side of the trees and its big paws on the other. When the bear found that neither pawing nor kicking had any effect in releasing its body it began to roar worse than ever. Bergett said that, when he saw the bear was fast, he at first thought was to get a stone and mash the animal to death, but, not seeing any stones near by, his second thought was to yoke the bear up.

Without waiting a moment, Bergett ran and got the yoke. Then he climbed on the back of the still kicking and bellowing bear, pulling the yoke after him. The bear came near throwing Bergett over his head once, but the plucky woodsman clung to the bear's long hair with one hand, while with the other he hung to the yoke. Bergett finally managed to get astride of the bear's fore shoulders. Several times the bear reached around and once within an inch of biting Bergett on the leg, but every time it did this the backwoodsman rapped it on the head with one of the bows of the yoke and made it behave itself.

After a good deal of dangerous and particular work had been done by Bergett as he sat there on the bear's shoulders, he succeeded in getting one of the bows of the yoke under the bear's throat and fastening it to the yoke on the back of its neck. Then he jumped to the ground, twisted off some small saplings, made a few withes, and fastened the other end of the yoke securely to the tree. While this was going on the bear struck out terribly, but it had to stay where it was and struggle.

Bergett then started for his house. He made good time, but an hour had elapsed before he got back where the bear was. He had his rifle with him, and he found the bear still grunting and endeavoring to get out of the noose. Bergett then put a bullet through the bear's head in short order. He did not get to sleep that night until the bear's carcass, which weighed 383 pounds, had been safely stored in his barn.

SORRY FOR THE POOR DEAF MUTE.

One of the Ladies Thought he'd Make a Good Husband—The Other Disliked his Feet.

There were only a few persons in the last car of a train that left City Hall station, on the Third avenue elevated, about 2½ yesterday afternoon. But if they all enjoyed a certain little episode as much as THE SUN reporter did, then their ride was worth a nickel.

In two of the seats that face each other in the centre of the car sat four persons. Two of them were men who rode with their backs to the engine and conversed earnestly in the deaf and dumb alphabet. The two persons facing them were ladies, and they seemed very much interested in the pantomime in front of them.

At Twenty-third street one mute left the train, bidding his friend a hearty good day with rapid signs and a guttural sound peculiar to mutes. Left alone, his other said loud, in his seat and looked earnestly out of the windows. In a moment one of the ladies said:

"Poor thing, how sad he looks! It must be an awful thing to have to go through life in silence."

"He'd make a good husband to have around in case you wanted to think, or write a letter," replied her friend.

"What terribly big feet he has!" remarked the first one. "I wonder if big feet are peculiar to deaf mutes?"

By this time the train had paused at Thirty-fourth street, when one woman grabbed the other excitedly, and said: "Oh, I wonder what time it is! Our train leaves at 3:30."

Just at this moment the man with the big feet happened to be glancing at his watch, and the lady touched his arm, making signs that she wanted to see its face. With an amused smile the man held it up in front of her, and said calmly:

"You can look at it, if you want to, madam; but it is only 3 o'clock, and you have plenty of time."

As a matter of fact, if that man had told those women that Bunnie had given back the $25,000 to Baby Bunting, or that scalskin sacques were selling in Broadway at $5.50, they couldn't have been more utterly astounded. For a moment they sat and stared blankly, and then began to laugh hysterically, and finally one managed to gasp out:

"Then you are not dumb after all?"

"No, madam," said the man, half apologetically, as if he felt he ought to be. "But my friend was."

Until the train reached Forty-second street both those women continued to indulge in little fits of spasmodic laughter; but the man didn't seem to mind it.

Sam Small Attacks Adonis.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 15.—On Friday night Evangelist Sam Small preached a sermon in which he referred to Henry Dixey, the actor, as "a blackleg gambler, who had lost $1,500 at dice in San Francisco and then squealed." Mr. Dixey, upon seeing the above expression in the *Times* this morning, at once tried to have Mr. Small called to account legally for what Mr. Dixey terms a lie gotten up by a San Francisco reporter. Finding that Mr. Small could not be reached under the laws of Missouri, Mr. Dixey filed affidavits charging the Kansas City *Times* with criminal libel. Papers were served on Dr. Mumford, the editor, last evening, and he was released on his own recognizance to appear on Monday morning. Mr. Small has been subpœnaed to appear as a witness.

A Train Robber's Confession.

EL PASO, Jan. 14.—Doc Hines, who was arrested on Thursday night, claims that he was not one of the band of train robbers that held up the Mexican Central train at Mapula on Tuesday night, has confessed. He says there were five in the gang, and that the leader was Charles Small. He says he got $150 as his share of the booty, but he refuses to name the entire amount obtained. A telegram this evening from Horcasitas, thirty miles below Chihuahua, says that the Mexican troops in pursuit of the robbers have just come in with the leader in custody.

CONFESSIONS FORCED OUT.

THE CONDUCT OF THE HAMILTON MURDER INVESTIGATION.

Is Not the Coroner Acting in Such a Way as Almost to Insure the Acquittal of the Murderer when He is Put on Trial?

LONG BRANCH, Jan. 15.—There is a feeling of mistrust among the citizens of Long Branch regarding the methods which have been resorted to by young Coroner Vanderveer and Mayor George W. Brown to extort confessions from the persons who are suspected of knowing who killed Robert Hamilton. No one accuses either of them of lack of energy or good faith in their search for the murderer. The fear is that in their zeal they have exceeded their lawful rights, and so infringed upon the rights of the prisoners that any confessions which have been made will be ruled out of court. If this should occur, a conviction could not be had if the persons now in custody refuse to repeat their stories in court. This unfortunate state of affairs has arisen from a conflict of authority between Justice of the Peace E. I. Pitcher and the Coroner, and the intense jealousy which has arisen among several cliques of persons who are working to get the rewards for convicting Hamilton's murderers. There are twelve prisoners still in custody. Two are held in unheated rooms in a summer hotel, four in a barn, and five are kept at night in the one room over the lockup, which is generally used as a court room by the Police Justice, and Stanford Potter is kept alone in the cells beneath. None of those in the lockup bedding has anything to sleep on except the bare floor or benches. Justice Pitcher acknowledges that none of the prisoners has been confronted with the accusation against him, had an examination as provided for by law, or been cautioned, as the law requires, regarding his right to refuse to make any statements which may criminate himself. Those who are confined in the examination room are told that they are held as witnesses, although they were taken on warrants issued by Justice Pitcher upon an omnibus affidavit which Coroner Vanderveer made on Jan. 3, in which he accuses them upon information and belief of either having taken part in the murder, or having such a knowledge of it as would make them accessories to the crime before or after the deed. The law provides that any person arrested upon a suspicion of crime must have an immediate examination, which shall be taken in writing. When Ike Bowles and William Cook were arrested two weeks ago to-morrow Justice Pitcher proposed to proceed with an examination. Lawyer George Troutman says he was engaged to appear for the man. The Coroner was about to take Ike Bowles into a private room to question him.

"I forbid it," cried Troutman. "You have no right to question my client in private, and I will not allow it."

"Then this examination shall not go on," said the Coroner to Justice Pitcher. "I have the power to take these prisoners from you, and I will do so if you do not adjourn the examination until I am ready for it."

"Take the best prisoner," the Coroner added to Constable Irving Smith, "and lock them up, and don't let any one see them, counsel or any one else, not even Justice Pitcher. Particularly do not let George Troutman see one of them."

It was by an evasion of the Coroner's order that Pitcher got access to the woman called Dunk and got her confession.

"I thought I was being sent by the Coroner," said Constable Irving Smith afterward; "but the Coroner gave me a blowing up for it."

"I want to see Stanford Potter to-day," said Justice Pitcher last night. "He told me that the Coroner had instructed him not to talk to me."

Pitcher is very much irritated at his treatment.

"I stood it," he said, "because we were rivals for the nomination for the place of Coroner, and I was afraid that people would think I was interfering from personal motives. I think I was wrong, and I shall go on with the examination as soon as I can to-morrow."

Clay Wooley would not say what he would do if he was ordered to bring the prisoners before the Justice.

"I want," he said, "to take no part in this fight. Both of these men are my superior officers."

He holds the prisoners on a general commitment signed by Justice Pitcher, but takes his orders from Coroner Vanderveer. The latter says he is acting under legal advice. Mayor Brown, who used to be Sheriff, and who is related by marriage to the Coroner, said:

"This young man (the Coroner) has been hampered on every hand by rings who have sought to keep him from getting evidence. He is acting under the advice of the Prosecutor of the Pleas."

It was on the advice of Mayor Brown that Dunk and Lilly Smith were confined in Wells's Nassau House.

"We have evidence," Brown said, "that the end will justify the means."

The story that the husband of Josephine Fairbanks was in the employ of Pinkerton's detective agency in New York is denied by Pinkerton. Sally Uncle's story that she saw Dowling and Potter robbing Mr. Hamilton is likely to crack like a bubble in its most important feature. It was reported that when she passed them they were robbing the old man, and told her not to give them away. She now says that she only conjectured that they were going to rob him, because there were two of them in the little alley way between Maggie Wright's shanty and Hunting's house. One was behind Hamilton and one in front of him. The old man was crying. She did not know the man in the rear, but the one in front was Potter. He spoke to her, but the remark was a commonplace one. The impression that there was an organized effort to keep testimony from the Coroner does not seem to be true. The witness after witness was asked about it during last week's sessions of the inquest. It was shown that several of them had been told not to divulge to any one else what they knew, but the information they had was not material, and each of the persons with the Coroner was gunning for declares that while he was working for the reward, it was his intention to inform the Coroner or the Prosecutor of the first material clue which he got.

A New Catholic Church Dedicated.

A beautiful temporary church was dedicated yesterday on West Seventy-first street, near the Boulevard. It is known as the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. The Rev. Matthew A. Taylor, formerly of the Church of the Sacred Heart, is its pastor, and the Rev. James M. Byrnes, formerly of St. Andrew's, is his assistant. The structure is substantially built of brick. It is 100 feet in depth, with a frontage of 75 feet. The inside walls are 36 feet in height. The interior is light and airy, and the walls are frescoed in bright colors. The choir and a fine organ occupy a gallery over the entrance. The supports of the roof are rough oak, and the pews oak.

The new parish is formed out of adjoining portions of the parishes of St. Paul the Apostle and the Holy Name. The new parish last April purchased nine and a half adjoining lots on the street, including the property on the corner of the Boulevard. They cost $160,000. The corner will be the site of the future permanent structure. The present structure cost $23,000.

Archbishop Corrigan dedicated the building yesterday. Pastor M. A. Taylor acted as deacon, and Dr. McKinnney of the Sacred Heart as subdeacon. Father John Hughes was celebrant. Mgr. Preston preached.

Mr. W. W. Astor to Improve "Beaulieu."

From the Philadelphia Press.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 14.—John Jacob Astor and ex-United States Minister W. W. Astor arrived in town yesterday. Soon after the death of his wife Mr. Astor transferred to his son, the ex-Minister, his magnificent summer residence "Beaulieu," which has such an interesting history. It is said that several people refused to purchase Beaulieu before the Astors got possession of it, for the reason that its several owners have come to grief in one way or the other. The last owner, Marceda, the Peruvian Minister, who entertained there in princely style. His annual visits to Newport are said to have cost him $50,000 to $100,000 each. He finally came to grief financially. It is true he has bobbed up since, but is now in California farther than a pancake. After his ownership W. T. Blackstone of New York bought it, and his family met with such reverses that they have been lost sight of entirely to the social world. After them came A. D. Jessup of Philadelphia, who fell dead at the railway station in Cheltenham, England. Nothing thus far of exceptional character has occurred to the Astors.

It was at "Beaulieu" that the late Mrs. Astor was to have entertained the late Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany. He met with an accident, and that precluded the possibility of his coming to Newport. William Waldolf Astor, the new proprietor of "Beaulieu," is going to have many important improvements made to the beautiful place, and it is for the purpose of arranging details and inspecting plans that he and his father are now in Newport.

The Roman Catholic Church in Britain.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Some interesting particulars are given in the "Catholic Directory for 1888," just published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, regarding the progress of Catholicism in this country. The number of Bishops remains the same, that of priests has been increased by 46, and reaches a total of 2,068. The number of churches and chapels is 1,861, showing an increase of 21 during the year now ending. Of the secular clergy ordained priests for England and Wales during the last twelve months the number was 47. The "Directory" contains much information concerning Catholicism in the British empire, within which there are now 20 archiepiscopal and 90 episcopal sees, 10 vicariates apostolic, and 10 prefectures apostolic—in all, 120 sees, exclusive of titles *in partibus*. The Catholic population of England is estimated at 1,254,000; of Scotland at 340,000; of Ireland at 3,961,860; total, 5,556,000. In the colonies there are 175,000; in Asia, 100,000; in America, 2,183,000; in Australasia, 558,000. Catholic British subjects, Australasia excepted, represent in the imperial Parliament by 42 peers, and by 5 English and 75 Irish members. There are 9 Catholics in the Privy Council, and there are 60 Catholic peers, 61 baronets, and 20 lords with courtesy titles.

FREE FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY.

Mrs. Lamadrid Celebrates the First Anniversary of Her One Cent Coffee Stands.

Friday last was the anniversary of the founding of the St. Andrew's One Cent Coffee Stands, and Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid, the lady who originated and has full charge of the charity, decided to celebrate the event by a free anniversary dinner. As Friday is a fast day with the Catholics, Sunday was agreed upon as a day most likely to suit the greatest number.

The "kitchen" at 125 Madison street, at which all the food is prepared for the various St. Andrew coffee stands throughout the city, was the scene of the festivities.

The forenoon was devoted to filling the baskets which were brought in by poor women from all parts of the city.

About noon the tables were set and the doors opened to the first relay of men, the emptiness of whose stomachs was only equalled by that of their pocketbooks.

At that hour a line of men four abreast that reached from the door of 125 clear to Market street. They were in charge of three policemen, and were allowed to enter the building in details of forty-five each, as the tables would seat that number.

The bill of fare consisted of turkey, roast beef, succotash, potatoes, bread, plum pudding, oranges, and raisins. As fast as one detail had eaten, the tables were cleared and made ready for another detachment. Up to 2 o'clock six squads had been fed. The first tables were filled almost entirely by women. Mrs. Lamadrid hoped to provide for about 500 before 5 o'clock. The policemen on duty said the men came from all parts of the city, and seemed to be, for the most part, respectable workingmen. Many bore traces of extreme poverty, but a number were comfortably well dressed, and one individual sported a tall silk hat in a fair state of preservation.

Mrs. Lamadrid gave the dinner entirely at her own expense, with the exception of a donation of $5 from Mrs. C. F. Frothingham. Mrs. R. Valentine also donated some plum puddings. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Good and Mrs. McKeon assisted in preparing the tables.

Mrs. Lamadrid says the work has grown to such an extent that she is looking for a large store, the front part of which she will devote to booths for providing meals, and the rear of which can be utilized as a large kitchen, where the food can be prepared for all her stands.

She is at work now on her report of the work done and the expense entailed in the past year.

NEWS OF THE THEATRES.

One of the most pathetic incidents of French history—the death of the beautiful young Princesse de Lemballe—is utilized in "Paul Kauvar" at the Standard, to make perhaps the most thrilling scene of that remarkable play. People who have gone back the second and third time to see the dream in the first act confess to its power and charm. A guillotine is represented on the stage, with perfect historic accuracy, and a lovely girl supposed by the hero to be *Diane*, his betrothed, is decapitated before his eyes. The effect is realistic to a degree. The guillotine is a fac-simile of the one in the National Museum at Washington, the knife having been cast directly from a wax model of the original; the headsman's costume is a reproduction from the Reign of Terror. The wax head which is held up to the red, capped mob, and which is so lifelike in its pink and white beauty that the eyes actually seem to move, is a fac-simile model from the steel engravings of the Princesse de Lemballe, the most beautiful woman of Marie Antoinette's court and her favorite maid of honor. She was barely 18 when the crash of the monarchy came. Pursued through the streets of Paris she was dragged by the mob to the Place de La Guillotine, and there beheaded precisely as represented at the Standard. Her body was then hacked to pieces and thrown to the dogs in the streets, while her head was borne on a pike at the head of the triumphal procession of the *tricoteuses*. For several weeks one of the best modellers in New York worked on the reproduction under Steele Mackaye's direction, guiding the outlines and painting the cheeks after the steel engravings in the Astor Library. The head stands to-day the wonder of theatregoers, and the most expensive bit of property on the New York stage. The repulsive features of an execution are entirely omitted, but the fascination of the dream scene for people who go back to the Standard to see it again can only be accounted for on the theory of man's hidden love of the horrible. The Standard's audiences increase week after week, and "Paul Kauvar's" run, it seems now, will be of notable length.

Henry C. Miner writes to THE SUN: "It is my intention to give a performance at my People's Theatre on Jan. 18 for the benefit of Mrs. Crowley (who, you know, is the wife of ex-Sergeant Crowley), and it is my desire to stimulate the police to take an interest in the unfortunate woman and aid one of their comrades. I have communicated with the Commissioners in regard to having the policemen interest themselves in disposing of some tickets, but I was informed that it was contrary to the rules and regulations of that well-governed municipal body. Now I feel confident that if the press of New York could suggest that it would be a just and noble way for the policemen of this city to show their friendship and love for a comrade in distress, if they would each purchase one or two fifty-cent tickets, it would aggregate a very handsome sum to be placed to the credit of Mrs. Crowley, and I feel confident that the press of this city argue in favor of this suggestion there would be no interference from the superior officers. Mayor Hewitt has kindly consented to take charge of all money accruing from this benefit, and Col. Bliss has already forwarded his check for $150 worth of tickets."

A society amateur writes to THE SUN: "So Dave Belasco is reported as saying that it is worth $100 a week to rehearse women like Mrs. Potter, from the fact that society stars are so stubborn. Well, well. It was not very long since that Mr. Belasco was willing to rehearse Mrs. Potter day and night without any other pecuniary return than the handsome amount which came his way through her influence with wealthy amateurs who needed coaching and were willing to pay for it, and also through the prestige which he gained through her acquaintance and friendship. His change of heart no doubt took place when the lady in making her contract with Mr. Miner failed to insert a clause giving Mr. Belasco half the profits of her tour, as he