THE LASH.

Whipping Criminals in Newcastle, Del., Yesterday.

Robbers of Hen Roosts and Purloiners of Shoes and Old Clothes Flogged—Names of the Victims and Their Crimes—How the Operation is Performed—Sheriff Richardson's Talk on the Institution—Nobody Ever Faints or Has Blood Drawn by the Cat—A New Yorker Lashed for the Effect of a Drunken Frolic—Scene About the Prison This Morning—No Excitement Prevails—The Whipping Toilet—The Sheriff Goes It Mild and Furnishes No Horror.

NEWCASTLE, Del., May 14, 1870.

After closing and mailing my letter dated yesterday I made another visit to the prison and had a second interview with Sheriff Richardson. My object this time was to pump his sheriffship as regards the manner in which criminals are generally whipped. I found, however, that pumping was unnecessary. The Sheriff was a willing talker. It needed no extraordinary skill to draw him out. He spoke with the utmost freedom on the very subject on which I sought information, and seemed glad of the opportunity of explaining everything connected with his duties.

"Are you obliged by law, Mr. Richardson, to inflict the whipping with your own hands?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "The law compels me to do it, and I always do."

"Do you ever find the victims faint under the infliction either of the whip or the pillory?" was my next question.

He smiled and remarked:—"No, sir; during my term as sheriff I have never known of such a case. You must know that I use considerable discretion in inflicting this punishment. I rarely very much hurt any of the criminals sentenced to be lashed. Indeed, I never hurt them at all unless they are very hardened and depraved cases altogether. I remember but very few instances in which I used the whip with real earnestness. One of those cases was for a rape of a little child under ten years old.

I remarked that I was under the impression that such crimes were punishable with death in the State of Delaware. To this he said:—

"No, sir; not unless the child is over ten years old. It is a curious discrimination and don't seem proper; for the younger the child the greater the offence ought to be considered. But the law is the law, and I can't alter it. But about the case I was speaking of. The criminal was a stout, big buck nigger, who had dreadfully ill-used the little girl. My blood boiled with rage against the villain. I had my mind made up to cut him in two with the lash if I could. His name was Ned Smith. The community here was dreadfully incensed against him. When the day for his whipping arrived and Ned was brought out to the post I never will forget what I heard and saw. (It was only last November, mind you.) There was a great crowd of spectators in the prison yard, every man silent, pale, but looking determined. I could see that they came resolved that there should be no child's play in punishing Ned Smith. I felt kind of confused and bothered by the awful silence that prevailed; and I was not much relieved by hearing the noise of cocking pistols."

"What do you mean by that?" I interrupted him to ask.

"I mean" responded the Sheriff, "that the people there came determined to take the life of Ned Smith in case I should not wallop him with the utmost severity. They would have shot him dead as a door nail, I can tell you, and perhaps me, too, in the bargain. I felt the danger at the time and summoned all my nerve and strength to support me under the trying ordeal. I raised the lash over my shoulder and brought it down on Ned's back with all my power. The first lash I delivered satisfied every one present that Richardson was in dead earnest, and I gave all the rest with equal force. Strange to say, I never brought the blood from the fellow's body, though I tried all I knew how. The fellow is in prison still, and behaves himself well."

I ventured the opinion that lashing was too mild a punishment for a wretch guilty of such a heinous offence. He agreed with me, and declared that the fellow ought to have been hanged. Then he proceeded to talk about the lying accounts that had been published representing the Sheriff as inflicting the lash with barbarous cruelty, and almost killing the victims. He said he dealt most mildly with the great bulk of criminals, sometimes making the act of whipping a mere painless form, dealing out his blows with a gentleness that would scarcely hurt a fly.

"Don't you think," said I, "that making light of the punishment in that way would encourage the repetition of crime?"

"Oh, no, sir. These fellows know that should they return I would treat them with no mercy the second time, and they take right good care not to get into my clutches a second time. I know how to deal with most of these fellows, and seldom make a miscalculation. I can point out Ned Smith to you, if you would like to see him."

I answered in the affirmative, and he promptly brought me to the workshop and pointed out a large nigger engaged in weaving rag carpet. "That's the fellow," said he.

I took a good look and failed to see anything remarkably vicious in the appearance of the black member of the unfortunate Smith family. He was large and vigorous, but by no means ferocious looking, and I so remarked to the Sheriff.

"Yes, yes," replied the Sheriff; "he has become much changed since his stay here. He is quiet and orderly."

Noticing some eight or ten of the prisoners in the workshop, busy at carpet making and holding big scissors in their hands, I asked the Sheriff if he did not think that rather an unsafe way to keep criminals.

"Not at all, sir," he quietly answered; "I have them completely under my control. They are never boisterous or quarrelsome. I treat them well and they all like me."

"Does the pillory squeeze or hurt the neck and wrists in any way?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir. The pillory don't hurt at all. The shame or disgrace is the great thing in that punishment. The neck can be moved about from side to side, but it often gets sore from holding it in position so long. The whole body, too, becomes tired."

"How long are criminals generally kept in the pillory?"

"Never more than an hour," he replied, "and there is all the time some one on the look out in case anything should go wrong. We place a ladder against the platform on the post to enable the criminal to ascend and have his neck and wrists adjusted to the frame."

LASHED FOR GETTING DRUNK AND TAKING AN OVERCOAT.

Among the cases pointed out to me to-day is that of a genteel looking white man, imprisoned now just one year, and who is to be liberated to-morrow. He was born in New York. His misfortune was that one day he got drunk, and during his "fight" walked off with another man's overcoat. I won't mention the name of the prisoner; for as to-morrow he is to walk forth into the world once more a free man, and as he has behaved himself in an irreproachable manner during his twelve months of incarceration, and as I don't wish to blast what little hope may remain for him of getting up in the world again, I think it proper to throw over his past, so far as may be, a mantle of forgetfulness. Well, the poor fellow was tried, sentenced to receive twenty lashes and to be imprisoned for a year. His was a hard case. He had no intention to steal, for he was drunk and irresponsible. But this terrible Delaware law made no allowance. The Sheriff, however, did take extenuating circumstances into account, and administered the whipping without injury to the victim.

I talked with this white prisoner to-day, and he said to me:—

"I am going out of here to-morrow, and I feel that I will go out a better man than when I came in. Drink was my curse. I never could take one glass even without going to excess. But I shall never touch liquor again. I will lead a different life in the future."

I believe the prisoner was sincere in these declarations. Now just think of any person, no matter how respectable otherwise, going on a drunk some fine day in this blessed State, and in a moment of maudlin forgetfulness putting himself into another man's coat, or vest, or pants, and on waking up next morning finding himself in Newcastle prison. Is it not a delightful fancy? And yet, as we all know, judges and governors, and even Senators sometimes do those things as well as the poorest devils, black or white, in the State of Delaware.

THE SHERIFF KIND HEARTED.

And this brings me to a point where I find I may say something, by way of description, of the Sheriff. He is not the fierce looking man one would expect to find in an official accustomed to use the lash on prisoners. Quite the contrary. Though rugged looking, he has mild, soft, dark eyes, beaming with benevolence, and a countenance bearing a kindly express on all over it. He is not a large man either, nor unusually muscular, and one wonders while looking at his pleasant face and genial *physique* how he ever mustered up resolution enough to whip any one; and still more does one wonder how he ever resolved to "cut Ned Smith in two," to employ the expression used by himself to me. Mr. Richardson has been eight en months Sheriff, and during his administration has, it is said, introduced many reforms in the management and discipline of the prison.

NOT SO OLD AS IT SEEMED.

On looking closely at the prison to-day I find that though it seems so ancient and venerable inside (as I observed in my letter yesterday) it has quite a youthful aspect exteriorly. In fact I find that the building was constructed in the "fifties" sometime, and that it is not more than twelve or fifteen years old altogether. I note this fact because yesterday, in describing the prison yard, I was greatly struck with the venerable appearance of the walls and supposed they must have stood there for many, many long years. Perhaps it was a little twitch of that gushing sentimentalism which fills some of the sensation writers here a year or so ago, which got hold of me and made me see things in a light or shade different from the true one.

THE VICTIMS OF TO-DAY.

So far as I have been able to learn there is nothing of striking interest in the cases of the criminals sentenced to be whipped to-day. None are to be pilloried. The crimes of the victims consist mostly of small larcenies, such as chickens, gaiters, clothes and other small articles of trifling value.

On looking through the books of Dr. Merritt, Clerk of the Court, I find the following brief summary of the offences committed by to-day's victims and the punishment they are to receive. It is as follows:—

Mahlon Swiggett, for stealing a suit of clothes, sentenced to pay twenty-five dollars restitution money, with costs, to receive twenty lashes, to be imprisoned for six months, and to wear a convict's jacket for six months thereafter.

James Sudler, colored, indicted for stealing money and clothes of Alexander McDonnell, of Brandywine Hundred, plead guilty, was sentenced to pay fifteen dollars restitution money, to be whipped with forty lashes, imprisoned one year, and wear a convict's jacket six months thereafter.

Henry McKennon, indicted for stealing twelve pairs of stockings from Solomon H. Staats, plead guilty, was sentenced to pay $2 40 restitution money, to be whipped with twenty lashes, imprisoned six months, and wear a convict's jacket six months thereafter.

John Willis, indicted for the larceny of a pair of gaiters from James Grubb, of Wilmington, plead guilty, and was sentenced to pay $2 75 restitution money, to be whipped with twenty lashes, imprisoned six months and wear a convict's jacket six months thereafter.

Thomas Ventries, colored, indicted for stealing a pair of chickens from John S. McCrea, plead guilty, was sentenced to pay $1 50 restitution money, to be whipped with twenty lashes, imprisoned six months and wear a convict's jacket six months thereafter.

Frederick Harris, colored, indicted for stealing six bushels of corn and four bushels of wheat from Mr. Cann, of Pencader Hundred, was convicted, sentenced to pay eleven dollars restitution, costs of prosecution, be whipped with twenty lashes, imprisoned six months, and wear a convict's jacket six months thereafter.

William Thomas, colored, indicted for the larceny of a pair of shoes from George S. Hagany, plead guilty, was sentenced to pay five dollars restitution money and costs, to be whipped with ten lashes, imprisoned six months and wear a convict's jacket six months thereafter.

SCENE ABOUT THE PRISON.

Though the Delaware papers for days have contained the announcement that to-day the whipping of criminals by the Sheriff would occur, the town up to this moment (and the big show is now over) has been as quiet as if nothing out of the way was the matter. When I reached here this morning a little before ten o'clock I found not the slightest excitement prevailing. There was no crowd about the prison clamoring for admission, such as I have witnessed in the vicinity of your Tombs on a hanging day or some similar occasion of interest. Nobody except the Sheriff and myself seemed to mind the fact that some poor devils were shortly to be lashed. And, to say the truth, the Sheriff, though he talked about the subject, appeared perfectly unconcerned. The men of Newcastle talked about their peaches and other crops, discussed politics and spoke with warmth concerning a democratic meeting to occur here to-night, but never an allusion did they make to the whipping. I confess that this unconcern took me aback considerably. I could not understand it. Finding myself very much excited, nervous and apprehensive regarding the coming spectacle, I thought everybody else about here ought to be equally afflicted. I had pictured to my mind hundreds of people, men, women and children, rushing to the prison gates at an early hour in the morning and waiting there impatiently until the jailer should throw wide the *janua* to let the crowd in to gloat over the agonies of the victims. What I had read of the horrors of the whipping post as described by chroniclers earlier in the field than myself led me to conjure up this exciting picture. But how much was I mistaken, or rather how wildly did those enterprising chroniclers exaggerate!

Instead of encountering a vast throng panting for horrible sights—instead of finding myself obliged with difficulty to reach the prison door in consequence of a hustling, bustling, noisy and selfish crowd of sight-seekers—what did I behold? Only about three small boys and six large girls, such as Dickens describes at the Eatanswill meeting—frolicking about the prison on Market street, and apparently not gathered there particularly with a view to attend the whipping. Just back of the jail there is a school house, and I really believe that the youngsters were amusing themselves preparatory to attacking their lessons in place of waiting for the spectacle. I am inclined to think that the educational rod is more interesting to them than the lash of the sheriff. Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt. I should say, from what I have seen here to-day, that the New Castlers' familiarity with the whipping post has worked upon them so that they do not care a snap for it. I mean, of course, for seeing it in operation. Had such a thing occurred in New York the accommodation of your largest prison yard would have been inadequate, and a regiment of policemen would have been required to preserve order in the streets hard by.

I was walking away from the prison, revolving the the above thoughts in my mind, when a little boy came running after me, shouting—

"Say, Mister, ain't you a HERALD man?"

Wondering how the urchin knew, and what could prompt so unusual a question, I quickly answered the lad in the affirmative.

"Wall, then, if you be the man, Mr. Richardson wants you, right away."

I knew what was the matter immediately. It was a summons from the Sheriff, whom, on turning to retrace my steps, I saw standing a square away beckoning me to return. I was soon by his side, and he told me, smiling:—

"I think I'll do the job in a few minutes. I find I can get out from the court sooner than I expected, and therefore I intend to get rid of the thing as soon as possible. So you had better go inside and take up your position."

I followed the Sheriff's directions and immediately went

INSIDE THE PRISON,

under the guardianship of night watchman Vining. Vining exhibited to me a list of the persons to be whipped, and while I was looking them over, Mr. Wise, the prison warden, came up, and observed that one of them, Henry McKennon by name, was not to undergo the sentence. The judge, he said, had concluded to change the sentence. It appears that McKennon, who is a white man, very young, very slender, and very delicate, has been bleeding from the lungs for several days, and it was thought wise not to submit him to the lash, lest he should suffer more than desired by his judges—lest, in short, the nervous shock that might happen should put an end to his existence. So poor McKennon, who was pointed out to me, was informed that he was not to be whipped, and the joyful announcement almost made him swoon.

The other victims, Dunning informed me, were to be conducted to the post in the following order:—

First—Mahlon Swiggett (black), twenty lashes.
Second—Thomas Ventries (black), twenty lashes.
Third—Frederick Harris (black), twenty lashes.
Fourth—John Willis (white), twenty lashes.
Fifth—William Thomas (black), twenty lashes.
Sixth—James Sudler (black), forty lashes.

Thus making in all only six to be whipped, instead of some twenty, as I was informed yesterday.

THE WHIPPING TOILET.

I asked whether the criminals would be led forth one by one, or all together. Mr. Wild answered that they would be brought forth one at a time.

"Where are they now?" I inquired.

"Dressing for the show," said one of the prison officials.

I started to see them preparing their curious toilet, and was conducted by Mr. Wild to Mahlon Swiggett's cell.

Swiggett was in a cell with two other darkies, and was endeavoring to calm his nerves by walking up and down.

"Ain't you to catch it to-day?" said Wild to Swiggett.

The latter stopped suddenly, bowed smilingly and answered, wriggling his shoulders, "Yes, massa."

"Well, then, peel off right away," said Mr. Wild. "Take off your clothes and make ready."

Swiggett, wriggling harder and attempting to force a smile, answered:—

"What, massa, must I take off all my clothes?"

Mr. WILD—No, you needn't take them all off, but you must take off your shirt and throw a blanket over your shoulders. We shall want you in a minute. Be lively now.

SWIGGETT—Yes, massa.

And Swiggett, all the while wriggling as though the lash were at him already, and making desperate efforts at the same time to look dignified, proceeded to divest himself of one of the two garments covering his nakedness. His entire wardrobe consisted of shirt and pants, and when the former was removed it disclosed a full chest, brawny muscular arms, and splendid physical development. He danced on the floor once or twice by way of showing he possessed nerve, and then threw over him his sleeping blanket. And thus covered, Swiggett stood in his little cell in full whipping costume. His toilet was complete, all but the stripes he was to receive outside.

OPENING THE PRISON YARD GATE.

Having witnessed Swiggett's preparations I next sauntered out into the prison yard. Mr. Vining was just opening the large heavy gate, with Warden Wise by his side. As he commenced to draw back the bolts, and when I heard him shout out to some one pushing on the other side,

"Now, then, hold up—just wait a minute,"

I said to myself, "Ah, here we have the crowd at last." I supposed, of course, the pushing could only come from a crowd. If anybody at that moment had suggested to me that perhaps it was not a crowd after all, but only a little boy, I think I might have been tempted to pull down the whipping post and drive the cold blooded suggestor fifteen feet beneath the Delaware tide. But luckily nobody said a word to me just then. I revelled all alone in the glorious expectation of the coming crowd breaking each other's necks in the hurry to get in.

But I was blasted again by disappointment. When the gates were swung open only a dozen little boys and girls made their appearance, and none of them got hurt even, which appeared like adding insult to injury. I could have forgiven the twelve youngsters then if only one of them sustained some fracture, however slight. When the little ones got snugly arranged under the shadow of the high wall along Market street, about fifteen or sixteen men straggled in, and then, at ten o'clock precisely, Sheriff Richardson came on the scene, dressed as usual, but bearing in his right hand the cat-o'-nine-tails. He took up his position on the Orange street side of the yard, or to the left of the criminals as they would stand when fastened to the whipping post. Vining stationed himself on the opposite side, facing the Sheriff, and then the latter said to Mr. Wild, "Ready!"

THE WHIPPING.

Mr. Wild immediately disappeared and returned with the first victim, the wriggling Swiggett, not yet finished wriggling, still deserately smiling, and now looking through those smiles a piteous appeal to the Sheriff.

"Off with your blanket," said Vining.

The wriggler obeyed and stood in front of the post, looking from side to side. I think at that moment Swiggett would have turned pale, if he could; and I was certain that he must have "felt pale;" for I then realized that, after all, the term "feel pale" was not a together without meaning or application. Vining fastened the victim's wrists to the post, and then Sheriff Richardson raised the whip and administered the first lash. It was done in an easy, gentle way, without using the slightest strength, and when the lash touched the naked flesh the victim made no motion, not even so much as one might when a fly tickles one's back. Each of the twenty lashes was given in the same easy style, and I am certain not one of them gave pain. As each blow was delivered Vining called out "one, two, three, four, five, six," &c., on to the end. When Swiggett's hands were released he jumped lightly over to where he had thrown his blanket, and, hastily picking it up and casting it on his shoulders, scampered off, exclaiming derisively:—

"Good by. I'm gwine to leave yer now."

"Well, what do you think of 'the barbarous custom' now?" said the Sheriff, turning to me.

I remarked that I did not see much use to be derived from whipping in that style, and that I rather thought mitigating the sentence so largely was calculated to encourage crime. At the same time, while I spoke thus, I was wondering secretly whether Mr. Sheriff Richardson was not playing a sly little game; whether he had not got up this very mild exhibition specially for the delight of the NEW YORK HERALD, to give the great American public a softened, delicate, rose-colored picture of the "barbarous institution." I own I could not help suspecting some such trick, but I judiciously kept the suspicions to myself, and my thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of victim No. 2, Thomas Ventries by name, a short, thickset, chunky darky, whose wrists could hardly be got inside the iron clasps, so fat or stout were they. His twenty lashes were soon over, and then came victim No. 3, Frederick Harris, followed soon by victim No. 4, John Willis, a really handsome white young man, with nothing vicious in his appearance except a little show of sulkine s. It had been all black before, and white was a relief. Shall I say it was so? or shall I rather say it was novelty, and not a pleasing one at that? for it made a spectator realize more keenly the degradation of this punishment to see one of the Caucasian race its victim, one of the same delicate skin and of the same superior creation as the bulk of the spectators. Willis took his position with a look of sulky defiance and indifference. The Sheriff remarked, while the victim's hands were being fastened,

"This is the second time that young rascal has been here."

"I think its the third time," said Vining.

When I heard this announcement I expected the lashing would be done in earnest. I thought surely now the Sheriff must show his muscle on this victim. But not so. Down came the twenty lashes as easily as all the others, so much so that I could not help saying to myself, "Pshaw! this is a la mockery. The Sheriff is doing this specially for my benefit." And while I thus inwardly conversed with myself I felt consoled. I said to myself, "Well, old fellow, you have done some good by coming here, anyhow. You have saved these poor devils from a sound lashing."

On Willis' back I had an evidence of how easily the blood might be drawn from a white man's back. Though the Sheriff struck so lightly, the whip reddened the skin of Willis' white back.

"You can't lash a white man like a nigger," said one of the officials standing at my side. "It's far easier to draw the blood from a white man than from a nigger. The white man's flesh is more tender and won't endure half so much."

Victim No. 5 was another black man, William Thomas, of whom, when the Sheriff began to whip, the official who had remarked on the difference between black and white flesh, said in a loud voice, so that Richard on might hear, "That's the fellow that had the big knife. He ought to get it heavy." The Sheriff, however, heeded not the hint, and when it was over said, "You are mistaken. The big fellow who used the knife got away. He isn't here at all. This Thomas is another man entirely."

The sixth and last victim of the show was James Sudler, a black man, whose sentence was forty lashes—twice as much as any yet whipped. The Sheriff made no discrimination in this case, however, and the exhibition closed without affording much food whereon to construct a very ordinary blood and thunder sensation.

FINALE.

As to what I think about the whole affair, now that I have seen it, I hardly know myself, and perhaps had better reserve observations thereon for a future letter. But this much I feel bound to observe, namely, that if all whippings are so mild as those I have just witnessed, I fail to see the barbarity of the institution; I fail to see its utility; I fail to see where the Philadelphia writers got all their horrors.

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY TRAGEDY.

The Killing of Patrick Welch—Coroner's Investigation—"Yes, I Did, and I Don't Deny It"—Verdict Against the Prisoner.

The death of Patrick Welch, late of 523 Second avenue, from the effects of a stab wound of the groin received on last St. Patrick's day during a quarrel on the stairs with Michael Martin, reference to which has heretofore been made in the HERALD, was the subject of investigation yesterday afternoon before Coroner Flynn, at the City Hall. Subjoined will be found a synopsis of the evidence elicited and the verdict of the jury:—

James J. Killeen, an officer of the Twenty-first precinct, deposed that on the 17th of March, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, he saw the prisoner, Michael Martin, going across Second avenue towards East river, followed by a crowd of people, some one of whom cried out,

"THERE GOES A MURDERER;"

the witness pursued and caught him and asked if he had killed a man, and he replied, "Yes, I did, and I do not deny it," and on being asked for the knife he immediately produced it; it was open and the blade covered with blood; he gave it to the witness; prisoner was then taken to the station house, he being sober; deceased was conveyed to Bellevue Hospital to have the wound in the groin dressed.

Terrence Hargrove, of 592 Second avenue, testified that on the 17th of March last he was at 523 Second avenue, where the stabbing occurred; heard deceased cry out to a man named Anderson, who lived on the first floor, that

HE WAS STABBED;

witness on looking saw deceased standing at Anderson's door, asking him to open it; immediately after saw Michael Mart in come down stairs holding a knife in his hand, and then noticed that deceased was bleeding from a wound in his groin; witness went for an officer and had prisoner arrested; deceased appeared to have been under the influence of liquor.

Jane Anderson, of 523 Second avenue, testified that on the 17th day of March she was sitting in her room when she heard

A SCUFFLE ON THE STAIRS,

and heard some person cry out, "Mrs. Anderson, for God's sake open the door, I am killed;" this was repeated, when the witness opened the door, against which the prisoner stood; he said to her, "I'm killed, I'm stabbed;" the prisoner was arrested and gave the officer the knife; heard the prisoner and deceased dispute once before because the prisoner knocked down the ceiling of deceased's room.

Eliza Welch, widow of deceased, deposed that on the 17th day of March deceased returned from his work in the afternoon a little

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR,

soon after which she heard Martin cry out, "I am now ready for any s— of a b——;" at this time deceased was on the stairs outside his room; the witness on looking saw her husband staggering, and noticed a man running away, and he dropped his cap, which was covered with blood; the prisoner left the house when deceased cried out that he was stabbed; the witness pursued Martin, and, on overtaking him, he confessed that he stabbed her husband and said he would stab her also; about three weeks previous to the stabbing Martin and his wife, who lived on the floor above the witness, quarrelled and shook the floor so that the plastering fell and injured the child of Mrs. Welch, which resulted in a quarrel between Welch and Martin.

THE POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION

on the body of deceased showed that death resulted from pyemia, caused by the stab wound. The case was then submitted to the jury, who rendered the following verdict:—"That Patrick Welch came to his death by pyemia, resulting from a stab wound inflicted on the 17th day of March, 1870, at 523 Second avenue, by Michael Martin."

The prisoner is forty years of age, born in Ireland and a laborer by occupation. In answer to the charge preferred against him Martin said:—"The deceased had frequently quarrelled with me and threatened my life, and on the 17th day of March he caught me and assaulted me, and I stabbed him in self-defence." The Coroner then committed Martin to the Tombs to await his trial.

MAHER, THE ALLEGED FORGER.

Edward Maher, of New York city, has been indicted by the Grand Jury at Trenton, N. J., charged with having forged and uttered a check for $600, purporting to be drawn by Joseph H. Grover. The check was presented at the Tren on National Bank, and the allegation is that Maher uttered a sixty dollar note, making the same a six hundred one. Maher pleaded "not guilty," and the case will come before the jury next week. He has been confined in the Mercer county jail for several weeks, being unable to procure bail in the sum of $2,000.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Prominent Arrivals in This City Yesterday.

M. H. Abbott, of Brockville, Canada; Albert Fenton, of England; J. S. Ludlam, of China, and Stephen Duncan, of Mississippi, are at the Brevoort House.

C. M. Miller, of Poughkeepsie; C. H. Sage, of New York; R. R. Butler, of Washington; C. M. Smith, of Kingston, and Frank M. Stevens, of New York, are at the Metropolitan Hotel.

C. Wheelock, of Boston, and E. L. Walbridge, of Massachusetts, are at the St. Charles Hotel.

N. Washburn, of Minnesota; J. D. Gray, of Georgia, and Regnauld Schrow, of England, are at the New York Hotel.

H. Elmer, of the United States Army; A. H. Black, of Hartford; Governor English, of Connecticut; General O. L. Shepherd, of the United States Army; C. W. Brook, of Philadelphia; W. H. Blackford, of Baltimore, and D. Lyman, of Connecticut, are at the Astor House.

George J. Merrill, of Lawrence; Colonel S. S. Ellsworth, of Penn Yan; Dr. J. A. Reed, of Pittsburg; Senator Alexander Ramsay, of Missouri; Congressman Barnum, of Connecticut; Judge R. Hitchcock, of Ohio, and J. Tillinghast, of Albany, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

A. F. Blake, of New York; G. F. Sharp, of San Francisco; Mr. McManus, of Troy; T. H. Farnanam, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Senator Sprague, of Washington; S. L. Dennis, of Jamestown; H. M. Scoop, of New Orleans; C. W. Armor, of Irvington, and J. B. Young, of Baltimore, are at the Grand Hotel.

Captain A. G. Wilson, of Dundas, Ontario; Dr. E. R. Hamilton, of Sandusky, and Thomas P. Pride, of the United States Army, are at the St. Elmo Hotel.

Prominent Departures.

Colonel Henry T. Romertze, formerly United States Consul and Diplomatic Agent of the Danubian Principalities, left this city yesterday on the steamer City of Brussels for Europe, *en route* to Russia.

Departures for Europe.

The steamship Pereire, Captain Duchesne, of the General Transatlantic Company, which sailed for Brest and Havre yesterday afternoon, took out over 300 cabin passengers, the largest number that has been carried to Europe by any steamer this season. The following is the list:—

Judge G. S. Bedford, New York; his Excellency Blacque Bey, the Turkish Minister, and family, Washington; Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Paris; Colonel Wm. F. Moller, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Schuchardt, New York; Miss Schuchardt, New York; Mr. Elliott C. Cowdin, New York; Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Reed, New York; Mr. J. W. Simonton and Mrs. J. W. Simonton, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Bloodgood, child and servant, New York; Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Bowditch, Boston; Mrs. Lispenard Stewart, New York; Miss S. S. Rhinelander, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brush, Philadelphia; Mr. William R. Stewart, Mr. L. Stewart, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Fiske, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Schepard, New York; Mr. Frank Hasetine, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, child and servant, New York; Miss C. Singer, New York; Mrs. E. Fitch Smith, Philadelphia; Miss Elizabeth E. Smith, Philadelphia; Mrs. G. Rosenblatt, New York; Misses R. and E. Rosenblatt, Miss Rosenblatt, New York; Mr. M. G. Rosenblatt, Miss H. Rosenblatt, New York; Mr. C. F. Haseltine, Philadelphia; Mrs. C. Livingston, New York; Mr. Edward Livingston, Miss Catharine Livingston, New York; Mr. A. R. Chisolm and servant, New York; Mr. Fargo, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. C. S. Grafulla, New York; Miss Crane, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Robert, New York; Miss Rimberger, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Howland, New York; Mr. Astie, New York; Misses C. and L. T. Bowditch, Boston; Mr. D. McDougall, New York; Mr. Wm. Allen, Auburn, N. Y.; Miss I. M. Barry, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Gaye and two children, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kane, New York; Misses Cornelia and Lillie Kane, Master W. H. Kane, Jr., and servant, New York; Mrs. Cerf, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Edelman, Miss Emily Edelmann, Havana; Messrs. Charles and Edward Edelmann, Havana; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rosenblatt, New York; Mrs. Casimer Villenenve, Indianola, Texas; Mrs. Cashman, New York; Mrs. C. A. Barry, Boston; Miss Anita Snyder and Miss M. A. Graves, New York; Mrs. Deschamps, Miss Deschamps, New Orleans; Mr. S. Jacobson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Grunewald and child, New Orleans; Miss Zoe Deschamps, New Orleans; Mr. H. M. Cushman, New York; Miss Greenewald, New Orleans; Mr. Jacob Stiner, Miss D. and Mrs. J. Stiner, New York; Mrs. Dennery, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Nicolas Sarachaga, Havana; Mr. Apthorp, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Emilio Alfonsa, Havana; Mr. A. Leonard and Miss R. Leonard, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Calabresi, New Orleans; Mr. John G. Neiser, New York; Mr. A. Armas, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Jose Saracchaga, Miss Louise Sarachaga, Mr. Ignacio Sarachaga and servant, Havana; Mrs. Mercer and servant, Philadelphia; Mr. de Goer de Herve, New York; Mr. and Miss Foza and servant, Havana; Mr. Sussman, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Dumestrie, New Orleans; Mrs. J. B. Taylor and Mrs. W. W. Howland, New York; Mr. V. F. Alexander, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Held and Mrs. Annie Helfy, New Orleans; Mr. Stettueimer, Mrs. Stetthelmer, Miss Schwab, Mr. and Mrs. Lottner, New York; Mr. M. Yerghole, New Orleans; Rev. Nathaniel Briggs, New York; Mrs. Nathaniel Briggs, New York; Mr. F. Yves, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Giraud, New York; Mr. J. Hoffman, New Orleans; Mrs. C. C. Little, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Ketten, New Orleans; Mrs. Wheaton, Boston; Mrs. Bacharach, New York; Mr. Charles Kneland, New York; Mr. Cerf, San Francisco; Mr. Charles Johnson, New York; Mr. J. Garelly, Paris, Mr. Gaffre, New York, Mr. Prownot, Paris; Mr. F. Kaufman, New York; Mr. L. Koch, New York; Mr. Steinhart, New York; Mr. Pedro Maestro, New Orleans; Mr. Perret, child, servants, New York; Mr. J. Michot, Mr. J. Michot, New Orleans; Mr. Otto Horkheimer, New York; Mr. E. D. Willett, Mrs. E. D. Willett, New Orleans; Mrs. Leavitt, New York; Mr. Alexander Levy, New York; Mr. Charles Leboldit, New York; Mr. Jacob Dreyfus, Boston; Mr. Pio Benito, Guatemala; Mr. L. Seligman, New York; Mrs. Pio Benito, Miss Maria Benito, Mr. Pio Benito, Jr., and child and two servants, Guatemala; Mr. A. Woodbridge, New York; Mr. Theodore Jonanique, New York; Mrs. C. F. Foster, New York; Miss Nellie Foster, New York; Mrs. Blondeau, New Orleans; Mrs. Bernheim and two children, New York; Miss Eugenia Larradet, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Kinzler, New York; Mrs. Cave, Miss Cave, New Orleans; Mrs. Hauck, Pittsburg, Miss Annie Ritter, Mansfield, O.; Mr. Minoso, New York; Mr. Theodore Gabart, Newark, N. J.; Mr. John Cocks, New York; Mr. W. J. Forowicz, Newsalz, Hungary; Mrs. M. Wyndhamer, New York; Mr. A. Glockner, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. J. Martin, New York; Mr. John W. Kohn, Mansfield, Pa.; Miss C. Guien, New York; Mrs. C. Block, Williamsburg; Miss Jennie White, New York; Mr. Baptiste Fournet, New Orleans, La.; Miss Marie David, New York; Mr. E. Hauck, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Boulier Mr. Boulier, New York; Mr. Albert Boulier, New York; Mr. J. Lemain, New Orleans; Mr. J. C. Wyndhamer, New York; Mr. H. Wyndhamer, New York; Mr. Jacob Lowenthiel, Texas; Mrs. J. P. Delmer and child, Mrs. Serger, Miss Serger, Boston; Mrs. E. Hartman, New York; Mrs. Mark, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Newville, New York; Mrs. Landrau, New Orleans; G. Mark, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Riehl, New York; G. Chadras, New Orleans; Charles J. Bridgman, New York; Mr. Badell, Mrs. Badell, Miss Irene Badell and servant, Gabriel Martinez, New Orleans; Joseph Hiero, Des Moines, Iowa; E. Giraud, New York; Mrs. Taylor's maid, New York; J. Elsasser, New York; J. Brandin, New Orleans; H. Haviland, New York; Mr. Charles Genge, New Orleans; Mr. S. Hartman, New York; maid of Mrs. Howland, New York; maid of Mrs. Black, Washington; Mrs. Maistre, New Orleans; Mr. S. G. C. Stewart, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. J. Tourion, New Orleans; Mrs. Mattes, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Leon Alean, Donnelly, France; Mr. Dubois, New Orleans; Mr. P. Berges, New Orleans; Mr. Charles Kolletz, New Orleans; Mr. Depassio, New Orleans; Mrs. Depassio, New Orleans; Mr. Charles, New Orleans; Mr. J. P. Dellner, New York; Mr. Joseph Ehrlich, New York; Mrs. B. Fournet, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Maillard, New York; Mrs. Daquin; Mrs. Allain, New Orleans; Mr. F. Stenck, New York; Mlle. Annie Cosgrove, New Orleans; Mrs. Morris, New Orleans; Mr. R. Bold, New York; Mr. Chailley, Staten Island; Mr Bonniol Pierre, St Andre, France; Mr. Charles News, New York; Mr. E. Montesse, New Orleans; Mr. Mathilde and son, Bordeaux, France; Mr. R. Chapman, Boston, Mass.; Mr. William Dickinson, New York; Mr. Charles Arson, New Orleans; Mr. Diane, New Orleans; Mrs. Stewart's servant; Mr. Lercux Jules, Amy, France; Mr. Peter Leyrend, New York; Mr. A. Chevalier, New York; Mr. Pierre Severs Cayron, Ogde, France; Mr. Blanc Garin, New York; Mr. Flot, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. C. F. Jenny, New York; Mr. August Antoine, New York; Mr. Maestre, New Orleans; Mr. Charles Clarey, Hoboken; Mr. J. and Mr. S. M. Devenynes, New Orleans; Mr. E. Crotin, New York; Mrs. Berrheim's servant; Mr. Ernest Souvinet, New York; Mr. S. Weill, New York; Mr. Jeanneau, New York; Mr. J. Guebelin, New York; Mr. George Zickendrath, New York; Mrs. R. Chapman, New York; Mr. Charles Kombeid, San Francisco, California; Mr. Cheron, New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, New York; Mr. Augros, Mr. Tellier, San Francisco; Mrs. Tellier, San Francisco; Mrs. S. de Coman, New York; and $356,404 in specie.

KENNEDY COMPLIMENTED.

Presentation to Ex-Superintendent Kennedy by the City of Brotherly Love.

Ex-Superintendent John A. Kennedy was yesterday morning summoned to the Central Police Office. On arriving in Commissioner Manierre's rooms he was astonished to find a delegation of twenty-one members of the Philadelphia Common and Select Councils in waiting.

The delegation then proceeded to business, Henry Huhn, chairman of the committee, presenting Mr. Kennedy with an elegantly engrossed and framed set of resolutions. Mr. Kennedy received it and briefly responded, thanking the delegation for the sentiments of esteem expressed in the resolution. The cost of the testimonial is fully $500.

The following are the resolutions:—

Whereas the Committee of Police of the city of Philadelphia, together with St. Clair A. Mulholland, Chief of Police, and John Kelly, Chief of Detective Force, having officially visited the city of New York on the 3d, 4th and 5th days of March last, and having been received in the most friendly and considerate manner by Hon. John A. Kennedy, Superintendent of Metropolitan Police of said city in furtherance of the object of