THE PILLORY.

Two Horse Thieves Fastened in It Yesterday in Delaware.

How They Bore It—Interviewing the Criminals—Their Own Stories in Self-defence—Account of the Lashing of Prisoners Yesterday—Solemn Scene in the Prison at Newcastle—Death of an Old Pauper—Jim Martin's History.

NEW CASTLE, Del., May 20, 1870.

After the lapse of a week I find myself in this quiet, pretty little town once more and with the same object as before, to study the whipping post and pillory. I gave you an account last week of the lashing of six criminals for divers little offences, but I had no opportunity then to see the pillory in operation, as none of the poor devils sentenced had been bad enough or unlucky enough (I don't know which) to provoke from the judges an infliction of story No. 2 of the whipping post. Therefore it is that I come now to finish up the job, in other words, to see both whipping post and pillory in operation, and to paint for the delectation of your readers a pen picture of the scene.

Ten minutes after one o'clock this afternoon I started from the Wilmington depot in the train for Newcastle—a train made up of the engine and one car split up into two compartments—one for passengers and the other for baggage. Three men worked the train—an engineer, a fireman and a conductor, who also performed the functions of brakeman. About thirty minutes puffing and blowing brought us to the end of our journey, and five minutes' walk sufficed to overcome the distance between the uptown depot and the Court House, which was my objective point; for the old Court House building is where the criminals are tried, convicted and sentenced. There the State Attorney, Mr. Lore, prosecutes the law's victims, and gets off his terrible denunciations against the ravagers of hen coops, the demolishers of old clo's men, the vipers of children, the horse thieves, burglars, garoters, murderers and all classes of offenders. There the high and mighty Sheriff Richardson has his official headquarters—a little bit of a corner, where a first rate feline coalition could hardly be accommodated with complete satisfaction.

Richardson was the man I most wanted to see, but his Sheriffship was just then (when I arrived) engaged in discussing his dinner, and not wishing to spoil the official digestion I left him to his repast and strolled toward the large iron gate leading to the prison house.

Here the gentle turnkey, Mr. Mark Wild, was ready and eager to welcome me back. Mr. Wild had to tell of some deceptive scribe from the city of Brotherly Love, who had professed to describe the whipping of last Saturday (who had not seen the whipping at all), who had pictured the prison warden as a sort of sanctimonious cuss much given to hypocrisy and pseudo piety, who had represented that the lashing had occurred at seven o'clock in the morning, whereas it did not begin until ten, and who had ignorantly, or purposely, misrepresented what really had occurred.

These offences by the Philadelphia scribe, I ventured to assert, merited nothing short of the lash itself. What was the offender's name? What paper did he represent?

Mr. Wild knew not the name of the deluding Bohemian, but his paper was the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. Mr. Wild was not certain that the individual had a name at all, whereupon it was suggested that he ought not to be let off (in case of capture) without fifteen minutes or so in the pillory, besides getting it softly on the raw hide.

Mr. Wild brought me to Warden Wise for further particulars on the subject.

Wise opened by saying, "When the man came here the whipping was all over, and he was pretty tight. I knew it because he smelt strong of liquor. How could he know anything about the thing then?"

Which seemed a very logical method of putting the case, but not being particularly interested in the how, or the why, or the wherefore of Philadelphia journalistic peccadilloes, I cut the subject short, and turned the conversation to the expected whippings and pilloryings of to-morrow.

"How many cases have you on the list for to-morrow?" I asked.

"Seven, altogether, sir," said Mr. Wild; "two in the pillory, and all to be whipped."

"Who are the fellows to be pilloried? Where are they confined?" I next inquired.

"John MacHeard and Alfred Brown are the names of the men to be placed in the pillory—both colored men, who stole a horse and wagon in the country. One of them, MacHeard, was found guilty also of an assault on a clothing store keeper. Their sentence is forty lashes each and one hour in the pillory," replied Wild.

At my request I was led to their cell. Brown, a youngish looking mulatto, was on a stool by the cell door, while MacHeard, an older darky, very black and wicked in aspect, was playing ball against the wall and smoking a pipe. Still another colored prisoner was trying gymnastics, having hoisted himself by means of a rope up into the window aperture, where he appeared doubled up like a monkey, peering out into the prison yard through the little iron bars. It was a suspicious looking position for a criminal, suggesting an effort to escape.

"What are you doing there?" said Wild.

"Taking de fresh air, massa," said the darky, who speedily and nimbly sprang to the floor.

Neither Brown nor MacHeard seemed to give a thought to the morrow.

"Are you to be whipped in the morning?" I inquired, addressing Brown, who answered, "I kiner think so."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I didden done nofing much, boss; I jess wanted to take er ride home, me and MacHeard, we did, and we got in dat ar wagon an drav off. I never didden wanted ter take nofin, didden. I was gwine ter ride hum and den send back der wagon and horse. Never think ter steal, so hope I may die ef I did. God Almighty's truth, that is. No, sir. Says I, 'golly, now let's have a ride;' but I aint never gwine ter do so no more. No, sir-ee. Don't git dis ar chile at dat again. Gess not. But I did den take der wagon myself. Only jess I ride in it, dat's all."

"How did you get caught?" I asked.

Brown's explanation of the form and manner of his capture was something that only a Philadelphia lawyer could make out. I had to give it up in utter bewilderment. The only points that I could make out at all were that Brown was only six years old when he went to live "dar," and that everybody "dar" knew Brown, and that Brown was an orphan from the time he went "dar" until his uncle "tuk" him "fur ter brought him up."

Turning to Brown's partner in iniquity, MacHeard, I inquired why he stole the horse and wagon?

"I didden stole um no more urn him," was MacHeard's self-defensive answer.

"How do you feel about your punishment to-morrow?"

Whereat both MacHeard and Brown chuckled, looking from one to the other, but making no reply.

"Ever whipped before?" I asked.

"No, sir-ee," in a very emphatic way.

AN OLD PAUPER DIES—SOLEMN SCENE IN THE CELL OF DEATH.

At this moment Warden Wise came up breathless and exclaimed,

"Mark, let me out as quick as you can. Old Jim is going. Guess he's dying now."

Leaving me to wonder what was the matter, who was old Jim and what were the circumstances of the case, Wild started off ahead of Wise for the prison doctor. Both returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the doctor and a bottle of brandy. I followed the three into one of the cells, where, stretched on a miserable little bed, lay a poor darky in the last struggles of death. The doctor with his stimulant came too late. A moment after our arrival life fled from its wretched tenement of clay. The physician nevertheless made an effort. Stooping down he measured out a teaspoonful of brandy and tried to pour it down the throat. But there was no relaxation of the muscles. The doctor felt the wrists and fumbled over the chest in the region of the heart to catch even the faintest pulsation, but there was none. He placed his ear over the mouth, but no respiration was heard. "He is gone," said the doctor at last; "he's dead;" and with one accord everybody present said "Poor fellow!" It was an exclamation of pity, and nothing could have been more appropriate. Jim Martin was poor, indeed. His crime was poverty. He was a pauper—a poor, miserable, epileptic vagrant, without home or friends, nobody to care for him, none to lend him a helping hand, except the cold poorhouse officials in the first place, and next and last the authorities of Newcastle Prison. While I was gazing down upon his dead face, wondering if any story could be traced in his dark features, searching for some last impression that might have played there before Death struck it, Mark Wild, the gentle turnkey whispered in my ear the story of Jim Martin. He had been sent to the poorhouse for protection, but his fits were so dreadful and his manner sometimes so perilous that the poorhouse people had him transferred to the prison. It seems in one of his fits he savagely attacked the keeper of the poorhouse. After reaching the prison one of his dangerous spells came on, and during its progress he wrenched from its fastenings on the floor a huge iron vessel secured by iron bolts, manifesting the strength of six stalwart men. With great difficulty he was secured and pacified, and ever since has been growing worse and worse until to-day.

"When did you notice a change?" asked the doctor of a colored male nurse, who had been appointed to watch over poor Jim.

"About five minutes ago, when I offered him food. Yesterday, when I asked him if he did not want his shirt washed, he said, 'I guess you won't have many more shirts to wash for me.' I asked him why not, and he said, 'Oh, I'm going away; I'm going away.' This morning he said to me, 'I thought I would die last night, and that's the reason I asked you to stay with me; but I won't last much longer.'"

How truly poor Jim had prophesied!

I had never before witnessed death in a prison from natural causes. I had seen men hanged by the neck till dead, and men shot under military sentence, fairly riddled with bullets; but none of them affected me so much as poor Jim Martin's desolate death; none called up such a melancholy train of thoughts, such sad reflections upon the miseries and woes that lie hidden sometimes within prison walls or buried in the so-called poorhouses. Poorhouses indeed! But seldom houses for the poor; seldom houses for the weak and the friendless, who ought to be the real objects of the charity of the world. In Jim Martin's cell, while we all stood around his little pallet, silent and thoughtful and respectful, even though it was only a dead pauper that was there, these reflections crowded upon us, or at least upon one of us, and set that one inquiring of himself whether there was not something wrong in our social economy after all—whether, with all our boasted civilization, we are not little better than savages in our care of the poor and needy? Here was a poor fellow tossed from an almshouse to a prison. No crime had he committed. He was simply poor and dangerous in his malady. The place for him to die was a prison, in the fellowship of convicts, instead of surrounded by the comforts and good cheer which a really benevolent institution for the infirm and needy should afford.

But all this has nothing to do with the whipping post and pillory—only so far as it is an incident of my second visit to Newcastle.

FORTY LASHES FOR SIX TURKEYS.

From Jim Martin's cell Wild conducted me to Ben Harmon's—an old colored man, with hair almost gray—a very good natured fellow, whose crime was the larceny of six turkeys. Ben was assorting rags with one of the darkies whipped last week.

In reply to a question as to whether he was prepared for to-morrow's work, he said, "We muss try to git along beas way we can. I truss in de Lord."

"Why did you steal the turkeys, Harmon? Were you in want?" I inquired.

"I steal em 'cause Misser —— done put me up to it. He tole me for to go and git 'em, he did. He wanted de turkeys, and put in my poor ole head to do de job," said Ben.

"Who is Mr. ——?" I asked. "Is he white?"

"Yes, sir; oh, he's a white un. I never wants to take um till he puts me up to it, and den he go back on me. I never think he go back on me. Dis ole darky had a notion white man stay by him. But big mistake," said Ben Harmon.

"Why did not you expose the white man, Ben?" said I.

"Wall, dis ole nigger fake whip himself 'fore blow on him. Dat's jus it, now."

Whether Ben's story about the white tempter is "the truth and the whole truth" or not I am not aware. Perhaps Ben has the African facility for accounting for his troubles in the best way for himself. Perhaps not.

Mr. Wild next took me to see another victim of to-morrow, whose name I forget. He appeared a forward, impudent darky.

"You are to be whipped to-morrow?" said Wild.

"Yes, and I'm d——d glad of it, too," said the prisoner.

"You are, eh?" said Wild.

"Yes; I've been here four months now, and I'm sick of it."

Here the prisoner produced the stump of a cigar and coolly asked the turnkey for a light, which was granted, and the criminal, placing the stump on a long piece of wire and putting fire to it proceeded to puff away with the utmost *sang froid*.

"That's the way we do it in style," said the fellow, with a leer. Evidently he had some idea that he was an important member of society, whose merits were generally appreciated.

THE FINE ARTS IN PRISON.

In my rounds of the cells again to-day I came to one the walls of which were decorated with fancy pictures and inscriptions. There were likenesses of Ben Butler, President Grant, General McClellan and other famous people, executed in capital style. Pictures of ships, and houses, and fantastic Chinese figures dotted the walls all over. Mr. Wild informed me that the artist was a colored convict, who displayed quite a genius for painting. I asked where he got his material or colors. Wild declared that the prisoner had a knack of his own of extracting colors from old carpet rags—an operation which he performed with extraordinary skill and expedition.

The Horse Thieves Pilloried—The Tedious Punishment of the Stocks—One Hour's Broiling Under a Hot Sun in the New Castle Pillories.

NEW CASTLE, Del., May 21, 1870.

All last night I dreamed of the fellows to be lashed and pilloried, and of poor, dead Jim Martin, the pauper. I had horrible visions of Brown and Mac Heard, the horse thieves, fighting with Sheriff Richardson and pounding two or three of the jail keepers to city. I fancied old Jim came to life again just as he was about to be tumbled into Potter's Field, and grinning savagely at the fright and consternation of his prison keepers over his resurrection, so much did the occurrences of the day impress themselves upon my slumbers at night.

When I visited the prison shortly before ten this morning, I found everything as quiet as usual inside and outside. There was no crowd without the walls any more than there was a week ago, when I gave you a full account of what I saw and heard concerning the whipping of six criminals. I need not, therefore, go into minute details again. These scenes are pretty much the same, I take it, every time, and I propose, therefore, to confine myself in the present letter mainly to an account of the cases in the pillory.

THE THIEVES IN THE PILLORY.

When I strolled into the prison yard I found the only addition to the penitential apparatus to consist of a ladder placed against the platform below the pillory. This was to give the criminals a *facilis ascensus averni*, or an easy method of getting themselves into limbo.

As the prison clock struck the hour of ten Mr. Albert Vining, the night watchman, led forth the prisoners, Brown and Mac Heard, dressed in their usual manner, that is, in ragged coats, pants and shirts, and wearing cloth caps that might have been new some time before the Revolutionary War. Vining sent the convicts up the ladder and followed immediately himself, placing one of them on the right and the other on the left of the whipping post. That done he unhooked the frame and raised the upper sections to enable the criminals to place their necks and wrists in the hobs "for such purposes made and provided." For the better understanding of the operation by your readers I may briefly repeat what I stated last week by way of description of the pillory. It consists simply of a piece of board about four feet long, one foot high and one inch thick. In this board are cut six holes, two of them large enough for the neck and four of sufficient capacity to hold securely an ordinary man's wrist. This board, thus provided with holes, is fastened on the upper part of the whipping post at right angles, and in such a way that at each side of the post there are two small holes with a large hole between them. The board is cut in two, so that the upper parts may be raised up, and when put down may be fastened at the outer ends by an ordinary iron hook.

As I was explaining, Mr. Vining raised the upper sections of the frame and first fixed prisoner Brown in the curious trap. Brown is a very small man, his neck only just about reaching the pillory in a safe way, to prevent straining. When the frame was closed upon him, imprisoning neck and wrists, he looked down upon us, smiling dismally, as one who would whistle to keep his courage up. Mac Heard contemplated his companion's position in gloomy silence, but was not left many seconds to travel along with whatever train of thoughts was rushing through his mind. No sooner was the frame adjusted over Brown than Vining turned his attention to the big Mac Heard, who beside his keeper looked like a giant. Mac Heard was soon fixed like Brown, and rolling his large eyes right and left finally settled them on one of the prison cell windows, out of which all the convicts on that side were gazing with interest, some of them looking solemn, but by far the greater number laughing and jibing at the pilloried victims. One of the criminal spectators called out something to Mac Heard which caused the latter to indulge in a little forced efforts at jolly laughter. When all this had occurred Vining descended the ladder and unlocked the gate of the prison yard, letting in a juvenile crowd similar to that which I witnessed and described last week. There were, perhaps, more grown people scattered among the youngsters to-day than I noticed on the former occasion. As each person entered the yard a glance was directed to the two prisoners aloft undergoing the sentence of the law. A smile and some ordinary exclamation, like "My! how funny!" or "Goodness!" or "By jingo!" were all that the crowd indulged in. Nobody pelted the prisoners with pebbles or rotten eggs as used to be done by the brutal crowds that attended such exhibitions in the olden time in "Merry England." I did not even hear any one get off a joke at the expense of Brown and Mac Heard, much to my astonishment. In the so-called "good old times" such would not have been the case. I recalled some of the scenes of which I had read in history and chronicles, where the poor victims while fastened in the pillory were cut with sharp stones, and taken down torn and bleeding and utterly exhausted. Noble crowds they must have been surely to jeer and torture men to whom retaliation and revenge were impossible. I asked the officials about me whether they remembered any instances in their experience of the ill usage of prisoners by the crowd, and they one and all declared that they knew of no such cases in Delaware. A very great improvement, therefore, is the New Castle pillory upon its ancient prototype.

FIFTEEN MINUTES UP.

The sun poured down upon the prison yard this morning with the power of mid-August, and the victims on the platform got the full benefit of the scorching rays; for they were literally scorching, so much so that one felt extremely uncomfortable even standing in the shade afforded by the prison wall. The prisoners were so stationed that the sun fell upon the back of their heads and necks, the very worst places, according to medical authorities, to expose to the solar heat. When the pair were up for fifteen minutes I looked at them closely and noticed that the larger one was perspiring profusely. I remarked to one of the officials that the heat must add tenfold to the sufferings of the victims, to which I received as an answer, "Tush! these niggers don't mind the sun a bit; only the other day one of them, who complained of being sick, laid himself down in the noonday sun, which was enough to broil a white man. But he never seemed to mind it in the least." Nevertheless I could judge of the present situation quite well enough for myself. Notwithstanding the official's confident assertion that "these niggers don't mind the sun," I could see that Mac Heard moved uneasily in his trap, that the sweat trickled down his cheeks in big drops, and that the back of his neck was shining with greasy looking moisture. I could see him twisting his right wrist to emancipate it from the wooden clasp, and I finally noticed that he succeeded. He extricated his right wrist at last, and, while Vining's back was turned, raised the released hand to his head and wiped away the perspiration.

"Put back your hand, Mac Heard," said Vining a moment after. "Put it back, right away!"

"Phew!" said the prisoner, giving his arm a swing, to ease it, and then squeezing his hand back through the hole. "It don't fit, this hole don't. It's too big. I kin git my hand out of it," said Mac Heard, illustrating the words by again releasing his wrist, a performance which set the juvenile crowd into a jolly laugh. Another command from Vining made the prisoner hastily restore the wrist to its wooden clasp.

HALF AN HOUR IN LIMBO.

When thirty minutes had elapsed Brown, the smaller of the two, showed no signs of being used up. He was evidently more gamey than his big partner, who now seemed uneasier and more uncomfortable than ever. I fully appreciated the remark of a bystander, who said "Pluck and endurance aint always measured by size." One would certainly say "True, indeed," while contrasting the burly MacHeard, sweltering and puffing, with the cool and enduring Brown, who up to this moment had scarcely recovered from the position in which he was first left by Mr. Vining. The exhibition had grown decidedly monotonous and uninteresting by this time. Continued gazing up at the victims was tiresome and calculated to produce a "crick in the neck," as some of the little boys forcibly expressed it. I certainly experienced the "crick" to some extent myself, and was beginning to weary entirely of the show, when Vining came to the rescue with an anecdote. It was about a Dutchman who some years ago was convicted of stealing a horse and harness.

"We don't imprison, you know," said Vining, "for horse stealing, but we give six months to fellows who steal small articles." When the Dutchman's sentence was announced he cried out, "Ach, mine Got, I steal a horse and dey no imprison me one day; but I steal a whole harness—only fifty cents' wort—and dey give me six months! Mine Got! Vat a guntry! vat a peebles!"

This made us laugh, and refreshed us for at least fifteen minutes more, when the victims had gone through three-fourths of their agony. Mac Heard was now, whenever Vining's back turned, regularly squeezing out his right wrist and squeezing it in again, to the admiration of the young Newcastlers. Brown was still game, and Mac Heard still the very opposite. The little barefooted boys were amusing themselves with pitching pebbles at each other and betting on the election. (It seems that there is something of the kind in progress here to-day.)

SIXTY MINUTES AND A RELIEF.

At last the full hour was up, and Vining, who had already reascended the platform, proceeded to unhook the criminals, commencing with plucky little Brown, who had endured his pilloring so courageously and manfully. While Vining was busy at Brown Mac Heard seemed to be enduring the torments of the damned. Every second appeared to be felt by him as an hour, so anxiously did he look for deliverance. Evidently a very few minutes more would have finished him up. Brown took his deliverance as coolly as his punishment, but when Mac Heard, on getting out his neck and wrist, ejaculated "Phew! golly!" and proceeded to straighten out his cervical vertebræ and to swing around his arms as though they needed unstiffening, I should say that the necks of both prisoners felt unusually starchy.

Vining ordered them to descend the ladder, and a moment after they were inside the prison again, peeling off preparatory to getting forty lashes each, which would complete their sentence, barring one year's imprisonment.

EIGHT DARKIES WHIPPED.

Immediately after the pilloring Sheriff Richardson came forth with his lash. There were eight victims on the list—to wit, Alfred Brown, John MacHeard, Benjamin Harmon, JohnDeputy, John Daws, John Thomas, Samuel Nichol, and John Johnson, all colored men. Old Ben Harmon, whose case I mentioned yesterday in my letter, was the first lashed, and he is the only one that I have noticed as showing anything like a sense of shame. He seemed to feel the disgrace of his position, and looked almost ready to weep. While being lashed he kept his eyes closed and mumbled with his lips, as though in prayer. In the whipping of the balance there was nothing particularly worthy of note, except in Mac Heard's case. This one appeared to have a soft back, as well as weak neck and wrists. He wilted under every lash as if smarting severely, though the Sheriff struck no harder blows than on the rest of the criminals.

I will only say in conclusion that the whipping to-day was quite as light as that I described a week ago.

RETURN OF EX-CONSUL PHILLIPS.

The steamship North America, which arrived on Friday last from St. Thomas, brought ex-Consul Phillips, late United States Consul at Santiago de Cuba, who a short time since was obliged to fly from his post of duty in consequence of a hostile demonstration made against him by the Catalan volunteers of that city, for no other charge than that of his strenuous efforts to save the lives of American citizens recently assassinated by Commander Boet, acting under Valmaseda's orders. Owing to the frequency of outrages committed upon our flag Consul Phillips was induced to call the attention of our government to the political state of affairs in his consular district, repeatedly urging the necessity for a vessel of war to be stationed on that post, not only for his protection, but that of American citizens residing there, which request was not complied with, and finally ended by the Consul being compelled to seek protection under the British flag to enable him to leave the island.

Upon his return to Santiago in the flagship Severn it was not deemed advisable for him to go on shore, having been informed that his life would be endangered, as the bitter feelings of the Catalans still continued against him. Mr. Phillips, however, procured through Admiral Porter the release of the captain and crew of the American sloop Champion, who were seized by the Spanish authorities and held as prisoners. He also procured the release of Mr. Latte, of New Orleans, an old man of sixty years of age, who since August last has been in prison for causes to him unknown, and who, had it not been for the repeated demands of the Consul, would have been shot. Dr. Phillips will proceed at the earliest possible moment to Washington, for the object of laying before the department the particulars of the outrages committed upon the flag of our country, and to request that a remuneration be made to him for the considerable pecuniary losses which he sustained in being compelled in his hasty flight to abandon his private effects.

EMIGRATION.

The Arrivals During the Past Week.

The total arrivals of passengers by steamships and emigrant packet ships at this port during the past week were as follows:—

Steamers.	*From.*	*No. of Pass.*
Marathon	Liverpool	494
Idaho	Liverpool	1,126
City of London	Liverpool	1,11
Cuba	Liverpool	420
Erin	Liverpool	1,424
Borussia	Hamburg	429
Allemannia	Hamburg	762
Bremen	Bremen	853
Smidt	Bremen	657
Lafayette	Havre	167
Beliona	Havre and London	503
Britannia	Glasgow	479
Rapidan	New Orleans and Havana	23
Cortes	New Orleans and Havana	25
North America	Rio Janeiro, &c	98
Missouri	Havana	17
Ships.		
Reichstag	Hamburg	410
William F. Storer	Liverpool	320
Cynosure	Liverpool	43
Admiral	Bremen	317
Total number of passengers		9,629

AN ARISTOCRATIC DRUNK.

On Friday night Henry Somerville Digby, an Englishman of some note, temporarily stopping at No. 144 Macdougal street, met a friend named Charles Livingston, who claims to be a son of one of the proprietors of the Brevoort House, at the New York Hotel, and, after indulging in several drinks at the Englishman's expense, the couple started on a "cruise" around town. They "brought up" some time after twelve o'clock at the boarding house of Livingston, No. 11 Clinton place. In the morning Digby discovered that forty dollars in money—all he had upon retiring—was *non est*. He instantly charged his friend Livingston with taking it, at which the latter struck him between the eyes and was arrested. While on their way to court, in Washington Parade Ground, the prisoner again dealt the Englishman a blow which caused his hat to fall off. While stooping to recover it Digby found his money lying near by and charges Livingston dropped it, endeavoring to make him believe it had dropped from the hat. He was arraigned before Justice Shandley, at Jefferson Market, and in his informal examination stated he was thirty-two years of age, born at No. 5 Fifth avenue, resides at 11 Clinton place, by occupation a custom house broker and claims to be not guilty of the charge. He was committed in default of bail for examination.

DISCHARGES AND PETITION IN BANKRUPTCY.

During the week discharges in bankruptcy have been granted by Judge Blatchford to Albert Hovey, Edward J. Emmons and D. A. Moberry. A petition was filed by Thomas R. Leavitt.

A WATER STREET MIXTURE.

Anastasia Mansfield was a servant at 374 Water street, and on the 24th of April a stranger, named James Gill, went in there to get a drink. He states that his drink was drugged, and that, while in a state of semi-consciousness, Anastasia took from the inside of his breast pocket thirty-five dollars. This is a very mixed up case; for the man states that he would have married Anastasia only he found out that she was married; and Anastasia, in reply to the charge, states that he did make love to her, and that he not only gave her a watch and chain, but $200 also, and that she did not steal the money, but that it formed part of the gift. On Thursday Anastasia gave evidence at the General Sessions in a furniture case, in which Thomas Hadden, the keeper of the house, was the defendant, and Gill saw her and identified her as the woman who had robbed him. She was taken before Justice Hogan, at the Tombs yesterday afternoon, and also a man named Alfred Evans, who saw the robbery committed. Evans was sent to the House of Detention and Anastasia was held to await the Judge's decision.

COLLISION ON THE NORTH RIVER.

Yesterday morning while the Hoboken ferryboat James Rumsey was on her six o'clock trip from New York she ran into a schooner lying at anchor in the river. The schooner's boom penetrated the gentlemen's cabin and badly wounded a passenger within. A crowd of negroes were seated in the cabin, and ran frantic with excitement when the collision took place, though, fortunately, none of them were hurt. The wounded man was removed for medical aid in Hoboken, and he will recover. A dense fog prevailed on the river and the pilot could not see his way. The Rumsey is laid up for repairs.

SHIPPING NEWS.

Almanac for New York—This Day.

Sun rises	4 37	Moon rises...morn	1 06
Sun sets	7 17	High water....eve	2 33

Weather Along the Coast.

MAY 21—9 A. M.

Port.	*Wind.*	*Weather.*	*Thermometer.*
Port Hastings	NNW	Clear	52 above
Halifax	—	Clear	56 above
Portland	NE	Clear	60 above
Boston	NE	Clear	62 above
New York	SW	Clear	72 above
Philadelphia	NE	Cloudy	70 above
Wilmington, Del	SW	Clear	74 above
Baltimore	SE	Clear	77 above
Washington	SW	Clear	70 above
Richmond	W	Cloudy	70 above
Charleston	ENE	Clear	78 above
Savannah	S	Clear	71 above
Mobile	N	Clear	80 above
New Orleans	W	Clear	74 above
Key West	NE	Clear	80 above

OCEAN STEAMERS.

DATE OF DEPARTURES FROM NEW YORK FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY AND JUNE.

Steamer.	*Sails*	*Destination.*	*Office.*
Bellona	May 25	London	55 Broadway.
The Queen	May 24	Liverpool	69 Broadway.
Idaho	May 25	Liverpool	29 Broadway.
Caledonia	May 25	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Bremen	May 26	Bremen	68 Broad st.
City of Paris	May 26	Liverpool	15 Broadway.
Lafayette	May 25	Havre	58 Broadway.
Europa	May 28	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Main	May 28	Bremen	68 Broad st.
Erin	May 28	Liverpool	69 Broadway.
City of Baltim'e	May 31	Liverpool	15 Broadway
Nevada	June 1	Liverpool	29 Broadway.
Britannia	June 1	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Hermann	June 2	Bremen	68 Broad st.
City of Brookl'n	June 4	Liverpool	15 Broadway.
India	June 4	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Union	June 4	Bremen	68 Broad st.
Colorado	June 8	Liverpool	29 Broadway.
Iowa	June 8	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Hanover	June 8	Bremen	68 Broad st.
Ville de Paris	June 11	Havre	58 Broadway.
City of Anwerp	June 11	Liverpool	15 Broadway.
Weser	June 11	Bremen	68 Broad st.
Etna	June 14	Liverpool	15 Broadway.
Nebraska	June 15	Liverpool	29 Broadway.
America	June 15	Bremen	68 Broad st.

PORT OF NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1870.

CLEARED.

Steamship Marathon (Br), Sowerby, Liverpool—C G Francklyn.

Steamship Columbia (Br), Dumbreck, Glasgow—Henderson Bros.

Steamship Donau (NG), Ernst, Bremen via Southampton—Oelrichs & Co.

Steamship Henry Chauncey, Maury, Aspinwall—Pacific Mail Steamship Co.

Steamship Pioneer (Br), Shackford, Havana—J E Ward & Co.

Steamship Varuna, Spencer, Galveston via Key West—C H Mallory & Co.

Steamship Rapidan, Whitehurst, New Orleans—Livingston, Fox & Co.

Steamship Cortes, Nelson, New Orleans—H B Cromwell & Co.

Steamship Gen Meade, Sampson, New Orleans—Frederic Baker.

Steamship Huntsville, Crowell, Savannah—R Lowden.

Steamship San Jacinto, Atkins, Savannah—Wm R Garrison.

Steamship Champion, Lockwood, Charleston—H R Morgan & Co.

Steamship Louisa Moore, Salyear, Newbern, NC—Murray, Ferris & Co.

Steamship Isaac Bell, Bourne, Norfolk, City Point and Richmond—Old Dominion Steamship Co.

Steamship E C Knight, Bedell, Georgetown, DC—G B Merrick.

Steamship Fanita, Freeman, Philadelphia—J Lorillard.

Steamship Neptune, Baker, Boston—W P Clyde.

Steamship Wamsutta, Fish, New Bedford—Ferguson & Wood.

Ship Princeton, Chase, St John, NB—W T Foss.

Bark Yumuri (Br), Johnson, Sagua—Waydell & Co.

Brig Firm (Br), Wiley, Antwerp via Wilmington, NC—H J DeWolf & Co.

Brig Maria (Ital), Savarese, Naples via Bangor—Funch, Edye & Co.

Brig Firm (Br), Lemoignan, Pernambuco for orders—A Lindsay.

Brig Sea Bird (Br), Tooker, Barbados—Peniston & Co.

Brig Lola (Br), Williams, St Kitts—G A Phillips & Collins.

Brig Clara P Gibbs, Parker, Cienfuegos—Miller & Houghton.

Brig Helen G Rich, Strout, Calbarien—W Ray & Co.

Brig Annie Seymour (Br), Cooper, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Brig Water Lily (Br), Haley, St John, NB—Henry & Parker.

Brig Julia F Carney, Colburn, Mobile—Arthur Starbuck.

Schr H H Thompson, Cook, Aquin for orders—A Abbott.

Schr Thos Winans, Morgan, Nassau—J B Evans.

Schr R M Atwood, Raymond, Nassau—B J Wenberg.

Schr Ben Oliver, Oliver, Harbor Island—H J Wenberg.

Schr Henry Middleton, Brown, Eleuthera—H J Wenberg.

Schr Julia A Decker, Dunton, Eleuthera—B J Wenberg.

Schr Welcome Home (Br), Hatfield, Moncton, NB—Crandall, Bertaux & Co.

Schr Constitution, Smith, Jacksonville—W Ray & Co.

Schr J M Burns, Wyman, St Marys, Ga—S C Loud & Co.

Schr L A Edwards, Marshall, Baltimore—A Abbott.

Schr Veranda, Pond, Providence—H W Jackson & Co.

Schr Ellen Jane, Allen, Bridgeport.

Sloop Oregon, Wellson, Providence—H W Jackson & Co.

Steamer A C Stimers, Lenny, Philadelphia.

Steamer Monitor, Jones, Philadelphia.

Steamer Mars, Grumly, Philadelphia.

ARRIVALS.

REPORTED BY THE HERALD SUBAM YACHTS.

Steamship Sherman, Crowell, New Orleans May 14, and the bar 15th, 1 AM, with mdse and passengers, to Frederic Baker. May 19, 36 miles SE of Cape Lookout, passed a bark, showing a red burgee, with white letters, bound S; 20th, 40 miles north of Hatteras, bark Alaska, from New Orleans for New York; same day, 10 AM, 85 miles north of Hatteras, brig Frances Jane, bound S.

Steamship Virgo, Bulkley, Savannah, with mdse and passengers, to Murray, Ferris & Co. May 20, lat 38 18, lon 74 25, passed an English ship, showing a red signal, with white square in the centre, bound N.

Steamship Tennessee, Chichester, Charleston May 18, with mdse and passengers, to H R Morgan & Co. 19th inst, lat 34 17, lon 78 49, passed ship Emily Farnum (of Portsmouth, N H), hence for Savannah; 20th, steamship Columbia, do for Havana.

Bark Hoffnung (NG), Lemke, Iquique Jan 16, with nitrate of soda, to order. Passed Cape Horn March 1, crossed the Equator April 14 in lon 35; April 15, lat 1 N, lon 24, spoke ship Jeune France (Br), 85 days from Callao for Cork; May 12, lat 32, lon 79 19, brig Italia (Br), from Porto Rico for Baltimore.

Bark Silentum (NG), Mintzlaff, Antwerp, 48 days, with mdse, to Wendt, Tetens & Bockmann. Came the middle passage and had variable weather.

Schr Grazmere (Dan), Kellin, St Croix, 17 days, with sugar, to Penlston & Co. Had light winds and calms.

Schr St Hubert (Br), Forgeron, Mayaguez, PR, 20 days, with sugar, to master. Had light winds and calms; 7 days N of Hatteras.

Schr A D Scull (of Egg Harbor), Scull, Havana, 15 days, with sugar, to N L McCready & Co. Had moderate weather.

Schr Minna, Hudson, Indianola, 28 days, with cotton and hides, to N L MCready & Co. Had heavy weather and split sails.

Schr Mary D Ireland, Ireland, Wilmington, NC, 7 days, with naval stores, to E D Hurlbut & Co.

Schr Breeze, Somers, Virginia.

The bark Margarita, from Amoy, which arrived 19th inst, with tea to Caswell & Co, is consigned to Wendt, Tetens & Bockmann.

Passed Through Hell Gate,

BOUND SOUTH.

Brig H Means, Tracy, Bangor, 3 days, for New York, with lumber to Barker Bros & Gardiner.

Schr Sarah Louisa, Sweet, Pittston, 6 days, for New York, with lumber to Cross & Austin.

Schr John D Griffin, Gould, Gloucester, 4 days, for New York, with fish to James Stetson & Co.

Schr Ocean Wave, Hart, Gloucester for New York.

Schr Mary Johnson, Phinney, Boston for New York.

Schr Wm D Cargill, Kelly, Lanesville for New York.

Schr Phil Sheridan, Murphy, Fall River for New York.

Schr Sheppard A Mount, Young, Providence for Newburg.

Schr Adelaide, Smith, Norwich for New York.

Schr Laura S Hatch, Hills, Hartford for Port Johnson.

Schr C B Clements, Morris, Hartford for New York.

Schr H A Deming, Bowman, Hartford for New York.

Schr Annie J Russell, Miller, Portland for Philadelphia.

Schr G A Hayden, Harrison, Portland for Philadelphia.

Schr Gertrude, Brockway, Connecticut River for New York.

Schr Chasley Woolsey, Parker, New Haven for Georgetown, DC.

Schr Eliza, Hale, New Haven for New York.

Schr S E Sayre, Collins, Bridgeport for Georgetown, DC.

Schr Belle, Simpson, Bridgeport for Jersey City.

Schr W W Brainard, Dibble, Bridgeport for New York.

Schr John B McFea, Hubbard, Norwalk for New York.

Schr S Falconer, Wilson, Southport for New York.

BOUND EAST.

Steamship Wamsutta, Fish, New York for New Bedford.

Bark Marblehead, Collins, New York for Gibraltar.

Brig Dani Stephens, Saunders, Rondout for Salem.

Brig Water Lily, Healy, New York for St John, NB.

Schr Cloud, Simon, Trenton for Bridgeport.

Schr Reading RR No 50, Nickerson, Philadelphia for Hartford.

Schr Velma, Look, South Amboy for Boston.

Schr Lady Emma, Carroll, Port Johnson for New Haven.

Schr Sarah Maria, Hand, Elizabethport for Weymouth.

Schr W S O'Brien, Burnes, Elizabethport for New Haven.

Schr S H Cady, Wood, Elizabethport for Boston.

Schr Only Son, Eastman, Elizabethport for Gardiner.

Schr Cornelia, Long, Elizabethport for Fall River.

Schr Rosina, Cummings, Elizabethport for Boston.

Schr Maria, Smith, Elizabethport for Chester.

Schr Henrietta, Tryon, Elizabethport for Hartford.

Schr Helen, Searles, Elizabethport for Newport.

Schr David Nelson, Studwell, Elizabethport for Portchester.

Schr Ohio, Flynn, Rondout for Bridgeport.

Schr E B Coffin, Coffin, Rondout for Portsmouth.

Schr Charles, Roderick, Rondout for Somerset.

Schr J M