# ECLECTIC MURDERERS.

## Some of the Secrets of a Philadelphian Nest of Legalized Quackery.

**Attempt to Bribe a Herald Correspondent—What the Learned Faculty Say of the Tribune Agent—Affidavits About Blackmailing—Choice Extracts from the Eclectic Medical Journal—Further Particulars About the College.**

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 18, 1871.

With a desire to test the truth of recent reports published in a New York journal, with regard to the management of the so-called Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania, 514 Pine street, Philadelphia, your representative called at the institution on Wednesday morning last, and inquired for Dr. J. Dunbar Hylton, one of the prominent members of the faculty. Dr. Hylton with a "y" was not in, and I seated myself and studied the pleasing physiognomy of Dr. Buchanan, the secretary, who was busily engaged in answering the voluminous correspondence that the morning mail had brought in. Dr. Buchanan might be designated handsome were it not for the fact that his thick and sensual lips detract somewhat from the "Grecian chiseling" deemed necessary to a perfect contour of the mouth. The Doctor lives pretty well, as is evidenced by the fat and "fluffy" cheeks and general heaviness in his motions. A dull, treacherous eye, which an occasional attempt at a smile fails to relieve of its leaden, lack-lustre expression, may also be set down as another unfortunate accident of birth that would probably militate against him in the estimation of an intelligent observer; yet Buchanan is keen, just the man for the position he so ably fills. While I awaited Hylton's coming a young man entered with a bond, which he wished Buchanan to sign for him. From the glance I got at it I believe it was some kind of a street car conductor's bond, or something connected with street car business. The young man had received a position on some of the city lines, and he desired Buchanan to sign his bond for him. The wily secretary looked it over carefully, and concluded after much silent thought that upon the whole he wouldn't do it. "Let's see your bond," said Dr. Bissell, who entered while the young man waited; "Oh, that's it, is it? I'll sign that. They all know me. All right. Will you (addressing the HERALD reporter) be kind enough to witness my signature?" Of course I complied, and the young man departed.

HYLTON THEN ENTERED THE OFFICE,

leading a little girl—his daughter probably—and I introduced myself as a HERALD correspondent, and desired to know what, if anything, he had to say touching the recent publications reflecting on the college. At this the three surrounded me and began to explain, each in his own peculiar, and, I may add, original manner. Hylton's eyebrows are "very thin," and his general make up seedy. While he sat talking his clothes were not half fastened on his huge and lumbering frame, yet he was not aware that he was presenting a grotesque appearance.

THE CONVERSATION.

Dr. BUCHANAN—We have thought the whole thing was instigated by one Paine, who runs an institution at Ninth and Locust streets, in this city. If we should say the institution is illegally conducted the public would immediately say jealousy was at the bottom of it; therefore, we will not say anything, either for or against Dr. Paine. He was formerly connected with this college and left it. Since then he has done everything in his power to injure us.

Dr. BISSELL—Yes, it must be Paine who started it. Dr. Buchanan, however, knows more of the matter than either one of us.

Dr. BUCHANAN—I will first show you a copy of our charter (taking up a volume, probably a prospectus or something of the kind, and pointing out a copy of the charter of the college) and will then, having satisfied you that we are regularly and lawfully organized, proceed

TO EXPLAIN,

as I understand it, the present "slander" on our institution.

As I informed you, Paine has done everything in his power to injure us. Well, he knows that the Eclectic College in Twenty-sixth street, in New York, is partly owned by parties interested in the *Tribune*, and doubtless reflecting that a jealousy of Philadelphia institutions would show itself in due time, and to protect himself and carry out his cherished scheme of vituperation against our institution, "put up a job," as it is vulgarly called, to injure us. The reports in the *Tribune* are the result of his *finesse*. With regard to the *Tribune* itself, I have only to say that its agent in this city called and

TRIED TO BLACKMAIL US

by offering to suppress the article of the 10th inst. for $400. I replied by ordering him out of the office.

CORRESPONDENT—Will you give me your written oath to that effect?

Dr. BUCHANAN—I will.

CORRESPONDENT—Did Doctors Bissell and Hylton overhear your conversation with the *Tribune* agent?

Dr. BISSELL—Yes, sir, I did.

Dr. HYLTON—And I.

CORRESPONDENT—Will you both give your affidavits that you know it to be true that the *Tribune* agent offered to suppress the article for $400.

BOTH—We will, and will send the affidavits up this afternoon.

A COUPLE OF AFFIDAVITS.

On my arrival home in the evening the affidavits were awaiting me, copies of which are hereto annexed. The originals are also forwarded to the HERALD office:—

*Philadelphia, ss.*—Personally appeared before me John Buchanan, M. D., who deposes and says that one John L. Gerow, who has his office in the *Ledger* building, of this city, and is the agent of the New York *Tribune*, called on him and demanded of him (Buchanan) the sum of $400 not to publish any more articles relative to the said Buchanan in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, and this was subsequent to the 10th day of October, A. D. 1871; that he, the said Buchanan, is secretary of the Faculty of the Eclectic Medical College, 514 Pine street, city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania. Furthermore the deponent says not.

JOHN BUCHANAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of November, A. D. 1871. J. P. DELANEY, Alderman.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 15, 1871.

Personally appeared before me John Dunbar Hylton, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania, and Philip A. Bissell, M. D., Professor of Physiology in the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania, who do depose and say that they were present when a man called on John Buchanan, M. D., the within named deponent, and represented himself to be the agent of the New York *Tribune*, and demanded the sum of $400 not to publish anything relative to the sale of diplomas in the columns of their journal, and they have since learned that it was John L. Gerow, who is agent of the New York *Tribune*, and has his office in the *Ledger* Buildings of this city, and that this was subsequent to the publication of an article on or about the 25th day of October last, and furthermore the deponents say not.

J. DUNBAR HYLTON.
PHILIP A. BISSELL.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 15th day of November, 1871—J. P. DELANEY, Alderman.

It is to be hoped that, although the above affidavits were really and regularly sworn to before an Alderman of Philadelphia, no one will be innocent enough to believe one word contained in them. I have means of knowing that Mr. Gerow has never been near their office. When they informed me of the attempted blackmail I asked them if it was Mr. Gerow who came to see them. They did not know. But said it was the *Tribune* agent, and this is probably what led them to put Mr. Gerow's name in.

A SECOND INTERVIEW.

Accompanying the affidavits was a note, written in pencil on a blank card, asking me to call in the morning, at nine. Now, thought I, comes the reward of the righteous. Yesterday morning at nine o'clock found me at the office. Bissell was present, but not alone. A woman was busily engaged dusting the office and putting things to rights.

"Good morning, Doctor," said I. "Did you wish to see me about anything particular?"

BISSELL—Oh! good morning. Sit down. Lectures have just begun. Won't you walk in? Don't care for them, eh? Well, sit down.

I seated myself and awaited developments. Putting his hand over his face, as if to cover even the faintest index of his thoughts, he smiled a cunning smile, and, quietly uncovering, remarked, "I was talking to Buchanan, and we thought—hem—that is—we concluded that possibly you—you might—that what you published in behalf of the institution we might

MAKE IT WORTH SOMETHING TO YOU."

A few words from me, plain and to the point, satisfied him that he had not stated his proposition rightly.

"Oh, no," he continued; "we don't mean a bribe or anything of that kind; but if we have a mind to make you a present——"

"If that is all you have to say I must say good morning; the HERALD is perfectly independent, and its representatives are paid at the office," I replied, and took my leave.

It struck me that, by playing into their hands, they might become more confidential, and I returned in about two hours, and found Buchanan answering letters and forwarding circulars to some innocent lambs in the country, one of whom wrote all the way from Fredonia, N. Y., for a circular. I believe they had got to look upon me as a champion, for Buchanan greeted me as warmly as it is possible for him to greet any one, and asked me to be seated. I hunted for Bissell, but he had left. It did not require long to come to the point. I opened fire in the following manner:—

"Doctor, Bissell informed me this morning that what I should write about the school would probably be worth something to you."

BUCHANAN—Ah—yes.

CORRESPONDENT—Of course, Doctor, we're all in the world to make money; you make yours in your profession and I in mine. Now if I can say anything that is going to do you good and you "see it," I might as well make something by it.

BUCHANAN—Yes—that's so.

CORRESPONDENT—Well now, Doctor, to come to business at once, how much is it worth? But that, after all, would be a question of the future. It would depend altogether on the amount of business it brought you.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

BUCHANAN—Yes, you're right; I suppose a good letter and the publication of the affidavits in the HERALD would do us a good deal of good. Yet (the sly old rascal) it is not a sure thing. For myself, personally——

CORRESPONDENT—I don't care anything about that; neither do you; neither does Hylton. It is the college that you want brought out of the mire that recent disclosures have sunk you in.

BUCHANAN—That's just what we want. I'll have to talk with Sit s, our dean.

CORRESPONDENT—I propose to publish what I have written, whether you pay me anything or not.

BUCHANAN—Can't you let it wait over until after publication of the article?

CORRESPONDENT—Well, Doc, you know how people feel about such things. I was going to suggest that you pay me something now as an evidence of good faith, and the remainder when the article is published.

Buchanan evidently mistrusted me; former experiences with other reporters had sharpened his wits, for he replied, "I can't well do it; it's nothing to me." At this stage of the proceedings a young man, a graduate, I suppose, came in to buy a skull. He finally concluded his negotiations. I may as well mention that the

PRICES FOR HUMAN SKULLS

in this market range from two to twelve dollars, according to quality. If "nicely bleached," as Buchanan termed it, they command high prices. The skull buyer didn't want an expensive one, for some one had stolen one from him because it was a nice one. He might have added that the thief took his brains with the skull. He finally retired and I have a sigh relief as the door closed on the "capper."

"Well, Doctor, I guess, I'll go up town," I remarked. Then I walked over to the other side of the room to take a look at something. Buchanan produced a key, unlocked a door in his desk, took out two five dollar notes and approached me, with the remark that he was almost ashamed to offer me such a small sum; it would be different if he held the latch strings. I rolled the two lives up in my hand, put them in my vest and said:—

"THIS GOES NO FURTHER THAN YOU AND I."

"Not a word from me," replied the Honorable Secretary, and I buttoned up my coat and said, "Goodby, Doctor."

The money is enclosed herewith in the same envelope that holds the original affidavits. I have allowed myself to think it possible that the HERALD would publish a "good article" free of charge and return the money to the college to be dispensed in charity.

THE FOLLOWING BRILLIANT ARRAY OF TALENT

conduct the fortunes of the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania:—

Professor Joseph Sites, M. D., Dean, 892 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.
Professor R. Hodenbrock, M. D., Burlington, N. J.
Professor J. Buchanan, M. D., 514 Pine street, Philadelphia.
Professor E. Down, M. D., 1,034 Palmer street, Philadelphia.
Professor H. C. Stickney, M. D., 513 Pine street, Philadelphia.
Professor J. D. Hylton, M. D., 1,321 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia.
Professor William Clark, M. D., Cape May.
Professor J. Isaacs, M. D., 805 Arch street, Philadelphia.
George W. Hutchins, M. D., LL.D., Woburn, Mass.
Professor N. Bedortha, M. D., LL.D., Saratoga, N. Y.
Professor A. P. Bissell, M. D., 911 Lombard street, Philadelphia.
R. De Beust, M. D., 514 Pine street, Philadelphia.
Matthew Hale Smith, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.
William B. Bowlsby, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The above list I take from a lecture card of the institution. It is possible that some of them may be men of good standing and that their names may be published as belonging to the institution without their knowledge, although it hardly seems possible that the Philadelphia branch of the concern would dare to publish the names of any physicians not actually connected with them in their business.

Like many institutions of respectability, the Eclectic College publishes a monthly magazine, termed

THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL JOURNAL.

From a number before me I learn that it is divided into four general heads, viz.:—First, Original Communications, being records of cases treated by eclectic physicians in different parts of the country, successfully of course; second, Editorial, consisting of more original matter, principally from the pen of the fertile minded Buchanan; third, Review, a more original views of different subjects within the pale of medical jurisprudence; fourth, Progress of Medical Science, very original treatment of different diseases to which humanity is heir. Under the second head is a record of a regular monthly meeting, on which occasion it seems the "Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania" took occasion to adopt the following preamble and resolution:—

Whereas the bogus so-called National Eclectic Medical Association, which met in the city of New York some time since, at whose head stands Robert Newton, a practitioner who is not entitled to the confidence of the profession, there being but one regular Eclectic National Medical Association—the one that meets in Philadelphia, of which Matthew Hale Smith, M. D., is President, M. Williamson, M. D., Corresponding Secretary, Joseph Sites, M. D., Treasurer; and whereas we, as a State society, recognize no other association as the "National," be it therefore

Resolved, That we, as a State society, will not recognize any one that affiliates with the said Newton's bogus concern.

Resolved, That the said Newton, by his association with the Ninth street quack [Paine, another man accused of diploma selling.—EDS.] of this city, who was one of the leading spirits in the bogus association, and is guilty of selling diplomas to ignorant pretenders, is no recognized by the Eclectics.

Resolved, That the said Newton is hereby expelled from his society, &c., &c.

And thus do the learned pundits of Pine street dispose of the New York concern on Twenty-sixth street, and that other twin-brother on Ninth, near Locust street, in this city.

Further along in the editorial department we are informed by the following notice to the profession that "we are prepared to supply physicians with packages of our 'Cancer Antidote' for the purpose of testing its efficacy. One gallon of the internal—I mean internal—remedy and a pint of the local application will be furnished for $50, which is usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate form of cancer." [From the charming ambiguity of the foregoing notice the reader is left to solve the conundrum whether the "Antidote" or the $50 is intended to cure the "most obstinate form of cancer."—REPORTER.] But it continues, "When thoroughly satisfied of its extraordinary therapeutic power, we will send them the formula on highly advantageous terms. It eradicates the cancerous diathesis, and cures ninety-nine cases in one hundred."

As a proof of the ability of these Galens to descend from the dignity that enobles their calling, and give their thoughts to pleasant pleasantries, I will cite from their editorial some sparkling scintillations of humor which the editor terms

DRAMATIC.

A series of dramatic readings were given in New York in the early part of October, for the especial benefit of some defunct so-called eclectic physicians, whose nerve-vital has collapsed, and who are unable, from that and other causes, to earn a livelihood by their profession, but, like snakes, live by appropriations to dispensaries.

As eclectic physicians are always progressive—ever in the van—the New York College devised a dramatic programme of unusual imbecility, in which they trotted out the following highly historical characters:—

KING RICHARD III.—Lardaceous Bob, who succumbed on stibiagia and chloride zinc.
KING LEAR.—Brother Stowe, seized with insanity behind a tree on Pine street.
FALSTAFF.—Brother Smith, at protracted meeting, calling upon Miranda.
IAGO.—Comins, clothed in cat-skins.
ARIEL.—Marrow, dozing from Forkopolis to Manhattan.
TOPSY.—Horton, seized with diarrhœa in a beer saloon.
SHYLOCK.—Flint, with his pounds of flesh.
BENEDICK.—Jim Brown, a servant to old Pap.
CLOWN.—Old belly-ache, the notorious Philadelphia quack.
CATESBY.—Wilder, the lobbyist, who provides for the boys.

After the entertainment was over the entire party adjourned to the Five Points.

LARDACEOUS BOB,

in despair, frizzled out in Forkopolis, became reanimated on the purpose of the jolly dogs of Brooklyn, swears by legitimate appropriations our dollars. Pap Greene smiles upon the depravity of the man. Look out for the pet swindle—insuring lives of honest eclectics—all who swear on his compound stibiagia pill. Holy horror, what a swindle!

Now, this is pleasant. It shows an ignorant and benighted public that the faculty of a medical college is not necessarily composed of icebergs invested with some of the attributes of humanity. No one need doubt hereafter that mirth and wit and humor at times relieve these great minds from the corroding cares of office.

A PUBLIC DUTY.

Seriously, is it not the plain duty of the Legislature to cause a rigid investigation into the conduct of this place, and another on Ninth street, near Locust, both of which are notoriously guilty of unlawful practises, and are, to say the least, a reproach to the respectable portion of the medical profession in this great city that has done so much through the University and the Jefferson College to elevate the profession and perfect its organization throughout the whole country? It is a crying shame that these infamous nests of corruption should be suffered to exist.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19, 1871.

The learned pundit of Pine street—Dr. J. Dunbar Hylton, chemist (?)—took occasion to address the following letter to the *Telegraph* a day or two since. It was published yesterday. Among other things he hints at that "good article" that I was to publish in the HERALD in consideration of $10 down as "an evidence of good faith" and the remainder when the article came out. The $10 has doubtless reached you ere this, and is now, in all probability, on a back track to Philadelphia to the princely donor. I send you Hylton's letter to the *Telegraph* in full.

THE DIPLOMA TRADE—"PROFESSOR" HYLTON EXPLAINS—HOW THE "TRIBUNE" MURDERED HIS SYNTAX—HIS OPINION ABOUT SELLING DIPLOMAS—HE SCORNS THE ACTION.

Professor J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D., of the Pine street diploma shop, writes us the following, which we hasten to lay before our readers. As the "Professor" complains that the New York *Tribune*, from which we copied his letter a few days ago, "murdered his orthography, to say nothing of his syntax," our proof reader has instructions to see that the explanatory communication which he has addressed to us, and which does equal credit to his head and heart, goes into type *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*:—

NOV. 15TH 1871

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:—

MY DEAR SIR—I should not have troubled you, had you not copied my letter to the New York City *Tribune* in your column, that is, as they printed it, but not as I wrote it, they have murdered my orthography, to say nothing of my syntax, in doing so they have not injured me in the eyes of the public, as much as they may have hoped, for I am too well known to the reading public for them to believe that I ever made such errors, therefore they have all their trouble for nothing.

For months past there has been a perpetual howling about selling diplomas in a little catchpenny sheet of this city, we have never thought it worth our notice as we well knew it had no circulation save a few copies it sent out as exchanges, and therefore we let this little sheet go on crying the sale of diplomas unmolested, one of its owners, or editors is a son of a moonlight artisan of this city, whose father has repeatedly bored us for patronage in the way of advertisements, but he creates such an odor resembling that of the polecat, we have to hurry him out unheard. Finally through the howling of this sheet the N. Y. *Tribune*, aided by this moonlight artisan's son "got after us," knowing it to be a paper of wide circulation like the *Telegraph*, we answered it, and we have played off with it, until now we have it cornered, and in a few days the whole thing will be laid bare to the reading public, we have put up with this diploma howling long enough, and before it is stopped we shall expose the cause of this yelling to the reading community, and show that there are parties connected with the *Tribune* who run a bogus diploma shop in N. Y. city, and that they have become enraged at our Phila. colleges taking all their students from them, and therefore yell diplomas 'till they have even got to selling diplomas, not even our old time-honored college the University of Penn. is free from their base attacks. Their sole object is to blackmail the Phila. colleges, and it is not right nor fair by any means for our own respectable newspapers like the *Tribune* to back them, as it has done. As to the interview between myself and the reporter as stated in the *Tribune*, it is a base falsehood from end to end, without the shadow of a shade of truth connected with it. But as our Phila. papers or most of them have had something to say about it, if they will peruse the N. Y. HERALD in a day or so they will obtain a little more food, which we hope will satiate their ravenous maws for a little while, nor let them go down to the grave with diploma on the brain, we also hope that our city papers will lend us their aid to pass a law this winter, which shall create a board of examiners and compell all the doctors old, as well as young, to go through an examination that shall be quite severe, said board of examiners to be elected by the real Alumni of the chartered Medical Colleges, and not appointed by governors, city councils, policehouse politicians, and State house loafers. By this law we shall have less signs along the streets of M. Ds. all must be examined the young brainless swellies that prowl all day along 6th street to gape at womens feet, the old crime steeped sneaks, will worse than they who eye you over their gold spectacles while they try to elevate themselves in your estimation, by lying about some honest, hard working but poor physician, as well as the negros who the *Tribune* says "Dr." Paine "LLD." has graduated, but I think if this diploma trade was sifted right, it would be found that there were not as many buyers, as we are led to imagine there are, and if I knew there was a diploma traffic carried on at the College on Pine street, I would instantly leave it and hand it over to the Law. Yours truly

J. DUNBAR HYLTON M. D.
Chemist, Laboratory 514 Pine St

If that letter is not a sufficient evidence of Hylton's fitness to preside over the chemical or any other department of a medical college, what is?

## FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad Company is in court as defendant in a suit for damages in the accident at Bandol last winter, where so many victims lost their lives. Damages are laid at over six millions of francs.

News from Macao to September 13 reports a severe hurricane which destroyed over two hundred houses, sunk some two hundred small craft and four European vessels, while the loss of life is estimated at two thousand victims.

The Municipal Council of Marseilles (red) have sent one of their number to Versailles to plead for a commutation of the sentences passed on the Communists Ferdenex & Co. General Espivent, Military Commandant of the same city, has also gone to Versailles to plead the other way and urge the execution as a salutary example.

The Column Vendôme has been put together, with the exception of the part which commemorated the victories over the Prussians. The efforts of the police to find those portions have utterly failed. The responsibility of this statement rests upon the Paris paper *La Presse*, which adds that the column will soon be replaced upon its pedestal.

It is said that the Italian government has at present under consideration a project for the fortification of the passes of the Alps. M. Ferrero, a superior officer of engineers, has prepared a detailed plan of such work, having first inspected the most important fortresses in France, Russia and Germany. The probable cost is estimated at only about 7,000,000f.

The London Cobden Club has issued a timely and serviceable pamphlet on the commercial policy of France and the treaty with England of 1860. Within the moderate space of twenty small octavo pages is contained a succinct but exhaustive statistical summary, compiled from the official documents of both countries, illustrating the results upon the industry and trade of France of the policy inaugurated eleven years since.

The inquiry into the circumstances attending the destruction by fire of the bark Sir James, off Buenos Ayres, on the 14th of August last, has been concluded at Liverpool. The Court was of opinion that no evidence had been given to bring home to any one the charge of having wilfully set fire to the ship. How the fire originated remains a mystery; that having regard to the inflammable nature of the cargo, the Court was inclined to think that it might have been caused by spontaneous combustion. The Court returned to the master and chief mate their certificates.

The people of the United States should be made acquainted with the fact. I not already acquainted of that in regard to the International, it has been resolved by Congress to suspend the habeas corpus, and enforce Lynch law against all the members of the formidable association. We confess openly and boldly that we were as ignorant as anybody in the United States of this important piece of news till we found it in a Spanish newspaper. By a careful reading of foreign journals Americans may post themselves thoroughly on home affairs.

Figures are slippery things, says the London *Times*, especially when given in the shape of estimates, but there seems reason to suppose that not less than 30,000 Communists fell into the power of their adversaries at the capture of Paris. Of these it is computed that 15,000 perished either in the fighting or in the executions which immediately followed, so that from 30,000 to 35,000 remained as prisoners. Of these, again, at least 10,000 have been liberated but it is supposed that 20,000 may be in prison still. Such losses were never before suffered by the revolutionists—not even in the battles of 1848 or the massacres of 1851.

The English *Army and Navy Gazette* hears that officers have sent in their papers by hundreds and hundreds. In one cavalry regiment one major and six captains and several subalterns seek to retire. The Dublin Brigade Office is reported to have had 40 applications to retire, and we are afraid to mention the number reported to have been received at headquarters. There is, indeed, "an ugly rush" to get out of the army. The new regulation as regards adjuntancies of reserve forces will shortly remove some eight or nine officers of artillery to the supernumerary list. It is intended to effect a considerable reduction in the half-pay list, and a large number of the captains whose names appear in the closely packed columns, occupying pages 149, 150 and 151 of the *Army List*, are, during the next few months, to have the chance of full pay employment.

## FOREIGN PERSONAL GOSSIP.

—Father Hyacinthe intends preaching a series of sermons in Paris.

—Pope Pius will not leave Rome on the opening of the Italian Parliament.

—The Marquis of Ely contributed $500 to the relief of the Chicago sufferers.

—The reigning Duke of Anhalt is about to abdicate in favor of the Emperor William.

—General Benedek is in good health. The Cologne *Gazette* says that it was erroneously informed of his death.

—Mr. Darwin is engaged on a work in which the facial expression of animals will be one of the chief topics discussed.

—The Swiss minister at Berlin has signed the treaty with Germany relative to the construction of the Saint-Gothard railway.

—General Count Kamelincki, died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-six. He was one of the most illustrious members of the Polish emigration of 1831.

—Mr. Cardwell, Secretary for War, has offered the Shemield Corporation £700 as a contribution towards the extension of the main drainage scheme to the barracks.

—M. Francis Sloane, who lately contributed 150,000 francs towards the repairs of the façade of Santa Croce, is reported by the Florence papers to have died recently at the villa of Carezzi.

—The Queen of the Belgians has been summoned by a dressmaker to pay her bill, amounting to 37,000 francs. Her Majesty refuses to discharge it on the grounds that the prices are exorbitant.

—The Princess Julie Bonaparte, Marchioness Roccagiovine and her sister the Countess Primoli (the Princess Charlotte Bonaparte) are leaving their residence in Paris to take up their abode for the future in Italy.

—Mme Lefroy, condemned to death at Versailles, had proposed to marry her paramour, Urbain, before her execution. He, however, declined to marry her after the revelations which had been made concerning her former life.

—The member for West Meath, in recognition of the part he took in the work of Irish societies created in favor of the French victims of the late war, has had the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him.

—M. Francesque Sarcey, a personal enemy of Rochefort, writing in the *Gaulois*, a journal of Imperialist sympathies, calls upon the Paris press to plead the cause of the late director of barricades. M. Sarcey says that Rochefort "pays for all."

—Father Secchi has been nominated Astronomer of the Vatican. "This fact," says the *Fanfulla*, "may be regarded as a sign of the speedy departure of the Roman College, as the Father will necessarily transport all his apparatus to the Papal residence."

—M. Charles Lefevre, says the London *Sporting Gazette*, the French gentleman who races under the assumed name of "Mr. F. Lombard," has just come into a fortune of over half million sterling, left him by a cousin whom he never saw in his life. The gentleman in question died in America, whither he had emigrated many years since with the sum of £500, which M. Lefevre's father lent him when all his other relatives turned their backs upon him.

# THE DIAMOND MURDER.

**Release of Ignatz Ratzky, Who Was Convicted on the Charge of Murdering Sigismund Fellner, a German Jew—Ratzky Supposed To Be Innocent—History of the Case.**

[From the Albany Times, Nov. 23.]

In this age of the telegraph and the printing press, when the daily history of the civilized world is written, published and read during the twenty-four hours succeeding its occurrence, one event so crowds another that what would once have been a nine days' wonder is now lost sight of in the fresh news of a "second edition." The murder of yesterday is forgotten in to-day's gossip about the Grand Duke, which will give place to-morrow to the details of some terrible calamity or gigantic fraud. Ten years ago the public pulse was thrilled with the horror of the diamond murder. To-day not one in a hundred can give the particulars, if they remember the case at all, yet a more remarkable combination of foul murder and cunning plot against injured innocence has never been recorded in the annals of crime. The murdered man was not the only victim nor the one most deserving pity. Like the flash of lightning his life went out without a pang. But for nine long, weary, torturing years an innocent man has suffered a living death for a crime which others committed. Last Thursday evening the prison door was opened and this unfortunate young man walked forth, and for the first time in seven years saw the rising of the moon. Friends kind and true stood ready to take him by the hand, to offer him shelter, sympathy and assistance. He is at present the guest of a prominent citizen of Albany, where a *Times* reporter called on him Saturday evening. The interview was exceedingly interesting, and, at the risk of repeating what may be known to some of our readers, we give a brief *résumé* of the murder and trial, together with some account of the efforts that have been made in behalf of the prisoner since his conviction.

THE DEED OF BLOOD.

On the 22d of October, 1861, the body of a man, stabbed twenty-one times in the region of the heart, was found on the bank at Hoboken, N. J. It was subsequently identified as the remains of a German Jew, named Sigismund Fellner, who had arrived in this country some two weeks previous, bringing with him a large amount of money and jewels. It was known that he lodged with a young man named Ignatz Ratzky in Brooklyn, and also that he sustained intimate relations with a young woman named Albertina Pflaum, who resided with her sister, Mrs. Marks, at 45 East Broadway, New York, and with whom he became acquainted on the passage to this country. When last seen alive, he left this house in company with Ratzky to go to their lodgings in Brooklyn. This was on the 18th. Four days after his body was found, as just mentioned, suspicion at once was attached to Ratzky and the two women. Ratzky disappeared; the two women were arrested; a quantity of the diamonds belonging to the murdered man were found in their possession, and at night Albertina committed suicide in her cell by hanging herself. Mrs. Marks was taken to Freehold, N. J.; either was actually crazy or assumed to be; was discharged for want of evidence, and at last accounts was keeping a house of prostitution in California. Ratzky was traced to St. Louis, captured, brought to Freehold, imprisoned for eight months, transferred to Brooklyn, where he was tried April 20, 1863, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Through the untiring efforts of one or two humane persons who believed him innocent this sentence was at last commuted by Governor Fenton, on July 29, 1865, to imprisonment for the term of seven years and two months, from March 15, 1865, subject to further deduction by good conduct in prison.

RATZKY'S APPEARANCE.

Ratzky is now twenty-nine years old, of nervous temperament and of slight frame, a well-developed head, Jewish cast of countenance, with restless, piercing eyes, small, girlish mouth, and evidently possesses a brain of great activity. He speaks French, German and English, is a fine penman, and also writes phonography. Every year of his long captivity has been one of racking suspense. He has known of the efforts made in his behalf, and, conscious of his innocence, he has seen no reason why they should not be crowned with success. But one delay has succeeded another, and the torture of uncertainty has been so prolonged that it is a wonder he has not fire this exchanged the dungeon of the felon for the cell of the madman. As it is, in conversation, he becomes intensely excited over

THE STORY OF HIS WRONGS,

of which, although the want of space forbids an extended rehearsal, we give a synopsis.

He was born in Prussia in 1842, and letters from various officials there give him an excellent character up to the time he came to this country, in 1860. He served three months in 1861 in a Brooklyn regiment which volunteered for that period, and on his discharge was employed in a percussion cap factory. In September he was severely burned by an explosion of powder, from the effects of which he was suffering at the time of the murder, his arm being carried in a sling. While thus disabled he endeavored to earn something by selling some little articles, and thus engaged he accidentally met with Sigismund Fellner, who, not speaking English, addressed some inquiry to his fellow countryman. They became acquainted and Fellner revealed to him that he had left Prussia under stress of circumstances (afterwards discovered to be a flight from justice for the crime of forgery), that he was stopping at the Prescott House, but wished to find some more secluded lodgings. The result was that in the course of the week he took up his abode in the same family with which Ratzky was lodging, in Brooklyn. Together they visited No. 45 East Broadway. Albertina knew of Fellner's wealth, as she had assisted him to get a recase for some of his diamonds, about which there was some trouble at the Custom House; and, in fact, it is evident that their relations were more intimate than virtuous. It also appears that Fellner, though perfectly bewitched with the charms of his paramour, was afraid of the two women and was anxious to escape from his entanglement with them. On the night of the 18th, together with Ratzky, he goes to their house to bid them farewell before his departure for Chicago. A whispered conversation ensued between Albertina and Fellner, and about nine o'clock, at the repeated solicitation of Ratzky, the enamored and fatal man tore himself away, and the two men took a carriage to the South ferry, carrying with them a bundle of undercloothing which Fellner had bought that evening before going to No. 45. The boat not being in the slip they waited its arrival. The night being warm, Fellner handed to Ratzky his cane and bundle and wiped the perspiration from his brow. The boat came in, the two men went on board and took seats in the cabin, Ratzky still retaining the articles in his hands. In a moment and before the boat started Fellner arose, walked once or twice around the cabin and out at the door which they had entered. Ratzky, supposing that he had stepped out for fresh air, remained quiet until the boat had reached Brooklyn, when, on searching, no Fellner could be found. He inquired and hallooed for him in vain. Thinking it very strange he hurried home to Carroll street, supposing that he might have escaped him in the crowd and taken a carriage, but no Fellner was there, nor was he seen again till cast up by the waves on the Hoboken beach.

On the morning of the 21st the attention of Ratzky was called to an advertisement in a German paper, stating that the body of a man had been picked up, and from the description of the articles found in his pocket, which were a gold snuff-box containing a wedding ring, bearing the name "Helena Levy," he became satisfied it was his friend. He at once proceeded to 45 East Broadway with the advertisement, on his producing which both women fainted away.

THE FLIGHT.

As it is impossible in this brief sketch to give all the particulars, we will simply state that from the subsequent proceedings of the two women, and two Jews who appeared connected with them, Ratzky became convinced there was a plot to implicate him as the murderer, and acting upon the advice of his simple German friends with whom he lodged, ran away. It was undeniably an unwise act, but he was a mere boy, a stranger in a strange land and to our laws. He was told that he would be arrested on suspicion; that circumstances were against him; that even if he escaped conviction he would be in prison for a long time, and thus acting upon bad advice, he became a fugitive.

THE CAPTURE AND TRIAL.

Eight months afterwards he was arrested by a detective in St. Louis. At his trial in Brooklyn, before Judge Brown, S. D. Morris appeared for the prosecution; Edwin James and Sidney H. Stuart for the prisoner. For every mystery some solution is demanded. Public feeling, stimulated by the press, was strong against "Ratzky, the murderer." Mr. Morris, then newly elected District Attorney, made it a matter of professional pride to secure a conviction in this his first important case, and exerted every nerve to accomplish that object.

As for the defence, virtually there was none. Relying upon the ground that the murder was not committed in Kings county, and therefore the Court had no jurisdiction in the matter, no plan was formed, not a single witness was examined for the defence, and none of the many strong points which might have been made were submitted; for example, the physical inability of the prisoner to commit the deed, he being a slight youth of twenty, with a crippled hand, while the murdered man was stout, athletic, active and in the full possession of his faculties; the police travelled from No. 45 East Broadway to No. 4 Carroll street, Brooklyn, a distance of five miles, more than three of it on foot, accomplished in an hour and seven minutes, during which time, according to the theory of the prosecution, the murder must have been committed, and the body searched and thrown into the river; together with the arrival of Ratzky at his boarding house with clothes and hands orderly and clean.

But we have no time to give the strong arguments which might have been made at the trial, and which have been made since. It was simply

A LAWYER'S TRIUMPH

over opposing counsel, with no regard to the poor, friendless boy or his claims to justice. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," and Ratzky was sentenced to be hanged. Through some legal technicalities the execution of the sentence was postponed from year to year, and in the meantime the God of the friendless raised up strong hearts to strive for justice, or at least for mercy, in behalf of the prisoner.

Mrs. Hattie Rockwell, of Brooklyn, became interested in the case, and, with a true woman's soul, determined to do everything that was possible to stay the sentence and procure a pardon. On arriving at Albany for the purpose of an interview with Governor Fenton she interested the sympathies of her uncle, Mr. Benjamin Fayn. For four years have they together labored and prayed. Opinions of judges, ministers, lawyers and editors have been obtained. A thousand letters have been written, pamphlets have been printed, Governors have been petitioned, and the amount of work, of anxiety, of disappointment, that has been endured is known only to Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Among those who have assisted them in their efforts, we may mention the late George W. Demers, who, at the request of Governor Fenton, wrote an exhaustive review of the whole case. Also Superintendent Campbell Allen, who was very active in the effort.

WHO WAS THE MURDERER?

Although this question can never be definitely answered, Ratzky's opinion is doubtless correct: That Fellner, unable to overcome the temptation of spending another night with the lovely Albertina, returned to her arms, and once in the clutches of that Delilah he was robbed and murdered, probably through the aid of the two Jews with whom she and her sister were connected. Many circumstances which we cannot at present relate go to show this.

Man's justice has failed to set this matter right, but the infinite justice is combined with infinite knowledge, and by its power alone will this crooked way be made straight.

# THE CONDITION OF PERSIA.

**How the People Suffer from Pestilence and Bad Government—The Shah Incompetent—An Extensive Revolution in Prospect—The People Driven to Desperation.**

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 1, 1871.

Persia seems likely to suffer to the utmost extent all the possible consequences of the great disasters of famine and pestilence that have within some months past ravaged her fairest provinces. Insurrection is the latest calamity. Insurrections have taken place at Shiraz and at Tabriz; Teheran itself is far from quiet. And no doubt this, the only remedy that the people possess against the misrule which is the principal cause of all the miseries of the country, will spread to every district where there are people left to rise. In Shiraz the people demanded the removal of the Governor—Yemim-ed-Daole—who is a son of the Shah. At Tabriz they made the same demand, but there also the Governor is the Shah's son, and even the Crown Prince. One party there was in favor of the occupation of the whole province by the Russians, while another clamored for the return of Prince Abbas Mirza, and for making him Governor in place of the Crown Prince. In this there is a glimmer of

REVOLUTION, ON A MORE EXTENSIVE SCALE.

Abbas Mirza is the Shah's brother and was a competitor for the throne. He has lived at Bagdad in exile for twenty years, and has declined to return to Teheran, although pardoned and his return expressly permitted; for here such a permission might be merely an invitation to put himself within easy reach, and the Prince feared poison. Should he come to Tabriz as Governor his popularity and the state of the country might readily lead to a change of rulers,

UNPOPULARITY OF THE SHAH.

Utterly careless of the condition of the people, the Shah went on his usual hunting expedition, leaving behind him an unpopular regent, a detested government and a mutinous army. Things grew worse during his absence, and