THANKSGIVING DAY.

How the Day Will Be Celebrated Throughout the City and How Our Forefathers Celebrated It Two Hundred Years Ago and Prolonged the Feasting with Profit.

The Joyful and the Sad Memories of the Day.

The Hungry Poor to Have a Good Dinner and the Needy Children To Be Clad and Cared For in the Charitable Institutions—The Services in the Churches and the Observance Generally.

THE FAMILY REUNIONS.

In accordance with the proclamation of the President to-day will be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout the length and breadth of the land. It may not be generally known that the setting aside, so to speak, of one day out of the 365 every year by public proclamation of State or other authority, when the people should in a solemn manner return thanks to God for all his blessings, can be traced back far into the remote part of American history. It is justly considered a New England custom, and there are those of us, who are not yet by any means in the sere and yellow leaf of life, who can remember well when the custom was strictly observed in New England almost exclusively. The first Thanksgiving we have any authentic knowledge of took place at Plymouth, Mass., in the year 1621,

A LITTLE TRIFLE

of 251 years ago. It was brought about by the remarkable success of the harvest that year. The good Governor (Bradford) mindful of the misfortunes he and his followers, or rather his companions in misery, had gone through, and thus made all the more thankful in his own heart for the blessings of an excellent crop of everything that had been sown on the "plantations," sent, as his friend Edward Winslow tells us in a letter dated December 11, 1621, "four men on fowling, that so, after a special manner, we might rejoice together after we had gathered of our labors." The "fowling" turned out a decided success, for "the four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help aside, served the company almost a week." Of course, it cannot be stated as historical fact, but it is reasonable seemingly to suppose, in the absence of anything to the contrary, that this fowl expedition gave rise to the custom now so prevalent of making fowl

THE PRINCIPAL DISH

on the Thanksgiving Day dinner table. What the good and truthful Winslow meant by "the little help aside" which had the excellent effect of making the game last an entire week is rather a mystery. It may have been some good, substantial side dish that came as near being of the pumpkin-pie order as the pastry and vegetable knowledge of the "Fathers" went at that particular time. At all events, it must have been of a quality to fill a fellow up to the muzzle, so that the "fowl" was really the smallest portion of the victuals consumed. We are led to take this view of the matter from that fact that not only did the sturdy Bradford and his friends live thanksgivingly on the fowl and the "little help aside" for several days together, but, like their descendants nowadays, they couldn't forego the idea of having company. Winslow remarks on this point:—"At which time among other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us and among the rest their greatest King, Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we

ENTERTAINED AND FEASTED."

The good people who nowadays make it a domestic point to invite their friends to dine with them under similar Thanksgiving circumstances might not find it so expensive to entertain and feast them if they followed the example set them by the solemn Thanksgiving originators. It was, indeed, quite an undertaking for the Plymouth company satisfactorily to stuff not only themselves, but ninety redskins besides, each one of whom had a good natural appetite, made keener than usual by long travel, and, no doubt, if they had depended entirely upon the fowl the four men had shot and that "little help aside," the feasting would have been of very brief duration. But, to use a vulgar expression, they were up to snuff, and it's just in the way they made the feasting day that the entertainers of '72 might find profit by close copying. "The ninety Indians went out," says Winslow, "and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon our Governor and upon the Captain and others." Just think of it, ye

HOUSEWIVES OF THE PERIOD!

You invite Mr. Jones and Mr. Sniggins to dinner, and the turkey runs short. (You know you must be certain to buy a very small one, or the Pilgrim plan won't work.) Straightway Jones looks at Sniggins and Sniggins looks at Jones. They understand their duty. Out they go, with many bows, to the nearest poultry stand, and each comes back, anxious to be the first in, with a turkey under each arm. Of course, once the custom is fairly established there is no squeamishness on either side, and then, to be true to historical example, with what heartfelt sincerity you can ask Jones and Sniggins to come the next day and help

EAT THEIR OWN TURKEY!

One thing is certain, if the custom once gained a foothold those who would be invited would far outstrip in number those who would invite, and which, besides reversing the present way of doing things, would give large families a good deal to think about for a week after Thanksgiving. But to return to our Plymouth friends. In the annals of the colony there is no record of any thanksgiving having taken place at any time after that in 1621 until 1623. This second thanksgiving, however, was not exactly like the first one. It was preceded by a feast. It may have been a punishment for their having indulged for a week in the feasting of the first occasion that the Pilgrims' good luck abandoned them a little over a year afterwards. A ship sent out with men and supplies from England went to the bottom; a drought prevailed, and the crops turned out bad. It was then that the Governor, by proclamation, "called upon

EVERY GOOD MAN

privately to enter into examination with his own estate between God and his conscience and so show humiliation before Him; but also more solemnly to humble ourselves together before the Lord by fasting and prayer." This," says Winslow, "brought down the rain in showers, and out of gratitude another day was set apart and appointed for thanksgiving, wherein," says he, "we returned glory, honor and praise, with all thankfulness, to our good God, which dealt so graciously with us." From that time to the present, with but few, if any, known interruptions, Thanksgiving Day in New England, and later in all the States, became one of the institutions. It was, however, left to the great war of the rebellion to make Thanksgiving Day a decidedly national day. Instead of the Governor of each State, as theretofore, fixing by proclamation a day of thanksgiving for his particular State, regardless of what day might have been chosen by any other Governor, it became the custom, after President Lincoln's first proclamation relating to

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING,

for the Governors to wait until the President issued his proclamation, then to issue theirs, calling upon the people in their respective States to act in accordance with the President's promulgated order, or, rather, request, to speak more definitely. Still it may be of interest to note that as far back as 1783 there was a national call for a thanksgiving day, which call was made "by authority of Congress," the day being the 11th of December, fifteen days after the last armed "Britisaer" had bidden farewell to the United States.

THE FAMILY REUNIONS.

As we now look upon it Thanksgiving Day has a significance more than national. It has become a sort of annual family festivity. It is true that it yet has many of its old-time church attractions—that the good and the pious of all sects religiously regard it as a day for church-going and extraordinary prayer; but for all that, it is now everywhere in the Union looked upon as the day *par excellence*, of all the days in the year, when the family circle, so far as may be, should be unbroken. It is in consequence of this prevalent conviction that we find every New Englander, not only as of old, but every man, woman and child in the Union, no matter where or how far he may be from home, a week or so before the day comes about, sacrificing business interests and every other interest to be at the family table at the mid-day meal on Thanksgiving Day. And truly it is a beautiful custom. Nothing could be nobler, nothing more touching. Christmas and New Year have their charms for all Christian peoples, but Thanksgiving Day, putting all religious ideas out of the question, is the day of all days for Americans. It is ever hailed with a heart-felt joy as no other day is hailed, and yet it is not always a happy one for every family. And how could it be otherwise?

THE WANDERER FROM HOME

longs to be at the old fireside on that day, once more to sit at the table with the father, mother, sister, brother he probably has not laid eyes on in a twelvemonth's time; but chance or fate, call it by what name you will, does not always assure him joy unalloyed, happiness untinged with sorrow. How often does it not happen that as the father and the mother and the children—who are children no longer in anybody's eyes but theirs—seat themselves about the family table, and a prayer of thanks is raised to God for His mercies, the voice that utters it is broken with sobs, the eye suffused with tears, the heart bowed down with anguish, because there is a beloved one that comes not; a beloved one that was of the joyous, the most joyful only a year before; whose bright eyes and ruddy cheeks and cheery voice betokened many happy returns of the day, and who now sleeps his last sleep beneath the churchyard sod. It is, indeed, well to be able to say, with the vacant chair at one's side,

"THY WILL BE DONE;"

but they alone who have felt the loss of the loved one when all but he could answer the mother's warm greeting, "Thank God we have met again!" can tell what sorrow Thanksgiving Day may bring to a Christian family. Let us, then, who can rejoice to-day without sorrow, be mindful of the sorrowing ones; for we know not what a twelvemonth may bring.

TO-DAY AMONG THE "CHARITIES."

At all the charitable institutions the day will be celebrated by substantial dinners for the inmates, and at several there will be appropriate religious exercises. The managers of the Union Home and School for the Orphans of Volunteers, at 151st street and Eleventh avenue, propose to make the occasion a happy one for their wards. To-day will be observed as a holiday, and an extra treat will be provided. There are now about 250 at the Home, all the children of soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the late war.

A dinner of turkeys, chickens, pastry, confectionery, &c., will be furnished at the Water Street Mission and Home for Women, 273 Water street, first to the inmates, and, after they have finished, to a number of the same class who are invited. There will also be entertaining exercises of various kinds, but, owing to the nature of the institution, no visitors will be expected.

At St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, No. 209 West Fifteenth street, about one hundred and fifty old people will be treated to an excellent dinner, besides which there will be the customary religious exercises.

The children of the Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum, No. 65 West Tenth street, will, if the weather be pleasant, attend service at the Church of the Strangers in the morning. At two o'clock a generous dinner of turkey, chickens, pie, pickles, &c., will be furnished them by Mrs. Charles S. Spencer. A welcome is extended to visitors. There are about two hundred children now in the asylum.

The little children of the Sheltering Arms, at Tenth avenue and 129th street, will be treated to a bountiful feast, and will in other ways be made as happy as possible.

At the Home for Training Young Girls, at Seventh avenue and Thirteenth street, a nice dinner will be provided, and a sociable time will be had in the evening. Fifteen girls, otherwise homeless, are now supported at this institution.

The old people of the Samaritan Home for the Aged, in Fourteenth street, near Ninth avenue, are to have an extra dinner. The inmates number about forty men and women.

The service of the holy communion will be administered in the morning at the Midnight Mission, No. 260 Greene street, by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., of St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church. A capital dinner will be served at half past twelve P. M. to the inmates of the Home, twenty in number. Active preparations are making for a social time in the evening, with games, music, refreshments, &c.

The Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans will provide a Thanksgiving repast for about 250 children in the asylum at 143d street and Tenth avenue.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, at Sixth avenue and Twentieth street, distributed on Wednesday evening bountiful supplies of poultry, meat, pies, &c., to about eighty or ninety of the poorer families of the church, that they may have their Thanksgiving dinner at home. Dinners will be given at the Home for the Aged connected with the church, No. 330 Sixth avenue, and to about sixty children of the parish school; 400 or 500 persons altogether will be provided for.

At the House of Refuge, Randall's Island, services will be held in the chapel at half-past ten A. M., with singing by the children and addresses by the Chaplain, the Rev. J. R. Nichols, the Rev. G. H. Smyth, of this city, and others. An extra dinner of chickens, mince pies, &c., will be served at noon, and the children will amuse themselves with games of ball and other sports during the afternoon. In the evening each child will be liberally supplied with nuts, apples, candy, raisins, gingerbread and tea.

At the Five Points House of Industry, 155 Worth street, there will be exercises by the children, consisting of singing of glees and anthems, light gymnastics, recitations, addresses, &c., to be followed by a fine dinner at about one P. M. The children, to the number of 500, will be fed first, after which the doors will be thrown open to all who come. Provision will be made for about one thousand persons, and it is earnestly hoped by the officers that the public will generously furnish supplies for this purpose, so that none may be turned away hungry.

At the Ladies' Five Points Mission, No. 61 Park street, extensive preparations have been made for the enjoyment of the children, of whom there will be seven hundred or eight hundred. The exercises of the day will begin at two o'clock P. M. with singing, recitations, dialogues, calisthenics, &c., by the children and addresses by visitors. A dinner of poultry, pastry, confectionery, &c., in abundance, will be served to the little folks at four o'clock, when every one will be supplied. That the children may present a good appearance new clothing was distributed yesterday to about four hundred of them.

At St. Barnabas' House, a home for homeless women and children, at No. 304 Mulberry street, religious services will be held in the morning, after which a dinner of turkey, mince pies, &c., will be given the inmates of the House, the children of the day school and their mothers, the Sunday school scholars and the boys who attend the free reading room—about five hundred in all.

The day will be observed at the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers, No. 40 New Bowery, with the usual festivities. At eleven o'clock the children will sing anthems, songs and glees, and addresses are expected from the President, A. S. Hatch, and various visitors. It is anticipated, also, that a number of the former children of the Home will be present on this occasion. Dinner on a large scale will be prepared for from eight hundred to one thousand children and adults.

The Female Guardian Society will give the five hundred inmates of the Home for the Friendless, at No. 32 East Thirtieth street, a dinner suitable to the occasion, in addition to which there will be interesting exercises, consisting of singing, addresses, &c., in the chapel, at half-past two and half-past six P. M. An extra repast will also be furnished to the children of the various schools, 2,000 in all.

At the Wilson Industrial School, at St. Mark's place and avenue A, the day will be observed in accordance with the usual custom.

The Children's Aid Society will make the day pleasant for its beneficiaries. The girls, about seventy in number, at their lodging house, 27 St. Mark's place, will receive an extra dinner, with turkey, pastry, &c., in plenty, and have a little sociable party in the evening, with music, plays, refreshments, &c.

At the Newsboys' Lodging House, 49 Park place, nothing will be done till evening, when the boys will be feasted with turkey, chickens, pies, fruit, coffee, &c., after which they will be entertained with addresses by visitors. About three hundred and fifty boys are expected. The society will also provide for the boys at the lodging houses 327 Rivington street, 709 East Eleventh street and 211 West Eighteenth street—in all upward of three hundred—and, if possible, for several of the industrial schools, of which there are twenty-two.

A fair for the benefit of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum will be held in the basement of the Ahobath Chesed congregation, corner Fifty-fifth street and Lexington avenue.

At St. Vincent's home for homeless boys of all occupations, 53 Warren street, under the direction of Father Drumgoole, eighty to ninety boys will be given a good dinner.

SERVICES IN THE CHURCHES.

There will be divine service in all the churches of the various denominations. In addition to the usual everyday services there will be a high mass at the Catholic churches at half-past ten o'clock. At the Cathedral the Catholic Union, or at least as many of them as can get into the building, will attend the services. Bishop McQuade is to deliver the sermon on the occasion. There will be divine service also at the Orthodox Eastern chapel, 951 Second avenue, near Fiftieth street, this morning at eleven o'clock. After the Liturgy, which is partly in the English and partly in the Russian language, a "Te Deum" will be sung by the choir in the Russian language. The new St. Patrick's Cathedral will be thrown open for public inspection during the day, and there will be a band of music on hand to enliven the scene.

THANKSGIVING EVE AT THE MARKETS.

So long as the organ devoted to the annual thanksgiving is the stomach so long will the markets be the great pivotal point of Thangsgiving Eve. No thanks are so hearty as those of a full stomach; no heart overflows with gratitude so freely as that which beats side by side with a satisfied appetite, and no charitable suggestions are so free as those that

COME AFTER DINNER.

John Bull picking his teeth is the only national representative under the sun that is considered dangerous, and his growls are to be mollified by no pandering to his appetite. All other people are the better for good dinners—more charitable, more kindly, more hopeful. Thanksgiving being especially established with a view to the annual fostering of charitable feelings, it is meet therefore that dinners should be the central object of the festival, for dinners have become the central object of all charitable conventions and all peaceful celebrations. Arbitration, having put aside the sword, has taken to dinners; and as it has been shown, as Richelieu said, that States can be saved without the sword, dinners must be depended upon for that consummation. For

THE PURPOSES OF DINNER

markets are a prime necessity. We cannot dine without marketing any more than the Egyptians could make bricks without straw, and for purposes of marketing we have half a dozen of the most ricketty old market buildings in the world, which were the centre of attraction yesterday for all the housekeepers in the city. These dingy structures, however, were most richly lined inside with the rarest

"INSIDE LININGS,"

with which the population of our city and her suburbs propose to line their own insides to-day. Turkeys, chickens, prize beef and vegetables were piled in magnificent profusion along the stalls and about the sidewalk, and ruddy-faced butchers, with fresh white aprons and hoarse voices, worn with replying to the inquiries of customers, stood manfully to their tasks and nobly battled for the honor of dining New York. Turkeys sat like fat ghosts all in white, with colored rosettes upon their breasts and gayly colored ribbons confining their legs, waiting pensively for their turn. Chickens hung hopelessly from their hooks and patiently submitted, being dead, to the ruthless handling of every stray customer. The recent ornicepitalzymosis, by which the feathered creation had hoped to make a diversion in its favor during the prevailing season, seemed to have made no impression upon the customers, and so long as the

TURKEYS HAD THEIR HEADS ON

the purchasers were prompt. In Fulton, Washington and Manhattan Markets the crowds surged all day and late into the evening, and the street cars were crowded with women, baskets and bundles. Altogether the Thanksgiving of to-day bids fair to be as hearty and as well catered to as any that have gone before.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN BROOKLYN.

No city in the United States, perhaps, takes more pleasure in keeping that holiday of peculiarly American origin, "Thanksgiving Day," than Brooklyn. It only needs that attention be called to the date upon which it shall be observed to excite in the feelings of the people an ardent desire for its due celebration. Hence it was that the worthy Mayor of the churchly city had only to briefly announce that Thursday, November 28, should be set apart for the festival, and the people, like Barkis, "were willin'." It is true that a gloom was cast over the ardent fowl lovers by the accounts given, a couple of weeks ago, in the New York journals, of the appearance of the "epizooty misery" among the turkeys, as it was feared that that fearful malady would curtail the number of those national birds of praise on the festive table. But more recent investigation and research considerately made by the HERALD dispelled the doubt engendered upon this head and there was a decided improvement in the stock of anticipation taken in the enjoyment in prospective. Certain it is that yesterday, the eve of "the day we celebrate," there were premonitory symptoms of very general "foul play" about the markets of Beecher's Burg. No henfluenza, no terrors of disappointment were noticeable about the markets. On the contrary, the hooks of the stalls fairly strained with the loads of luscious turkeys, geese, chickens and wild game which they bore, and the buyers and birds alike looked well. The prices of prime turkeys ranged from twenty-two cents to twenty-five cents per pound; but money was apparently no object with the purchasers. Turkeys must be had for Thanksgiving dinners, and so they were. The result is that a festive meal will be enjoyed upon all sides in Brooklyn to-day. Rich and poor alike grow glad because of the return of another national Thanksgiving, and well they may. To the less fortunate in the possession of the good things of this life such holidays are a special source of joy, as such of the wealthy as are wont to refrain from all thought of the lowly upon other days of the year "remember the poor" upon such occasions, and the latter are gladdened by the remembrance. The orphans come in for donations of fowl, pies, cakes, candies, &c., the inmates of the several charitable institutions are regaled with viands to which they have long been estranged and jollity commingles with gratitude on every side.

At St. Vincent's Home for Boys, No. 10 Vine street, one of the most commendable institutions in the city, the inmates will be feted on the fatted turkey. Donations in that line will be received for the celebration at the "Vine Street Home" up to noon to-day. The reader will, therefore, have an opportunity to help the boys to explore Turkey in a "sage" and "timely" manner. In the Poplar street house the inmates will hold high carnival in the very heart of Turkey, grease (geese). So it appears to be all round the circle.

There will be services in most of the churches to-day. Flowers of rhetoric will bloom in the pulpits; the choirs will make the "welkin ring" with choice notes of praise and thanksgiving, and the shepherds will tell the flocks how much they have to return thanks to a good, merciful and omnipotent God for. Charity, which is love for our neighbor, will animate all well-disposed hearts as they move through the household, and if it but flourish evergreen for the time to come, defying the natural inclination of poisonous weeds to spring up and rankle until it chokes out that heaven-born sentiment, then, indeed, will the people ever have occasion to look back to this bright and holy day as one of true thanksgiving.

There will be matinées at all the places of amusement and performances in the evening. At the Academy of Music two gala performances will be given by the eminent comedian, "Billy Florence," when Falconer's drama, "Eileen Oge" and the "Ticket of Leave Man" will be produced. The members of the companies of Wallack's and the Union Square Theatres will take part in these plays. Hooley's Opera House, Court street, offers a fine bill. J. K. Campbell, John De Angelis, R. W. Smith, Archie Hughes, Bernardo, Hooley and Christy will do the funny business.

Mrs. Conway's, Brooklyn Theatre offers "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" and "Everybody's Friend" for the entertainment of their patrons to-day.

The Park Theatre and Donnelly's also put forth the best resources to catch customers "upon this occasion."

Target companies and ragamuffins will wend their way through the principal streets of the city, adding their quota to the enhancement of the pleasures of the carnival.

Last evening balls were held in every public hall in the city, and private parties were innumerable.

PROCLAMATION OF MAYOR POWELL.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NOV. 23, 1872.

In obedience to the recommendation of the President of the United States and of the Governor of the State of New York, recommending the observance of the 28th day of November as a day of general thanksgiving, I respectfully request the citizens of Brooklyn to abstain from their ordinary occupations on that day and devote it to such purposes as will manifest their gratitude for the unnumbered blessings they enjoy.

S. S. POWELL, Mayor.

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITIONS.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 12.]

The opening meeting of the session of the Royal Geographical Society was held last night, and Sir Henry Rawlinson, the President, delivered the inaugural address. His first topic was the exploration of Africa. In dealing with this subject Sir Henry reviewed the relations between the Society and Mr. Stanley, and took the opportunity of again bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Stanley's services. He said as the Council honestly considered Mr. Stanley's journey to Lake Tanganyika to be in its results the most important geographical achievement of the year, they had only discharged their strict duty in awarding him the Victoria Medal for 1872, while at the same time they were doing honor to Livingstone and promoting the great end of African discovery. With respect to Lieutenant Dawson's expedition, Sir Henry Rawlinson said that the judgment of the Search and Relief Committee, which was generally concurred in by the public, had since been greatly fortified by letters received from Dr. Livingstone, in which he deplores the breaking up of the expedition, and shows how valuable would have been to him the arrival of the officers at Unyanyembe, and how he proposed subsequently to have utilized their services. At the same time Sir Henry held that it was only fair to Lieutenant Dawson to say that no imputation whatever rests upon his courage or his honor. He seems to have retired from the field owing to a wrong impression of Dr. Livingstone's character, as well as under a mistaken view of his relations with the society. As to Livingstone himself, Sir Henry Rawlinson said that the Geographical Society never doubted of his well being, since continuous native reports of his wanderings in Manyema were transmitted to them by Dr. Kirk, and since they had inherited from their late President a belief in the Doctor's vitality as a standard article of faith; but their confidence was hardly shared in by the public, and hence arose the unjustifiable sneers and doubts with which the announcement of Mr. Stanley's success and the first publication of the Livingstone despatches were in some quarters received. It should be understood, however, once for all, that there was not the remotest ground for questioning the accuracy of Mr. Stanley's statement. Sir Henry Rawlinson then discussed at some length Dr. Livingstone's geographical discoveries, and stated that Mr. J. Young, of Kelly, had taken upon himself the expenses of the proposed "Livingstone Congo Expedition" to the extent of £1,500 or £2,000, and, if necessary, this grant would be supplemented by subscriptions from the public and by a contribution from the funds of the society. He also mentioned that, in the hope that some means may be found of opening a direct communication with Livingstone while Sir Bartle Frere is at Zanzibar, the Council had decided upon giving Sir Bartle a discretionary power over the relief fund to the extent of £1,500, to be applied in furtherance of Livingstone's explorations and in facilitating his return to the coast. In order further to strengthen Sir Bartle's hands it had also been resolved to accept the services of a young naval officer, Lieutenant V. Lovett Cameron, who offers to go out at once to Zanzibar and there hold himself in readiness to conduct stores and supplies into the interior. The remainder of Sir Henry Rawlinson's address related to the Polar expeditions now engaged in exploring the Arctic regions and to other topics of geographical interest. At the close of the discussion which followed the President's address the hearty thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Young for his liberality in equipping the new Western expedition.

THE SCAFFOLD.

The Inhuman Fiend Moore Hanged at Ebensburg, Pa.

A HORRIFYING CRIMINAL RECORD

A Faithful Wife Brutally Murdered and Burned After Eleven Years' Separation.

A Fox Hunter Accidentally Discovers the Burning Body.

THE ASSASSIN TRACKED IN THE SNOW

Bigamy and Lesser Crimes the Primary Cause.

His Savage Ferocity in Prison and Efforts to Escape.

FIRED UPON AND WOUNDED BY THE SHERIFF

An Affecting Meeting Between the Culprit and His Child.

The Execution Accomplished—Moore Refusing to Confess.

EBENSBURG, Pa., Nov. 27, 1872.

Michael Moore, one of the most hardened criminals of the present age, was legally strangled here to-day for the murder of his wife, Annie Moore, at a remote place called Mineral Point, on the 1st of March last. I think that Cambria county, where the execution took place, has about as good showing of dark, bloody deeds as any piece of territory of its dimensions in the country—the Betsey Holden tragedy, that occurred upwards of twenty years ago, when an old, feeble woman of that name was most frightfully butchered by two brothers named Flanagan; the beating out of the brains of Mrs. Paul and Mrs. Munday, in Croyle township, in 1865, by the notorious fiends, Buser and Hauser, and the cowardly shooting to death of Edinboro Smith, in Jackson township, in 1865. All these are well remembered here for their heart-chilling characteristics. But these horrors are more than paralleled by the brutal and unnatural killing of the woman Annie Moore at the time and place already mentioned.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER,

Mineral Point, is a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about seven miles east of Johnstown. On the morning of the 1st day of March a young sportsman named John Shiron was out fox hunting. The trail led to the summit of a neighboring mountain, where his footsteps were arrested by the presence of copious quantities of blood and marks in the snow of two persons having engaged in a violent struggle. There in the snow lay a piece of flesh, which the young man turned over with his foot, and found attached to it a switch of woman's hair, with two hairpins in it. On the ground close by lay a broken pair of spectacles, a set of artificial teeth and pieces of combs. The place was dismally silent and gloomy, and Shiron was seized with terror and started to go away, when he saw a pile of brushwood slowly burning and what appeared to be a human body in the flames. He went off to Mineral Point, told his story, and a party of eight men, headed by young Shiron, returned to the spot. On the way thither they picked up a piece of a scarf, a garter and a white stocking. The men, on reaching the fire, smothered it with snow, and dragged out the body. It was burned black, and presented a horrible appearance.

THE LEGS WERE BURNED OFF

from the knees down, as were the feet, and there was only a small piece of clothing on her person, and that over her abdomen. The men knew at once that the body was that of a woman; and over the surface of the snow the footprints of a man and also those of a woman were discernible. They were unable to distinguish her features, as her face was burned to a crisp, her tongue protruded from her mouth and her hair was burned completely off. The sight was enough to make a man of strong nerve shudder, and many of them did so as they gathered up the remains and prepared them for burial.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

These were very distinct, and one of the men measured the imprint of the man's foot and found it to be eleven inches in length. The marks of the woman showed that she wore rubbers, and new ones, for the trade mark was distinct in the white surface. Some of the men started to follow up the tracks, and they were traced and found to lead to the residence of Michael Moore, a disreputable character of the neighborhood. His house was invaded, but the man was not to be found. An inquest was held in Johnstown over the remains by Coroner Harrold, and a large number of witnesses examined. The deliberations of the jury resulted in a verdict to the effect that Michael Moore, the accused, was the author of the murder, and subsequent testimony developed the fact that the victim was Annie Moore, Michael's lawful wife. The country was scoured for the murderer, but no clew to his whereabouts could be obtained. Finally Chief of the Police of Pittsburg, John Irwin, came out and was put on the track of the murderer. He effected his arrest soon after, and conducted his prisoner to Ebensburg, where he was safely lodged in the jail at that place. He protested his innocence of the crime to the officer, and made not the least show of resistance, intimating that at the proper time he would clear his skirts completely of the charge some one had trumped up against him. Just after his arrest he was visited by a merchant from Johnstown, named J. J. Murphy, who knew Moore quite intimately and who had gained his confidence by numerous favors he had time and again done for him. To this gentleman the prisoner handed a baggage check, stating that he had a trunk at the Altoona station; that he would be under obligations to Mr. Murphy if he would go down and secure it and keep it safe in his possession until he got out of prison. This check secured the trunk, which, upon being opened and its contents examined, fully convinced every one that Moore was the murderer of the woman.

WHY HE MURDERED HER.

In October, 1853, Michael Moore was married to Anne Boyle. They lived together for almost two years, when Mrs. Moore left her husband, on the ground of brutal treatment. She told her neighbors that she intended to go to Philadelphia to live, and this she did, assuming the name of Lizzie Stevenson, under which name she resided in the house of a gentleman named McFetridge for the period of eleven years. Some time after she had quit her husband, perhaps four or five years, Moore made inquiries of some of her friends as to her whereabouts, but they knew nothing of her, and thereupon he seemed to settle down to the fact that she was dead. At least he so reported, and early in the year 1864 was married to one Miss Connor, with whom he lived up to the time of his arrest and by whom he had one child. In the latter part of last year Rev. P. Garvey, a Catholic clergyman, who had performed the last marriage ceremony, received two letters, addressed in his care, to Michael Moore. One of the letters the Priest read at his request. It was addressed "My dear husband" and signed "Anne Moore" and dated "Philadelphia." The good clergyman thereupon began to question Moore, who declared that this thing had been put up on him; that his first wife was dead; but the priest following him up at length made him admit that the woman whom the letter was from was his wife, but that he had been led to believe her dead for many years. Subsequently Rev. Mr. Garvey was visited by

MOORE AND HIS SECOND WIFE,

and at this time he told them that they were not legally married, and that unless they separated the rites of the Catholic Church would be withheld from them.

On the 8th of January last a gentleman wrote, at the instance of Moore, a letter, which was addressed to Mrs. Anna Moore, Dean street, Philadelphia, and which was in reply to one he had received from her the previous November. The substance of this letter is that he was in need of money, and if she wanted him to come to her she would have to send him some funds.

THE PREY IS CAUGHT.

The future actions of the prisoner seem to prove that his letter was favorably responded to by his faithful wife, for we next hear of him at the house on Dean street, at which his wife, known as Lizzie Stevenson, was engaged as head of the domestics. On the morning of the 24th January, Moore made his appearance at this house, and on the afternoon of the same day left, the housekeeper accompanying him. She informed some members of the family who were by when she left that she would return next day, but none of them ever saw her again. In the last days of that month Moore and his first wife made their appearance in Osceola, Clearfield county, and here they remained in the house of Miss Sallie Goepiel until the latter part of February. The villain at this time had laid his plans to kill the woman, for he refused to give the landlady his true name, but his wife insisted upon it, and her liege reluctantly complied. While at this place Moore seems to have treated his unfortunate wife with his old-time cruelty. She was for a part of the time confined to her bed and the services of a physician called in.

A MURDEROUS PROPOSAL.

The murderous intentions of Moore were here first plainly revealed. He told the physician that this woman was in a fair way to ruin him, and suggested that she be put out of the road, offering to make it all right with the doctor if she should die. The man of medicine supposed the person to be drunk, and said nothing. Evidently the woman had been taken to the place with the worst of purposes; but being thwarted in the attempt to secure a physician suitable to his design, Moore determined to carry his victim to some lonely spot and carry into execution his bloody purpose. Following the chain of evidence wound around the prisoner by the Commonwealth, I find that on the evening of February 23 Moore stopped at the City Hotel, Tyrone, registering as "M. Moore and wife, Philadelphia." Next day they purchased tickets for Johnstown, and that night left the train at Mineral Point. On the morning of the 1st of March the body of the murdered woman was found and the tracks of the murderer led directly to the door of Michael Moore's dwelling, while the boots he wore measured exactly the length of the assassin's tracks. The spectacles and other articles found at the scene of the tragedy were identified as the property of Mrs. Moore, alias Lizzie Stevenson. The trunk which Moore alleged was his property was proven to have belonged to Mrs. Moore, while its contents were identified by many witnesses. The chain against the prisoner was complete. His guilt was clearly demonstrated, although no human ear was by to hear the last despairing cry of his confiding victim.

THE MURDERER'S CAREER.

Michael Moore is about fifty years of age, of Irish birth, but came to this country when he was quite young. He has lived in Cambria county, in various sections, for the past twenty-five years, his last residence being in the near neighborhood of the scene of the murder. His general reputation has been bad, and his name is not unknown to the criminal record. In 1852 he was tried for the attempted murder of Joseph Daly at Lilly's Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The prosecution in this case was founded on the stabbing of the latter by the former with a bayonet at a row on the preceding New Year. He was convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of years, but was pardoned out before the expiration thereof. He is also accused of other murders, but the proof was not sufficient or comprehensive enough to convict him. He is of medium height and size, iron gray hair, beard and mustache of a reddish hue, and has a bullet-shaped head. His eyes are deeply sunk in their sockets and overhung by shaggy brows, and his general makeup, both intellectual and physical, is similar to that class of people known as "prize fighters."

HIS TRIAL

commenced on Tuesday, June 4, and lasted about ten days. In court, though excessively nervous, he maintained a bold front and returned stare for stare. The court room during the trial was greatly crowded by persons anxious to see a man charged with such a fearful crime as he was. Since the commission of the murder fears have been entertained that the terribly excited state of the public mind would cause it to break out in some unlawful act, but happily the laws of the land have not been broken and justice has been dignified by the expiation of the criminal in the manner and form commanded by the Commonwealth.

THE PRISONER IN JAIL.

After the finding of the jury, which was "Guilty of murder in the first degree," the prisoner was placed in a strong cell of the jail at this place, which is a structure of no great pretensions. If he was sullen and brutal before his trial he became doubly so now, and would allow none but one of the Sheriff's deputies to visit him. If a visitor would approach his cell door he would likely get a rap on the head from a broom handle or a basin of refuse water thrown in his face. The Rev. Father Christy, a mild, even-tempered priest, commenced to pay the culprit visits after the Court refused to grant his application for a new trial. The holy man for a long time failed to make any impression on the desperate animal, but at length succeeded in making him realize his terrible position, and eventually heard him ask the Almighty God to pardon his sins and cleanse his soul that it might be worthy to appear at the bar of heaven. This was before the receipt of his death warrant, and a delay of the document caused a return of his old ferocity and insubordination that caused the prisoners in the adjoining cells to wish Moore safely hanged, and the prison officers heartily approved of the general sentiment of the jail.

HOW HE RECEIVED HIS DEATH WARRANT.

Upon the arrival of the prisoner's death warrant he professed great contrition for his wicked life, admitting that he was a bad man, but most positively and persistently did he deny the crime of the murder of his wife. Before the dreaded document arrived the culprit, at the approach of any person to his cell, would be discovered on his bended knees, his eyes elevated toward Heaven and his lips moving as if in prayer. This prostration was a feint, as it was afterwards discovered, to mislead the jailer as to his real intentions. For nearly a week it was observed that he kept his cot standing upright in one corner of the cell and this at once led to the suspicion that he was

ENDEAVORING TO EFFECT HIS ESCAPE

from his narrow dwelling by digging through the wall. An examination of the locality revealed an entire absence of the plastering that adorned the cell walls, and furthermore the mortar between the masonry had been carefully scraped away, leaving some of the stones quite loose. The instrument used by the prisoner in his work was a piece of iron about four or five inches in length and less than an inch in diameter. This he had secured from the metal ventilator of his cell, and to secure it must have cost him a deal of application and labor from the fact that it was post difficult of access and required patient skill to effect its dislodgement. A further search brought forth from his straw mattress a portion of the metal water pipe that runs through the cells of the prison. This was nearly a yard in length and about two inches in diameter, and so carefully had it been concealed that a groan of vexation and despair escaped the prisoner the moment the hands of one of the prison managers alighted upon it. When the death warrant arrived the Sheriff, who was only awaiting its coming in order to more securely confine the prisoner, determined to effect his removal.

FIGHTING LIKE A FIEND.

Another cell, in a more formidable part of the structure, had been properly fitted for his reception, the Sheriff considering that now that the dread day had been finally determined upon he should take every precaution to secure him. Accordingly Sheriff Bonacker summoned to his assistance his three deputies, and these four gentlemen repaired to the cell of the condemned man, where their wish to remove him to another apartment was made known to him by the Sheriff. From this proposition Moore very emphatically dissented, and as he very foolishly had been allowed to retain the murderous piece of pipe before alluded to, threatened to take the life of the first person who entered. The desperation of the man, whose face was livid with rage, made the officers afraid to approach him, and therefore it is not strange that the party withdrew for consultation and to give the prisoner time for the sober second thought. The next visit soon after was met, however, by Moore in the same spirit, and, as moral suasion seemed to be of no avail, it was resolved to try

THE EFFECT OF COLD LEAD.

Armed as the criminal was, the ferocity of his disposition and the numerous brutal threats he had made towards the keepers of the prison had a tendency to make them fear to approach him. Seeing that he was determined that none should enter his cell, and fearing that if not at once removed he might by some means effect his escape, the Sheriff fired three shots at the prisoner from a revolver. The first, intended to intimidate him merely, did not take effect; the second and third shots, fired for the purpose of wounding, struck him respectively in the thigh and wrist, but neither bullet produced a very serious wound. Moore, instead of endeavoring to avoid the shots, as he could have done, seemed to court death, and even bared his breast and invited Bonaker to shoot him through the heart. Soon after, however, he was induced by Mr. Myers, one of the deputies, and the only person of the prison officials that dared go near him, to succumb to his fate, and, walking out of his cell, he permitted the latter gentleman to take him in charge and conduct him to the strong and gloomy apartment he never quitted until to-day, when he emerged from it forever. In this cell, after being securely placed in irons,

THE DEATH WARRANT WAS READ TO HIM,

he receiving the dread announcement with a levity and want of feeling that was certainly remarkable, not to say shocking. Bad as the man was at the time, the reckless shooting by the Sheriff is not approved of, and he has incurred the censure of all good people of the village. That Moore was determined to die rather than yield there can be no doubt, but the feeling that prevailed among reasoning people