ROSS.

Result of Superintendent Walling's Mysterious Mission.

THE WRONG TRAIL.

Finding a Friend of Mosher's, but Not an Accomplice.

Movements of the Burglars Previous to the Battle at Bay Ridge.

THE BODY OF THE BOY REPORTED FOUND.

The contest in activity and sagacity between those having possession of the lost child, Charley Ross, and the officers of the law, still remains undecided. And this in despite of the facts that the original abductors have met with the untimely end they so richly merited, and the authorities have all the resources and capacity they require, backed up by the moral support of a great community, ready at any moment to develop itself into active assistance. Not for many years has so profound an interest been felt in detective circles as that which centres around this lost child, and every effort is being made, and, as a Police Commissioner stated yesterday, every available man in the Police Department in the city who can be spared has been placed on duty with a view of solving the question. The stories of detective successes, which in every country are given to the public, while a history of the (by far more numerous) failures is not recorded, are told over and over again to stimulate the activity and acumen of officials, and everywhere prominence is given to this matter, in which the public are feeling so profound an interest.

An unusual quietude prevailed at Police Headquarters yesterday. The short despatch sent by the Superintendent the evening previous announcing his return, and that he had no news to communicate, led those especially interested to believe that while his statement might be true there was at least a story to tell. He arrived at his rooms at the usual hour in the morning, and was soon after closeted with Captain Heins, of Philadelphia, and a relative of the boy. Following the consultation the Superintendent sent for Detective Selleck and Officer Moran, and after giving them some instructions left the office, and expectation was again on tiptoe. In vain were the detectives and others appealed to. Nothing of importance was elicited. "I know something," said a prominent official; "but I am not at liberty to make it public." In answer to the all absorbing question,

IS THE CHILD YET ALIVE?

he answered, "I have no doubt he is. It is not the custom of the abductors of children to do them any harm unless their personal safety demands it, and with the death of Mosher and Douglas, who are admittedly the parties that stole the child, every reason for doing harm to him is done away with. I am of the opinion that the boy is in the hands of ignorant people, who either do not read the newspapers, and so have no idea who the boy is or of the efforts being made for his recovery; or, having a knowledge of them, are fearful of the responsibility which would attach to them should their complicity in the affair become known, and so they remain quiet, allowing events to shape themselves." Nevertheless, there are those who are of the opinion that the child has been made away with, and that, as a detective remarked upon Thursday, the search will eventually have to be changed from that for the living boy to his dead body in the grave or the river.

The return of the Superintendent put an end to speculation, and soon a demand was made upon him for the result of his journey of the day previous, from which so much had been expected. The story was one often repeated of following up a clew which promised the most complete solution of the affair, and which in the end proved of not the slightest importance. "The child is dead," said the Superintendent at an early hour yesterday morning. "I go to establish the fact, recover the body and so put a sorrowful end to the suspense of the afflicted parents and the public, who so deeply sympathize with them."

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY.

"From information received," said the Superintendent, "I knew that a woman named Russell had been on very intimate terms with Mosher, the dead burglar, and that she had assisted him very materially in his efforts to gain a livelihood, setting him up in an oyster saloon in Grand street. I learned, moreover, that her residence was at No. 118 Ridge street. From another source information had reached me that, some five or six weeks ago, a woman had arrived at New Britain, Conn., with a child about five years of age, and that shortly after the little one had sickened and died. I wish you to bear this in mind, as it is necessary to a proper understanding of the case. Naturally I concluded to visit Mrs. Russell's residence in Ridge street, and, as complaint had been made against the premises by the Board of Health, I did so in the capacity of an agent of the Board. I found a very disagreeable smell about the premises, which I thought called for my attention in my new capacity, you see, and so I began to make inquiries regarding the owner and the responsible party in the premises. After some little trouble I ascertained that Mrs. Russell was the party and that she was at present in the country. I took no pains to conceal my official character as agent of the Board of Health, and soon a young man I found there thought he would answer, as he was the son of the owner. However, he didn't know where his mother was, which I thought was suspicious. I finally left the place, and, after notifying the Board of Health of my action, I detailed Detectives Selleck and Titus to keep strict watch on the house and report to me the movements of any parties entering or leaving the house. Soon after I received a despatch stating that the young man, accompanied by an old lady, had gone thence to a tenement house in Twenty-fourth street, and they seemed likely to remain there. Later there came another despatch saying, 'We have taken tickets to New Britain, Conn., following the old woman and the young man.' Now, gentlemen, put this and that together—the strange child dying in that place and the old woman by the name of Russell, the intimate friend of the dead burglar Mosher, going thither, and what was the natural inference? The detectives shadowed her to the house in New Britain and visited it. They reported nothing found there which could give any clew to Charley Ross—only a girl about eleven years old. This was not encouraging, and so at an early hour Thursday I started for New Britain in the capacity of a private citizen. I met Governor Howard, of Rhode Island, who came very near betraying me when he spoke to me; but I managed to give him a hint of my desire to remain unknown. Arrived at the place I proceeded at once to the house, where I found the old woman and the son and a young woman, evidently the lady of the house. In the presence of the parties I wanted I concluded it would be as well to be open with them and so asked the young man, who recognized me at once, if he knew who I was.

"'I suspect you are the Superintendent of Police,' said he.

"After acknowledging my identity I asked the old lady if she knew Mosher.

"'Indeed I do,' said she, 'very well indeed, and I know what ye're after now; it is the lost boy.'

"'You set Mosher up in business?'

"'Indeed I did, and he owes me money to this day.'

"'And when did you see Mrs. Mosher?'

"'Ah! I don't know; not since my son died.'

"'And when did your son die?'

"'I don't know. Maybe two years ago.'

"'And you have not seen Mrs. Mosher since?'

"'Perhaps.'

"'Well, when was it? A year ago? Six months?'

"'Why don't you tell him, mother, when you saw her?' said the young man.

"'Well, maybe it was eight weeks ago I met her in New York, with the baby in her arms, and she told me they had been driven out of Philadelphia by the police for something William had done.'

"'Where is she now?'

"'Sure I don't know.'

"'You lost a child lately?'

"Here the old lady turned to the younger one, who burst into tears. 'Yes, 'twas her child,' she said, and the tears came to her eyes.

"'And have you a picture of it?'

"'Yes, here it is,' said the younger one, producing it.

"I looked at it with some interest, as you may fancy. There was no sort of resemblance to Charley Ross. I asked, Of what did it die?'

"'Of membranous croup,' was the answer.

"'And who attended it?'

The name of the physician, well known in the community, a leading citizen of the town, was given, and, satisfied that my suppositions were all wrong, I arose to leave the house.

"'And you have not found the child?' said the old lady, whose sympathies had been excited by reference to the dead boy, who had been her grandnephew. 'Can I do anything to assist you? Oh, take me to New York with you? I am sure I can find Mrs. Mosher.'

"I left the place, and after consulting the physician, who confirmed the statement in reference to the death of the child, I returned to New York; and now you understand why I didn't want to see you, gentlemen, last night. But I do not despair."

Captain Irving, chief of the detective force, said:—"In the absence of the Superintendent yesterday we were looking after the man who is supposed to have a hand in writing that letter which appeared in the HERALD the other day. Another, the counterpart of that one, has been in my hands, and I am now looking for the man who wrote both. I have learned that some three weeks before Mosher's death he was met one day in Columbia street by a certain man. They had a long conversation together, and if that is the case Mosher wanted him for some job of this kind. This man has not been in town for more than a week, and his disappearance at this time is curious, to say the least of it. The police never for a moment doubt they are and always have been on the right track in this matter. Since the death of Mosher they argue a host of witnesses have proved the identity of the men, and that has satisfied them of their sagacity. Superintendent Walling sent word to the police in Philadelphia in the middle of July that he suspected Mosher as being one of the men concerned in the affair. The Philadelphia officers searched his house in that city on receipt of that information, but found no child. Mosher finding that was too small a city to cover up his doings returned to New York, and since that the police have been desirous of his more intimate acquaintance. Mrs. Mosher remained behind some time after her husband, but the police were not easy with her in the city, nor was she quite at home with them, and she finally left. So far the whole case has rested on the Moshers. It is confessed that Mrs. Mosher has had no

KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHILD

or his whereabouts at any time. Her husband, for the best of reasons—a regard for his own safety—always abstained from saying anything to her on the matter. He was just the kind of man who would commit such a crime, but nothing has yet been shown that would at all point to an indication that he had concealed the boy. If Mosher stole him he concealed him, and it would seem to be the very first thing for the police to do to trace his footsteps since the day of the abduction. All that has been told the public about Mosher, his life and habits, would imply that he was the grain of man to be a child stealer. Many of his former companions have come forward and told of their own relations with him. Some of them may be men whose word should not be relied upon, but where they all tell the same story it would seem natural to suspect a little truth in the matter. Mosher was a rough, brutal man, a mean thief and a sneaking fellow generally. He was not a burglar by continued practice, although he was killed in an attempt at burglary; but he was a desperate thief, well skilled in the thief trade and up to all the tricks of getting rid of the proceedings of his takings. To a man of this character, with a large family to support, money was the great necessity, and money he was always looking for. According to the police, and it must be so, he was obliged to labor as hard as any three honest men in the city for the same results. When he stole valuable things he was never able to get more than a fourth of their value from those who bought them from him, and the savings of a year, if he could save, would scarcely be enough to help him through the meshes of the most simple arrest. He was obliged to be constantly planning by day and robbing by night to support his wife and four children, and, as it appears, he was frequently put to his wits' ends to attain that object decently. All this would go to show the police theory is a correct one. Very probably it is. But suppose it is not. They are liable to be mistaken, and, if they are, the parties who did the stealing and have the child are having a good insight into how they can watch the police and know what is going on. Mosher may have been a bad man and a desperate one, too, without being cruel. When he took the child he merely thought of the price his parents would be likely to pay to get him back. The anguish of the suffering mother never probably struck him—not that there is much reason to suspect it would have any effect—and he took the boy as he would have taken a bar of pig iron. That step taken, it was not an easy matter to go back if the thief felt any compunction. Rewards were offered, the police were sent out, and the whole country was aroused by the boldness of the deed. Mosher was then obliged to retain the boy and do the best he could with him. Sufficient evidence has been shown that he made attempts to return him to his parents, but the difficulty of effecting a transfer terminated the proceedings. Mosher's brother's wife said he was a kind, gentle-hearted man, and, though a thief, had many excellent qualities. His wife never forsook his fortunes, although frequently urged to do so by her parents, and this would seem to argue that the boasts of the sister-in-law had some foundation in truth. Many theories are started as to the possible location of the child now, but from all that Superintendent Walling has said, and what he believes to have been the course of the abductors on leaving Pennsylvania, there can be little doubt he is either on Staten or Long Island. Mosher and his accomplice drove with the child to the Raritan Bay; Mosher crossed the bay in a boat, leaving his comrade to get rid of the buggy; then either went up through the Kills in that boat or merely crossed the bay and left the child in the immediate neighborhood. Since that day he has been hovering about the place, and there is little doubt he had some valuable nest he was watching, or he would not be there so much. Reports of his presence came from various parts of Staten Island, some as far off as August and September and others of more recent date. In the early part of the evening of Thursday, December 10, a man went to the residence of a gentleman on Staten Island. He made the excuse for going there that he was in straightened circumstances, looking for employment, and had heard of the gentleman's generosity to the poor in one of the places where he had applied for work. He presented a letter, purporting to have been written by himself, and asked for a dollar or two, saying to the gentleman that he had only just arrived from Chicago. His name, he said, was J. W. Wallace. The language of the letter was unexceptionable, and conveyed the certainty that the writer had had some education. So struck was the gentleman with the appearance of the man and the quiet, gentle way in which he told his story, that he was on the point of asking him into the house when the man handed the letter. It was written in pencil, and, on looking over it, the gentleman handed the man $2. With a show of gratitude, uncalled for by the occasion the gentleman thought, the man shook his hand and left, blessing him abundantly. Some short time after the gentleman's coachman told him he was in the lodge when the man passed toward the house, and that he (the coachman) afterward met the man on the road with a dark lantern in his hand. The same night the coachman of another gentleman, residing but a short distance from the first, and a friend of his, in returning from a wake, when about half a mile down the main road and opposite the gate of the gentleman who gave the man the $2, saw a man approach from the opposite direction. In coming up with the coachman this man asked if he had

ANY TOBACCO.

The coachman gave him some, and the man then said, "As you are going down the road I will walk as far as Stapleton with you." The coachman's suspicions were aroused, and he gave all his attention to the man and his conversation. He remembers distinctly the questions, "Mr. so and so" (as they were passing a house) "is a rich man?" "Who lives there?" thrust in among a lot of general talk. At a convenient turn in the road the coachman stopped, lit a match, took a good look at the man, and again resumed the conversation and the walk. He describes the man as being plainly dressed, wearing a slouched hat and having red and sandy side whiskers and a mustache. The man who got the $2 from the gentleman had a light mustache, but no side whiskers. In other respects the coachman's description of his companion along the road suited him pretty nearly. On arriving at his destination the coachman abruptly crossed over to the other side of the road, leaving the man alone. The mysterious individual continued his journey and in a few moments passed out of sight. This circumstance, together with that of the visit of the man to the gentleman's house, started a suspicion that men of dangerous character were prowling about the neighborhood, and would, probably, soon be heard of. Inquiry was made among the laborers at work in the vicinity, and from them was gleaned the descriptions of two men who had been in the vicinity for a fortnight, and who are now believed, from sufficient reasons, to be Mosher and Douglas. At about half-past nine o'clock on Saturday night last a carpenter, in the employ of the second gentleman mentioned here, while in a saloon, about half a mile below the residence of this gentleman, observed a stranger enter the place, seat himself and ask for something to drink. He got into conversation with some other persons in the saloon, and the carpenter heard him tell them he had just arrived from Chicago and was compelled to pawn all he possessed to make the journey to that place. He said he had been up to a gentleman's house, and the gentleman had promised him a job in the course of a week. That statement was a falsehood, because the gentleman had dismissed him, with the gift of $2. This stranger, the carpenter noticed, made many inquiries

ABOUT THE ISLAND

and the gentlemen who lived there, but he now and then evinced a knowledge of the place that awakened the suspicions of the carpenter. After spending about an hour in the saloon the man asked him where he could obtain lodging. The carpenter directed him to a lager beer saloon just above on the road from where they were. The stranger quickly replied, "That house is shut up;" and the carpenter mentioned another place, kept by a Mr. Young, further down the road. "I think that will do," said the stranger, and he left. Mr. Young states that no one slept at his house that night outside of his own family but a reporter for a newspaper. Further inquiry has revealed that the same man went to the residences of several other gentlemen in the same locality. He was given food at one and money at another. The descriptions of the person calling at all these houses agree exactly with those of the man who got the $2 from the first gentleman on Thursday week. Captain Blake, of the Stapleton police, states that a man answering to these details slept at the station house on the Wednesday night previous to his going to the gentleman's house. That this man was Mosher the description, as well as many other proofs, point out. His boat was moored in the river just opposite the residences of the two gentlemen quoted here. The letter presented to the gentlemen has been proven by experts to be in the same handwriting as that of the child stealer sent to the father of Charley Ross in July and a fac simile of which was published in the HERALD on Thursday last. During Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the boat that carried Mosher and Douglas to the scene of their death was anchored immediately opposite these gentlemen's houses, and on Monday a man hired a vehicle from Mr. Noble Clifton to go to Richmond and return that day who had not been heard of until the day before yesterday. Information was then brought Mr. Clifton that the horse and wagon were at Tottenville and that a stranger had arrived with them at that place on Monday.

Mr. Theodore Frean, of Stapleton, who was Justice of the Peace in that village some sixteen years ago, informed a reporter yesterday that he once committed William Mosher, recently shot at Bay Ridge, to the Richmond County Jail for three months on the charge of robbing a sloop near the Stapleton basin of a large amount of goods, including hooks, falls, running rigging and sails. He had a small boat at that time. A young man named Wood was implicated with him in the robbery, but succeeded in escaping punishment. After Mosher served out his time in jail he went to Mr. Frean's house, one day at dinner time, and, throwing a lump of baker's dough upon the table, threatened Mr. Frean with vengeance. Mr. Frean obtained assistance and had Mosher arrested again for assault, and taken before Justice Wolf, of Tompkinsville, who sent him back to jail for two months longer. After that time, Mr. Frean says, his family were always in dread of Mosher, fearing that he might come back again and offer some violence when released. He was never seen there afterward, however. Mosher at the time could not have been over nineteen years old.

LAST EVENING

several of the saloons and dance houses of the Fourth ward were visited with a view of seeing a notorious character, said to be one of the late Mosher's most intimate friends, and who is supposed to be in possession of many of the dead burglar's secrets. The search for him proved to be unsuccessful, and it is quite certain that he is not now in the city. The last place visited was a saloon at the corner of Dover and Water streets, and just as the reporter was leaving it he encountered a man whom he recognized as one he had previously seen in the course of the evening. A conversation ensued, and upon Mosher's name being mentioned the man displayed considerable communicativeness. He said he had known both Mosher and Douglas for several years. Mosher had always a reputation as an expert river thief, but was not considered capable of carrying through successfully any very important scheme. "About three or four weeks ago," said he, "I was talking to Mosher about Charley Ross. I had no idea that he had anything to do with it, but now remember that he said he thought that everything would soon be known. I have not seen Mosher since, and had heard nothing of him until the news came of his death. Douglas was not a man to be depended on. He used to get a fit of repentance now and then, and nobody could do anything with him." Nothing more of interest transpired in the conversation, and it is certain that the informant knew nothing about the missing boy. In answer to a question the man gave his name as Henry Kelly, but afterward seemed suspicious and afraid of getting into trouble and decamped. It is probable that he was one a gang of river thieves and had thus become acquainted with Mosher and his confederate.

BURIAL OF THE BODIES.

Yesterday Coroner Jones, of the Western District, ordered the surrender of the bodies of the burglars, William Mosher and Joseph Douglas, the men who abducted Charley Ross and who were shot while escaping from Judge Van Brunt's house at Bay Ridge on last Monday morning. The remains were given into the custody of Undertaker Munn, of New York, who, at the solicitation of the wife of Mosher and the sister of Douglas, performed the last act of earthly service for the deceased criminals. A sister of Douglas visited the Morgue in company with her husband and took a farewell look of the features of her unfortunate brother, whom she had not seen for eight years previous. She was much affected by the terrible end to which his evil career had brought him. The brother-in-law of Douglas made arrangements with Mr. Munn to have the body interred, together with that of Mosher, in Cypress Hills Cemetery, and the requisite permission having been obtained from the Coroner and the Board of Health the undertaker faithfully carried out his mission. Shortly after eleven o'clock he drove up to the door of the city dead house in a wagon which contained two coffins. The latter were then taken out of the vehicle and laid on the floor of the Morgue. They were of imitation rosewood, and were ornamented on the lid and sides with silverplated mountings. Oval plated pieces of silverware on the respective coffin lids bore the inscriptions:—

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
Died December 14, 1874,
In his 29th year.

WILLIAM M. MOSHER,
Died December 14, 1874,
In his 53d year.

The coffins were lined with merino and white satin and were neatly fringed. The bodies were then prepared for shrouding in the habiliments of the grave. On removing the socks from Douglas' feet a quantity of shot rolled out upon the floor. Drawers, clean socks and shrouds of white material, with quilted lappels of the vest pattern, were drawn upon the bodies, together with white shirts and black neckties. None of the relatives or friends were present at the Morgue, but the keeper, Patrick Maguire, was keep pretty busy in answering applicants for admission, persons whose curiosity prompted them to visit the charnel house. While Mr. Munn was at the Morgue he engaged in conversation with a reporter upon the subject of the stolen boy, Charley Ross, in the course of which he said he was positive that "the missing child would be found before sundown today" (yesterday). "He will be home before Sunday, anyway," remarked Mr. Munn. Mr. W. Bryers, a receiver of the Brooklyn City Railroad, viewed the bodies yesterday, and identified Douglas as having gone by the name of George Clark while in the employ of the railroad company last winter. "He was was a driver," he said "on the Greenpoint cars, and received his last payment in March, 1874. He was

A SOBER, STEADY MAN, OF GENIAL DISPOSITION

and always at his post. A driver named Kane said Clark was very reticent in conversation with his fellows. He had stated to him, however, that his wife was dead, but he had a young son living in the country. Patrolman Shepherd, of the Seventh precinct, recognized Mosher as a man whom he had arrested in 1863. The officer said he was coming from his house one morning when he saw two men pulling in a rowboat up the river. As the craft was heavily laden they made but slow progress. His suspicions were aroused as to the character of the cargo, from the fact that news had been telegraphed along the river front concerning the robbery of Mr. Scholz's dry goods store, in Newark, N. J. Shepherd kept close watch on the boatmen and saw them pull in to a small basin at Hunter's Point. Here they loaded a quantity of goods on a wagon and drove boldly to the ferry, where they were immediately arrested and taken to White Plains, N. Y. Mosher escaped one stormy night, but his companion served four years in Sing Sing for the crime. The incidents of identification cited were all that is worthy of note that occurred at the Morgue yesterday.

THE INTERMENT.

About two o'clock the coffins containing the remains were driven to Cypress Hills Cemetery, East New York, where a small group of relatives of the dead were assembled. The bodies were consigned to earth, and the sod closed over two men whose names will not soon be forgotten or erased from the annals of crime. The dying request of Douglas was at least granted, inasmuch as he had "a decent burial."

THE PIRATICAL CRAFT,

the sail boat in which the two desperadoes sailed over the river from New York under the shadow of night, and anchored in the cove near Bay Ridge dock, fraught upon a mission of plunder which was to be their last on earth, has been claimed. The owner of the boat, who was mentioned in the HERALD of yesterday, Mr. Samuel Wilmot, of No. 36 Middle street, Bridgeport, Conn., visited Police Headquarters in the forenoon, and informed the Inspector that he had come to the conclusion that the vessel in which the burglars visited Brooklyn had been stolen from her anchorage on the night of Sunday, September 20, 1874, and was his property. Sergeant Charles Frost accompanied Mr. Wilmot to Bay Ridge, where he at once recognized it as the vessel which he had previously advertised as lost. The name of "Wilmot" was burned with a brand iron in several sections of the boat. Singular to say, the boat, which is 19 feet 6 inches in length and 9 feet wide, was built by William Mosher, the dead burglar, eighteen years ago, while that individual was undergoing sentence of imprisonment in the Bridgeport Jail. The vessel was stolen once before, but was recovered in Boston harbor. A claim has been entered by Mrs. Mosher in the Surrogate's Court to the property left by her husband. The owner of the boat will, of course, have to enter a counter claim in order to recover his property.

WAS CHARLEY ROSS DROWNED?—THE BODY OF A CHILD FOUND IN NEWARK BAY AND INTERRED.

The clew to the whereabouts of Charley Ross, drawn from the inquest in the Mosher and Douglas case, has set Jerseymen on the road of inquiry. The following points in the case deserve special attention:—

On the 17th of November the body of a child was found floating in the waters of Newark Bay, at the foot of Sixteenth street, in Bayonne. It was neatly but not expensively dressed, and had been evidently in the water for several days. The child was a male, about four years of age. The body was taken to Speer's Morgue, in Jersey City. The county physician, Dr. Stout, was notified, and, having examined the remains, he gave a permit for burial, taking it to be a simple case of drowning. The body was kept at the Morgue the usual time, but no person appeared to identify it. Mr. Speer then interred it at the Potter's Field in Snake Hill, the burial ground of Hudson county.

Some thought that the child had fallen from some boat of an excursion party; but that seems very improbable, because no excursion parties were given within a month of that date, and had any child so fallen overboard somebody would have missed it. Others thought the child had fallen from a canal boat or been drowned at Newark and floated down the bay, but in that case why was it that no family anywhere reported "a child lost?" The locality where the body was found is one where it would be almost impossible for any such little fellow to have been straying about and so have fallen into the water. The mystery remained without any solution, and with the burial of the poor little nameless, unclaimed drowned boy the incident was forgotten.

What strengthens belief in the theory that this child was Charley Ross is the fact that Douglas and Mosher were frequently seen boating in the Kills. They were well known to the police in Bayonne, and on several occasions officers were sent in disguise to watch their movements off Bergen Point. They slept in their boat all night, and would, before break of day, visit a gin mill on shore, remaining only about fifteen minutes. This is considered an important clew, but, the men being dead, it is doubtful if it can be turned to account. Chief of Police Whitney, of Bayonne, seeing that the men anchored their boat in Newark Bay and in the cove near the coal docks, set officers on their track, and one night a robbery was perpetrated in the First ward. Next morning the Chief visited the boat of the suspected parties, but could not find the missing goods. It was then supposed that they were engaged in smuggling, and they were warned to leave the shore. It was only with great reluctance they consented, the Chief having threatened to have them committed to jail as suspicious characters. The County Physician and Coroner Reinhardt will visit the Potter's Field this morning and have the body exhumed. There are many who believe that the body interred was that of Charley Ross.

THE GLENDENNING CASE.

The character of Mary E. Pomeroy having been called in question during the Glendenning trial, especially in relation to her residence in Ovid, N. Y., the friends of the deceased girl prepared a vast amount of rebutting testimony to show that her reputation was above reproach till her intimacy with Glendenning. All this rebutting testimony was ruled out by the Presbytery. Mr. Glendenning testified in his defence that Miss Pomeroy admitted she was unchaste from an early age. He refused to give details, but from rumors circulated in the community an inquiry was deemed advisable in Ovid, N. Y., where Mary Pomeroy spent many years.

The following parties, comprising some of the most influential and respectable citizens of Ovid, N. Y., the former place of residence of the late Mary E. Pomeroy, most of whom have known her from her infancy and down to the time she came to reside in Jersey City, have signed a certificate in which they unhesitatingly declare that her character was excellent and above reproach during all the time she resided in that place:—J. B. Thomas, bank cashier; George P. Brookaw, merchant; Cornelius Bodine, sheriff; William C. Hazelton, attorney-at-law; Talman Cloak, Thaddeus Bodine, counsellor-at-law; James Foster, Justice of the Peace; C. Jones, merchant; Morgan Harris, postmaster; E. C. Howell, merchant; James D. Purdy, Town Clerk; David H. Smith, N. C. Howell, John E. Craus, Chief of Police; William L. Foster, H. W. Struble, M. D., Edward W. Bryan, M. D., Halsey Sandford, Nelson T. Brown, Chester Brown, John N. Wilson, Elder of the Presbyterian church; John B. Bliss, Justice of the Peace; Alfred Bolter, M. D. This certificate was directed to the Presbytery of Jersey City, and is dated October 5, 1874, but was not used on the trial, although it was in the hands of Rev. Dr. Imbrie.

THE GERMAN REPUBLICANS.

The German Republican Central Committee held its closing session for 1874 at its rooms, No. 349 Bowery, last night, when measures proposed by the Executive Committee to effect a reorganization of the German republican ranks were discussed. Dr. Muhr presided, and a plan of reorganization, after a lengthy discussion, was adopted, providing for primary elections to be held in each of the different Assembly districts until the 12th of January. Soon thereafter the Central Committee for 1875 is to meet for organization. A platform, embracing a declaration of principles, was adopted, declaring, among other things, that the aspect of political affairs of the country, the result of the recent elections and other circumstances are such that they will cause all earnest republicans to reflect. Facts are stronger than theories, and whatever may be held of theoretical and practical politics, the result of the October and November elections tended to reveal a state of affairs which should not be ignored or lost sight of by faithful adherents of republican principles, but should impel them to keep a vigilant eye on the attitude of the aggressive democracy, whose recent successes cannot be denied. In view of these circumstances, they should hail with satisfaction any measures and policy that the national government may adopt which are calculated to deprive the democracy, in its aggressive policy, of an opportunity to throw discredit on the republican party and to impeach republican administration and republican legislation.

DE CONTO BACK AGAIN.

There arrived in this city yesterday from Havana the eminent duellist, Don José Ferrer de Conto, the wearer of some twenty knightly and religious orders. The Spaniards in this city are much exercised over his arrival, and propose to dine and wine him, as their brethren in France, Spain and Cuba have lately done, for upholding the cause of Spain and Cuba, "one and indivisible." The Don some months back left Canada for Liverpool by one of the Allan line of steamers, in company with Colonel Pio Rosado, a well known Cuban patriot. When the two men subsequently arrived on the Continent of Europe they proceeded to a spot on the French and Belgian frontiers, accompanied by their respective seconds. Colonel Rosado fought, not because he had any unpleasantness with the illustrious Don, but simply because he had agreed to act, as second for Mr. Juan Bellido de Luna, editor of the Cuban paper *La Independencia*, the organ of the patriots in this city, who had called Mr. Conto everything except a high toned gentleman. Mr. Luna was at the time arrested and brought to Jefferson Market Police Court, and placed under heavy bonds not to leave the State or break the peace. At this state of affairs the duel promised to be a fiasco, but Colonel Rosado hearing that Conto was going to Spain resolved to accompany him, and have some pistol practice with him at the first opportunity. The Cuban duello code obliges the second to fight when by Pickwickian or other circumstances his principal is placed *hors de combat*. Don Conto showed that he was a fighter, and evinced no trepidation when the duel was about commencing. He was wounded in the affair in his left side, and was forced to keep his bed for some time at Paris. Since then he has become a shining light and noble chevalier among his countrymen during his travels. It is reported that he will be re-elected President of the Spanish society of this city, "La National." It is to be hoped, on humanitarian principles, that the spilling of his blood on behalf of the Spanish possession of Cuba may cause peace to reign, for some time at least, between his paper, the *Cronista*, of this city, and the bellicose Cuban sheet, *La Independencia*.

SPANISH CONSULAR FEES.

Yesterday afternoon a HERALD reporter called at the office of the Spanish Consulate, in this city, with reference to the following announcement, which appeared in this paper on Friday.

Captain Nichols, of the American bark Sarah, which arrived at Havana, Dec 2 from Cardiff, with a cargo of coal, complains that the Spanish Consul at Cardiff exacted a fee from him of £6 12s. 6d. sterling, being about 5 cents per ton of coal, before he would clear him for Havana.

The subjoined statement explains the matter.

"According to article, No. 49 of the Spanish Consular tariff, consuls are permitted to charge $3, or its equivalent, for the first fifty tons of coal, laden for a Spanish port, or a colonial Spanish port, and in addition to this he is entitled to charge ten cents for each additional ton." If the Spanish consular agent has charged more than this he has done wrong. As a rule, our consular fees are lower than those of many other maritime nations. Take for instance the case of silks, &c., sent from the inland city of Lyons, in France; some countries charge a consular fee at that city and also another at the port of shipment. We only charge at the port. We have always flattered ourselves that our consular fees are low in comparison with those of other countries.

WANTED—A BRIGADIER GENERAL.

The officers of the Second brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., met last evening at the armory in West Thirteenth street, for the purpose of electing a brigadier general to fill the place of General Funk. General Varian presided. The polls were open for one hour. Colonel Sterry challenged the votes of Lieutenant Colonel Hammer and Colonel Kloeppel, on the ground that they had been cashiered the service by the Governor for disobedience to the orders of their superior officer. These gentlemen produced certificates of reappointment and were allowed to vote, Colonel Sterry announcing his intention of appealing from the decision of General Varian. When the polls closed the vote was announced as follows:—Colonel Vilmar, 6; Colonel Sterry, 2; Colonel Mitchell, 2; Colonel Lux, 1; Colonel Kracker, 1, and blank 1, there being 13 votes cast. General Varian declared the election void, as the successful candidate must have a majority of the votes cast. Colonel Spencer urged the postponement of the election. Colonel Sterry seconded the suggestion and announced his intention of appealing from certain results of the election. General Varian then adjourned the election until the second Monday in January.

A NEW CUSTOM HOUSE ORDER.

A new order has just been promulgated among the Custom House inspectors by the Surveyor, which orders that no Custom House officer shall go upon any steamer or wharf to which he is not specially detailed for duty. The object of this order, it is understood, is to preclude officers entertaining their friends on board comfortable steamers without expense to themselves.

Great apprehension exists at the Custom House that the official guillotine is about descending on a number of heads, and that a black list is already prepared. Special officers from Washington are reported as having lately been at work in the Custom House ascertaining the duties performed by each man, and their reports are anticipated with something like dread by some of the hard-worked officials.

OBITUARY.

COMMANDER WILLIAM B. CUSHING.

A telegram from Washington announces the death, under circumstances most sad, of the distinguished young officer, Commander William B. Cushing, United States Navy. While the intelligence is not altogether unexpected, it will give rise to feelings of universal sorrow and regret. More than a week ago it was reported that he was suffering from an acute attack of brain disorder, and the melancholy sequel which now reaches us all who knew his weak bodily condition feared could not be long deferred. A brilliant naval career of seventeen years is untimely ended. In the death of Commander Cushing the *personnel* of the navy loses a popular and cherished member and the public service sustains a most grievous loss. The knight errant of the United States Navy is gone.

William B. Cushing was born in Wisconsin in 1843, and was only thirty-one years of age at the time of his death. While a mere lad he came to New York State, and on September 25, 1857, received his appointment to Annapolis. After a year in the Academy he resigned. The war for the Union burst upon the nation in 1861. Cushing at once secured an appointment as an acting officer. He was at once assigned to duty on a vessel belonging to the North Atlantic squadron. The young ensign, then behind all his old companions at the Academy, at once began a career, which, for the number of daring and meritorious acts of valor, has few rivals among the long list of heroes to be found within the covers of the Navy Register. For gallant conduct he was raised to the full rank of lieutenant in the United States Navy on July 16, 1862. Having on several occasions shown himself worthy of the utmost confidence, he was in November of the same year appointed to command the gunboat Ellis. One circumstance which probably contributed toward this appointment was his conduct at Franklin, Va., on the Blackwater River, where he swam ashore with a line through a heavy fire. The world at once heard of the Ellis and her nineteen year old commander. He was ordered to ascend New River inlet, on the North Carolina coast, capture Jacksonville, to intercept the Wilmington mail, to take possession of all vessels on the river and to destroy any salt works which might be located along its banks. On November 23, 1862, the little steamer started on her perilous mission, the town was reached in the afternoon, and before night Lieutenant Cushing had captured all the arms in the place, a large mail and two schooners. The Ellis started on her return voyage, running one battery after another, and anchored about five miles from the outer bar, it being impossible, owing to the state of the tide and the absence of all lights, to take the vessel from the river that night. On the following morning a battery of artillery opened on the Ellis from a bluff, but was soon silenced by the steamer running close in under the bluff, below the enemies' fire, and literally knocking the guns of the battery from their carriages. No accurate charts of the river had been obtainable, and the pilot evidently did not know the channel, for, about five hundred yards below this battery, the Ellis grounded. Every effort was made to get her afloat, but without success. Everything was removed on board of a prize schooner except the pivot gun and some small arms. The crew were mustered and told that they could leave the ship and go to the prize. Lieutenant Cushing then called for six volunteers to remain and fight the remaining gun. He had no trouble in obtaining them. The schooner was ordered to drop down the river and await the result of the impending engagement. On the morning of the 25th a cross fire of rifled guns was opened on the Ellis from four points. The vessel was soon disabled, so that there was nothing to do but surrender or row under fire in an open boat nearly two miles to the schooner. The latter was young Cushing's alternative. The Ellis was fired, he reached the schooner, made sail for sea and four hours after arrived in Beaufort. The cool courage which characterized the commander of this expedition was officially commended in a report of the Admiral of the North Atlantic station to the War Department.

The most famous achievement of Lieutenant Cushing during the war is yet to be recorded. It was decided by the Navy Department to ask Lieutenant Cushing to ascend the Roanoke River in a torpedo boat for the purpose of blowing up the rebel ram Albemarle, at Plymouth. This formidable vessel had, during the entire summer of 1864, kept the Roanoke clear of federal vessels. It had captured the Southfield and the Miami. In an engagement in May the Albemarle had shown herself more than a match for the gunboats Matabessett, Wyalusing, Sassacus and Whitehead. The ram, therefore, had become the terror of the Sound. A considerable force was required to be constantly on guard, and the movements of the vessels on the entire squadron were greatly hampered thereby. When young Cushing had been apprised of his selection for this desperate adventure he accepted the mission without a moment's hesitation. The trip was undertaken, like the expedition of Somers in the ketch Intrepid before Algiers, as a forlorn hope. Having made all arrangements for expected death the Lieutenant, with a picked crew of fourteen men, literally taking their lives in their hands, on the night of October 27, 1864, made their way in a small boat, under cover of the darkness, for seven miles up the Roanoke River, flanked all the way by hostile batteries, to the point where the Albemarle lay, guarded by all the devices which an expectation of the attack could suggest. Through all these defences young Cushing, in the dead of night, made his way; penetrated and crowded away the logs sufficiently to place the torpedo under the Albemarle and explode it, sinking her in a few moments. A shot from the ram sunk the torpedo boat just as its work was completed, and Lieutenant Cushing, with only four of his party, escaped, the remainder being killed or wounded. The Lieutenant and his unharmed companions reached land by swimming, and finally rejoined the fleet, where his death had been already mourned. In recognition of this service to the country Secretary Welles addressed Lieutenant Cushing a letter, in which he said:—"The judgment as well as the daring courage displayed would do honor to any officer, and redounds to the credit of one of twenty-one years of age. On four previous occasions the department has had the gratification of expressing its approbation of your conduct in the face of the enemy, and in each instance there was manifested by you the same heroic daring and innate love of perilous adventure; a mind determined to succeed and not to be deterred by any apprehensions of defeat. The department has presented your name to the President for a vote of thanks, that you may be promoted one grade." He was accordingly made a lieutenant commander under date of October 22, 1864. To sum up the history of this officer's life during this era it may be said that there was not a year of the war in which he did not perform some signal act of perilous adventure.

Passing over the years which have followed, during which he served in the Pacific and Asiatic squadrons, we come to the last public act of his life, which must ever be gratefully remembered even by those who were his enemies in the war for the Union. In the fall of last year the Wyoming was at anchor in the harbor of Aspinwall. Commander Cushing (raised to that grade in January, 1872) was her commanding officer. Learning when on shore one afternoon that a steamer bearing the American flag had been captured by a Spanish frigate, towed into Santiago de Cuba and her officers brutally murdered, he at once went on board, raised anchor, and, without orders from anybody, proceeded to the rescue of such of the Virginius prisoners as were still living. He it was who, with only two other officers, proceeded ashore at Santiago, in person visited the butcher Burriel, and to his face dared him to take the life of another American citizen. The guns of the Wyoming were manned, and Cushing declared that he would burn the town if another prisoner died. These facts are, however, of too recent occurrence to demand further notice.

In personal appearance Commander Cushing was tall, slender and boyish. His nervous constitution had been sadly undermined by fevers contracted in the tropics. In manner he was unassuming, almost awkward, but wholly without outward show or conceit. When the writer last saw Commander Cushing on board his own ship at Key West his health seemed to be seriously shaken, and, although there were no indications of a brain attack, yet the whole system of the gallant young man seemed wrecked and there were many indications of early dissolution.

The Secretary of the Navy officially announced the death of Commander Cushing yesterday. The funeral will take place to-morrow (Sunday), at two o'clock P. M., from the Commandant's quarters at the Washington Navy Yard. The officers of the navy and of the Marine corps will attend in full undress uniform.

REV. ADAM CROOKS, D. D.

[From the Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal, Dec. 17.]

On Tuesday afternoon many circles in our city were startled by the announcement of the death of the Rev. Dr. Adam Crooks, who died at his residence, No. 81 East Jefferson street, where he had been lying for a week from a relapse of his disease. The immediate cause of his death was a complication of diseases growing out of a morbid state of the liver and the inflammation of other internal organs. Some four months ago he left the city to attend the fall conferences of the Wesleyan Methodist connection. These held their sessions in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Tennessee. He left home in August, in apparently good health and high spirits. Adam Crooks was born in Leesburg, Carroll county, Ohio, May 3, 1824, and was the fourth of a family of thirteen children. His father was not a professing Christian, but taught his children the strictest honesty and truthfulness. His mother was pious and deeply devout, and left her Christian character deeply engraven on his heart. At fourteen years of age he sought Jesus as his Saviour, and experienced the inexpressible joys of sins forgiven. May 4, 1844, he was licensed to exhort, but preached, as he always found systematized thought more natural and easy to his turn of mind. In August, 1845, he joined the Alleghany Conference and went as junior preacher to the Erie circuit, with headquarters in the city of Erie, Pa. His next labors were in Alleghany City, with his brother William, and the following year he removed to Zanesville circuit, Ohio, and his brother William, greatly to his unceasing sorrow, laid aside his toils on earth and left him to "tread the rough paths of the world all alone." In the autumn of 1847 the question of going South to preach was pressed upon his mind with great force. The matter resolved itself into this form, "Can you go South to preach Christ and Him crucified and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, at the peril of your life?" In the pulpit, by the side of the distinguished and devoted Edward Smith, he decided in the affirmative. Four years of toil, peril and success ensued. Others preceded and followed him, but, lacking the caution, tact and executive ability of Mr. Crooks, they were driven from the field. His own life was finally threatened, and as the months and years passed on he continued upon his work, confronting or avoiding threats and violence, and escaping almost numberless perils in a most striking manner.

MORALITY OF THE THEATRE.

LECTURE BY MR. JOHN ELDERKIN BEFORE THE LIBERAL CLUB.

The members of the Liberal Club and their friends assembled at the club rooms, No. 30 Stuyvesant street, last night, to listen to a lecture on "The Morality of the Theatre" by Mr. John Elderkin. The members were there in full force, and after the calling of the roll and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting the President, Mr. Brogden, introduced Mr. John Elderkin, the lecturer of the evening.

Before reading his paper Mr. Elderkin said that it had not been written as a lecture, but as a contribution to the "Lotus Leaves," lately published. He opened by saying that he had once heard a critic say in a dogmatic sort of way, "The stage is all a sham, and every one connected with it from the 'star' down to the meanest sub is conscious of lending a hand in the perpetration of a fraud." This speech, he thought, it was needless to state was as unjustified as it was egotistical, as in the dramatic art all the others culminate and co-operate.

Here followed a history of the development of the drama, from the first incipient stages through the mystery plays, Sotades, &c. He stated that in 1264 a company was formed in Rome to produce the "Sufferings of Jesus" during Holy Week. Later, at Civita Vecchia, during Pentecost, the "Life of Christ" was played. But, from being the handmaid of the Church, the drama became its enemy, for more reasons than one; among others, that it detracted from its revenues. In an old manuscript, written in 1547, to be found among the papers of the Parliament of Paris, it is stated that, owing to the great popularity of the theatre, charity had become cold and people left all their money in box offices instead of poor boxes. Here the manuscript was interpolated with a remark apropos of the present controversy regarding Sunday amusements. It was jealousy, the lecturer said, on the part of the Church, which is now striving to close our theatres on Sunday. Goethe it was who made the proposition to reimburse the Weimar Theatre by keeping it open on Sunday. It was not until 1592 that the drama received judicial acknowledgment in England. Previous to that time, and even after, the character of actors was not all that could be desired. They had but a small respect for the law, which was quite natural when it is considered that the hand of society was, in a measure, against them.

PULPIT VS. STAGE.

Under this caption was treated some of the objections which has been advanced by the former against the latter. That of immorality was one of the strongest and perhaps most just of those which at the first thought suggest themselves to our mind. In certain aspects the modern stage is about as low as it well can get. The ballet was to-day, the speaker said, as gross perhaps as it could be, and the reason its flaunting voluptuousness was not more patent was because such a thing was impossible. As the stage is only respectable as it is respected, such things as this are indeed calculated to detract from its due meed of respect. It is not lack of material which makes the drama of to-day so poor, it is lack of genius to grasp the material at hand, and under the rules weave it into his play. He brings to his aid, and to supply the want of genius all sorts of accessories and then calls the whole a drama. And in a commercial community like this everything was "dollars;" the integrity of art and even the beauties of nature are perverted and destroyed for moneyed considerations. Public taste should be schooled to that stage at which it would reject all but classical and moral models, and then the point of the words of the Ettrick Shepherd, "Wha ka ye expact o' a play actor" would be lost. Some discussion followed the reading of the paper.

PLYMOUTH PRAYER MEETING.

The usual congregation assembled in Plymouth lecture room last evening. After the customary services Mr. Beecher said:—It is supposed that Paul's letter to the Philippians was the last letter he wrote. It has an air of sweetness and gentleness in it, a melancholy which is like twilight. The absence of argument in it is also noted. He says, in exhorting to Christian life, "Do all things without murmuring and disputing." This murmuring and disputing does not exclude an exchange of thrustings in the way of argument, but there is to be a large, sweet disposition, which carries contentment and genial good will toward others. Murmuring is the natural expression of discontent, and disputing is the natural expression of irritable combativeness, and there are no traits in the individual character which are less Christlike than these. Few people in active life murmur much. They may complain, but this has reference to an intercourse with each other, and the injunction of the apostle is, do all things without murmuring. The finger of the Lord has been pointed specially to that, and is just as much a command as "Thou shalt not steal." People who would not think of stealing go on murmuring day after day, year after year, and never think that they are

BREAKING A COMMAND.

We have lost the sense of this matter to a certain degree, we are encouraged to be zealous in work, we inspire enterprises, and, having our thoughts on these large outlooks of character, the filling up rather escapes our attention. It is quite possible for a man to be a great big, bustling, active man and yet inspire men with no sense of Christian character. Now, if one has all the details, if he is obliging, loving and kind, and carries that round in his sphere of activity he cannot be too active. Take the New Testament and you will find with what wonderful detail these points are delineated, the traits of character which go to make a Christian like disposition. Take a person who is nimble, quick, faultfinding, a constant censor, and how tired one gets with that unceasing play on one's nerves; but suppose you dwell with a person who is quiet and genial and kind, even though you have reason to think they are not quite orthodox, even if they don't belong to the Church you do, how do they win from you a certain assent that they are Christlike? How many sit down and say, I am a Christian and I must carry myself so that my life will be agreeable and profitable to those around? I don't know anything more disagreeable than that coarse kind of profitableness; but a person who makes children like him, a person who makes friends in travelling, this carrying of one's soul in one's self is profitable. There are two points to which I wish to make this application. You have not the least idea that you are held back by the lack of these minute forms of Christianity. You wonder why God don't reveal himself to you. The other point is in relation to the preaching of the Gospel. I do not mean to set aside the preaching of the Word literally; but there is another teaching—Christ in us. We are to represent Him, and it is a slander on Christ the way men feel and think and talk. A great many fall into this by reason of sickness. It is much more difficult to be patient when one is sick all the time. God calls you to

CHRISTIAN GRACE AND VIRTUE

in such circumstances, under difficulties, that is all. We are called to Christ and stand representing Him in the midst of a crooked world. Here Mr. Beecher gave a space for remarks and Mr. Halliday said. "Mr. Beecher seems to be looking round for some one to confess, and I will confess that the sin that troubles me most is lack of courtesy. I am not courteous at home very often and I am not courteous outside." Mr. Beecher said, "I call this a revival meeting: this is touching sin right on the spot. I almost feel disposed to confess myself." (Laughter.) Edward Beecher said, "All that has been said in regard to the effect of a sweet life cannot be overestimated, but there is one other thing which ought to be considered, that is the unuttered words, unuttered unkindnesses. Persons may be sour and yet not utter a word, and exert a great influence. The test of one's feelings toward a person, is whether you can pray for them."

JUDGMENT DAY IN JERSEY.

Yesterday morning Judge Hoffman, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, at Jersey City, pronounced the following sentences:—August Lovering, breaking and entering, eighteen months in State Prison; John Joyce, larceny, three months; Robert Burke, embezzlement, one year; Johanna Tobin, larceny, three months; James Lawton, larceny, three months. Wm. Linderman, charged with assault and battery on his children, was pronounced insane and was ordered to be sent to the Lunatic Asylum. Sentence was suspended on seven prisoners. A boy named Alfred Johnson, only eight years old, who was charged with stealing a five cent piece from his father and mother, was brought up. Judge Hoffman questioned the boy, who admitted that he took the money. The Judge then remarked that he wished he had the power to send the parents to prison instead of the boy, and orders were given to Constable Crawford to compel their attendance in Court this morning.