SEA CLIFF MYSTERIES.

Sorrows and Quarrels of a Camp Meeting Association.

WHERE, OH, WHERE IS THAT QUARTER MILLION?

A Funding Scheme That Did Not Fund—Suggestive Figures for the Saints.

About five or six years ago the beautiful hills overlooking Hempstead Bay, near Glen Cove, L. I., loomed up into being as "the camp ground of the future." Handsome things were said about it in the press and the pulpits, and the future looked bright and hopeful. Whether, as some allege, it was conceived in sin and born in iniquity, certainly its babyhood has been most wretched and miserable. Fighting within and fears without would express the life of its associated managers during those years. Lately, however, they have transferred the fighting to the outside and gone into the civil courts to have their wounds bound up and healed. The fears are, therefore, inside now. Like the foolish Ahaziah, King of Israel, they inquire of Baalzebub, the god of Ekron, touching their recovery, instead of the God of Israel, whom they professed to believe in and follow. So that it is no longer with them a matter of religion but one of sharp practice. Hence, while both parties in the unholy partnership are even, there is comparative quiet; but the moment that one side gets an advantage over the other there is an appeal to the civil courts. And yet each is watching to take advantage of the other. Crimination and recrimination are the result, until the lot owners scarcely know whom to believe and whom to recognize as in authority. The christening of the hills aforesaid and the managers with the tremendous name of Sea Cliff Grove and Metropolitan Camp Ground Association of New York and Brooklyn sounded grand and looked ponderous, and the weight and responsibility that it involved have proved too much for ordinary churchmen. They would be glad now to shorten or to change its name and so get rid of at least some of the bad odor that surrounds both the name and the place.

Last August a meeting of lot owners was held at Sea Cliff, and the then condition of the concern and its management were freely talked over. The trustees, with amazing magnanimity, had concocted a scheme whereby their debts, which amounted in round numbers to $146,000, might be funded and paid off in easy instalments as the receipts would warrant. As soon as this was done the trustees, fifteen in number, agreed to resign in a body and the management of the grounds thenceforward would be left in the hands of trustees to be chosen by the lot owners. But this scheme would necessitate a change in the charter of the association, and hence the plan comprised also the appointment of a joint committee on the part of the trustees and of the lot owners, who were to go to Albany and press the Legislature for the necessary amendments to the charter. The scheme was to have been completed and in perfect running order about the middle of January, 1877.

THE TRUSTEES TURNED BANKERS.

But how was the debt to be funded? Everything depended upon the provision made for this. Well, the trustees were to issue bonds of the association running a term of years, and bearing interest at seven per cent, payable semi-annually. The lot owners were asked to give their moral (not legal) indorsement to this issue, and then were expected, of course, to purchase the bonds they would indorse. The trustees would appoint three men outside of their own ranks who should be approved by the stockholders and by the lot owners, and these men should become assignees of the association and hold all its assets of every sort for the benefit of the creditors of the association. All moneys arising from the sale of lots, taxes, rents, &c., were to be paid to those assignees, who were to liquidate the debts of the concern so far as they could as the obligations were presented. Then to this was added another innocent item which every lot owner was supposed to be ready to accept. The trustees would give deeds in exchange for the leases upon the payment of a bonus of $15 each by the lease holder. This scheme read or sounded like a thing that was "too good to be true," and of course it has not been verified yet. Instead of jumping at the propositions, as it was supposed they would do, the lot owners very philosophically appointed a committee, consisting of John H. Stout, a banker; E. Ford, an editor, and Mr. Angel, an accountant in the Comptroller's office in the City Hall, and Revs. C. Yost and C. S. Williams, ministers, to inquire into the soundness of the concern that they were asked to indorse and ultimately to supersede. When they were ready to report that committee called another meeting of lot owners at Sea Cliff in September of last year—the preceding meeting had been called by the trustees of the association. There was a large gathering of interested persons present, and John H. Stout, the chairman of the committee, presided and read the report. It gave the condition of the Sea Cliff Grove and Metropolitan Camp Ground Association as follows:—

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

Accounts collectable	$18,634 42
Balance due on acre plots	16,049 00
Bills receivable	12,495 68
Real estate—three acres and buildings	1,130 00
248 lots of old survey unsold	31,420 00
300 unsold plots of new survey	75,000 00
21 acre plots	19,300 00
Hotel and 24 lots at cost	44,301 00
Chapel and preachers' lodge	4,000 00
Tabernacle and 17 lots	18,000 00
Docks at Sea Cliff and Glen Wood	25,000 00
Personal property, tents, furniture, &c	85,037 00
Total assets	$350,868 00
The liabilities were:—	
Bills payable	$69,337 02
Accounts payable	10,065 71
Bills outstanding	3,591 70
Mortgage debts—	
To Mr. Carpenter	40,000 00
To Mr. Cromwell	21,600 00
To Mrs. Craft	665 00
Total	$145,259 43
Net assets	205,608 57
Stock still remaining	59,600

This was deemed a safe basis on which to issue $100,000 worth of bonds, and so the lot owners almost unanimously gave this part of the scheme their moral indorsement. But the trustees were so sanguine of success they did not wait for the issuance of this report, but on the night of meeting announced that the bonds would be ready for delivery in a day or two afterward. At a subsequent meeting, held in New York, it was stated that $30,000 worth of those bonds had been sold.

As a matter of additional information of interest the committee reported at the Sea Cliff meeting September 12, 1876, that 225 persons own 700 lots, all paid up, purchase and taxes; that 114 persons own 525 lots, on which they owe the assessments, and that twenty-nine persons hold ninety-three lots on which they owe part of the purchase price and assessments. The floating debt of the association is $63,250, and the bonded debt $82,000. The committee, in all these figures, took the word of the trustees and officers of the association as the basis of their information and gave them credit for integrity and truthfulness. But this was evidently giving them more credit than was their due; for since these things have taken place H. Dubois and C. Bedell, both leading lights in Sea Cliff affairs at one time—the former having been President of the Camp Meeting Association and a large stockholder and also President of the Steamboat Association and the largest owner therein, and the latter a trustee of the former and shareowner of the latter—these men charge publicly and over their own signatures in the daily press that their late partners in the concern are deceivers and dishonest. And they produce what purports to be official documents to prove that eleven of the fifteen trustees conspired and defrauded the Sea Cliff Association out of $9,000, in that they charged the latter $12,000 for what they paid only $3,000 for—the withdrawal of the steamboat General Sedgwick from the New York and Sea Cliff line and the reversion of the dock and water rights to the Sea Cliff Association.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL "POOL."

At the first meeting of lot owners referred to above the proposition of the trustees relating to the bonds offered semi-annual interest on them at eight per cent. But between that and the next meeting they discovered that the laws of this State called anything over seven per cent usury—a crime punishable by the courts—and they would not for the world knowingly violate the law, even in so small a matter as one dollar a year interest on a hundred. Mr. Williams, a member of the committee, withheld his signature to the report until something could be ascertained as to the manner in which the money that the trustees had a ready received for five years past had been spent. His colleagues assured him that that was none of his business—it was a private matter that could not be inquired into, so that Mr. Williams' scruples were in part overcome, and he during the meeting signed the report with his exceptions stated. All the beauties of a deed in exchange for a lease were pointed out, but the lot owners were very unanimous in their opposition to that feature of the scheme, and at the third meeting, held in this city, it was not pressed so strenuously. It is now stated by some of the knowing ones that a few of the trustees had organized a "pool," into which all the money they hoped to receive as bonus for the deeds was to go, and by it they were to be extricated from personal liabilities which they had incurred by speculation. Private farms around the original Sea Cliff grounds, which the "pooters" had bought up at high prices in the hope that they could sell them at much higher rates in smaller plots, have been turned over, it is said, to the association, and are included in the above list of assets. Whatever profit accrues from this transfer, legally or otherwise, goes into the pockets of the few; the losses thereby must be borne by the many. And as it has been a game of loss almost from the beginning, the weight of the burden will fall on the many stockholders and lot owners, whose property, by mismanagement and alleged fraud, has been depreciated until it is almost worthless. And the trustees who, in last November, were in such a hurry to resign and give the management of the grounds into the hands of lot owners' trustees, are now fighting among themselves to know who shall hold those profitable offices. The public is interested to know why an office that carries with it so many dangers and burdens should be so eagerly sought by men who openly proclaim their readiness to vacate, but secretly plot and plan and appeal to the law to obtain and hold the offices and enjoy the emoluments thereof, such as they are.

Of course any effort to investigate the accounts of the concern, unless done by order of the Civil Courts, will fail. Documents are said to be missing, books mutilated, records loosely kept or not at all, every man taking the word of his fellow, because all were in the same boat and must sink or sail together. The lot owners' committee found that the accounts were in such a condition that they could not be straightened within six weeks or two months, and it might take twice that length of time. And then it would cost from $150 to $400 to have the work done with any degree of satisfaction, and the lot owners would not be benefited one penny by the investigation or the information. And this after less than five years' accounts with 368 persons. The association's methods of bookkeeping are undoubtedly peculiar and unique. Nobody seems to know how much money the trustees received and paid out or for what it was used during those years. The new officers of the association, however, in a circular dated February 1, 1877, promise to give the lot owners full information of the present condition of the association's interests at Sea Cliff, and setting forth the plans of the trustees for making the enterprise a complete success.

INVESTIGATING THE RETURNS.

But while we are waiting for this important information we can make a rough guess from the figures before us of the money received by the association, and then another guess may give us some idea of what they have done with it. First we notice that they bought 175 acres at $300 per acre, which equals $52,500. Then they added seventy-five acres more lest somebody should start a race course or a lager beer garden near them, and for this they agreed to pay $400 per acre, which equals $30,000; aggregate $82,500. They paid in cash to bind the bargain $500, and as will be seen above the remaining $82,000 was secured to the original owners by mortgage and remains unpaid to this day.

Now a little figuring and guessing again well help us to find out what the Sea Cliff trustees did with this property after they had cut it up into lots of 40x60 feet each. They have told us above that they sold 1,318 lots and had on September 12, 1876, 248 lots unsold of this old survey or original purchase of 250 acres. Some of those lots—about 310 of them—sold for $300 each—$93,000; about 520 of them sold for $200 apiece—$104,000, and about 415 sold for $150 each—$62,250; and we need not count in the 93 lots, for which they say the owners (?) have paid nothing yet. Now, then, we have 1,225 lots sold for $259,250—a net profit on the original cost of 250 acres of $176,750. But this is not all. They received taxes, they tell us, upon 700 lots, probably for four years—the first year merely nominal, two succeeding years $10 a lot and the next year $6 a lot; average, $6 75 per lot. Call it $6, and we have a tax item of $16,800. Then there were other miscellaneous receipts amounting, perhaps, to as much more, so that the trustees of the "Sea Cliff Grove and Metropolitan Camp Ground Association of New York and Brooklyn" have received in cash, and stowed away somewhere about $250,000—more than enough to pay all their original indebtedness and the cost of all the improvements they have made, and still leave a handsome nest egg for future experiments in steamboating, stage running, ballooning or something else for the benefit of pious travellers thitherward. But the money is gone where a great financier some years ago said other things went, "where the woodbine twineth," and not a dollar has returned to tell where its comrades are. It will be seen from the statement given above that the improvements, except for road cutting and a few incidentals, have not cost them a penny yet. Their floating debt is $63,000, which, added to the other, makes their aggregate debt. So that their magnificent hotel, located where it can't be seen until one comes upon it, has not been paid for, and there is not even a chair from the garret to the cellar that is not mortgaged. Their fine tabernacle, which the winter storms have shivered and rent, has been similarly ornamented. The question is asked on every hand, What have they done with the money? And there is neither voice nor any to answer. Promises are multiplied and the interested public are assured that Sea Cliff is to be a great success, and it is to be made so by the men who have made it such a brilliant failure, and who ask again and again, like the unsatisfied grave, for more and more.

In addition to the foregoing the trustees have also sold thirty-nine acre plots, at the rate of $800 an acre—$31,200. They paid half that amount per acre for it. And of what they call their new survey, 300 plots of which remained unsold last September, they disposed at two auction sales preceding of twenty plots at the average cost of $285 per plot—$5,700. Those plots contained from two and a half to eight ordinary lots each. Here are $37,000 more that has gone to keep company with the rest. To be sure they did not get cash in hand at the time of sale. The terms were ten per cent cash and the balance in negotiable paper bearing interest. Some portion of this amount is therefore accounted for doubtless in their bills receivable and accounts included as above in their assets. But until a rendering is made of the way in which the quarter million dollars already paid in has been expended not another dollar should be confided to the keeping of those men.

"LORD BUFORT'S" ANTECEDENTS.

HIS LIFE IN THE NUTMEG STATE—A FUROR IN A QUIET VILLAGE—HIS VALET DESERTS HIM—WHO HE IS.

"Lord Bufort" is again in trouble. This time he has met with his worst mishap. The partner of his joys, sorrows, privations, his faithful friend and servant, Mark Hudson, has got tired of him, and gone to seek his fortune elsewhere. Mark candidly admits that he suffered too much lately, and his master showed every indication of allowing him to suffer more, so he concluded to work out his own salvation. Not only has Mark deserted the Captain, but he has also soured on him, and shows every indication of telling some of his late master's transactions, which no doubt would make things unpleasant for his "Lordship."

THE CAPTAIN IN CONNECTICUT.

Mark, among other incidents of the Captain's career in this country, tells of a love scrape he got into in Naugatuck, Conn. That was the first place the Captain made an extended stay after leaving Troy, N. Y. He put up at the Naugatuck Hotel, the only establishment of the kind in the village. He remained but a short while at the tavern—as it is called there—however, as he had the good luck to form the acquaintance of a good natured English woman, whose folks he claimed to know in the old country. He was invited, with his valet, to partake of her hospitality during his sojourn in the village. The invitation was promptly accepted, and the Captain and servant were comfortably fixed in the best room the house could afford. In addition to the attractions of good board and lodging, without the difficult trouble of paying for it, his hostess was also happy in the possession of a pretty daughter.

HE MAKES LOVE.

The Captain paid every possible attention to the maiden, and flattered himself with the thought that he had made a complete conquest. It may not be amiss to mention that he was also expecting a remittance at Naugatuck, and so informed his kind hostess, at the same time remarking that an advance of a couple of dollars would be acceptable. The good natured widow desired that he should make his mind easy on that point, and immediately replenished his purse with the desired amount. He was again happy, and gave vent to his feelings by repairing to the village and getting gloriously drunk. When his spirits were elevated with the whiskey he became a little insolent and one of the Naugatuck boys promptly placed him on his back in the mud with a well directed blow on the forehead. When he got on his feet again it was found that his clothes were not in keeping with his station in life; or, in other words, they were covered with mud. Mark assisted him home and he doffed his soiled clothing and was soon at the tavern again dressed in a full English hunting costume, which consisted of a short scarlet jacket, white breeches, boots and spurs. Then he caused some excitement in the quiet Yankee village. Every person and his neighbor went forth to see him, and he did not hide himself by any means, but instead, promenaded the principal streets of the village, flourishing his hunting whip and occasionally making Mark cry, "Tally ho!" to the immense amusement of the villagers. Finally he returned home, not, however, as clean as he appeared when he first came out, as there are bad little boys in Naugatuck as well as in New York, and mud can be obtained just as easy. He remained indoors for the remainder of the week, romantically making love to the pretty daughter.

HE ATTENDS CHURCH.

On Sunday he attired himself in his hunting dress again, and in that apparel attended divine service at the Methodist Church. He sang well and made a good impression at the early service; but in the evening, when he went there again, two-thirds filled with whiskey, the church officials were forced to the painful necessity of putting him out. The widow remonstrated with him for his depravity, and he affected repentance and was forgiven. Things were getting serious in his love affairs, and the village folks were certain that a wedding would soon occur. That remittance, though, had not yet arrived, and he negotiated another loan with his hostess. The day after he received the loan the widow and her daughter went to Waterbury to attend a funeral, leaving the Captain and Mark to keep house until their return. About an hour after their departure Mark received orders from his master to pack their trunks and prepare for a sudden departure. Mark executed the order, and ere many minutes they were on their way to Hartford at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour; and the Captain and his valet have not seen Naugatuck, the widow or her daughter since.

THE CAPTAIN'S EYE FOR THE LADIES.

The Captain is not impregnable to the smiles of the fair sex. While stopping at the Congress Hall Hotel in this city he was very sweet on a couple of ladies that were also stopping there, and though remonstrated with by Mr. Lent, the manager, for going into the ladies' parlor with muddy boots and while intoxicated, he never heeded the warning, though frequently ejected from the room. He would regale the ladies for hours with tales of the wealth he would inherit when his mother died, and he frequently gave them to understand that he would bear the tidings of his mother's death with Christian resignation. He frequently attired himself in his hunting dress when stopping at the Congress Hall also, and would pace up and down the office floor for hours with his heavy boots and spurs on.

HIS REAL NAME.

Mark Hudson, his valet, who left him last Saturday, says that the Captain's real name is Henry Marshall, a son to the late William Howard Marshall, of Birmingham, England. He says the Captain is a *bona fide* officer, holding that rank in the English army, and that he will be quite wealthy on the demise of his mother, who, on account of his spendthrift habits, allows him only a couple of pounds per month. According to Mark his wife deserted him about a year ago, on account of his dissolute habits, and since that time, to use Mark's words, "he has gone to the devil entirely." Mark went to Philadelphia yesterday morning, and when last heard from the Captain was in this city, and had his mind made up to go to Ward's Island if his next remittance did not arrive soon.

THE M'CAFFREY SCANDAL.

EXAMINATION OF THE WITNESSES FOR THE COMPLAINANT BEFORE JUSTICE SMITH YESTERDAY—A WEEK'S ADJOURNMENT.

While the driving rain pelted against the window panes and pattered on the roof of the Fifty-seventh street Police Court yesterday morning a rather curious company of eager spectators lounged about the lobbies and crowded the corridors in the vicinity of Justice Smith's private examination room. Within the closed doors of this apartment, to which only complainant, defendant and witnesses had access, was conducted an examination of the witnesses for the prosecution on the complaint of Mrs. Leavitt against Rev. D. M. McCaffrey, of the Church of Our Saviour, in Third avenue and Thirty-ninth street. Mr. McCaffrey's entire congregation must have attended, but none were permitted to hear the evidence taken. Their manner toward the complaining witnesses, however, evidenced a vindictiveness of defensive zeal that found some vent in hard looks and unkind comments. The witnesses examined yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt and Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Leavitt being the first sworn. Mrs. Leavitt does not possess beautiful features or an attractive form. Hers is a rather slight, angular shape, with sharp outlines that do not conform to Hogarth's idea of the beautiful, inasmuch as the curved line is not her line.

MRS. LEAVITT'S STORY.

Mrs. Leavitt, in response to questions put to her by Justice Smith and Mr. T. Mitchell Tyng, of counsel for the defendant, said she is in her twenty-third year, resides at No. 798 Second avenue, top floor, back, has been married about five years, and never had known Mr. McCaffrey prior to the 15th inst. Then she called about nine A. M. for relief for a Mrs. Bennett, who lives with her. Mr. McCaffrey said he could only give her a few bread tickets then, but he asked her to return about eleven o'clock. She did so, and found him alone. He told her to take a chair, and said he was just then writing to Comptroller Kelly, who he said was giving a good deal of money to Catholic charities, to ask him for some for the poor people of his congregation. Suddenly changing the theme of conversation, after giving Mrs. Leavitt some bread tickets, and some tickets to sell for a coming concert in the church, Mr. McCaffrey said:—

"You must excuse me, I love you."

"I rushed away from him," Mrs. Leavitt said, "and he followed me toward the head of the stairs, seized me with one arm, put the other about my neck and kissed me in an improper manner. I broke away from him and said, 'How dare you! I'm a married woman.' Then I fled down stairs, and while descending he called out to me, 'don't betray me!'"

Continuing, in reply to questions asked, Mrs Leavitt said she called on Mr. McCaffrey next day to attend a rehearsal for the coming concert at the church and he introduced her to his sister. Up to this time she had said nothing about the assault to any one. The following Sunday she sang in the choir. That day she asked Mr. McCaffrey to call at her residence to see Mrs. Bennett. Monday evening she went with her husband to the church and sang as usual. On the following Wednesday she called with Mrs. Bennett on Mr. McCaffrey, and on the way to the church told Mrs. Bennett about the assault.

At this stage of the examination Justice Smith said when the complainant first called at the court no assault was mentioned. She merely stated that the pastor had said, "I love you." On this he would not issue a warrant. The second time she said he had kissed her, &c.

Mrs. Leavitt then resumed. She said she told her husband of Mr. McCaffrey's conduct on Wednesday and went down to see defendant's sister on Thursday. When Mr. McCaffrey's sister opened the door Mrs. Leavitt said "I am going to tell you about your brother's character." The sister called her, she said, "a dirty, stinking trollope," and slammed the door in her face.

Mrs. Leavitt admitted that she is not a church member or a regular attendant at any church. She went to Mr. McCaffrey's church because she heard a "nigger troupe was going to sing there." She was once before a complainant in a similar case against a Mr. Spencer, who was fined $25 at Special Sessions.

THE INJURED HUSBAND.

Edward R. Leavitt, the complainant's husband, said his wife told him of the assault Wednesday or Thursday morning. On Wednesday (21st) Mr. McCaffrey called in response to a request at Mrs. Leavitt's residence. Then witness was out, but next day Mr. McCaffrey called again, and Mr. Leavitt had an interview with him. As Mr. McCaffrey entered he extended his hand, saying, "Good morning, Mr. Leavitt." I told him, said the witness, angrily, to take his hand away, that I did not want the hand of a man who tried to disgrace me. Then I charged him with insulting my wife, and he denied it. He said, "I have nothing but my character and you can't break that down." I told him my wife had only her character, too, and to stop till she, who was out, returned, and to deny it face to face with her. I said if he told the truth then I'd excuse him and settle with her. I told him I had laid information for a complaint at the Police Court, and he said, holding up his hands, "I have no money to give you." I said I didn't want his money; that all the money in the country wouldn't pay me for the wrong he had done me. With a request that I would not expose him he left the house.

On the cross-examination Mr. Leavitt admitted that at the time of this interview he knew that Justice Smith had refused to grant a warrant on the information first lodged. Witness was working at the time and his wife was not in need. He said he did not take the key out of the door when Mr. McCaffrey entered the room.

A VERY NICE MAN.

Mrs. Anna Bennett, a young married woman, whose husband is out of employment and who was stopping with Mrs. Leavitt at the time of the alleged assault, was the next witness. She was present at the interview between Mr. Leavitt and the clergyman. She described the accusation and the denial and differed somewhat in her description from Mr. Leavitt. He, she said, was very much flushed and excited at the time, while Mr. McCaffrey was very pale. Mr. Leavitt, she said, took the key out of the door and Mr. McCaffrey said, "You've got me in your house now, and you can kill me if you want to," and Mr. Leavitt replied, "No, sir; I don't want to kill you, I only want you to tell me the truth." Mr. McCaffrey did not say "Don't expose me" during this exciting interview. This witness had never asked Mrs. Leavitt to go to the minister for aid for her. Mrs. Leavitt had told her, however, that the minister was a very nice man, and asked her to go and see him. They did go, and on the way back Mrs. Leavitt told her the minister had said: "I love you" on a previous occasion. Mrs. Bennett said then she should not go to see him again.

"You did not know," counsel queried, "that she had been insulted until you were on the way back from the church?"

"It was only then she told me he said he loved her," Mrs. Bennett answered, "and I did not think that such an awful insult then, you know."

"In what way did Mr. McCaffrey contradict the accusation of Mr. Leavitt?"

"He said, 'I tell you, sir, 'tis false; I didn't insult your wife.' As he said 'I have no money to give you' his knees touched each other, he trembled so."

After Mrs. Bennett's examination the case was adjourned for a week.

THE REVEREND DEFENDANT.

Mr. McCaffrey sat quietly in the room during the examination, only speaking once during Mrs. Leavitt's examination. Then he said, "Judge, may I say something?" Justice Smith, however, advised him to leave the case with his lawyers, and he silently resumed his seat. He smiled and looked serious from time to time, as he listened to the stories of the different witnesses.

A CHARITABLE WIDOW.

The last will and testament of Mrs. Mary Taber (widow of Henry T. Taber), who died at her residence, No. 244 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, on the 18th of March, was filed for probate in the Kings County Surrogate Court yesterday. Besides other bequests it provides for the disposal of $24,000 in the following manner:—To the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, $5,000; to the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., $6,000; to the Brooklyn Industrial School and Home for Destitute Children, in Butler street, $2,000; to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the State of New York, $5,000; to the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum, on Atlantic street, $1,000; to the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, $1,000; to the Newsboys' Home, No. 61 Poplar street, $1,000.

DISORDERLY HOUSE RAIDED.

The house No. 118 Lexington avenue was raided on Sunday night by the officers of the Twenty-first precinct, and Mrs. Elizabeth Rice, the proprietress, six men and five women were arrested. Yesterday they were arraigned at the Fifty-seventh Street Court. Mrs. Rice was committed in default of $500 bail. The rest were discharged.

VANILLA BEANS.

It turns out that the firm of Harmony Brothers, No. 63 Broadway, entered by burglars last Thursday, lost at the time 100 pounds of vanilla beans, worth $1,000. At the time the Harmony Brothers thought they had lost nothing.

THE MURDERED FREE LOVER.

JONES, OF CHICAGO, SENDS A MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER WORLD—HE INTERVIEWS THEODORE PARKER.

[From the Chicago Times, March 24.]

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for this week is filled with references to and communications from its late editor, S. S. Jones—in fact, the first and fourth pages are entirely devoted to an account of his murder, his obsequies at St. Charles, a biographical sketch, &c. His name still stands at the head of the editorial column as editor and proprietor. His son-in-law, John C. Bundy, announces, over his own name as acting editor and business manager, that the course of the paper and its tone will be unchanged, and that Mr. Jones, being freed from the trammels of the flesh, will be able to do more for the paper than he has done heretofore. To unbelieving ears an editorial and proprietary interest in an earthly journal by one of the heavenly host sounds queer. If Spiritualism is what it is claimed to be this is certainly a rare chance to show its power. Mr. Jones is a thorough exponent of the doctrine, one who has given his life to its unfoldment, and, now that he has reached that land, sends back word that his teachings were all true and that he will be "able to do twice, if not thrice, as much" as when in the flesh. Add to this that he has as a medium through whom he communicates Dr. J. V. Mansfield, who, as the paper announces, "has no superior in the world," and the results ought to show themselves in its columns. Thus far it is not apparent, though this is accounted for on the ground that he had not recovered from the weakness and exhaustion consequent upon his transition from one state to another.

The following communications are given as coming from the late editor:—

DEAR FRANCIS—This is kind of you to allow me a word, so soon after leaving my mortal body, you and I having been so long and so intimately acquainted. I need not tell you how wickedly the press has traduced and vilified my life doings, for you no doubt have read it. But, thank God, my friend, you know better than they do the object and aim of my life. While I was not immaculate, yet if I know my own heart, and I thought I did, it was to better my fellow-man, and no man living knew that fact better than you did. Your friend and brother,

S. S. JONES.

The following communication was then sent him, the object being to find out just how it seems to be

TRANSPORTED TO PARADISE.

MY DEAR BROTHER JONES—What were your sensations when first awakening in spirit life?

In response he said:—

As to that, Francis, it was very like what I communicated this forenoon. When awakened to consciousness I looked about me and asked myself "Where am I?" At that moment my son George was standing by me, probably to catch the first word spoken by me. I recognized my son, and he advanced and we embraced as no one but a loving father and son could. I said to George, "Where am I and what does this mean?" He replied, "Father, you are a spirit!" "Yes," said I; "yes; I now realize it." I looked about me and said to George, "All that has been told me of the summer land is true." Your friend, S. S. JONES.

Then follows:—

DEAR BROTHER JONES—Have you found the statements you made in your articles, "Well, What of It?" realized in spirit life?

In response he said:—

Every word and idea verified to a dot.

DEAR BROTHER JONES—What celebrities have visited you since your entrance into spirit life?

DISTINGUISHED CALLERS.

MY DEAR FRANCIS—As to that I have not been able to meet many besides my own dear ones yet. I have been called upon by Theodore Parker, John Pierpont, Joshua Giddings and Robert Owen, but above a passing salute nothing was said. I was too weak to talk with any one.

S. S. JONES.

By the by, I recognized a spirit that I met in my early life. He lived in my native town in Vermont—Ira Day.

S. S. JONES.

JONES STILL HOLDS THE PEN.

DEAR BROTHER—Can you do as much for *The Journal* and reform in spirit life as you could in this?

In response he said:—

Yes, dear Francis, I shall be able to do twice, if not thrice, as much as when with you in the office, if I can have the proper medium through whom to advise. I do not want the paper changed in tone, size or price. S. S. JONES.

In the last issue Mr. J. R. Francis, associate editor, has a lot of reminiscences of Jones' earth life, some of which are herewith given:—

On the north side of his room were several sketches by Professor Anderson—one an exquisitely beautiful vase of flowers, designed, traced and contributed by Raphael Sanzio. The flowers were tastefully arranged by one of the spirit guides of the deceased, but were contributed by his nearest spirit friends, and by relatives who were dearest. The little buds that seem just bursting into flowerhood were selected by bright and beautiful little girls—relatives. The buds still closed were brought by little boys. His father, mother son and daughter presented the morning-glories. His ever-cherished grandson, Colonel Bundy's idolized boy, proudly presented to the artist a moss rose bud. Little angel Minnie, a little girl (no relative) ever brilliant with a loving spirit, came with the forget-me-not. A wise old Greek deposited as his token a head of wheat. The three links indicating a secret order were brought by one whose whitened hairs and brilliant eyes speak in whispers of the long ago. All of these, and many more, were combined in a beautiful vase in an artistic style impossible at the present time to surpass.

Thus our readers will see that the angels, who can read the minds of men, see the emotions of the soul and understand all the motives that can actuate a person, appreciated the deceased, loved him, and expressed that love in numberless ways.

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We saw him once in his room, his arms folded and head bent in meditative mood; he was induced—from circumstances not necessary to mention here—to express his feelings for his wife and children, and they breathed forth that tender solicitude and love that stamped him as one of the best of men.

Since his assassination many things have arisen in our mind in reference to him that otherwise would have passed unnoticed. He had dropped into our office during the last two months more frequently, and at times would linger there, as if loath to depart, and his nature seemed illuminated, and his conceptions of the spiritual universe, the condition of spirits in the various circles of spirit life and their progress from one condition to another, were grand indeed! His whole soul seemed to expand with lofty emotions and thrilling thoughts as we conversed with him, and when expressing his views it seemed as if he was more in the spirit world than this. One morning, about three weeks ago, he came into our room and said, "I passed a sleepless night; my nerves seem unstrung." We saw the cause at a glance. The evening before he had written an article in continuation of the subject, "Well, What of It?" and his whole nature was so spiritualized by the inflowing of a current of inspiration that for a time he was rendered exceedingly nervous. "In the future," said he, "I must not put off my articles until the last moment," he seeming to think if conditions were not favorable then it was much more difficult for him to give expression to the ideas that welled up in his soul.

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SPEAKING OF THE SOUL

he said:—"It will be seen that the condition of the soul, mentally and morally, on entering spirit life is exactly that which it enjoyed on closing the mortal career, unless it, in the physical body, was laboring under some abnormal condition, such as that of insanity or feebleness from old age or sickness."

To-day, according to his theory, and it is a true one, he is on the same plane spiritually that he occupied here, with greater opportunities, of course, now for rapid advancement. "Oh," said he, "that we had power to portray the true character of the most depraved, and the horrors of his heaven—a hell to us of most exquisite terrors! Oh, that we could impress the truth upon the minds of mortals that there is an afterlife and a spirit world not made with hands in which are many mansions—even from the Augean stables of midnight darkness, which are filled to repletion with characters not less depraved than mythological 'devils damned,' up to the abodes of angels of immaculate purity, that these 'mansions' extend through infinite space, and are as diverse one from another as are human souls."

He claimed that "all improvement made upon earth, including the development of mind, is not only for the good of mortals, but its effect is reflected into the spiritual spheres, and from there re-reflected back through ministering angels, who are thereby brought *en rapport* with mortals, and thus man is inspired to good and noble deeds by the loved ones gone before. And still the scoffer is heard to exclaim, 'Well, what of it?'"

He was welcomed into spirit life by those who foresaw this event. Only a week before his tragic death, George Fox, one of the most intelligent spirits we ever had the pleasure of conversing with, and one who supervises Bastian and Taylor's circles, said to the deceased, "You will have a surprise within a week!" And he was surprised by an assassin, but still more surprised by the cordial reception which awaited him in spirit life. While writing this an effort was made to impress the glorious scene upon our mind, but our brain has been so agitated that only faint outlines could be discerned. We are assured, however, that his reception was of such a character that could not fail to excite within his mind pleasing emotions; it was really glorious, grand and soul-exhilarating! While the murderer, the itinerant, poverty-stricken phrenologist, was languishing in a cell, beginning to realize the enormity of his offence, his victim was received into the realms of bliss with anthems of joy, with greetings that bubbled up from the souls of those wise sages who had surrounded him during his earth-career. This calamity was foreseen in spirit-life; indeed, no calamity ever occurs that the wise sages do not see and prepare for the emergency.

The deceased will not pursue the assassin with a relentless, vindictive hand. He will look upon the poor weak man, see his deplorable condition and his hardened nature, and will not "haunt" him and make him any more wretched than he is. He will pity him and pray for his enlightenment, rather than concentrate on him the fangs of hate.

PIKE, THE CHICAGO MURDERER.

[From the Chicago Times, March 24.]

WINONA, Minn., March 20, 1877.

As the name of William C. Pike has become quite prominent for the last few days in connection with the murder of Mr. Jones, perhaps the readers of the *Times* would like to hear something of the course of this strange man in this part of the State of Minnesota.

Twenty-five years ago a colony came from New York under the name of the Town and Village Association. They selected for their home a place at the mouth of the Rollingstone Creek, about six miles from the present city of Winona.

Among the prominent men in this colony was Robert Pike, an older brother of the present William C. Pike. In a year or two the first wife of William C. Pike, with a sister of the Pikes, came and settled here. It was not long before William C. was added to this pioneer company. This was in the days of claim-making on government land, and William C. made a claim on a piece of timber land about six miles from the settlement of the colony. In this remote place he would have perished but for the faithfulness of a large Newfoundland dog that had been his constant companion for many years. William and his wife and one or two children were trying to winter in a little hut made of short logs. When they had nearly exhausted all their winter supplies there came a deep snow, and the settlement was six miles distant. In their extremity they sent a note to the colony tied to the neck of the faithful dog. This note brought relief and was said to have saved the lives of the family. In the spring Pike moved back to the settlement and left his wife and two children near their friends while he went roving around the country teaching and lecturing on phrenology, mesmerism, &c. From this point commenced his downward journey. Somewhere in his wanderings he fell in with the present Genevieve, who is the direct or immediate cause of all his trouble. This woman was a spiritual trance medium. She travelled with him, often on foot, from place to place, acting in his seances as a spirit medium. In their wanderings they came to Minnesota City, where he had left his wife. Here he proposed to introduce some of the practices of Brigham Young, and his wife rebelled and his stay was short. He took Genevieve and left. His wife obtained a divorce and married again, and her husband died and she married the third time, and is now living with her third husband in this county (Winona). She is an estimable woman and is respected by all who know her.

Since he took up with Genevieve Pike has led a roving life. He has been once or twice in the insane asylum. He is full of all sorts of vagaries and wild and chimerical projects. He spent some time two or three years ago away out on the frontier at Kamiteskie, trying to form a colony there. Those who know him best do not believe him a bad man. He is a monomaniac—a weak-minded lunatic, with a most unfortunate mental organization. He is one of a large family of boys and girls, born in Broome county, near Binghamton, N. Y.

Many of your older readers may remember two young ladies who, thirty or more years ago, travelled extensively over the country teaching mnemonics. These young ladies were his sisters. One of them married Peter C. Watson, an assistant secretary of war under Stanton. Two sisters live in this State. They are filled with grief at this fall of their weak brother. They attribute it all to the influence of a bad, bad woman.

WILL MURDER OUT?

A MAN PREPARED TO CONFESS ABOUT THE KELSEY MURDER.

The murder of Huntington is not likely to be allowed to rest. In the Suffolk *Bulletin* of last Friday is a letter signed "Repentant," in which the author confesses to having been a party to the tarring and feathering of Kelsey on the night of November 4, 1872. It is said that all the information is in the possession of District Attorney Wickham. The *Bulletin* has ever been partial to the Sammises and was the tar party's organ, and the publication of the letter in its columns excites no little comment in Huntington. The gist of the communication is as follows:—

I am tired of keeping a horrible secret, and as sure as there is an omniscient and almighty power that governs and directs all things mundane, so surely will I acknowledge—if opportunity is offered by a revival of the case—before proper tribunals all that I know of this frightful crime, which is making my life intolerable. I see matters are being again actively pressed, and I conceive there to be no virtue in longer binding myself to silence, when in so doing I defraud justice, gain for myself naught but dishonor and render my entire existence a nightmare. I was present at the Kelsey outrage, masked and prepared to administer such indignities—led by what I have since discovered to be the lying accusations of his enemies—as seemed meet punishment for his annoyances to a young lady. His acts had been misrepresented and were represented to be infamous in the extreme. I was a passive rather than an active participant, and on my sacred honor had not the most remote idea that anything further than the tar and feather indignity was contemplated. Small would be my name before a respectable world if I did not by confession and penitential acts purge my accusing conscience, and small would be my hopes of making my peace with my Maker if I did not take this only method of reconcilement.

It is hinted in Huntington that the penitent is a member of the Presbyterian Church