DEATH IN THE MILK CAN.

Where Some of the Pure Country Milk Comes From.

OUR UPTOWN ORANGE COUNTY

An Inspection by a Reporter of Twenty Hitherto Unreported Sheds Filled With Garbage-Fed Cows.

Traffic in the death-dealing swill milk, as to which there are occasional excitements, is always lively, but at some times less noisy than at other times.

LIFE IN PURE MILK.

Pure milk is not only a luxury, but, as all recognize, a great necessity at one particular period of human life. It contains every one of the proximate principles absolutely required in the animal economy. Upon a pure milk diet even an adult will live and prosper indefinitely. Nothing else, in the shape of food, is used so much as milk. It is the daily food of a large proportion of the community, and it is often called into requisition to keep the spark of life aglow in the poor bed-ridden invalid who, perhaps, receives nothing else for weary days, probably weeks.

POISON IN THE FORM OF MILK.

To sustain life thus indefinitely milk must be pure. When it is adulterated by water, chalk, sheep's brains, &c., or procured from cows that are kept in filthy and consequently unhealthy pens, or fed upon poor, innutritious or sour food, such as beer grains, garbage and, in fact, all the various ingredients that go to make up the refuse swill of a kitchen, it becomes highly pernicious and detrimental to the health, even the life, of the individual who is so unfortunate as to be compelled to use it, such as the weaning infant.

Impure milk has been known to cause in the young child all the various forms of enteric disease. When an enteric disease becomes developed digestion is next to impossible and the child invariably dies of inanition.

How often in this city does the mother undertake to wean her babe during the summer months, and it dies after a short sickness from that dreaded slayer of the infant, cholera infantum! The child has been feeding upon cows' milk but a few days when it is suddenly—perhaps after a convulsion—seized with terrible vomiting and purging, wastes frightfully and dies in a few days. The physician, who has been called in, shakes his wise head and says, "Summer complaint," signs the death certificate and goes on his way. If he had but thought of milk, and had gone to the small store in the tenement house block and traced the source of their supply, he would have then discovered the poison beds that bred the germs of the disease that killed the little one in some "swill" feeding establishment in the upper districts or on Long Island.

WHAT THE FACULTY SAY.

All the eminent physiologists say "that the milk of an animal always partakes of the character of its food." Then if cows are fed upon "swill," whether it be in the form of beer grains or city garbage, can their milk be good and pure? If a dozen or more cows are kept confined in an ill-ventilated, damp, and filthy place which would put the black hole of Calcutta to shame for years, can they be healthy? And, last of all, can a sickly cow give milk that would be proper and nutritious food for a child or invalid?

The Board of Health of the city of London, England, answered these questions, a few years ago, when it made an investigation to endeavor to ascertain the cause of an outbreak of typhoid fever, which was then raging in London. After mature and careful deliberation the Board expressed the opinion that milk obtained from cows which are kept on bad and decayed food, and filthy and stagnant water, and sold to the poor, had a great deal to do with causing the epidemic of fever.

RELIEF THROUGH THE PRESS.

Some years ago the press of this city took the above questions in hand and drove the "swill milk" venders to the wall. After the press raised the alarm the health officials caused milkmen to be watched. Wherever "swill milk" was found it was seized and poured in the gutter, as liquor was in the old day of the Maine liquor law, and in some places milk flowed like water after an August thunder storm. Ferryboats were watched, and no milk was allowed to enter the city unless it came from legitimate dairies outside the "swill milk" districts. The police, also, were called into requisition and given something to do—viz., to watch the "swill carriers" in their daily rounds.

The people have hoped that this city would never again be troubled with "swill milk." Their hopes, as we know now, were vain.

RESPECTABLE PEOPLE ASSIST THE POISONMONGER.

The industrious "swill man" collects his "swill" diligently, and just as diligently does he dispose of the milk obtained from cows fed upon the swill he collects from private houses and hotels, thus making respectable people, unknowingly, parties to his nefarious trade. The apathetic Health Board that, by the way, dispises of two or three hundred thousand of the people's money yearly, but nobody, saving themselves, knows how, stand calmly by, when they ought to know that "swill milk" is imported into our city daily. Perhaps a Health Commissioner's practice would be less lucrative in the summer if the inspectors of the Health Department were instructed to look out for "swill milk." It is a foregone conclusion that Professor Chandler would not be called upon to make so many analyses in cases of sudden death and suspected poison, where he could deliver his opinion, after a careful and remunerative analysis, "Died from natural causes."

WHAT MR. BERGH FOUND.

Mr. Bergh did a very commendable act when, the other day, he caused the arrest of the "swill milk" vender who had eighteen so-called milch cows shut up in an old dilapidated sweat box of a shed, which he, the vender, dignified by the name of cow stable. The cows were in a horrible condition, suffering from that frightful disease among cattle known as "hoof rot." But we would call Mr. Bergh's attention to the following facts, and request the Health Board to observe, if they can awake from their lethargy:—

THE FIRST PLACE VISITED.

A load of beer swill, in the shape of grains, was recently seen going up Broadway, and the writer followed in its wake to Sixty-seventh street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, where it turned into a narrow lane and was lost sight of amid the small shanties and hovels in that neighborhood. All efforts to enter the rear of the filthy premises, behind which the wagon disappeared, were opposed by an old woman with a dirty red shawl twisted over her shoulders and crossed on her breast and tied behind her waist; the only other garment observable was a filthy short skirt, which covered her lower extremities. She could not be made to comprehend anything, but would persist in murdering an unknown lingo, which might originally have been German. A suggestive pile of cow manure was in the yard, and a few cows could be discerned among the tumble-down hovels in the rear. A wagon, with some ordinary swill barrels fastened on it, also stood in the yard. The man's name was Baer, and it was quite evident that the grains were not meant for the biped. Any one having the power of law could look into the matter more carefully.

SICKLY COWS GIVING MILK.

On Eighty-second street, just east of the Boulevard, a number of cows are kept. Their coats are very rough, and great blotches can be distinctly seen upon their hides—which, however, may only be the hair rubbed off. They are very thin and have an exceedingly sickly appearance. There was a running sore upon the back of one. They are confined in an old shed, built of boards, that have the appearance of having seen better service. The hovel is painfully filthy, and the vile stench is almost capable of giving one the peculiar sensation of sea sickness.

WHAT CAN BE FOUND.

Beer grains can be found in one corner of the pen and in tubs and barrels all over the place. In one corner of the yard stood a tub which contained a peculiar mixture of swill; it appeared to have been compounded of beer grains and street garbage; the sour odor it had was perfectly disgusting, while the maggots, which crawled along the side of the tub, turned one's stomach when he thought of the probabilities of getting milk from this place. One cow having a more sickly appearance than the rest, if that were possible, was tied to a post in the grassless yard, her patient face seeming to say, "small favors thankfully received." Thick, glairy mucus ran from her nose, and there was a large ulcer on her udder. At the back of her left hind foot it was very sore and had the appearance that a horse's hoof with the scratches would have. The animal looked about ready to die, and as if she would die willingly to escape her miseries, but she was milked that night and the milk placed with that of the other poor beasts that are in the place. The sign of "pure milk" was displayed in a window in front.

MORE SIGHTS.

On Eighty-second street wherever the eye was turned, sheds, swill tubs and swill barrels met the gaze of the observer. A large wagon stood in front of one of the shanties about half full of beer swill, and the lazy savages halted in their work of unloading to stare upon the writer as he passed. They were conveying the grains down to a mass of sheds and hovels, in the hollow, on the north side of the street, where probably forty or fifty cows are kept in misery and from observation. On the corner of Ninth avenue and Sixty-second street a horrible place was found.

The corner was elegantly decorated with an old, dilapidated shanty, which was used as a dwelling place, evidently, as several dogs and ragged urchins were seen disporting themselves in the sun. Nothing could be seen in the hollow until the edge of the bank was reached; then an old shanty came into view, flanked by stagnant pools of water covered with a thick, green scum, and capable of disseminating malaria throughout a civilized land. No drains lead from the pools, and the water is kept here for convenience in watering the cattle and mixing the swill. The poisonous fumes arising from the hollow as one looks down are almost stifling.

REFUSED ADMISSION.

As the place was approached a man instantly closed the door and barred further progress down the rickety wooden stairs with his burly form. As the writer stood expostulating with him a low of a cow was heard proceeding from the rickety shed. It would not have done to force a way and thus risk a battle in this worse than wilderness. But the low of the cow heard is proof enough that cows are there confined. In front of the dwelling shanty stood the indispensable wagon, with its label of "pure milk," and another and larger wagon, with the remains of a recent load of beer grains clinging to the sides and bottom of the body.

ANOTHER PEST DEN.

On the north side of Ninety-second street and nearly opposite the main gate of "Elm Park" is another old shanty and its necessary outhouses. The den in the rear is about forty feet long and about eight feet wide; the roof slopes from west to east, and might possibly be, on its highest side, about six feet in height. Within this shed several milk cows are confined in various stages of health and disease. It would be impossible for them to be healthy in this damp, crowded and filthy place. Cows need some fresh air as well as a certain amount of exercise to keep them in a fit condition to milk. In the yard there are swill barrels, swill tubs and milk cans in abundance.

WORK FOR MR. BERGH.

In Ninety-third street, near Ninth avenue, fourteen cows can be found; there is also in this place an exceedingly strong suspicion of "swill" and "hoof rot." The animals were penned in a barren yard, where a spear of grass has not been seen for the last decade, judging from the existing condition of things. Scattered about the yard a great many large tubs were seen, which are used in feeding. In an outhouse, a short distance from the road, a boy was seen mixing something in a large barrel or cask; its odor was very much like beer grain "swill." These poor animals certainly were in a bad condition, and sores were seen about the heels of most all of them.

But why multiply cases? There is no use in specifying more, for in the district lying between Sixty-third street on the south, Eighty-third street on the north, the Boulevard on the west and Eighth avenue on the east, hundreds of which the above specified cases are examples of "swill-milk" establishments can be found.

UPTOWN ORANGE COUNTY.

The above section is composed of old shanties and hovels, and is reeking with filth and vermin. The huts are built upon high rocks or in deep hollows between the streets. The population is composed of the worst and lowest order of German and Dutch, with a few enterprising Italians, who have started a few rag warehouses in the neighborhood. It is impossible to gain admission and inspect the rear of any of the premises. Something must be wrong or the people would not have such fear, the writer thought. So in the district he tarried. Now and then a poor, sickly cow, or an apology for a horse, can be seen. The writer saw a boy dragging a poor beast of a cow along and belaboring it with a great club to hasten its walk. Glairy mucus was flowing from its nose, like from a horse's nose when he has the distemper; its back and sides were actually covered with large sores; the poor creature could hardly walk, and the way it managed to limp along suggested to the writer very bad feet. All along, after the writer had lingered in the district some time, at nearly every shanty, men, women, boys and girls could be seen moving "swill." The wagons, which are quite familiar to the city denizen, that collect the swill were drawn up in front and the kitchen refuse taken from the barrels, a few beer grounds were mixed with it and it was carried to the rear.

WAITING FOR MILKING TIME.

The writer suspected that milking was going on, and lingered still. It was not long to wait; for shortly men and women were seen leaving the shanties with small milk cans and a transformed appearance. Instead of the old dirty skirt and overalls they were first seen in they now wore neat and clean calico dresses and the men decent pantaloons and a clean hickory shirt.

WHAT EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW.

In the pedlers of milk the writer recognized the counterpart of the people that serve the poor with milk, and tell them they keep their own cows. They have their own cows, reader, but their own cows will soon lay your little ones in the grave; so beware. Many of the denizens of this neighborhood club together, as the writer was informed, and sell all their milk to one man, who serves it on his route from a wagon stamped "Orange county milk." Others have sufficient to supply a small dealer themselves. It is nice to imagine that the people who give these people the "swill" are liable to have it returned to them in the shape of milk. The inhabitants are semi-savage, and look as if they would pounce upon the intruder if they only dared. The city missionaries might find profitable employment in trying to teach these heathen the way of civilized life; surely no such heathens could be found in Asia or Africa—even the Chinaman is superior.

AN INTERVIEW.

The writer next paid a visit to "Elm Park" and held a short interview with the bartender:—

"Are there many cows kept in this neighborhood?" was the first interrogation.

"Yes, sir, most all of these shanties around here have got some."

"How do they feed them. I don't suppose they buy corn for them all?"

"They never get a bit of corn all their lives; they don't get nothing only garbage and beer grains."

"Don't they get any grass?"

"No; pasture costs too much."

"Where do they get the garbage?"

"From down town. All these fellows have got a horse and old wagon and go after it themselves to private houses and hotels."

"What do they do with the milk?"

"Sell it around the river front and some sell it to milkmen."

WHAT WAS SEEN IN BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn has always been the stronghold of "swill milk" and illicit whiskey. From Brooklyn almost all the "swill milk" came that was destroyed by the police and Board of Health several years ago. Some establishments then discovered had as many cows as could be found upon a large dairy farm. The establishments were all very large, and some half dozen milkmen were sometimes supplied by one set of cows. To discover if they again existed in Brooklyn was the writer's object in perambulating over that city recently, and what was discovered will be found below:—

A DEATH DISTRIBUTING ESTABLISHMENT.

On the corner of Marcy avenue and Floyd street is an old palatial house; it was probably built by the old Dutch settlers and thought quite a mansion by the envious in those old and happy days, when people were not troubled with "swill." The house is irregular in shape, with an extension wing running east. The paint, under the influence of the sun and wind, has become a slate color, instead of its original white. To the east of the house are the remains of a once beautiful kitchen garden; the gooseberry and currant bushes are broken down, and the entire edifice in front bears the appearance of a general wreck superinduced by neglect. A grape arbor adorns the front of the house, and suggests many courting scenes of country belles and stolen kisses. Alas! "To what base uses do we come at last!" The once beautiful mansion now shelters the vile carcass of a "swill milk" man. In the rear of the mansion—it is so beautiful, even in its wreck, we must still persist in calling it so—is an old barn that was probably built when the house was.

THE OUTHOUSES.

The barn was originally painted red, but it, like the house, has lost its color under the influence of the weather. Pigeons fly in and out from under the eaves of the peaked roof and the small sparrows and swallows build their nests under the rafters as if all were innocence around them. Beside the old red barn there is another low, flat-roofed outhouse. It runs east and west. One extremity of it is only a short distance from Floyd street, by which it is flanked. There are, also, a number of old sheds on the west side of the barn, all fenced in, however, by a high board fence. About the yard there are immense heaps of manure, waiting to be carted away by the Long Island truck gardeners. Upon the side of the long outhouse, above spoken of, were several suits of clothes that had been used by the men in gathering "swill," hanging to dry. Some eighteen "swill" trucks were standing in the yard, the daily swill having been all gathered about the time of the writer's visit.

WHAT DEATH IS COLLECTED IN.

The "swill trucks" consist of four low wheels and a skeleton body upon which are placed one or two large hogsheads. The ones on the place referred to were all composed of two. The hogshead forward is placed crosswise and the one behind lies the length of the truck. The bungholes in the hogsheads are almost large enough for a man to crawl into. The "swill" is removed from the casks by a large tap in one end, also very large. Alongside of the longest and narrowest shed is one somewhat smaller than the rest, which is used to wash and store the milk cans in. At the time of the writer's visit some sixty cans were piled on end in the above place. A large pump stands near the washing shed with a trough for cooling the milk. It does not look large enough to accommodate many cans to cool, and probably they pump the cold water directly in the milk. In the different outhouses there are some eighty cows confined; each has a stall of about three feet, or less in many cases. The floors of all but one of the sheds are in a horrible condition, and the place inside, as a rule, has a general dilapidated appearance. Back of the yard, to the west, is a small pen, with an exceedingly high fence, in which the sick and dying cows are turned out; but one was in it when the writer made his visit.

WHERE THE MILK GOES.

This is one of the largest "swill milk" establishments on Long Island—so the writer was informed—and supplies a great number of milkmen in New York and Brooklyn. It also keeps a number of stores in the poisonous beverage and necessity. About three or four o'clock in the morning a lively scene is going on there when the milkmen are going after their milk, and the writer could not understand why New York milkmen should go to Brooklyn after Orange county milk, which they profess to sell. Although it may look wrong to the writer, probably the milk merchants can account for it satisfactorily, but under the circumstances we do not see how.

QUEENS COUNTY.

In South Brooklyn we have the counterpart of the upper districts, which we have described—the only difference being that in Brooklyn the places are fewer, but far more filthy. The people do not object to living in the same house with a number of cows, hogs, goats, dogs and children.

STARVING ANIMALS.

On the corner of Baltic street and Fourth avenue there are four cows and one calf. The cows bear the appearance of starvation; their coats are exceedingly rough, the hair seems to have been placed on the wrong way, and what hair is left is so covered with filth that it is next to impossible to discern the color of the beast. The poor and emaciated calf, about six or seven months old, looks as if its time would come long before it ever gives milk to poison the infants of Brooklyn. The remains of a great deal of swill was seen about the place. The stables for the poor beasts are under the dwelling hovel, the hovel standing on piles that are driven down in the hollow, thus making a room below the level of the street. On the same block there are three more houses, some milk cans and plenty of swill, but no cows. The sheds and hovels beneath the dwelling shanties all existed, but were empty.

In this neighborhood all the city refuse is dumped. About a dozen wagons marked "Health Department" were unloading in the hollow, and the writer concluded that it must be the city dumping grounds. The stench was frightful, and we should say it is capable of generating all manner of diseases.

WHERE COWS FEED.

In the hollow, where the city refuse is dumped, there were eighteen cows grazing over the ashes and selecting out all the old scraps of disgusting kitchen refuse they could find and eating it with an evident relish. They, like hogs, had learned, through experience we suppose, to root for their living. They would follow a wagon, and when the load was discharged they would drive their noses into the pile or scatter it with their horns and then pick out the choice morsels of "swill" and filthy garbage. The udders of three were in a horrible condition, and the yellow pus had adhered to the hair, thus making a frightful scab. One's heel was very bad, as we ascertained by investigation, prompted by seeing the poor animal limping across the loathsome place. The dumping grounds extend up as far as Union street, and all the hollows are filled with cows and goats.

MORE COWS.

On Douglas street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, there are three vile dens where the barbarians torture cows and feed them upon "swill." All the sheds and pens are well covered up with old tin, and completely hide the animals from observation. In about the centre of the block there is a white cow, speckled with red, that is about ready to say goodby to the world. On the other side of the way, between the same avenues, there are eight or ten animals in some old sheds in the rear of two low, flat shanties that face the street.

THE AUXILIARIES.

The goats in the neighborhood live on the same substance—namely, "swill"—as the cows. They also make their periodical depredations on the flower beds of the neighborhood where decent people reside. The young trees that have been set out are completely barked by their rat-like teeth, and, in all probability, they budded for the last time the past summer.

CHEAP MILK.

The next object of the writer to ascertain what these people did with their milk. After patient investigation it was discovered that they mixed the goats' and cows' milk together and added a certain proportion of pure (?) water, and then either served it at houses themselves or disposed of it to storekeepers or milkmen.

The following sign, which was seen very frequently, led to further investigation:—"Orange county milk, six cents a quart. No pearl milk here." We determined to investigate the "pure milk," and it being about lunch time we entered one of the above places and purchased some. It was allowed to stand ten minutes, while we ostensibly read the HERALD, and then drank very slowly, and lo and behold! a thick, white sediment, not much, 'tis true, but still sufficient for one to discern that it was some foreign substance, remained in the bottom of the glass. The proprietor of the store upon being asked said it was cream, but when he was told that cream was lighter than milk, and consequently always found on the top, he could make no reply. Other stores of the same description were entered and milk purchased, and invariably the white sediment, which would lead one to believe that milk had been mixed with sheep's brains, remained. The people in the neighborhood who buy their milk from the small stores or from local milk venders all complained of this same white sediment.

At the ferries in the morning wagons with empty cans go to Brooklyn, but when they return the cans are full, and their wagons are marked "Orange" or "Dutchess county milk." A great number of people in Brooklyn have their milk served at the door by men who have their own cows. Now, men who keep their own cows in Brooklyn are compelled to keep them shut up in small, close pens, and in the majority of cases, if not in all, they feed them swill.

WHAT MILK SHOULD BE BOUGHT.

Pure milk should have an opaque color, and when it stands but a few minutes the cream should rise to the top and not settle at the bottom of the fluid. If the milk has a bluish appearance, or looks watery or poor, people ought to refuse to purchase it, for it would be much better to go without than to introduce an article in which there is danger to the health if not the life of the little ones. These "swill milk" people shall be watched and we will keep after them until their vile traffic is stopped.

IS THERE A LAW?

If we are not much mistaken there is a State law against feeding cows with "swill" and then selling the milk. Yet these men collect the city filth without molestation, carry it to their vile abodes, feed it to their cows and sell the milk to unsuspecting people. Is it any wonder that they can sell their milk cheaper than men who are compelled to pay freight? This feed costs them nothing but a few hours' labor and it costs them nothing to deliver it.

A VENGEFUL WAITER.

A DISCHARGED EMPLOYE OF THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL SHOOTS THE HEAD WAITER.

George Peters was for some time a waiter in the Grand Central Hotel. He is a young man of about eighteen, and was generally attentive to his duties and extremely studious to please the guests of the establishment. No fault could be found with him, so far as assiduity and decorum were concerned, but John had one prevailing vice. He was subject to intoxication. One or two little escapades of his were passed over without comment, but a repetition of them caused his discharge on last Saturday night. Peters was greatly dejected on hearing of this, and he at once formed an idea, which seems to be unfounded, by the way, that his dismissal was due to the misrepresentations of James Larney, the head waiter. Yesterday afternoon he came to the hotel and went up to the lunch room where Larney was engaged. There were a couple of his quondam associates at the door whom he sent to the head waiter to say that he wanted to see him. Noticing that Peters seemed under the influence of liquor and behaved in a queer way, the messenger no doubt acquainted Larney with it, for he refused to come out. On hearing this Peters entered the lunch-room and passed through it to the spot where the head waiter stood. The latter saw him coming, and, no doubt, divining his intention, went to meet him, watching him narrowly all the time. As they met Peters suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket and levelled it. The other at the same moment attempting to grasp it, turned the weapon aside, and the ball from it only grazed his thumb. Peters drew back and fired again, this time hurriedly and without aim, for the ball passed between Larney's arm and breast. Both men were but a couple of feet apart, and as Peters a third time raised the weapon the head waiter struck it downward with his arm and received the bullet in his thigh. He then threw himself upon his assailant and held him till other waiters were able to hurry up and disarm him. A surgeon attended Larney, who was subsequently sent to his home at No. 147 Sullivan street, and Officer Lefferts arrested Peters and took him to the Tenth precinct station house.

FISH FRANCHISE.

IMPORTANT DECISION BY THE COURT OF APPEALS AS TO THE RIGHTS OF FISHERMEN.

The Court of Appeals has finally decided the famous Easthampton Esestop cases in favor of the town, the effort being to determine affirmatively the right of the Board of Supervisors to leg slate upon the subject of the fisheries and to determine town rights. The case in which the decision was given is that of Hallock against Dominy and Osborn (the latter two Easthampton bay constables), for false imprisonment. At the hearing of the case, at the Suffolk County Circuit, before Judge Pratt, the plaintiff was nonsuited. This decision was reversed by the General Term and a new trial ordered. Now, the court of last resort has reversed the General Term decision and sustains Judge Pratt; and this case is decisive of a number of others now pending on the same state of facts. The decision is very important and far-reaching, the principle being upheld that the Supervisors may legislate for the protection of fish, both swimming and shell, by conferring an exclusive franchise in them upon the people of our town, and—what is more important—that they may legislate to exclude people of other counties and States from fishing rights in Suffolk waters. At the same time there is a very unanimous sentiment among the fishermen of the county in opposition to the establishment of any precedent whereby the principle of interference with freedom of fishing in any of the seacoast waters of Long Island may be upheld; therefore any legislation in this direction, by either State or county authorities, is regarded with distrust and disfavor.

COWHIDING ON A CAR.

Saturday evening, between six and half-past six o'clock, Edward P. Price, of No. 51 West Thirty-third street, was riding down town on a Sixth avenue car. At the corner of Thirty-third street Montgomery H. Throop, Jr., of No. 51 West Forty-fifth street, jumped on the car and commenced a furious onslaught on Mr. Price with a cowhide. The conductor of the car put both men off, and they fought and wrestled together on the sidewalk till the arrival of Officer Mowbrey, of the Twenty-ninth precinct. The officer stopped the fight and took both men to the station house. A charge of assault and battery was preferred against Throop, and he would have been locked up for the night had not some kind friend intervened and got an order from Superintendent Walling to admit him to bail. The two were brought before Judge Murray, at Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday. Mr. Throop acknowledged cowhiding Mr. Price, and said it was no more than he deserved; but neither of the men would say anything as to the cause of the quarrel. Mr. Throop was held in $500 bail to answer.

THE AMARYLLIS.

How the Yachting Wonder of 1876 Was Conceived and Built.

BRISTOL, R. I., April 10, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

The appearance of the Amaryllis on the waters of New York Harbor in June, 1876, set in motion a great river of thought tending toward the development of this new style of craft, which having once started will not cease, for it is a movement in the right direction. It was strange to see how people were at a loss for a name for the queer production—no fewer than a dozen were given her after the Centennial Regatta—but stranger than this were the many suggestions of improvements it called forth. A bare sight of the Amaryllis was sufficient. One party of fast thinking Americans immediately conjured up strange fancies more or less impracticable. Some would have a double boat with a flat side outward, and another with a flat side inward, while others would have the boat arranged—no one knows how—all sorts of ways. If the publication of ideas is all that is required to develop a new principle the condition of the double boat has arrived at its climax. But how many of those persons who last summer were eager to ventilate their opinions have gone to work and practically demonstrated them? To be sure, a good deal can be learned in talking over a matter; but some shavings must be made and nails be driven before new principles can be firmly established.

During the summer of 1876 I had many applications for a description and plan of the Amaryllis, to all of which I turned a deafened ear. I chose to wait until such a time when I could faithfully lay before the public a full account of the Amaryllis and my ideas on double boats generally, ideas which had some practical basis and proved by actual experiment. I have sailed the Amaryllis through calm and wind, over bay and river, ocean and sound, with all sail, with reefed mainsail and jib, no sail at all, and with a peculiar rig which I will describe later; with a smooth and rough sea, with a sideway sea and a headbeat chop, and she never failed me. She is fast, everybody knows, particularly those who saw her on the 23d of last June in New York Harbor. She is safe, for she carries not an ounce of ballast, and tip her over you cannot. She is most comfortable, for she neither careens nor throws water. She is easily managed, more easily, perhaps, than other boats, but quite differently.

HISTORY.

In the fall of 1875 I was thinking and thinking how to get great speed out of single hulled boats, or the kind in common use. To get great speed, thought I, one must have great power. To have great power, one must have a great sail, you must have something to hold it up, and that something must be large and wide, and have a large sectional surface, and also a great deal of frictional surface. These properties in a hull to give stability are not compatible with attaining great speed. Indeed, the more one tries to make a stiff, able hull the less speed will be attained, even if corresponding additions are made to the sail. So, then, there are two important principles of speed which constantly work against each other. If we increase the power to get more speed we must increase the stability of the hull correspondingly. An increased hull has more resistance, both from sectional area and surface friction. So what we would fain gain one way we needs must lose in the other. Well, a boat must have width, and the wider she is, generally speaking, the more stable she will be. But a wide boat cannot have great speed, apply what power you will to her, so the next thing that is to be done is to decrease the sectional area and the frictional area, and retain the stability which width gives. I thought I would raise the keel and the centre line of the boat, and make the bilges project downward and outward from it—such a thing as a Dutchman might build. This operation would decrease the sectional area and in a measure retain stability; the boat would have power to lift at a distance each side of the keel, where it would do great work. I kept on following this principle, getting the keel higher and higher, until by and by the keel came out of water, when, lo and behold! there was the double boat! Nothing else to be done but take a saw and split her in two, spread it apart a little way and cover all with a deck, and there you are! That was the rough road which I travelled, and having arrived thus far I abandoned my ill-shaped hulls, and in their place substituted two long, narrow, very light boats and connected them at the bow, stern and middle. The boats must be far enough apart, so that the water which they displace in moving will not crowd against them on the inside. To hold them apart at such a distance rigidly would be difficult, and not only difficult but useless; indeed, just exactly the thing which should not be done. So the fore tie beam and the after tie beam must be connected to the hulls by universal joints, and the main beam in the centre must be jointed to the hulls in such a manner as to give them freedom in a slight lateral motion, for it will be seen that if the bow of one boat pitches she must pitch in a circle round a centre, and in doing that the two hulls are drawn bodily together, slightly, to be sure, but enough to pull them to pieces if provision is not made for it.

THE SOUTH SEA CATAMARAN.

Of all names given the double boat the catamaran is the favorite, and endless comparisons have been made between the Amaryllis and the strange craft of the Southern Seas. Since that epithet has become so common, and will probably be adopted as a generic name for this peculiar build, I have examined with care all data and information which I could find. From a suggestion of Mr. Meigs, of Staten Island, I examined the report of the explorations of Commodore Wilkes in the Southern Seas with little satisfaction, but in the "*Essai sur la Construction Naval des Peuples extra Européens; Collection des Navires et Pirogues Construits par les Habitants de l'Asie; du Malaise sur le Grand Ocean Pendant les Voyages Autour du Monde de l'Astrolabe, la Favorite et l'Artémise—Publié par Ordre du Roi*—1847-8-9-50," presented to Consul Forbes, in recognition of services rendered to France, and kindly loaned me by Captain R. B. Forbes, of Boston, the catamarans and other strange craft of the ancient as well as our own times are treated quite exhaustively. From these works I can only gather that any comparison drawn between the catamaran of the Southern Seas and the Amaryllis is wholly inappropriate. In the savage craft there are two hulls, which form, as one might say, a unity, and there the comparison ends, and even that is futile; for, in the South Sea boat, all the crew, sails and rigging, and everything appertaining to them, are carried and supported by one large boat which has extra stability given to it by another hull much smaller than the first, usually about one-third the size. This little hull is rigidly attached to and parallel to the larger, and held off from it perhaps twelve or fifteen feet, and designed to carry nothing. The main boat has narrow platforms extending outward from either gunwale, I presume for giving accommodations for a larger number of persons. They have neither keel nor centreboard, at least none is represented, so they must make but sorry work to windward. As for their sails and rigging they are of the rudest description. With the wind abeam they will undoubtedly make fair time, but their sails are too small to reach any extraordinary speed—that is to say over twelve miles an hour, except in very heavy winds. Their rig somewhat resembles that used on the Mediterranean, having the mast in the middle and with a long yard so suspended that either end may be depressed. Their tacking is a most curious performance; they do not come about like a Christian, but they let go the clew and carry the forward end of the yard toward the stern, outside the gunwale of the boat, and sometimes dragging it in the water. The clew is then sheeted down to the other end of the boat, which now becomes the stern; another steering apparatus is arranged, and the thing starts off in the opposite direction. One can say, truly, that the sail only, and not the boat, comes about. This is to keep the small hull always to windward. It is said sometimes that they, in their queer maneuvring, get caught with the wind aback, on the wrong side of the mainsail; then the "devil is to pay," and a great scrambling by the crew to get out on the windward platform. Of the speed of these South Sea crafts we must make great allowance when we consider that in the main they have only been seen by lumbering square riggers and old broken down whalemen, whose captains always gauge the speed of other vessels by that of their own. Probably the South Sea Islanders would walk away from them as fast as the Amaryllis did from the racing fleet last June. I fancy there was no intention in the minds of the savages in building the catamaran to attain any high speed or seaworthy qualities, but they were rather compelled by necessity to build that style of craft because of the material given them. Their vessels, and those of all barbarous nations, are made of single logs, and as they were confined to that material the peculiar form of the catamaran followed. There is, however, a remarkably favorable disposition of the sail in respect of the application of power in giving motion to the boat, but whether it be from intention is always doubtful. The sail is so arranged that it draws from the transverse centre of gravity, so with any increase of power there is no inclination to bury. Indeed, the harder it blows the more they become lifted from the water, for the inclination of the sail gives it great lifting power, like a kite.

THE YANKEE CATAMARAN.

Turn now to the catamaran of the Yankee, and you will find two symmetrical hulls of exactly the same model and dimensions, sustaining equally the mast and sails, the rigging and the crew and all their appurtenances; they can adjust themselves to the ever-varying form of the sea, having a place for the rudder and the rudder always kept in it; a bow and stern which always bear the proper relation to each other; a keel, or a centreboard, and a sail well adapted to beating to the windward, which is everywhere conceded to be the most valuable point in a boat's sailing.

THE FIRST STROKE.

Having arrived, as I have before stated, at a position where I viewed in my fancy the double boat I made a working model. The little hulls were three feet long and made of paper and connected together in the manner before described. I had an odd rig for this tiny craft. There were two masts, one resting over each boat on a little triangular frame. The masts met and were joined together at the top, thus making a sort of shears. Between these the sail was spread, being four-sided in form, having a yard at the bottom and the top. The upper yard was peaked up like a gaff, so the luff was about half the length of leach. The sail projected one-third of its area in front of the mast and was stretched very tightly; so it set perfectly flat. At the stern corner of the triangular frame (the masts resting on the two forward corners) I placed a balanced rudder, which was governed by a little vane at the top of the mast in such a manner that when she turned toward the wind it would up the helm a little and so keep her straight. The first time I put her in the water I was astonished. I had all I could do to catch her in a twelve-foot rowboat, rowing with all my strength. I immediately drafted the Amaryllis and copied the little model in all essential particulars.

DESCRIPTION OF THE AMARYLLIS.

The extreme length of the hull is 24 feet 10 inches. Both the bow and stern rake somewhat, so on the water line they are about 23 feet 6 inches. Their width is 20 inches in the widest place and 18 inches on the water line. The form of the top or deck is everywhere a hemicircle. The hulls are placed asunder, 13 feet from centres, and connected by the three jointed beams, as before described. The platform or deck rests chiefly upon the main beam, and is 13 feet in length by 10 feet at the forward and 6 feet at the after end. Three feet of the deck projects in front of the main beam, and at the extreme forward part of it is stepped the mast, which is diagonally braced in every direction and stayed to the ends of the main beam, which affords an excellent spread. Her mast is 27 feet long. She is sloop rigged, the mainsail being 23 feet on the foot and 19 feet of gaff. The jib—the kind familiar to New York boatmen—projects beyond the bowsprit. Its boom is 18 feet long and 28 feet on the luff. She is steered by one rudder, placed in the middle between the boats at the stern end of the platform; it is balanced so that she is very easy on the helm. When two persons are on board no ballast is required, but with one a sand bag of fifty pounds is sufficient to maintain the proper fore and aft trim. There seems to be not much advantage in shifting to windward. I have never yet seen the weather boat lifted clear of the water.

When I first launched the Amaryllis, in May, 1876, she was rigged like the little model before described. I did not like it; she was difficult to steer on the wind, because the sail was stretched so tightly and set so flat it would not shiver even when in the wind's eye. Thus was lost an important signal which is always given when a boat is too near the wind. Then having the sail all in one piece, and part of that forward of the mast, made her come more slowly in stays. The double boat is necessarily slow in coming about, on account of its peculiar form and lightness, and, consequently, quickly losing motion. However, I was relieved from the trouble of unrigging her, for one day—I think the third day of her life—I was sailing well off the wind, with a strong southwester, when the backstay suddenly parted, and so did the Amaryllis with her entire rig. The masts and sail went clean over the bow and caught in the water. At the time of the accident the Amaryllis was going faster than she ever did before or since—I think about eighteen miles an hour. The boats poked their sharp noses through the sail and worked the rigging up generally. In a few days she appeared in her mainsail and jib. The motions of the Amaryllis in sailing are of the most animated description. The hulls, which are always free to pitch and follow the form of the waves, make the greatest possible use of their joints, showing at once the efficacy of this attachment. The motion which one receives on the platform is of the same nature as the boats', though not nearly as intense. It is most exhilarating. You are borne along over the water at the speed of a steamboat, yet seem not to be touching it, though in a measure following the undulations of its surface.

From her lightness and minimum of resistance which the boats present to the water the fluctuations of the wind are perceptible in the liveliest manner. When a flaw strikes the sail she darts ahead so quickly that a sensation is given of her going out from under you. The platform is so high (two feet six inches) and the disturbing influence of the hulls is so small that one rarely gets wet with the spray. Her careening also is so little that it may be scarcely noticed—a quality appreciated by the ladies. Indeed, sailing in the catamaran is an entirely new sensation, and it has everything as a recreation to recommend it, safety being one of its chief attributes. There is no shifting of ballast, no hanging on with tooth and nail up to windward. I am sure that a half day's sail in the Amaryllis would spoil any one for the old fashioned sailing. I do not mean, however, to infer that the catamaran will displace our ordinary style of yachts; it is an addition only to our resources. For extended cruising, where one lives on board, the catamaran is not adapted. There might be some accommodation afforded by tents upon the deck, but the true field for the catamaran is for an afternoon sail, or a short cruise in one of our beautiful bays—those heavenly gifts that everywhere indent our coast.

ANOTHER DOUBLE BOAT BUILDING.

The Amaryllis is now the property of Mr. F. Hughes, of Greenport, L. I., and in her place I have just commenced another double boat, whose name is "Tarantella." She is 30 feet long, and in the main like the Amaryllis, the improvements being only in the details. She will have centreboards, unlike her predecessor, and a much larger sail. I expect to get a greater speed—who doesn't with a later production? For my several improvements—the jointed connections, the manner of hanging the rudders, and some details in supporting the mast and platform, &c.—I have just received a patent. It is ordered to issue and will be published in a few days.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

I hope that the interest in the catamaran which was so generally evinced last summer has produced something substantial and that the coming summer will find many of these new crafts afloat. We double-boat fellows must have a club and an annual regatta. Let us have one in New York next June! I'll be there with the Tarantella. I'll throw down the gauntlet to anything that floats, be it catamaran, yacht or steamer!

NATHANIEL G. HERRESHOFF.

PEDESTRIANISM.

MRS. MARSHALL'S MARCH—ONE HUNDRED MILES WITHIN TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS—A PLUCKY STRUGGLE UNDER UNFA