BARBARA ALLEN.

What Was Found in the Miserly Woman's Twelve Trunks.

THREE MORE BANK BOOKS.

An Important Legacy for the Society for Destitute Seamen.

By degrees the life history and resources of Barbara Allen, the old woman who died in apparent friendlessness and penury a few days ago, have been ascertained. The new developments touching her extreme obscurity, nomadic existence, miserly disposition and monomaniacal love of money, coupled with an all-absorbing passion for hoarding portable property of a miscellaneous character—from an old oil lamp to a superbly finished gold time piece—all point to an exceptionally eccentric character and go to illustrate a phase of human nature happily seldom presented for public contemplation.

An incongruous party of eight or ten persons presented themselves Monday forenoon at the storehouse of the Public Administrator, No. 110 Centre street, for the purpose of witnessing a formal investigation of Barbara Allen's effects, which comprised twelve ordinary sized trunks and a few other packages. These people, with perhaps one exception, were understood to be present as dear friends of the departed, and, of course, in that capacity regarded with tenderness tempered by grief the many trunks among whose contents they all believed was a will, in which the deceased had rewarded each and every one of them for any little act of friendship they may have shown her in life. Indeed, the quizzically cheerful looks of some of the impecunious expectants plainly told that each had been indulging rosy hopes. Among the party was a sprightly, good looking young woman of about seventeen, dressed in the extreme of fashion and sporting an array of frills and furbelows at which her less fortunate sisters gazed long and often. This young person had accompanied her mother, an elderly matron whose lines of life did not appear to have been cast in very pleasant places, but who had occasionally shared her scanty store with the deceased, and accordingly hoped that her name might be mentioned in the will. The exception to this expectant coterie was Rev. Mr. Crapsey, of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church, of which old Barbara was considered a member, and from whose fund she had latterly been receiving a pension of $4 per week. To Mr. Crapsey the deceased had confided for safe keeping a book on the Bleecker Street Savings Bank containing over $2,000 to her credit. This book was turned over to the Public Administrator last Saturday. The clergyman having waited long enough to see female wearing apparel and other articles sufficient to stock a small dry goods store unpacked from the trunks of the dead woman in addition to three bank books other than those previously discovered left with an expression akin to disgust upon his face, influenced doubtless by the inordinate love of "filthy lucre" which it was now apparent was a ruling trait in the character of the deceased.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION.

The examination of the multifarious effects which Barbara Allen had evidently devoted a lifetime to accumulate was conducted by Mr. Wilson Watson, agent for the Public Administrator, and revealed such a curiosity shop of odds and ends as has, perhaps, never before been acquired by an ostensible pauper. There were several silk dresses, one or two being almost new, while others presented evidences of dilapidation and the ravages of the insidious moth. Paisley shawls of various patterns and bright colors elicited sotto voce exclamations of delight from the female spectators, while lace collars and other dainty appendages of similar material caused their eyes to fairly snap with hungry anticipations. Pairs of hose of both ancient and modern manufacture, together with more than twenty pairs of new shoes and gaiters, attested the old woman's notions in regard to the welfare of her understandings. A soiled calico bag, which looked as though it might have done service as a bustle for the deceased during at least a quarter of a century, was found to contain several large solid silver spoons and $12 in greenbacks, the latter having probably been overlooked or forgotten by the aged miser, as all the rest of her funds had been securely tucked away in savings banks. Of underwear there was a most extensive assortment, much of it being of fine material and elaborate make. In a morocco case lined with blue satin was found a beautiful gold watch and chain, the former bearing the name of a London manufacturer, and apparently having never been worn. A framed portrait of Barbara's mother, a handsome old lady of about seventy, was found carefully laid away. A massive coral necklace and about a dozen pairs of spectacles were brought to the light of day. On examining a bundle of papers one of them was found to be a certificate setting forth that Barbara Allen, spinster, was united in marriage with Philip Hicks, at the Parish Church of St. Andrew, Holborn, London, on May 23, 1842. A further search revealed a decree of the Supreme Court, in this city, dated November 8, 1849, granting to Barbara Allen an absolute divorce from Philip Hicks, on the ground of adultery. Three additional bank books were discovered—one on the Seaman's Bank for Savings, showing a credit in the deceased's favor of $4,500; another on the Broadway Savings Institution, crediting her with deposits amounting to $2,137, and one on the Bowery Savings Bank, in which she had accumulated $1,886—making a total in all the books found of $12,568. In the lining of the bosom of one of her dresses was discovered a paper containing the names of the bank books which she had and the correct number of each. At length a will was found, apparently to the great relief of the friends of the deceased. This paper, which bore the imprint of time and frequent handling, was dated in 1851. Its provisions could not be ascertained, as Lemuel H. Arnold, attorney for the Public Administrator, refused to allow the HERALD representative to make a copy of it. The attorney said, however, that the will was covered with scratches and erasures, which, in his opinion, went to show that the testatrix had revoked nearly all the provisions made therein. He also said she seemed to have left untouched a bequest to a female friend in England, and that the residue of the estate was given to a charitable institution. He declined to give the name of either of these probable legatees.

ONE OF HER ACQUAINTANCES.

Deceased, during her lifetime, was in the habit of occasionally visiting an acquaintance named Mrs. Kate Weimar, who occupies apartments at No. 56 Marion st. The writer called there and ascertained that although Barbara had often slept there little was known of her excepting that she had been in her younger days a stewardess of an ocean steamship and later in life followed the business of dressmaking. Although known to have some money she mostly always carried a basket, in which she would put broken bread and meat. This, it was said, she would take when offered it, but she was not a beggar. On her last visit there, about two weeks ago, she said that when she died she wanted to be buried decently, but her disposition was such that they dared not ask her where she wished to be buried, or, in fact, anything else relating to her past or future. Mrs. Weimar says that she was a close friend of the deceased, and that as soon as she heard of her death she went over to Brooklyn and tried to get the body, intending to carry out Barbara's expressed wish to her, that she would like to be buried in Staten Island beside an old friend, but that the Coroner had given the remains to the county undertaker before she got there. Mrs. Weimar also said:—"I always knew that the old lady had money enough to bury her respectably and to pay for any trouble her burial might incur. She was no beggar; she would take anything offered in kindness. She was very old and eccentric in her ways. She would often say she was a regular John Bull, or Jack Blunt. In her conversations she never flattered or praised any one. I never heard her say she was afraid of being buried in Potter's Field. I never knew of her receiving help from St. Paul's Church or any other place. One of the ladies used to give her work to do, and once or twice she gave her muslin to make underclothing; she also gave her a shawl, but that was some years ago; lately she received nothing."

THE WILL.

The will alluded to was submitted for probate, yesterday, by the Public Administrator, to Surrogate Calvin. It is dated a blank day in January, 1851. The third, fourth and fifth clauses of the will have been erased by drawing a black ink mark over every line; this erasure not having been done legally is of no effect, and therefore the will stands as though the erasure did not exist, and is as follows:—

"I, Barbara Allen, at present of the city of New York, single woman, being in good bodily health and of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament.

First—I direct my executors, hereinafter named, to pay all my just debts and funeral charges as soon as convenient after my decease.

Second—I give the sum of $1,000 to my friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Ford, wife of Thomas Ford, of Hatton Wall, London, oilman, to be paid by my executor to her or to her order, for her own separate use, free from all control of her husband.

Third—I give the sum of $1,000 to Mrs. Mary Colsey, wife of Frank Colsey, now of Forty-ninth street, New York city, cabinetmaker, and sister of Mrs. Ford, also mentioned, to be paid by my executor to her, or to her heirs, free from all control of her husband.

Fourth—I give the sum of $500 to Mrs. Mary Jane McWhorter, wife of Alexander McWhorter, now of No. 61 Warren street, New York city, grocer, to be paid to her or to her order, for her separate use, from all the control of her husband.

Fifth—I give the sum of $500 to William Emerson, of this city of New York, counsellor-at-law, in addition to his legal charges, and for the performance of the duties of an executor of this my will.

Lastly—I give all the residue of my estate to the Society for the Support of Destitute Seamen.

Here follows the usual declaration and the signature of the testatrix, which is written in the cramped and heavy hand of an uneducated woman. The witnesses are William M. Prichard, No. 65 Broadway, New York, and Cornelius Cairns, No. 33 Rivington street, New York.

The following direction is also void in consequence of the absence of the signature of a second witness:—

New York, Nov. 5, 1856.—I hereby appoint William D. Cuthbertson, merchant, of the city of New York, my sole executor for execution of my will as above.

Witness, J. F. BOUND. BARBARA ALLEN.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

A BAND OF YOUNG BRAVES PLACED IN SCHOOL AT THE HAMPTON NORMAL ACADEMY.

FORTRESS MONROE, Va., April 15, 1878.

In the solution of the Indian question, so far as the civilizing process is concerned, which the HERALD has so much advocated, the immediate vicinity of this place is to supply the arena of the latest experiment to be tried. That arena is to be the well known and thriving Hampton Normal Academy, within whose walls, from the miscellaneous types of the human race there abounding, there is no such thing as a "color line." The institution, originally erected for the benefit of the so-called African race, will be brought into requisition for the amelioration of the genuine American—the Indian. In this simple fact, and taking into consideration the antecedents of the immediate locality, there is a field of fruitful thought pertaining to the grand question of social and political government and the management of races, heretofore the source of difficulty and danger alike in both regards.

A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

Near the aristocratic town of Hampton, where in the pseudo chivalrous days of slavery, a few miles from this place, the inhabitants chose in 1861 rather to burn their own houses down than to have them occupied by Yankees of the Northern invading army in the contest then begun on account of this self-same institution of slavery, the slaves of that day are now found in halls of learning, studying the fixed principles of science and mastering the ornaments of advanced education. Under the guiding influence of one energetic, indomitable man, though not a zealot nor fanatic, the self-imposed task of devotion to the founding of an Alma Mater for the downtrodden colored race was begun but a few years ago without a dollar. General Samuel C. Armstrong, formerly of the Union army, commenced the work, and, in a word, it may be said he has succeeded, and that most admirably. Former slaves, field hands, servants of drudgery and the more favored house servant of the brighter type and more refined extraction, now walk these halls neatly clad in comely dresses, their daily life now spent in obtaining education, and, instead of their former servile labors and degradation, are found drinking of the Pierian spring, striving for distinction even in the higher walks of culture and refinement. Who can contemplate this and say that the war has not produced some good results?

A STRANGE MIXTURE OF RACES.

Still another scene, if anything more sublime and astounding, was enacted last evening in the presence of this motley, but edifying group. There sat the granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, a bright, sweet faced Italian type of girl, about sixteen years of age, and alongside of her a genuine Congo type of African, whose blood has never had a suspicion of white admixture, while alternately, here and there, through the vast audience of scholars ranged on benches was found every type of extraction up almost to the pure Caucasian. The diluted Spaniard in the olive-cheeked Cuban, the stepchildren of France from the island of Porto Rico, and even the unalloyed European white found their prototypes in that comely, well dressed assemblage. But, more astonishing and startling than all, in front of them on the stage were ranged in minstrel style some fifty-nine of the whilom worst, fiercest and most desperate of the untutored and uncivilized savages of the Plains, representing the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa, Comanche and Apache tribes of Indians, well known for their deeds of blood and hatred of the white man. These last had been captured while on the warpath in the Indian Territory and Northwest in 1874 and 1875, and had just returned from St. Augustine, Fla., where they had been held for three years past by the United States government as prisoners.

THREE YEARS OF TRAINING.

They were brought there in irons, being considered as too dangerous to be left free to use their limbs, which acknowledged no other restraint than their blankets, breech clouts and leggings. Your correspondent, who was present at their surrender to Major Schofield, of the United States Army, on the North Fork of the Red River, a full account of which he furnished to the HERALD, never saw a more villanous set of beings in human form than they were at the time. But they were brave and fought with desperation, and surrendered like men when further resistance was hopeless. They are now to be released and restored to their former tribes and reservations, with the exception of twenty, fifteen of whom elect to go to the Hampton Academy here, to be educated for three years, and five to Syracuse to be educated by private parties. They have been managed by Captain R. H. Pratt, United States Army, for the past three years, and he brings them, under the orders of the Indian Department, to Norfolk, *en route* to their old homes. Last evening a very interesting exhibition was given by them at the Hampton Institute, when these self-same Indians sang from hymn books in English, made speeches in their own and our dialect, evincing on the whole a wonderful proficiency in obtaining a command of civilized ideas and methods of expression. Captain A. W. Stark, of the Old Dominion Steamship Hampton, who made the intrepid trip with his light steamer along the coast from Florida with them, said he never saw a cleaner nor better behaved set of men than these Indians while under his charge.

A PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

General Armstrong, of the Hampton Institute, has undertaken a great task in the effort he is going to make to teach these Indians the rudiments of education and agriculture. They are to learn to work as well as to be ornamental. Thus the African race, through their progenitors, are to set the wonderful example of aiding, by their institution and the spirit of emulation they will inculcate, to reclaim the native American, in whose country and individuality have been heretofore found their oppressors and masters. All this will be essayed in sight of the refined and cultured Hampton, which in disdain of the effort, brooding over her old wrongs and wounds, sullkily looks on, while the educated slave, her former servant, assumes the *rôle* of teacher, friend and preceptor of the Indian.

FINE ARTS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE—ELECTION OF OFFICERS—REPORTS.

At the annual meeting of the Art Students' League, held in their rooms on Fifth avenue on Tuesday evening, some forty of the lady and gentlemen members were present. After the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting the reports of the officers were submitted, showing the progress and work of the school during the past year. The report of the president, Frank Waller, gave an outline of the present condition of the school and suggestions for its future governance, referred to its incorporation, the advantages which naturally follow and to the change in the requirements for membership, which were increased to the standing demanded of students entering the life classes; alluded to the efficient guidance of the members by Professor Shirlaw and offered suggestions for the future. The president also recommends by some organized movement of the Board of Control and the society generally an effort to raise a fund of $50,000 for the endowment of the school.

From the treasurer's report we learn that during the last year the expenses were $3,352 90, of which $1,610 was paid for models alone. The receipts were $4,117 63, of which $2,074 was received from the life class, $1,017 from the portrait class. The entire expenses of running the school have been borne by the students.

The report of the recording secretary showed that 147 students have attended the school during the past year, of whom ninety are members of the league and the balance principally in the sketch class. The report of the School Committee, of which C. Y. Turner is chairman, showed that six classes were opened on October 1, 1877, and increased to eight on January 1, 1878. Thirty-eight models have been employed in 158 different poses. There have been fifty-one hours devoted each week to study from the nude until January 1, thirty-six hours for portraiture per week, and since that time seventy-two hours per week, and six hours per week in the class in sketching from the draped model. This makes a grand total of 3,725 hours devoted to the study of the living model, of which 1,377 were given to the study of the nude, 1,656 to the study from the head of the living model and 192 in the sketch class. The report states that as far as known no other institution has given to the study from the living model more than 432 hours in the season.

The report of F. S. Church, Chairman of the Art Committee, showed that there had been eight monthly art exhibitions, at only two of which the students were exhibitors. One of these was in November, and consisted of their summer studies, and the other in this month, of work done during the season in and out of the school. The main object of the other six has been to provide exhibits of works of an instructive character.

At the election which took place after the reading of the reports the following officers were elected for the next season:—Frank Waller, president; F. S. Church and John E. Baker, vice presidents, and C. Y. Turner, W. St. John Harper and Lena Rowley members of the Board of Control. Professor Shirlaw was elected a member of the society by acclamation.

As a whole the members of the league may congratulate themselves on a brilliant season and on the fact that the league is firmly grounded as the leading art school in America and has a brilliant future.

A free exhibition of rare paintings, by foreign and American artists, will open at the Gibbons Art Gallery to-day.

CHILDREN'S FOLD.

The Children's Fold has been removed from its confined quarters in East Sixtieth street to the corner of Ninety-third street and Boulevard, where there is an abundance of play ground and breathing room for the children.

HOLY WEEK.

THE SOLEMN OFFICE OF THE TENEBRÆ—MAUNDY THURSDAY SERVICES.

The sacred office of the Tenebræ was chanted in all, or nearly all, of the Catholic churches of this city and Brooklyn last evening. It will be continued this evening and to-morrow, especially in the Paulist Church of this city, and in the pro-Cathedral, Brooklyn. The Tenebræ is one of the most solemn offices of the Church and is symbolic of the desolation in which the world is supposed to have been during the closing hours of the Saviour's passion and life, and the darkness of the world while He, its light, lay in the tomb. The service consists of matins and lauds, and during the office a large candlestick is placed near the altar. It bears fifteen tapers, disposed in the form of a triangle, and represents Christ and the prophets who had announced His coming. As the psalms are sung the tapers are extinguished until only the topmost remains. This, as it represents Christ, is taken down and carried behind the altar during the singing of the "Miserere;" after which it is put back in its place to signify the temporary extinction of the light by Christ between His death and resurrection.

To-day being Maundy Thursday, so-called from an ancient custom of giving presents and alms to the poor, will be observed by the taking up of liberal collections in the churches for the poor. It is customary with the Pope and his cardinals and bishops on this day to imitate the Saviour in the washing of feet of the poor. The holy oils are also blessed and consecrated on this day. There are three varieties of oil—one used in baptism, the ordination of priests, the consecration of altars, churches and formerly in the crowning of kings. The second is used in extreme unction, and the third is the sacred chrism, an oil composed of balm of Gilead or of the West Indies, and is used in confirmation, in the consecration of bishops, of patens and chalices and in the blessing of bells. This service is performed by the bishops respectively for their dioceses, assisted by at least twelve priests. In the churches temporary altars are erected to the Virgin and Child, where images of both are seen enshrined amid a profusion of flowers and lights and where the offerings of the worshippers as they approach are received.

At the service this morning in St. James' Cathedral, Brooklyn, a pontifical mass will be celebrated and the oils will be blessed. In St. Paul's Church, this city, this evening a sermon will be delivered by Rev. B. D. Hill, C. S. P., and this morning at nine o'clock a solemn mass and procession of the blessed sacrament will take place. Flesh meat is altogether forbidden to-day at any meal in this diocese and Brooklyn.

The office of the Tenebræ was sung in the Cathedral, New York, yesterday, at four P. M., and will be sung to-day and to-morrow at the same hour. In St. Alphonsus' Church, South Fifth avenue, it was observed last evening at half-past seven o'clock, and will be continued at the same hour to-day and following days, ending on Saturday night with a grand Easter procession. Services will be held in St. Peter's, St. Andrew's, St. James', the Transfiguration, St. Teresa's, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, St. Alphonsus' and Nativity churches in the morning of those days, from seven to ten o'clock. In St. Andrew's and the Nativity churches the sermon on the passion will be preached on Good Friday evening. In the Cathedral the sermon will be preached in the morning of that day. In all the churches of this city and Brooklyn the collections for the orphans will be taken up on Easter Sunday at all the masses and at vespers.

DR. ARMITAGE'S SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Armitage preached in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church on "The Rent Veil," selecting his text from Mark, xv., 38—"And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." In some respects, he said, the darkest day in all history unveiled mysteries to man which had been hidden from the foundation of the world. Out of its consternation and darkness bright rays still continue to light up the haze of the centuries. In the temple there were two veils. The first separated the outer court from the holy place, the second separated the holy from the most holy place. The Apostle Paul speaks of the second veil, and it is doubtless this of which the text speaks. It was a curtain or hanging of the richest colors, the firmest texture and the finest workmanship, being sixty feet long and thirty broad. Not only did it float in graceful folds from the ceiling to the pavement, but it was splendidly embroidered with cherubs and other figures, probably in tissue of gold. It was very thick and heavy, and was hung upon numbers of golden hooks at the top. It rested on the sides against four pillars overlaid with gold, which were mortised into so many silver pedestals. The office of this veil was to separate between the two grand compartments of the house of God—the holy and the most holy places. And an unseen hand rent it from top to the bottom. Perhaps there is not an object in the Scriptures which is more highly emblematic of the human nature or flesh of Jesus than this rent veil. It had a meaning of its own, which scarcely needed an apostle to interpret. And yet the Apostle Paul seizes this rent tapestry and wraps the bleeding body of Jesus in its figures and folds. Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith. What a bold conception this is of the Apostle, "The veil; that is to say, his flesh!" Thus the rending of Christ's humanity on the cross demonstrates God's efficacious method of saving men. The rent veil decrees the total abolition of the Jewish economy and priesthood. Our Lord expired at about the ninth hour, which is three o'clock in the afternoon by our reckoning of time. This would be the precise time when the priest stood at the altar before the veil, offering the evening sacrifice. An Almighty hand put forth unseen strength and at one grasp tore this tapestry from the top to the bottom, laying bare all the mysteries of the most holy place to the gaze of the assembled worshippers. It was as a voice saying:—"Unworthy priest, thy work is done. Let not another victim smoke upon this altar nor another censer swing beneath this roof." It is finished. Once has Christ appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. The rent veil speaks of an open access to God which can never be closed to any believer. It is open to believers of all ages, races and nations. They may enter the most holy place through the veil of Christ's flesh. It invites us to enter with our forerunner through a new and living way, that never can wax old, and that will bring you to behold the face of your Lord and behold His glory eternally within the veil, whither the forerunner is for us entered.

THE PASSOVER.

At sundown last evening the Hebrews commenced the observance of the Passover. Preparations have been made for the past week looking to the complete removal of all leaven from the dwellings, in accordance with the command in Exodus xii., 19—"Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses: for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, even unto that soul shall be cut off from the congregation of Israel, whether he be a stranger or born in the land."

For the next eight days observant Israelites will abstain from eating or even having in their households any substance containing any fermented principle, the well-known "Passion biscuits" supplying entirely the place of bread. Moreover, all food has to be guaranteed against the chance of commingling any atom of leavened matter. All groceries are prepared expressly in a state of warranted purity for this festival, and several of the leading uptown dealers have separate "Passover counters" supplied with such goods under the superintendence of a special Jewish "shomur," licensed by the rabbies of the city.

The festival commenced with the ceremony of the "Sayder," or narration of the history of the Passover, the wrongs inflicted by the Egyptians on the suffering Hebrews and the deliverence of the latter. Various symbols are employed; among others, four cups of wine, the bone of a lamb and bitter herbs. The ceremony lasted some two hours, and ended with a banquet, followed by hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

There are no special ceremonies in the synagogues beyond lessons and sermons appropriate to the occasion. The orthodox Hebrews celebrate eight days of the festival, while the reformed sect observe but seven. By all, however, the middle five days differ from the other days in the year only in the food partaken of, so that these four days are of a semi-festival character. The orthodox congregations, of which the synagogues in West Forty-fourth and Nineteenth streets are prominent examples, hold a memorial service for the dead on the last day of the festival.

CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

The New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Ministers held their thirty-first annual meeting at the Park Congregational Church, corner of Seventh street and Sixth avenue, Brooklyn yesterday. The morning session, at which Rev. R. S. Stone was chosen moderator, was held at the residence of Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, pastor of the church. There were present Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, Rev. William H. Wittemore, Rev. E. P. Thwing, Rev. Rollin S. Stone, Rev. T. R. Slicer, Rev. William McKay, Rev. Simeon S. Jocelyn, Rev. Father Gleason and Rev. Samuel Bayliss, of Brooklyn; also Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, Rev. L. S. Hobart and Rev. Samuel Colcord, of this city; Rev. William Westerfield, Jr., of Jersey City; Revs. A. and R. S. Underwood, of Irvington, N. J., and Rev. William James, of Woodhaven, L. I. After the usual devotional exercises Rev. E. P. Thwing was re-elected registrar of the association for the ensuing year. The report of the Committee on Nazarene Church was in favor of furnishing aid to said church. The moderator and Revs. A. Underwood and William H. Wittemore were then appointed to select a committee to examine students. The examination will embrace, besides Hebrew and Greek, pastoral theology, systematic theology and religious experience. By a unanimous vote the association decided to hold its next annual meeting at Woodhaven, L. I.

A recess was then taken until half-past two o'clock P. M., when the association reassembled in the church and engaged in a very animated discussion on "How to Strengthen Feeble Churches" occurred.

FEMALE MISSIONARIES.

The Baptist women of New England and the Middle States, representing the work of women among their heathen sisters in foreign lands and the neglected at home, held their seventh annual meeting yesterday in Dr. Eider's Church, in Fifty-third street, near Seventh avenue. Three sessions were held, the morning and afternoon being devoted to business, while the evening was a public meeting, at which Dr. Eider presided. At the morning and afternoon sessions the several committees were appointed and the annual reports were read by Miss J. M. S. Williams and Mrs. Alvah Holly. From these it appears that there are 1,000 auxiliary societies in the territory indicated, besides many children's bands; that they have sent out four missionaries to foreign lands during the year, and brought back two to recruit their health; that they have two more now under appointment, and that their receipts during the year amounted to $39,260 43, of which they spent all save $439 24, with which they begin the missionary year. The society supports twenty-five missionaries, twenty-five Bible reading women and thirty-two schools, with 1,832 pupils, distributed in China, India, Japan and Burmah. The evening meeting was large and interesting, and full of enthusiasm for the women's missionary work. Officers will be elected this morning, the reception of delegates from distant places will take place, a historical sketch of the society, followed with addresses, will be presented, and the State and associational secretaries and officers of circles will hold a conference to decide on work for the year to come.

A NOBLE CHARITY.

The fifty-fifth anniversary of the Asylum for Lying-in Women, at No. 85 Marion street, was held there yesterday. The report of the secretary for the past year showed that 384 district cases had been attended to outside of the asylum. One hundred patients had been admitted, and out of that number only one had died, and this death resulted from a cause incident to the puerperal state of the patient. The Treasurer's report showed the financial condition of the asylum to be most encouraging. From the report of Dr. Forrest, the resident physician, it appeared that puerperal fever assumed an epidemic form in the asylum toward the latter part of February, nine women having been attacked by the disease. These were at once isolated, the remainder of the patients having been removed and the institution temporarily closed. The antiseptic treatment was adopted in the cases of the nine alluded to and they all ultimately recovered.

WILLIAM M. TWEED'S FUNERAL.

THE REMAINS CONVEYED TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY—SERVICES AND THE PALLBEARERS.

People began to congregate before nine o'clock yesterday morning around the house of Tweed's son-in-law, Frederick Douglass, No. 63 East Seventy-seventh street. The funeral was announced to begin at ten o'clock. Only the relatives and a few friends holding special invitations were permitted to enter the house, and policemen were stationed at the foot of the brown stone steps to preserve order and to prevent intrusion. The crowd increased by ten o'clock and the roofs of the neighboring houses were dark with spectators. The Rev. Dr. Price, of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, drove up in a carriage with John D. Townsend, one of Mr. Tweed's counsel.

The coffin resting on two draped supports stood under the arch in the open doorway between the two parlors on the first floor. The dead man wore a suit of black broadcloth and a white necktie encircled his throat, and his hands lay folded on his breast. Friend after friend glided solemnly up to the coffin to gaze a moment and turn away in tearful grief. Among those present were the daughters, Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. Lizzie Maginnis; Mr. Joseph Maginnis, Mr. Douglass, Richard Tweed, the deceased's brother, and Miss Julia Tweed. These were the relatives. Among the friends of the family were:—Charles Devlin, ex-Superintendent of the Police Kelso, John D. Townsend, Tweed's counsel; J. J. Barbour, Coroner Woltman, Sheridan Shook, Sheriff Reilly, Comptroller Kelly, Inspector McDermott, Judge Campbell, Major Quincy, John D. Newman, Gilbert Palmer, "Al" Taylor, formerly foreman of old engine company 38, which used to run from Ann street; George Monjoy, an old friend of Tweed from Philadelphia, and his wife. George McLean and Charles Cornell, the two younger sons, who are under age, were absent in New England at boarding school. Mrs. Mary Maginnis, Mr. Tweed's daughter, and his sister, Mrs. Berrian, were also absent.

The casket was of oak, lined with white satin and covered with black broadcloth. Silver handles blazed at the sides and on the lid was a burnished silver plate bearing this inscription:—

WILLIAM M. TWEED.
Died April 12, 1878.
Aged 55 years.

Two anchors of lilies and white roses lay on the foot of the coffin; on the breast rested a cross of natural flowers, and at the head was a beautiful floral pillow with the words, "Our Father." These perfumed tributes of love and affection were given by the two married daughters, Mrs. Douglass, and Mrs. Maginnis, of New Orleans, and Mr. Richard Tweed.

The venerable Dr. Price, of Staten Island, who performed the ceremony, had formerly married Mr. Tweed's daughter in the rooms above. He also married the deceased more than a quarter of a century ago.

THE SERVICES.

Shortly after ten o'clock the reverend gentleman, in the robes of his office, entered the room and stood at the head of the first flight of stairs, in the hallway. The services were very simple. With tremulous voice the aged divine began the solemn service with the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." At the conclusion, he spoke a few words of condolence to the family and friends. He said he had been with them in their joys, and now he was with them in their hour of deepest sorrow. A last opportunity was then allowed those present to view the body, after which the doorways and passages were closed for the remains to be carried out. The pallbearers, in long, white sashes, took their places at the foot and sides of the casket. Their names were:—Charles Devlin, William Edelstein, S. Foster Dewey, George W. Butts, ex-Judge John Scott, ex-Senator Charles G. Cornell, Charles H. Hall, David Miller, ex-Fire Commissioner John J. Blair, Barney Kelley, ex-Alderman Adams and ex-Alderman Brandon.

The funeral cortége moved down Madison avenue in the following order:—First carriage containing Dr. Price; next came six carriages, each holding two of the pallbearers; then came the hearse, followed by the family mourners; after these were eight carriages of friends. The procession moved down to Forty-seventh street, where it turned into Fifth avenue, thence it continued on to the Brooklyn ferry. Greenwood Cemetery was entered by Fourth avenue. The carriages drove directly to the Tweed plot on Locust avenue. It is one of the most beautiful in the cemetery. Adjoining it is the lot owned by Richard Tweed. Within the handsome railing are several modest tombstones marking the resting places of the family. Not very many spectators were in waiting at the grave. The services consisted of the Episcopal burial service, and they were brief. Among the mourners was Luke, the faithful negro servant who attended Mr. Tweed in prison. It is said that relatives will erect an unpretentious headstone over Mr. Tweed's grave, but there will be no monument. It is understood that an application was made to the custodian of the City Hall flags to display them at half-mast while the funeral procession was passing through the city, but that he declined after consulting with the Mayor.

MR. TOWNSEND'S EXPLANATION.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

The article which appeared in your paper to-day headed "William M. Tweed," purporting to be an interview had by me with one of your reporters, does me injustice. I believe that Mr. Tweed, during the last year of his life, made every effort to rectify, as far as possible, the wrongs he had done, and was entitled therefore to sympathy. The article I refer to makes me appear not only as unfeeling toward him, but void of ordinary self-respect. I do not desire to occupy any such position. I certainly was vexed to think that people could give credence to such a stupid story as that about which I was interrogated, and your reporter has misplaced my sentiments in that regard.

JOHN D. TOWNSEND.

FUNERAL OF GEORGE F. PIM.

The funeral services over the remains of the late George Frederick Pim, of the firm of Pim, Forwood & Co., were held yesterday afternoon at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, on Second avenue and Tenth street. Representatives from the Produce, Cotton and Maritime exchanges were present, as well as representatives of the steamship lines. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Rylance. There were no pallbearers. The body was enclosed in a rosewood casket, lined with lead. The floral decorations were from the employés of Pim, Forwood & Co., Donner & De Castro and the Produce, Cotton and Maritime exchanges. The body was removed to the steamer Adriatic, of the White Star line, for transportation to Dublin.

S. J. TILDEN'S MANTLE.

The mantle of Samuel J. Tilden—or rather his brown beaver overcoat which the tailor's bill showed cost $90—did not fall on lucky shoulders in January last. It was stolen from his residence in Gramercy Park and with it another coat valued at $60. The more valuable garment was recovered. The thief was caught and convicted yesterday of grand larceny in Part 2 of the Court of General Sessions. Judge Gildersleeve remanded the prisoner, Patrick J. Ryan, for sentence until Monday next.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

A well attended meeting of the Veteran Association of the Cadets of Temperance was held last evening at the corner of Christopher and Hudson streets. Mr. E. P. Brook occupied the chair. By-laws were adopted and officers elected. A reunion festival will be held annually in November. Interesting letters were read from former cadets now residing in different parts of the country warmly indorsing the project of thus bringing together the thousands of youth who once belonged to this fraternity, but are now grown up and scattered over the land. Another meeting will be held in May and the annual business meeting in October.

THE JEWISH LAW.

An Old Man Kills His Daughter for Adultery.

A DREADFUL NARRATIVE.

He Pleads the Commands of the Old Testament and the Teaching of Martin Luther.

The trial of Alfred Jones for the murder of his daughter, Susanna Jones, was begun at Newark, Ohio, on the 15th. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives the following narrative of the terrible crime:—

A STRANGE INTERVIEW.

Thursday evening, December 13, 1877, between six and seven o'clock, the Sheriff of Licking county, Mr. Schofield, was seated in his office, chatting with a couple of jurymen and enjoying his evening cigar and that peace of conscience that all good sheriffs are wont to enjoy. Outside was a dark, cold, stormy, winter night. Inside was light, warmth and cheer. In the midst of some trifling jest a short, sharp rap was heard at the door. "Come in," said the Sheriff, in his business tone. At the command the door slowly and cautiously opened, and a singular object presented itself to the gaze of the astonished trio. It was an old man, evidently from the country, tall and spare, a little bowed with age, with sharp, keen features, an intelligent face, and clad in his best felt hat, boots and pantaloons, and a new blue army overcoat. He carried a paper sack of crackers in his left hand, one of which he was munching as he entered. Looking at Mr. Schofield, the old man said:—

"Are you the Sheriff?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "what is wanted?"

"I have come to deliver myself up to you."

"Why, what have you been doing?" asked the Sheriff, half jocularly, thinking that the old man was either not right or had been drinking.

"I've had trouble with my housekeeper, down home."

"Who was your housekeeper?"

"My daughter."

"Well, what was the trouble?"

"Oh! I've committed a terrible deed!"

"What have you done?" said the Sheriff, still half in jest; "have you killed any one?"

The old man hesitated a moment, gazed cautiously around, and then answered in a half whisper:—

"I am afraid that perhaps I have!"

"What in the world made you do such a thing as that?" asked the Sheriff, now becoming startled, but not yet believing that the old man's story was really true.

"Well, I've had lots of trouble. I am an old man, and I couldn't stand it any longer. Do you know anything about Martin Luther?"

The Sheriff acknowledged that he had heard of that gentleman.

"Well, he's the cause of all this trouble."

"But what made you kill her?"

"Because she was bad, and hadn't ought to live any longer."

"Bad, how? What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know; with men."

"Was there any blood in this business?" asked the Sheriff, noticing the old man's neat appearance and still not believing his statements.

"Blood! I should think there was," was the answer; "but I've washed since that and changed all my clothes except my boots and undershirt."

"Are you drunk or crazy?" said the Sheriff, beginning to think from the man's earnestness and persistence that there might be something in his story.

"Neither," he replied. "I've had two horns to-day, but I'm not drunk. I'm a Virginian, and it's Virginia grit when a man has broken a law to give himself up, and suffer the penalty."

"Well, sir," said the Sheriff, more seriously, "if what you say is true, I shall be obliged to put you under arrest."

"Certainly, certainly," said the old man, in a matter-of-fact tone; "that is what I came in for."

He then told the Sheriff that his name was Alfred Jones; that he lived about two and a half miles northeast of Linville, in Licking county; that he was seventy-two years old, and had killed his daughter, Susanna Jones, that afternoon about one o'clock, and had since walked into Newark, twelve miles, to deliver himself up. He had been to the jail first, and not finding him there came to his office.

On the way to the jail with the prisoner the Sheriff again asked a question which he had asked in vain several times before, and which the old man seemed particularly averse to answering—

"What did you kill her with?" said the Sheriff. "You might as well tell me all about it, for I'll find it out anyhow."

Looking all around to see that no one else heard, and placing his mouth close to the Sheriff's ear, the old man shrilly whispered:—

"I killed her with a hatchet!"

The Sheriff locked the prisoner in a cell, went up town and summoned a Coroner's jury, none of whom, however, believed the story, but regarded it as the emanation of a drunken or disordered brain.

On returning to the jail the Sheriff went to the cell and said, "Jones, where is that woman now?"

Taking the points of the compass in his cell he pointed his finger in a certain direction and said:—

"You'll find her body lying in the lot about sixty yards southeast of the house."

"Well, Jones," said the Sheriff, "I believe I'll go out there and see if you've told the truth about this and if you have she may not be dead yet."

"I wish you would go, Sheriff," said Jones; "but you'll find that she is dead. I know she's dead, because I went back to her after I struck her, and pulled her legs straight and drawed her clothing down. She's dead, and you'll find everything just as I told you."

Then Jones told the Sheriff where he had hidden the hood his victim had on when he killed her and also the bloody clothing he had worn, and the murderous hatchet, as well as gave other directions with the utmost minuteness.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

After a long, circuitous ride of twelve miles, over endless ranges of hills, through the dark and stormy winter night, the Sheriff, with the Coroner's jury, arrived at the place where Jones had told him they would be obliged to h