VERA ZASSOULITCH.

A Herald Correspondent Discovers and Interviews Her.

THREATENED RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Popular Feeling and Private Purses Shielding and Aiding Her.

HER ESCAPE.

How the Police Hounds Hunted Her Down.

THRILLING STATEMENTS

How the Womanly Instincts Triumphed, Even in Court.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 14, 1878.

Such is the interest taken in Vera Zassoulitch that everybody here, irrespective of party, seems determined to support her in opposition to the government and to shield her from the new torments with which they threaten her. People begin to realize that the notorious Third Section—the Police Department at the Chancellerie—has descended to the meanest methods in this case; while it has been brought under condemnation it has also lost prestige and is charged with incompetence. As I knew that Zassoulitch was free, in imitation of the police I started out to find her. Before going further I may be permitted to make a few personal observations. The correspondent of a newspaper cannot always disclose the means he employs in his endeavors to secure information for the public, and generally he does not make such disclosures. Neither can I tell your readers how, during my stay in St. Petersburg, I succeeded in following clew after clew, securing the prints issued clandestinely from a printing establishment for which the entire secret police force is searching—*i. e.*, nearly half of the entire population of the capital—with a zeal which is prompted most by a reward of 5,000 roubles ($3,950) and special preferment at the hands of the government, how I obtained these documents in a city where a man is almost afraid of his own shadow and where on simple suspicion he can be arrested and banished to Siberia. I cannot, therefore, explain by what means I managed to place myself in communication with the Zassoulitch, as she is popularly named here, on whose head the government has set a price of 2,000 roubles ($1,580), and who is pursued with all the fury known to the Third Section, whose late chief she wounded.

RUSSIANS ALARMED ON READING ABOUT SOCIALISM.

Some two or three Russians to whom I showed the socialistic documents were positively frightened and say they shudder at the knowledge of having read them. It made them so sick that I was perfectly astonished; and I positively had almost to resort to violence to get them translated from the Russian. Every one known to have aided Zassoulitch is condemned in advance. You will be surprised to learn that the young man who ran to get her a carriage after her acquittal, who was not personally acquainted with her, has been transported to Siberia for his service in her behalf. I am therefore compelled to omit the details as to what occurred between the time when I left my hotel until I was brought face to face with the now celebrated Vera Zassoulitch. Bear in mind that it concerns a brave but persecuted lady, whom I have neither to defend nor excuse, hunted with all the fury of a race of which it is said, "Scratch a Russian and you find the Cossack; scratch the Cossack and you find the bear." Such is the feeling of this lady and of the friends who hide her that the smallest indiscretion might bring you unpleasantly soon to the muzzle of a pistol. What would follow—that you would no longer have an interest in. From all that I have said I suppose it will not require much reasoning to convince the reader that by the time he has read this article it will probably be telegraphed back here to St. Petersburg by one of the Russian agents in New York. Suffice it to say, then, that Zassoulitch, having secured that notoriety which may yet bring glory or ignominious death, was sought after by me, so that I might learn from herself some of those interesting details which, in fact, only she could tell.

AS THE RUSSIAN HEROINE APPEARED.

The curtain being raised, behold your correspondent in a handsomely furnished parlor, with one lady and three men. The lady was Zassoulitch. Who the men were I cannot tell. Vera Zassoulitch is a woman of medium height, slightly built, prepossessing, fair in complexion, about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. There is nothing remarkable about her figure. Her lips are strong and her nostrils indicate lively aspirations. But from the calmness of her glance the observer readily understands she is of strong will, almost cold in her manner, quite the reverse of the character of young women of her age. At twenty-eight you may sometimes notice this cool confidence. Her eyes are nearly gray—chestnut I think she called them herself—and her glance is ordinarily slow. The dulness and restraints of the prison have driven all the youthfulness out of this heroine, and have prevented the eye acquiring that snap, curiosity, restlessness, which we usually look for in women. Her hair, which is of a light brown, done up in two braids, is simply coiled into a handsome plait at the back of the head, tied up at the tips, apparently, with delicate blue ribbons.

HER PECULIARITIES AND DRESS.

Vera Zassoulitch prefers to listen rather than to talk. It is somewhat difficult to get her to speak, but when she decides to be communicative her whole system seems to be in movement. Her gestures, like her phraseology, have an immense vivacity and her ideas are clearly, succinctly expressed. When she has stated all she wishes to say upon any point the animation recedes from her face and the almost stoical glance returns. Once or twice only did she move during our conversation, when she became suddenly awakened as it were by certain points, appeared nervous and strode across the room while talking. Afterward she sat down and became quiet and pensive. Her voice is full, coming from the chest; a poet might say perhaps that it comes from the heart. She seems to have only very slight regard for her personal appearance and coquetry is entirely ignored by her. She is, in fact, utterly indifferent as to her exterior. She was attired in a black silk robe very simply trimmed with white and blue. Later I saw her don a long brownish mantle, a broad brimmed straw hat without flowers, but with a long ostrich feather. She did not put on her gloves, and her features were hidden beneath a short veil reaching just below the lips.

GREETING LIKE A DIPLOMATIST.

Extending her hand to me she said, "My friends have told me that you will profit by your stay in Russia to study the effects of their efforts. I have learned in the course of conversation that you doubted the power of the socialist association and that you showed yourself incredible before the affirmation had been given you that I was free. If I have sent for you it is to show you that I have no gendarmes running after me. You will also be convinced that in this city, infested as it is with police, we are sufficiently powerful to move about and live in comparative peace while waiting for better times." She said all this, very unaffectedly, in French. I had previously heard her speak in German. English, she said, she was utterly ignorant of. After this tea was served in glasses, a little girl, almost an infant, performing the service.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH ZASSOULITCH.

I then sought permission to ask the Zassoulitch a few questions, the answers to which were to be for publication. She said she was willing to satisfy my curiosity and that of my readers on condition that no one was to be compromised. "It is on this account that I beg of you to ask me only concerning events that have transpired since I left the prison," she said. I then asked my first questions in this form:—

"What occurred at the Court after you had been acquitted—after you left the Court? How were you treated? What were the formalities, and who gave the order for your liberation?"

Vera Zassoulitch could not reply to those questions without compromising good friends. So she said:—"I prefer not to speak of these things."

I then asked her if she would describe her impressions of the sitting before the tribunal, the emotions she had undergone from the time she was placed in the prisoners' seat until the verdict was announced?

HOW SHE FELT AT THE BAR.

"Willingly," said she. After collecting her thoughts for a moment she said:—"I went before the Judge with confidence and impatience because my counsel had convinced me that I should be acquitted. But I confess that immediately afterward my heart seemed to fail me and I suddenly felt that I was lost. The severe surroundings annoyed me, and especially the curiosity with which everybody seemed to regard me. Gradually my fears diminished. The crowd seemed to gaze less intently, and when my lawyer arose to speak I had so far recovered as almost to regard myself simply as a spectator, like all the rest who were present. For a moment, indeed, I so far forgot myself as to begin to scrutinize their toilets. I never was a coquette, having passed all my life amid the police and gendarmes. I had neither the means nor the leisure to become one. Notwithstanding, I yielded for the time to this feminine sentiment. I looked at the toilets only for a few moments, however; my eyes were soon searching the visages of those present to endeavor to ascertain their impressions as to what I might expect.

A HORRIBLE ORIENTAL SPECTRE.

"When the public prosecutor spoke I had also a moment of deep despair. I saw myself recommencing that miserable life which I had left, and to which I had submitted without reason for ten years. I saw myself on the road to Siberia in chains, walking by the side of a rude, gross, mounted Cossack, suffering from cold and hunger. It was a moment of despair, as I said, and my friends say that I became pale. Mr. Alexandre, my counsel, who occasionally followed me with his eyes, doubtless understood what was passing in my mind, for he spoke to me these two words—'Confidence, child!' My courage revived immediately."

At this point Vera stopped for a moment, then went on quietly again with her story. "On raising my eyes my glances fell upon a lady of about my own age, whom I had remarked already, because I found that she resembled myself. Our eyes met. It seemed to me that she gave me a smile of sympathy. I may have been deceived, perhaps, but I shall never forget how much good the problematical encouragement of that lady did me. I shall remember it for ten years, I believe.

"But I am deviating," she said, changing her tone. "I am afraid I have bored you.

"When my counsel spoke I became so confident and impatient that it was perfect martyrdom. While the jury deliberated I readjusted my hat and veil, certain that I was soon to be free. Hence it was that I received my acquittal so coldly."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

CORRESPONDENT—What happened when you reached the street?

VERA—A friend stepped up to me. He took my arm and led me to a carriage. I cannot tell you the name of this friend (because—smiling—I only wish to name the dead), and he has happily escaped the reprisals of the Third Section. It was not the same, unfortunately, with Mr. Gelooucneff, who undertook to fetch me a carriage. He was arrested and has already been banished for it, without even having been before the Judge. When I was in the carriage the gendarmes and the Garodovoi (police agents) surrounded it, and I felt the carriage recede, then commence to turn. I have since learned they were gendarmes who wanted the carriage to take a route of their selection, conducting me doubtless—God knows where. I dissimulated as well as I could, while my companion with his head out of the carriage window yelled with all his might for the gendarmes to stand aside and let the vehicle pass.

A SUICIDE GRANTS HER FREEDOM.

Suddenly we heard the report of the revolver of Mr. Sidarasky, the young man of twenty, who committed suicide. Then the horses started off at a gallop. It is to the death of that unfortunate boy that I owe my escape, for the coachman, fearing that his horses might be struck by the bullets—he confesses he would not have stirred but for that—profited by the distraction produced by the detonation to apply the whip to his horses, whose bridles the gendarmes relaxed for a moment. The horses dashed away with terrific speed for some distance, but we finally drew up at No. 19 Rijsky *Prospect*, where certain friends awaited me. The coachman demanded ten roubles ($7 90) for his services, alleging that in order to oblige me he had left a lady by whom he was engaged.

THE POLICE PURSUE HER.

Scarcely had I arrived when visitors began to pour in, and all there, without exception, advised me to hide myself as quickly as possible. Acting under this advice I quitted my asylum at eight o'clock that night, and it was well I did so, for ten minutes later police officers arrived at the house to arrest me, and I know they revisited the place several times the next day. I cannot tell you how I left and who accompanied me, for from this moment I began my hidden life. I may tell you, however, that I was in a place of perfect safety within thirty minutes. To know that will not help the Third Section, because I have changed my retreat five times since then. I was without money, but the next day they brought me 1,500 roubles ($1,185), the proceeds of a subscription. After being secluded that first night I ate a little, it would be impossible for me to tell what, and I slept till about four o'clock in the morning. At about eight o'clock the visitors commenced to arrive and continued to pay their respects during the entire day.

CHANGES HER QUARTERS FIVE TIMES.

CORRESPONDENT—Did not your friends fear that out of so many visitors some involuntary indiscretion might lead to your arrest?

VERA—For a while they did not know that the public prosecutor had appealed against the verdict, and they did not suppose that, in the face of the expression of the jury I should be so earnestly sought for. But when they saw that justice was no longer thought of it became necessary to use a little prudence, and I secreted myself, carefully—*i. e.*, only five persons knew where I was. Three of these five persons you now see in this room with us.

CORRESPONDENT—What about your mother?

VERA—The poor woman does not know where I am. It is only at long intervals we have any news from her, because, you will understand, the Third Section has placed her under surveillance.

SHE WRITES A LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

CORRESPONDENT—The *Messenger du Nord* has been suppressed for publishing a letter having your name signed to it, and which is claimed to be apocryphal.

VERA—That letter I wrote with my own hand.

CORRESPONDENT—And how did you pass the time during your retreat?

VERA—I worked; sewed a little for the political prisoners and a little for myself. I also saw numerous friends.

CORRESPONDENT—Rather a sad predicament!

VERA—How so? Sorrow is sure to overtake us at some time; but I venture to say I was much more jolly than if I had been in the hands of the Third Section, with all its gayety. I was sometimes sad, sometimes happy; that was the real situation.

CONSECRATES HERSELF TO SOCIALISM AND EXILE.

CORRESPONDENT—And what are your intentions for the future?

VERA—To consecrate myself to socialism, which has received me.

CORRESPONDENT—Have not your recent experiences modified your views since the time you fired upon General Trepoff?

VERA—I have no remorse in this respect, because I have the consciousness of having acted justly; I have no other path to choose.

CORRESPONDENT—Do you expect to go abroad soon?

VERA—Yes, as soon as they assign where I shall go, for we Russians do not care what soil we live on. I shall certainly go!

CORRESPONDENT—Where do you think you will go?

VERA—I do not know and I cannot say for certain when I shall go, as at this time of the year we have no nights, so to speak, and it would be imprudent to go in broad daylight.

CORRESPONDENT—Are you sure of support while you may remain abroad?

VERA—Yes, among the Russian socialists who are abroad and who keep up constant correspondence with their country. They are scattered everywhere and are all exiled for political offences.

NOT AFRAID OF EXTRADITION.

CORRESPONDENT—But the verdict which acquitted you having been set aside and the new decree of the Emperor which appeared the next day classing you among political criminals in general—are you not afraid of being extradited?

One of the men replied as follows:—"That depends upon the relations of the government with Russia; upon the complacency of one and the energy of the other. I do not believe that either England or the United States would give her up."

CORRESPONDENT TO VERA—Then you do not know what you will be compelled to do? Will you go to the United States and lecture, giving a history of your life and explaining your attempt upon the life of Trepoff, which many consider a great crime? In that way you might find moral rehabilitation in the public mind.

VERA—Oh! no, no! I do not wish to exhibit myself. Besides, I do not understand English.

A SERIOUS RESOLVE FOR RUSSIA.

CORRESPONDENT—If the authorities should follow and arrest you, what do you think might be done for you?

THE THREE MEN—The reprisals would be terrible. We should do all we could to rescue her. Failing to rescue her we should stop at nothing.

These last words were uttered by each in such a tone that I deemed it prudent not to attempt to ask for more details. It is probable I should not have impressed them favorably had I done so.

There was a brief silence. Conversation had ceased and all seemed slightly awkward for a few moments. Vera Zassoulitch was the first to break the silence by saying to me:—"What do you propose doing with all you have heard?"

I replied:—"Write it out, then publish it in a foreign journal, if you do not object."

She reflected for a moment, then breaking out into a hearty laugh, said:—"My gracious, what will they say at the Third Section? They who have searched for me everywhere with all their police without finding me? What will they say when they learn that you, a stranger, a temporary visitor, whom we do not know, have had a conversation with me?"

Simply a narrator, my duty ends in relating the above interview, which was subsequently read over by the friends of Zassoulitch. Your readers will probably form some idea from it of what socialism is to-day in the despotic land of the Czar.

GAMBETTA TOASTS THE ARMY.

THE REPUBLICAN TRIBUNE'S SIGNIFICANT ADDRESS AT THE HOCHE CELEBRATION IN VERSAILLES.

The 110th anniversary of the birth of General Hoche was celebrated on the 25th of June by a grand banquet at Versailles. Over six hundred of the most prominent republicans were present. In response to the toast of "The French Army," Gambetta made one of those splendid addresses with which he is wont to electrify the French people.

GAMBETTA'S SPEECH.

"What are we, gentlemen? We are what we undertook to be, the faithful and respectful representatives of universal suffrage, the real conservators of order and labor, the true protectors of the national prosperity; and to-day, when one party has abdicated through impotence, and another breathes only recrimination, the more passionate because they feel themselves impotent, we are able without rancor to bring to all France that joy which you exiled by an inevitable contrast with the fears which oppressed us on the 24th of June, 1877.

"Yes, it was France which triumphed, and this is why we should rejoice in the victory and show ourselves merciful in success. (Loud cheers.) This clemency toward those who combated us last year the government exercises, and so gives expression to the will of the majority. But it must never forget that the only true clemency is that which rests on the feeling of the strength which it commands, and that to know how to strike a little, but justly, is a necessary manifestation of this same strength.

THE MODEL SOLDIER.

"But I would not utter the depth of my thought if I did not add that which pleases me most in our fête; what makes it for me a necessary meeting; what tells me that whatever may be the vicissitudes of the times, we must not abandon it, is because it unites, because it associates the civil and military spirit—(loud and enthusiastic applause)—because it brings us back to that admirable character of Hoche, who did not stand alone, and beside whom we might place Kleber, Desaix, Morceau and many others; because it brings us back to that glorious hour when the army was at once the most devoted to soldierly sacrifices, and most harshly treated in spite of its heroism—for it was not always treated with justice—and this is what makes the grandeur of our legend, for the most illustrious chiefs, the most brilliant captains were the mildest, the most fraternal and most respectful to the law. Thus I recall that this Hoche, who was serving with the French Guards, changed the motto on the flag of the Guards the morrow of the 14th of July and substituted for it *'Pro Patria, pro Lege*—for our country and the law;' and this is why, despite all the madness, all the violence of speech, all the monstrous follies charged against the republican party, it has never been possible to dig between it and the army the ditch into which some people thought to cast the Republic. (Applause.) It has never been possible to deceive the army for long, or, for the greater reason, to lead it astray for ever; it has never been possible to make it believe that the patriot party was, or could be, the enemy of the army. (Unanimous applause.)

"If, on the contrary, there be a party—and I claim it loudly, not in a selfish spirit, not in a party spirit, but because it is the strength and hope of my country—if there be a party which has its eyes incessantly turned toward the army, which occupies itself with its origin, its material and moral amelioration, with its instruction, its development, the collusion of its *cadres*, with the discipline which should reign in its ranks under pain of being reduced to a mob, and the superiority of the chiefs called upon to command it, and the sacrifices of all classes which the Fatherland may demand from chiefs and soldiers; if there be a party which has all these aims, all these preoccupations—preoccupations exclusively national—that party is ours. (Loud applause.)

DEMOCRACY THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

"Yes, this party is ours! And it is in vain that our traditions are questioned. Our tradition mingles with the history of the progress and conquests in the army.

"Yes, if I examine history from the time of the old French bands, the old parish militia, from our great defeats and our great weaknesses, from Bauvines, passing by Crecy, Poictiers and Agincourt to come down to the middle of the eighteenth century, what should I see? I see that as the feudal and aristocratic army is depreciated and diminished the infantry increases. I see the peasant entering more and more into the composition of the French army, and every time that we notice an improvement in that admirable infantry, of those regiments which are the very unity of France, we see corresponding to it an increase of exterior greatness in such a way that to write the history of democracy in the army is to write the history of the progress of unity and French nationhood.

"And when the revolution comes, breaking the old mould, setting the army free from hereditary privileges, from infant colonels, from ranks bought and sold—and let us not forget that it was also a revolution in the military *régime* and spirit, that this memorable revolution applied, above all in the army, the principle of equality, of unity and centralization—can this revolution help being the very soul of the French army?

"Let us understand each other and let no one be mistaken. When I speak of the French revolution in the army I speak of the conquests that have been made from the point of view of the creation of the rights of the officer and soldier, whatever may be his rank in the military hierarchy; but I do not speak in any sense, as some might in good faith believe, of anything that might encourage indiscipline or discussion of authority in any of the ranks, which could only lead to confusion and anarchy. In effect the army is the complete and exact representation of France. Less than ever can I understand that it should deliberate under arms; less than ever can I understand a discipline which was not immutable and inflexible.

THE ARMY CANNOT BE DECEIVED.

"The army well knows this and so is not deceive itself. As to me my conviction has not changed, and I expressed it in those private meetings which we held in the house of our friends Lefebvre and Scandel's in the evil days, on the morrow of the 24th of May. On the morrow of the 16th of May I said:—They count on the army; they do not know it! The army—that is honor; the army—that is patriotism!' (Applause.) And what is asked from it would be the blot the most shameful, the most violent, the most inexpiable that could be cast on the flag, if not on the forehead of the soldiers, the man of Brumaire, the man of December. (Applause.)

"Ah, yes; I have no fear; yes, I have not despaired for my country. And I shall never despair of her. She dazzles the world. Why, then, should she not receive all my devotion? (Immense applause.)

"Lifted out of the quarrels and out of the arena of parties, only occupied with its instruction and moral and intellectual advancement, the army withdraws from politics and counts upon those who love the fatherland to protect its interests. As to us, we have only one duty, we have but one object, we have but one mission—to pray the country to keep in the road she has followed for ten years, and to continue with patience, with concord, with resolution, the policy which has led her from difficulty to difficulty—to get rid, one after another, of hostile parties. This policy which has allowed her to present to an astonished world the spectacle of a prompt regeneration, a France hereafter inviolable, picked up, sure of herself to defend her rights, not seeking to attack any one, confident in the patriotism of her children. (Applause.)

FRANCE CONFIDENT.

"Gentlemen, resolved as she is to show herself always wise, calm and prudent—to persevere in the policy of which I have spoken—France can await events and defy many trials, for otherwise fortune for the first time would have been untrue to genius. (Prolonged applause.)

"My dear fellow-citizens I pray you to drink a toast with all your hearts to the unity of all citizens under the flag of the French army." (Enthusiastic applause.)

COLLISION AT SEA.

WHAT WAS NEAR BEING A VILLE DU HAVRE DISASTER—SKILL AND COOLNESS OF A SEA CAPTAIN.

The steamship Herder, Captain C. L. Brandt, of the Hamburg line, which arrived in this port Monday night with over three hundred passengers and a crew of 110 men, had the narrowest possible escape from suffering the same fate as befell the Ville du Havre a few years ago, when she was run down in mid ocean by the bark Loch Earn. In the latter instance the nervous agitation of the captain was held responsible for the full measure of the disaster, as it was asserted at the time that he had ample warning, even though it were only fifteen minutes, to avoid wholly or greatly modify the effects of the collision that took place between his steamer and the sailing ship Loch Earn. In the present case, that of the steamship Herder, no doubt exists but that the prompt decision of the captain saved the vessel from even a worse fate than what befell the Ville du Havre. The Herder left Hamburg June 26, Havre June 29, and when in latitude 41 00, longitude 67 28, Monday, July 8, at twenty minutes past three P. M., about twenty miles south of the Dry Georges Shoals and in a dense fog came in collision with a large and full rigged ship, but with consequences happily that may be only very lightly regarded. The agents of the line, Richard & Bois, at No. 61 Broadway, knew nothing of the collision that had taken place. The Captain had not yet reported, and he could only consider it, if a collision had really taken place, as a mere scrape against a fishing boat. The HERALD reporter after this went to Hoboken and found Captain Brandt in his cabin, looking the beau ideal of a thorough going sea dog. The Captain has been following the sea for thirty-four years and knows whereof he speaks. His narrative, freely and graphically given, was as follows:—

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"There was a dense fog prevailing that afternoon and I was steering west less a quarter north. The wind was west by south and a strong breeze. It was twenty minutes past three P. M., and I heard a horn on our starboard side; at the same time I put my helm hard a starboard, which was done very quick, as we have a complete and perfect steam steering apparatus. About the same moment I saw a large vessel under full sail, and probably fifteen hundred tons, heading out of the fog and bearing down square on to the starboard of the Herder; she was then not further off than from 80 to 100 feet. I hailed to him to port his helm, and, waving my hand, told him to get his ship against the wind and lessen his headway. In the next breath I gave out full speed ahead, in order to get rid of him, and if I had not done that he certainly would have come smashing into our waist, as he must have been making about ten knots an hour. But, in spite of that, he struck his jibboom in my main rigging, damaged the latter partially and broke his boom. Then he scraped away astern, carrying off half a dozen awning stanchions, the railwork of the after bridge, scooped out a piece of the side rail with the stump of his jibboom and carried away the flagstaff. He did about $200 damages to us and about $50 to himself. The hands of his vessel were standing forward on the bow, hallooing to me 'All right!' and when they were finally sliding out of sight in the fog they took off their caps and gave three cheers. The whole thing began and ended in a minute and a half, and it was impossible to find out who she was or where she hailed from. As the hulls of the vessels never touched I saw no occasion to stay, and so proceeded on my voyage."

"What kind of vessel, Captain, did she appear to be?"

PROBABLY AN AMERICAN SHIP.

"She looked to me like an American ship, either in ballast or light loaded. She had every sail set and was making good speed; was bound west and tacking at the time of the collision."

"What precautions did you take in the fog?"

"I kept constantly blowing my fog horn every twenty seconds, and kept it up hours after the collision. Heard guns firing on my port side and thought it was a pilot. Went around to where the sound came from and heard more guns firing, and regulated my course accordingly, so that there must have been other vessels caught in the same fog. Took a pilot on board about then."

"Where were you at the time of the collision?"

"I was on the bridge with the second officer. The men on the colliding vessel acted promptly on my directions when I told them to port their helm."

"How were the passengers affected?"

"Many of them were on deck and many were below, still seasick. The seasick folks came rushing on deck on hearing of the collision, but it was all over and past and gone before they reached there."

"What was the difference between your case and that of the Ville du Havre?"

"It was clear weather when the Ville du Havre was struck, and the Loch Earn was seen fifteen minutes before the collision. In my case the unknown vessel, which was certainly as big as the Loch Earn, came out of the fog a minute or so before her jibboom was scraping my rigging, and if I had not so suddenly ported my helm and sent my vessel ahead at full steam she would have ploughed clean into us, and the chances of escape in that thick fog for the passengers would have been much less than they were for those of the Ville du Havre."

"How did your passengers treat the affair?"

"They were all satisfied that I did the right thing, and Herr Von Bassewitz, the German Vice Consul at New York, who was standing by when the occurrence took place, gave me great praise for the way I handled my vessel."

The Captain constantly through his narrative referred to the remarkable resemblance between his experience and that of the Ville du Havre.

The Herder had few traces of the effect of the collision, or rather the scrape. The flagstaff was laid low and shattered on the deck and all the stanchions and capping of the bulwarks at the stern were torn away, along with a portion of the rigging forward; but these were only noticeable when attention was directed to them.

CAPSIZED IN THE BAY.

During a squall which prevailed in the bay yesterday afternoon about four o'clock the schooner Samuel Riker was capsized as she was passing through the Narrows. The accident occurred off Fort Lafayette. Although hardly felt in the city the squall was very fierce down the bay. The thunder rumbled, the lightning flashed and the rain fell heavily, while the force of the wind caused several vessels to drag their anchors and drift considerable distances. The Riker and another schooner, the S. J. Smith, were coming up to the city from Barren Island at the time. They were without cargo, with little or no ballast and stood high out of the water. The Riker was under jib and mainsail and had her foresail partly down. So sudden was the squall that she was unable to get in these sails and she immediately went over to starboard. The S. J. Smith had her sails torn to shreds and was thus in all probability saved from sharing the same fate. The squall passed away as suddenly as it came, and the captain of the Smith immediately set about rescuing the captain and the three men composing the crew of the other vessel. This was speedily accomplished, and the wreck having been hitched on to the Smith both vessels drifted up toward the city. The Riker touched ground at the outer verge of the Erie Basin, about a mile from the foot of Conover street, South Brooklyn. Stout rope carried from her masts to those of the Smith prevented her lying over altogether, and by vigorous work on the part of both crews her stern was raised a good way out of the water last evening. Her captain, who bears the same name as the schooner, does not anticipate any difficulty in raising her completely.

The violence of the squall caused several vessels, as has been stated, to drag their anchors. One of these drifted across pier No. 2 North River just as the Coney Island boat was coming in, but a tugboat came to her rescue in time and she was secured to a neighboring dock.

OPPOSITION STEAMERS.

The steamers P. C Schultz and Bay Ridge run from New York to Bay Ridge, Fort Hamilton and Bath. The latter makes an additional landing at Locust Grove. Both leave the Battery every afternoon at half-past five o'clock. On the last trip yesterday, when both boats were at full speed and about a mile beyond Governor's Island, the Bay Ridge ran into the Schultz, striking her in the centre and crushing in the planks around one of her paddle-wheels. A large number of passengers were on board the Schultz at the time. Several ladies and children were on board both boats, and much confusion resulted for some time after the accident.

ARRIVAL OF MORMONS.

A SON OF BRIGHAM YOUNG AMONG THE MISSIONARIES—DEATH OF ELDER HYDE AT SEA.

Five hundred and ninety-six Mormons arrived yesterday on the steamship Nevada, of the Guion line, and were landed at Castle Garden at seven o'clock last night. They were in charge of Mr. Cook, president of the Utah Missionary Society. These converts to Mormonism are principally Scandinavians, and among them are some English and a few Germans and Welsh. About 30 come from Norway, 150 from Sweden, 64 from England, 20 from Wales, 4 from Germany and 328 from Denmark. They consist chiefly of families; the largest number in any one family was eleven. There are forty old men and women in the neighborhood of sixty years and the rest are middle aged and young people, among them a great many children. The converts were farmers and tradesmen abroad, and many of them bring considerable cash to the land of Brigham Young.

Among them are the following seven Scandinavian elders, who went from Salt Lake as missionaries:—N. M. Petersen, Andrew Henarickson, O. Olsen, U. Hansen, Beut Youson, J. Christiansen and John F. Dolins, and also a German elder, whose name is Schottled.

Lawrence Young, a son of Brigham Young, a smart young man, twenty-six years of age, who was acting as a missionary in England, returns with this party. When these people arrive at Utah they will be scattered among the 225 settlements which exist in that Territory. The Mormons were somewhat downcast over the loss of Elder Hyde, who died on the passage when the Nevada was only five days out. He had been suffering from heart disease before the departure, and hardly expected to reach Utah alive. The Mormons made a coffin with a cover of zinc, and embalmed the body in pitch and tar. In this manner they intend to bring it to Utah for burial. Elder Hyde was an American, born in the Church, and at the time of his death was forty years of age. A child of six months died during the passage, and was buried at sea. The Mormons were healthy, with the exception of one woman, who was suffering with the measles, and who was cared for at the Castle Garden Hospital. The elders state that they were handsomely treated by the captain and officers of the Nevada, and they wish to return them thanks. The converts will start for Utah today, at three P. M., via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The total number of emigrants entered at Castle Garden yesterday was over nine hundred.

DEATH AT A FIRE.

A CUBAN CIGARMAKER SUFFOCATED BY SMOKE—NARROW ESCAPE OF TWO OTHERS.

The four story brick building No. 73 Eighth avenue was discovered to be on fire at twenty minutes past three o'clock on Tuesday morning. Two men stood at the front windows on the second floor, and by their cries of "Fire!" attracted the attention of Officer Todd, of the Ninth precinct. He ran to the spot and saw at a glance that the flames were gaining rapid headway, while the men at the open windows were in danger of their lives and wild with excitement. Their names are Patrick J. Nagle, a journalist, who boarded in the house, and P. J. McDonald, who occupied the ground floor as a general grocery store and rented the second floor as a dwelling. The latter's family are sojourning in the country, and he slept in a middle bedroom back of the parlor. Recently he met with an accident which sprained his wrist. His hand pained him through the night and prevented him from enjoying his usual sleep. He was alarmed about twenty minutes past three A. M. by the smell of smoke and made his way to the back part of the house, near the bathroom, and there opened a door. He was almost suffocated by the volume of smoke which rushed through the open door, and, hastily closing it, he returned to his bedroom and from thence reached Mr. Nagle's room, which adjoined the parlor. The latter was asleep and it required a vigorous effort to arouse him. When he realized his perilous position he attempted to open the door leading to the hallway, but the wood burned his hand, and the heat was so intense that the paint was coming in flakes off the inside of his bedroom door. He opened the blinds of his window and cried "Fire!" and when Officer Todd responded he threw the key of the front door to the policeman, who, in his haste inserted the key in the wrong opening, where it stuck fast. Mr. Nagle found his position becoming more perilous every moment, as the doors were cracking with the heat and the room was full of blinding smoke, while retreat by the stairway was entirely cut off. Hastily gathering his clothing together he descended to the awning over Mr. McDonald's store and from thence to the street. Mr. McDonald made his escape in a similar manner. At this moment the firemen arrived and burst open the front door and at once proceeded to play a powerful stream of water into the hallway, which was one mass of flame. The third and fourth stories of the building were enveloped in flames, but the firemen soon subdued them. Ladders were placed against the wall and Chief of Battalion Gicquel ascended, followed by a few firemen. They entered the top floor, and in a rear room found Gaspar Castillo, a Cuban cigarmaker, kneeling by the side of a bed, with his face bent over on his arm. They carried him to the sidewalk, where it was found life was extinct. His body was taken in an ambulance to the Ninth precinct station house, whence it was conveyed to the Morgue.

The fire, it is thought, originated in the cellar under the stairway, but how it was caused could not be ascertained. The house is owned by Mrs. La Comte and is insured for $12,000. Mr. McDonald was insured for $2,000 on stock and $1,000 on furniture.

A PRISONER'S WIFE.

HOW ONE OF THE KEEPERS IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL GOT IN TROUBLE.

That the machinery of Ludlow Street Jail does not always run smoothly is evident from a scene which occurred there on Sunday last between twelve and one o'clock. Among the inmates of the institution is Edward A. Raquzzi, who was committed on the 12th of March on an execution for $549. When his wife made her daily visit to him last Sunday she was, it is alleged, so grossly insulted by one of the keepers, named John Reilly, that she fainted away and a scene of great confusion followed. Her husband rushed out, and, but for the efforts of several persons who were on the corridor, would have wreaked vengeance on the alleged offender. Reilly, it is charged, drew a revolver and threatened to shoot Raquzzi, but was restrained from doing so by Deputies Fitzsimmons and Kiernan. At this time the inmates were in a state of great excitement, which was intensified when the fainting woman was carried out on the corridor. Reilly would have fared badly at the hands of the infuriated inmates but for the intervention of the other keepers.

A HERALD reporter called on Warden Watson in the afternoon in relation to the matter. He at first treated the affair very lightly and said it was not worth talking about. "Keeper Reilly," said he, "took out an unwilling prisoner and the woman fainted away. The prisoner was a man named Caldwell, who was being brought down to see his lawyer."

The Warden further stated that he considered Reilly an excellent keeper, who was appointed under the present Sheriff.

Keeper Kiernan, when questioned on the case, refused to admit anything until closely pressed, when, in a negative way, he alluded to the charge of undue familiarity on the part of Reilly. He did not see any revolver drawn, but there was great excitement.

Reilly, the alleged offender, said that he simply ordered the woman down stairs, and her husband rushed out and threatened to kill him. When asked if the issuing of a simple order on that particular occasion to a woman who was in the habit of visiting her husband daily could justify such a threat of vengeance he seemed confused. In reply to the question why he should order the woman down stairs, he said it was because her husband was continually insulting him and he wanted to have satisfaction in that way. The whole case will be investigated.

DOCKING HORSES' TAILS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I have read in your paper several articles relating to docking horses' tails, in which many things were stated through ignorance which I could easily excuse. But Mr. Bergh in his last letter tries deliberately to mislead the public by incorrectly describing the operation of docking, quoting authors whose own words prove that they knew nothing whatever of the new and improved system of docking, and I therefore feel compelled to reply. I am groom to neither Mr. Belmont nor any one else, but docking is a branch of my present business, and I would have performed the operation for any one requiring my services as well as for members of the Polo Club. I have docked horses for several years and never had or knew of a case to terminate fatally or ever knew the slightest injury to the horse resulting either directly or indirectly from docking; but I do know of many improvements in value and appearance and that the docking prevented many accidents. The horse can be worked the same day the docking is effected and often is. The above facts are well known to gentlemen in New York and Boston by whom I have been patronized.

The operation is performed in the following way:—The horse is first hobbled; then the hair is parted directly over the joint meant to be severed; this done a ligature is put on about one inch above the parting and applied so tight that the circulation of blood is stopped and nervous feeling deadened. The joint is then severed with a small, keen knife made for the purpose, and not with anything like the docking knife as referred to by Mr. Bergh's authors. In cutting the tail enough skin is left on each side to completely cover the bone when sewed up, and is not seared with a red hot iron, as described by Mr. Bergh's authors, which would leave a bare spot the diameter of the tail without hair ever afterward. In the new way the hair grows around the extreme end of the tail the same as before the operation, and the length is the only indication that the horse has been docked; the ligature is the last thing removed, and if the operation has been well done not a single drop of blood will flow. Docking is as common a practice as shoeing in Great Britain and Ireland, and not uncommon all over Europe. In New York the finest turnouts are not considered complete without it. Mr. Bergh states that every human being possessed of feeling and a magnanimous mind must confess that it is cruel; but twelve sane men decided a short time ago that it was not cruel, and either Mr. Bergh or they are to be pitied. If Mr. Bergh's authors are no better authorities than his own veterinary surgeon for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who, according to his own testimony on the witness stand did not know the difference between the anatomy of a horse's tail and a cow's, their opinions are not worth much.

JAMES FRASER.

A PAINFUL CHARGE.

Edward Johnson, a young man of nineteen, who lives with his father, Henry Johnson, in 169th street, near Franklin avenue, Morrisania, was arrested yesterday afternoon by Detective Wilkins, of the Thirty-third precinct, on the complaint of his parent. The latter avers that on the night before the Fourth he placed his pocketbook, containing $90, in his pantaloons pocket, and left the garment on a chair in his bedroom. In the morning Edward was missing, and on examination Mr. Johnson found that $40 had been cunningly abstracted from the book, the margin of $50 being left as a guard against premature investigation. Edward returned home yesterday, and on being questioned by his father manifested much surprise. The parent had him arrested, however, on suspicion, and the prisoner will be taken before Judge Wheeler to-day.

ADULTERATED CIGARS.

HOW PORTO RICO TOBACCO IS DUMPED INTO CUBA AND SOLD UNDER CUBAN BRANDS—OUTCRY OF THE HAVANA CIGARMAKERS—HOW THE RIVAL ISLAND IS INJURING THE TRADE OF THE FAITHFUL ISLE.

The introduction of the inferior tobacco of Porto Rico into Cuba causes considerable excitement among the Havana cigar manufacturers. Nearly all the newspapers in the island have denounced the importation as an injustice and a serious injury to the Cuban trade. This invasion of a time-honored monopoly has partly grown out of the late Cuban insurrection. The Spanish government was unwilling to admit Cuban delegates to the Cortes on account of the presumptive disloyalty of the island; but Porto Rico, being at peace, was allowed representation in Spain. The Porto Rico delegates made a shrewd use of this advantage. The Executive government, standing in need of their support, set aside a law never