CHARITY!

How the Poor Are Cared For at the Almshouses of This State.

IN SCHOHARIE COUNTY.

The "Slaughters" and Their Ultimate End.

PURSUED BY FATE.

Where the Paupers Live and How They Are Buried.

JUSTICE AGAINST MERCY.

SCHOHARIE COURT HOUSE, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1879.

Schoharie is an old and, I believe, an eminently proper town. It is not large, to be sure, but it boasts of several well built streets and the usual complement of churches, hotels and stores. It is very quiet at Schoharie; but quiet, we are told, fosters meditation and charity. It is out of the line of commerce, but it requires so little of the outside world that it can afford to struggle with civilization alone. Surrounded as it is by a highly cultivated and productive agricultural region, it has its own market for a large part of the produce of the soil, and exchange becomes merely a matter of local barter. It has its lawyer and, doubtless, its representative lawmakers. As it is so well supplied with churches it is only reasonable to infer that it is equally well provided with ministers. Moderate reproach it doubtless feels for wicked communities like New York, where, as the newspapers now and then inform its people, the poor and the outcast often die of hunger and cold. It is a snug little village, and claims immunity from those unpleasant accidents which drag to the light the miseries of mankind. Its people are no more uncharitable but probably even above the average of the small communities that dot the map of our great Christian land.

In addition to all these good things it has its county almshouse, a modest building, which, viewed from a distance, seems in perfect keeping with the most conservative ideas of the place. I visited it today, and will tell you exactly what I saw, and how I saw it.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

Schoharie nestles in a valley, along the banks of the creek from which it takes its name—a feeder to the Mohawk. The valley is not more than a mile in width, and on either side the hills rise rapidly, one upon the other, until they almost achieve the dignity of mountains. It is a happy valley, because every dweller therein is satisfied with himself. The road to the almshouse crosses the creek by a covered wooden bridge and, dashing boldly up the hillside until it attains an elevation of about two hundred feet, skirts the rugged heights for three miles. It is only called three miles from the village to the almshouse, but I fear the contented, well-to-do people of the county's capital travel the road so seldom that they have forgotten its length. At any rate, it required nearly an hour with a good horse to cover the ground—so steep were the ascents and decents and so rocky the road. After all, the ride is a pretty one, for below to the left lies the Schoharie valley, at this season of the year a charming arrangement in red and green as the eye gathers the buckwheat fields and meadow land into one vast landscape. And there is water in the picture, also, for the bright little creek has broadened considerably. Looking for a reason for this—for streams are not naturally larger as we ascend them—we discover a big red mill, and near it a dam. A long expanse of foam is seen below the cascade, and tons of white pebbles showing brightly among the dark brown loam.

ON THE GROUND.

A sharp bend in the road brings the object of our search in full view. It is a two story brick structure, probably one hundred and fifty feet in length, "headed up" on the southern end by a short ell, the gable of which breaks the otherwise parallel lines of the building. The front, looking valleyward, is colored a light gray tint, but the ends and back of the structure remain red as the brick composing them. Economy has begun already—and deception! The roof is of tin, painted brown; but a great ghastly belt of new metal bisects it from the eavestrough to the peak, and the rain and sunshine (for Nature believes in harmony) are fast tanning away the whiteness. The rust of time is at work on the roof; and a graveyard in a small apple orchard on the left shows that it has been likewise cutting deep among poor and unpitied humanity. There are some lambs reposing upon and beside the sunken graves, but they are not the sacred and beautiful emblems in marble which are seen in the cemeteries of those whom the world loves, for, near by, the ewes are grazing, and as we approach they gather their flock together and withdraw to the fence that once securely enclosed the sacred place. Not a headstone with a name upon it is to be seen, not a trace of the grave's occupant left. However sad and touching the stories there buried no human hand can fix the identity of the character in the tale. Perhaps it is as well to place the Potter's Field at the gateway to the pauper's dwelling place. Shrewd overseers of the poor in time gone by may have reasoned that the moral effect would be wholesome. The new comer who sees how the dead are treated realizes at a glance what the living have to expect. Then, if he have courage, he will drown or hang himself, and the overburdened taxpayer will be proportionately relieved.

I AM RECEIVED.

Pulling up the horse at the door, I inquired if Mr. Spickerman, the keeper, was at home. Receiving an affirmative reply I got out of the buggy. The director of the county farm made his appearance. He was a rather prepossessing man, past the middle of life, who suffered from a serious impediment in his speech. He at once insisted that the horse should be put in the barn and that I should "make myself at home," just as if such a thing were possible. To these suggestions I willingly assented, telling him frankly that I should insist on paying for having the horse fed. My host conducted me to the front door of his part of the house, and, having entered the hall, I was ushered into a room that appeared to be parlor, sitting and bed room. Indeed, I immediately discovered that there were only two rooms on that floor in the keeper's wing. He offered me a chair, and, having conferred in the hall with the cook regarding the "boiled dinner," soon seated himself near me. I must say I took rather kindly to the old gentleman, and wished he had not been so thoroughly hospitable. I saw in a moment, however, that his curiosity was aroused, and so determined to estop any unpleasant questions.

A LITTLE BYPLAY.

"What kind of a place would Schoharie be for a young lawyer—a young man just starting out in life, like myself?" I asked, point blank.

The shot found its mark. His pride was gratified, and, to satisfy his curiosity, he imagined for himself more facts regarding his visitor's career than a week of questioning could have elicited. He settled it forever that there was likely to be a new lawyer in Schoharie, and that he had been one of the first men in the county to be advised with. He gave me an estimate of the ability and income of the lawyers in the entire valley very flattering to them, and concluded by saying that if I were a doctor he could advise me.

"Hum," he said, at last. "Have you gone into partnership with anybody in the village?"

"No, sir."

"Have you regularly practised the profession?"

"No, sir"—and for a moment I wondered whether I could keep from laughing if he asked me if I had been admitted to the Bar, and I told him "No." But he did not ask, and I hastened to change the subject.

SENTIMENT AND FACTS.

"The view from your windows is quite pretty," I asserted.

"Yes, indeed," was the rejoinder; "a heap of good scenery is wasted about here."

"Your people enjoy it, doubtless, more or less."

"I hope they do," said he, sympathetically. I was now convinced that he was a very tender-hearted man.

"How many persons have you under your charge?" I asked.

"About fifty," was the reply.

"Mostly old, I suppose?"

"Some very old."

"The county feeds them well, no doubt?"

"As well as it can."

"How many acres are there in the farm attached to the Poorhouse?"

"About one hundred and twelve, most of which is under cultivation. The entire premises are valued at $9,000. But, then, that is putting a fictitious price on the buildings, which would be worthless for any other purpose."

"What is the weekly cost of feeding each person?"

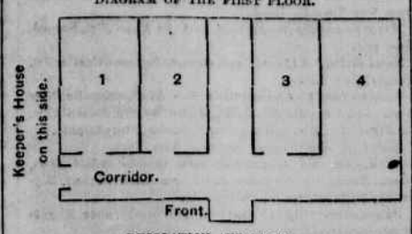
"As near as we can get at it the county of Schoharie feeds its paupers at $1 per head."

"As you are at leisure let us walk through the building now," I suggested.

"As you please."

We stepped into the hall of the keeper's house, and a solid door, closing flush with the wall, having been unlocked and opened, we passed through to find ourselves transformed from frugal comfort to squalor and pauperism. The building was not so deep as I had supposed it, for the hallway which traversed its entire length was on one side and there were only four rooms on each of the two floors. The following plan will give an idea of the arrangement of the pauper wing of the building:—

DIAGRAM OF THE FIRST FLOOR.



DESOLATION AND WANT.

The terrible sense of desolation and biting poverty which the eye encountered on every hand was overpowering. The plastering was off in places, exposing the laths of the partitions, and on this raw autumn afternoon the wind whistled around the windows and the corridors—a bleak reminder of what havoc a February or March gale would make. Pushing open the door of room No. 1, Mr. Spickerman bade me enter, and drear enough was the picture. The room was large, probably thirty feet square, and it only had one occupant. He was introduced to me as "Mister" Fargel. There was a sewing machine in the room, several benches, a stove (but no fire) and a pile of old clothing.

"This room," said the keeper, "is the only place we have for chapel service. Here, too, the funerals take place; the prayer for the dead or any particular form that may have been desired by the person before death is read here. It is also the common work and sitting room in the cold weather."

CHARITY AT A SHILLING.

There were no books or reading matter to be seen, so indifferent is the world. Yes, there was one. I stepped over to a shelf on the side of the room opposite the door, and took down an old and dilapidated Bible. Sacred as was the book it was almost too dirty to handle. I opened the front page and read on the cover—

Presented by the
Schoharie County Bible Society.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

"I suppose when the good people of your county gave this Bible they thought they had done quite enough?" I remarked. "Are there no charitable ladies in the county who could organize a society for the collection of books and papers for the inmates of this house? Do they never make up boxes of books for the benefit of these poor people?"

"There may be such kind hearted persons, but they never do that."

"Are there no boxes at the railway station for the collection of such material?"

"None."

"How large a proportion of your people can read?"

"The great majority."

"I don't wonder, then, that they lose such faith in God and man that they decline to read even the Bible. How long has 'Mister' Farrel been here?"

"About three years. He does all the tailor work for the institution and is a very useful man."

Meanwhile "Mr." Farrel had risen, and with his eyes on the floor, walked to and fro across the room. He regarded the visitor with some suspicion, and would not answer a single question put to him. In quitting this apartment I may say that this was the only poorhouse in all New York where I saw a sewing machine, owned by the county.

ALL WAITING TO DIE.

In the next room, which was destitute of even a table, were four beds—mere board affairs, on the top of which was thrown a straw tick. In it were found four women, three of them quite old, and one, curled up in bed, just verging into middle age. The air in the room was stifling, and all sorts of filth sat about the apartment. The floors throughout the establishment were reasonably clean, but the beds and the clothes upon them were enough to produce yellow fever in the frigid zone.

At room No. 3 the same state of affairs was discovered. Eight men were expected to occupy four of these terrible beds. The provision for the lowest "bummer" in a metropolitan police station-house, who is only a tenant by courtesy for a few hours, is decidedly superior. Here, however, these old people are huddled together for years—for life—not because they are criminals or debauchees, but because they are no longer able to struggle for existence. Therefore, it appeared, they were not here to live, but to die; and while this thought was in my mind I looked out through the window into the rear, and, noticing a square white building, about the size of a smoke house, I asked what it was used for.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

"That is the dead house," was the reply. "When a person dies the body is taken there and prepared for the grave."

And as the keeper uttered these words the old men in the room rose up, leaning heavily on their staves, and looked out of the window at the dead house they had seen so often. But I heard no one sigh, and certainly no one spoke, yet it was a dramatic situation of the most thrilling kind. As I lingered for a brief interval behind my guide the bowed and shaky shadow of a man came close to me, and, as he nodded his head in the direction of the mortuary, said, slowly and with apparent effort:—

"It is a pity to live, but our excuse is that it's more terrible to die."

RESPECT FOR AGE AND SEX.

In room No. 4 a strange group was found. Still the same kind of cots; still the same horrible mattresses. There were five or six men in the room, and, seated in the only chair, was a miserable old woman, wasted away and blind of one eye. She wore a sun bonnet of the pattern of our grandmothers, and her only other garment appeared to be a calico dress. As I entered she looked up eagerly and said:—

"Oh, sir, be you a doctor? There is something the matter with my poor old head."

I told her, as kindly as I could, that I knew naught about medicine, and on inquiry learned that she was in the imbecility of second childhood.

A SOCIAL STUDY.

Ascending to the second floor a most interesting case was found. The floor was divided like the one below, only that the corridor was along the rear of the building. There were only four rooms, but their occupants were worthy of careful study, presenting as they did the best and worst phases of pauper life. There are a race of people in Schoharie county, descendants of the lower class of the first settlers and the gypsies who then inhabited the valley during the summer months. These peculiar people were without a name until a political incident gave them one. There was, "once upon a time," a Lieutenant Governor of this State named Slaughter, who made fierce public speeches, in which he appealed to the proletariat for their votes. His public career had rendered him so unpopular that his supporters were known by the unattractive name of "Slaughters." Many fierce broils and lifelong feuds grew out of that campaign, and before long not a few of the "Slaughters" had earned a legal and grammatical title to their name. As time passed and the railways came people in the other parts of this great State forgot their animosities and with their hatred the opprobrious epithet of "Slaughters" disappeared. Not so, however, in the Schoharie Valley. The man in Pennsylvania who is still voting for Andrew Jackson would feel at home in this region. Here are the best haters in the United States. Any man belonging to "the pure bloods" who would so far forget his pious raising as to treat a "Slaughter" as an equal would lose caste at once.

"NO HOPE FOR SLAUGHTERS."

The result has been that the "Slaughters," poor and illiterate to begin with, have sunk lower year by year in the social scale until the county has had to provide for a great many of them at Mr. Spickerman's. It has been a long and bitter quarrel, and in this last form of revenge the people of "the blue blood" are exercising their power even to the edge of the grave. The idea regarding the mush and coffee diet at the almshouse clearly is that it is good enough for "Slaughters;" the trodden graveyard is good enough for "Slaughters;" the windy, rat-eaten and pestiferous old building is good enough for "Slaughters!" And for the sake of their consciences, we will grant that they speak the truth.

A FIGURE OF FATE.

But we are now standing by the side of a woman who belongs not to that class, but whose head was once as high as any in the county. The room she occupies is at the left of the landingway, at the top of the stairs. Immediately the apartment is entered it is clear that we have to deal with a woman who has once known a home and its comforts. Boxes fitted with earth and placed at each of the windows contain plants which attempt to bloom even in this bleak place. Upon a chair over a strip of carpet, near one of the windows, sits a woman of probably forty years. She is piecing a quilt, sewing with only one hand by pinning her work to her lap. She wears a neatly fitting dress of some dark woollen stuff. Her manner is frank and ladylike. No one can help being struck with her appearance. In a few brief words, without any lamentings or attempts at creating sympathy, she tells her story. By gradual steps, struggling to the last, fate has pushed her into the almshouse and to the verge of a pauper's grave. I intended to print her name, but conclude that I, at least, can spare her this additional humiliation. Her case is so well known that any man or woman in the village of Schoharie can tell the tale and give more facts than I have been able to gather. One case like this in a county should put an end to public indifference. If any young artist is in want of a model for a figure of Fate let him go to Schoharie and study from the life.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

In the two central rooms on the same floor several very old women and an idiot child were found. They belonged to the "Slaughter" class, doubtless, for I observed that they were not treated with the consideration by the keeper which I had observed in the apartment we had just left. I had been studying my man closely and had seen him take his hat off when we entered the room where Fate sat piecing a quilt. Now, to a poor old thing, who was coughing as if her last hour had come, the keeper roared out:—"Stop, that noise, granny; you're always coughing." And she did stop, though I could see that there was fire in her eye. I now modified the opinion I had formed regarding the gentle keeper and concluded that he might not be such an agreeable companion "all the year round." In the last room to the right I asked a miserable-looking old woman how she felt. She was a philosopher and took plenty of time before she answered:—

"Oh—h! as well as I have any right to expect."

HOW THEY ARE FED.

I knew that there was ill-usage somewhere besides the unhealthy quarters, and so determined to get to the kitchen. It was in the cellar. I do not often offer any apology for a lack of words to express myself, but the difficulty in this case is in analyzing the smells and in describing the various kinds of dirt I saw. The bread was good and it was shown with great gusto. In a large iron kettle, awful to look upon, was a huge mess of corn meal porridge; but I searched in vain for any cooked meat or vegetables, although it was the dinner hour. The cook could not be induced to say anything, so close did the keeper stand to me, and his only answer was that the men and women got enough to eat. He insisted on being the judge. I discovered a dark cell built of heavy planks, but Mr. Spickerman declared that he had not locked anybody up in it recently, although he admitted that it had been used for the purpose. I opened the door and found some potatoes in one corner. Doubtless some of the stronger of the paupers would not object to be imprisoned in it for a few hours. Raw potatoes would be a delicacy after a long continued diet of corn meal mush. In a word, everything in all parts of the building was as bad as could be. There was no ventilation, no bathtubs, no water and not even an attempt at the classification of the inmates. The house, which was built in 1849 was wholly out of repair.

THE SAD CONTRAST.

I had seen enough. I drove back toward the village—back past the outcasts' graves, back past the farmers' homes—straight to the doors of the County Court House. Here was the hall of justice, and in what scoffing contrast was it with the hall of mercy! It was new and clean, while the latter was decaying like its inmates. Mercy must have been wholly exhausted in tempering justice, else why so little left? Back of the Almshouse was the charnel house; back of the court room the jail, and a good jail, too, I am bound to say. And the reason for these facts suggested itself at once. The criminal must be conciliated. Does he not come into open court, and has he not the last word before his peers and the more or less sympathetic lookers on? He is the ward of justice. But the broken of heart, of body and of mind—the wards of the great God—how different they fare. For them no protesting judge, no sacred writ of fair treatment, no audience to which appeal can be made. The HERALD assumes their cause and they shall have a hearing.

CLUBBED WITHOUT CAUSE.

Officer Michael McCauley, of the Twenty-third precinct, in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday charged William Crummay and John McCarthy, two young men, with assaulting him on Sunday night last at the corner of Ninety-fifth street and Lexington avenue.

The officer testified as follows:—"There were a number of young men on the corner talking and disturbing the neighborhood; I ordered them away; they moved slowly, so I pushed Crummay along; he did not offer any resistance; on my return, a short time afterward, the young men were again there; I then arrested Crummay, and as I was leading him away he tripped me up and with McCarthy took away my club and beat me; as they ran away I fired my revolver at Crummay and he dropped my club; I soon afterward found him hiding in a shed in Ninety-sixth street and Lexington avenue; I took him to the station house and soon afterward arrested McCarthy; I clubbed Crummay to prevent his striking me again; I didn't see him attempt to do so, but I thought I would not give him a chance."

"Why did you order these men to move off the corner?"

"Because they were arguing and making a noise."

William Crummay, one of the prisoners, said:—"The first I knew about the officer's presence was when I saw him catch hold of McCarthy and throw him violently to the ground. Then he turned, struck me and used his club, hitting me severely across the back with it. McCarthy asked him to let me go. He replied in abusive language that he would arrest McCarthy too. I grew restive under the prodding of his club and tried to avoid being hit. In our struggle he fell to the ground and cut his face on a pile of bricks. I sprang to my feet and ran. He fired a shot at me and afterward arrested me. I did not have possession of his club."

John McCarthy corroborated the above story. "I did not strike the officer either first or last. He called me and Crummay loafers, blackguards and even worse names."

The prisoners were discharged.

"YAWCOB UND KADERINE."

"Jacob Strauss," said the magistrate in Essex Market Court yesterday. An awkward looking German lad stepped forward.

"Mrs. Catherine Strauss," said the justice. A long, lank German lass advanced.

"You are man and wife?"

"Yah," answered Jacob.

"And you had a quarrel?"

"Dot's so," said Catherine Strauss.

"Mrs. Strauss has a black eye, which her husband gave her?"

"Und a pooty blue and black eye it vas," said the wife, crying.

"But Mr. Strauss declares that he is very sorry he hit her, begs her forgiveness and says he will not do it again."

"So help me! uff I don't you lock me cop und send for me."

"Will you pardon him, Mrs. Strauss?"

"Vell, I don't like dot young man to got punished so quick, as only dree months married," she said, eyeing her spouse askance.

"Will you be ever so good hereafter, Mr. Strauss?"

"I don't speak von vord mit crossness mit her no more."

"You are both satisfied?"

"Yah," together.

"Let me see you make up then."

"Yawkob," cried the wife, advancing toward Mr. Strauss.

"Kaderine," said the husband, as he embraced her affectionately with one arm, and wiped away a tear on the coat sleeve of the other.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

City Superintendent Jasper was yesterday asked for statistics as to the number of scholars who have applied for admission to the evening schools. He was unable to supply the information, as only a few principals have made reports to him. He expects, however, to have them completed in time for the meeting of the Board of Education on Wednesday next. As far as he can judge from the few reports in he believed the registration will largely exceed that of last year. Indeed, that is indicated by the fact that several principals have asked that extra teachers be assigned them.

Mr. Jasper reports that his assistants are now making inspections of all the schools reported to be overcrowded, and he hopes in the course of two weeks to have the inspections completed, when he will possibly be able to make some recommendations to the Board, looking to the better accommodation of the children. There have been added to Grammar School No. 51, in the Twenty-second ward, twelve classrooms, which, he estimates, will give further accommodation to 500 children in the primary and about two hundred and fifty children in the grammar departments respectively.

DILAPIDATED FERRYBOATS.

The licenses of some of the Brooklyn ferryboats having expired, the Collector's inspectors made a survey, and finding them in a dilapidated condition reported the fact to the chief of the customs authorities. Upon this Collector Merritt notified the ferry owners that on and after yesterday the following boats must be withdrawn from running as passenger boats, and that "it will be unlawful to further employ these vessels in navigation without a certificate of approval from the United States Inspectors of Steamers—to wit, ferryboats George Washington, George Law, Commodore Barney, Commodore Perry and Warren." The United States Inspectors of Steamers have thus far withheld such certificates of inspection on the ground that the vessels are not "seaworthy" and that their hulls must be thoroughly overhauled and repaired, being nearly worn out. It is said that these peremptory orders will stop the running of the ferries on which these boats are employed unless other vessels are chartered in the meantime to supply their places. To rebuild the above named craft will require about two months, provided all of them are placed upon the docks at the same time. The Commodore Barney and Commodore Perry were transformed into gunboats during the war, and performed much effective service in Virginia and North Carolina waters.

RAPID TRANSIT COMMISSIONERS.

Mayor Cooper yesterday received a letter from the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners, appointed by him on the 10th of August last to lay out routes in the district north of the Harlem River. The following is a copy of the communication. The meeting referred to will be held to-morrow at three P. M.:—

COMMISSIONERS OF RAPID TRANSIT, CITY OF NEW YORK, No. 54 EXCHANGE PLACE, Oct. 11, 1879.

HON. EDWARD COOPER, Mayor:—

SIR—I am directed by the Board to transmit to you a copy of the following, passed at their meeting held yesterday, 10th inst.:—

Resolved, That the Commissioners hereby determine that there is a necessity in the city and county of New York for a steam railway or railways for the transportation of passengers, mails, or freight, in addition to any now existing.

I beg to hand you enclosed notice of their next meeting, and am directed to say that they would be very happy to have you attend. Very respectfully yo urs,

WILLIAM G. FULLER, Secretary.

A YOUTHFUL DESPERADO.

HERR GRAFF, THE TENOR, APPEARS AGAINST HIS ALLEGED ASSAILANT—TWO ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE—THE PRISONER M'CABE HELD FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.

A young man of eighteen was arraigned before Justice Smith, at the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court, yesterday, on charges which would put many an old malefactor to the blush. Highway robbery and assault, with intent to kill, were the offences he had to answer for, and behind these was a record on which a burglary and kindred crimes were scored. Never were appearances more deceptive than in the prisoner's case. A boyish face, frank and handsome, blue eyes in keeping with it and crisp brown hair covering a head shapely and intelligent—all seemed to mark their owner for a far different career than that he was shown to have embarked in. The youth's name is James McCabe, although sometimes he is known as Thomas, and his place of residence is at No. 210 Mulberry street. Yesterday the complainant against him was Jacob Graff, the tenor, who formerly sang with Max Strakosch's company in opera at the Academy of Music, and of late has occupied the chief place in the choir of the Church of the Holy Spirit. He had narrowly escaped death at the hands of this same youthful and comely prisoner and bore marks of his meeting with him which he must carry to the grave. The singer's story is a curious one. On May 28 he was occupying apartments at No. 342 Third avenue, and on that evening he was on his way home when a young man accosted him on the corner of Eighth street and Broadway to inquire the time. Graff told him, and, proceeding on his way, was joined by the youth, who engaged him in conversation. He seemed to be a bright, intelligent young fellow and the pair became so deeply interested in their talk that when they had reached the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-fifth street, where Graff had intended to leave his new friend, they still kept on and passed down toward the unfrequented and dismal row of houses stretching to the water's edge beyond First avenue. It is a dreary place there, even by daylight, when the old foundries and workshops are full of life. But at night, when the whole place is shrouded in darkness (for there are no gaslights there) and big grotesque figures in wood and iron, the junk of the foundries, rise up before one at every step, the quarter is by no means inviting to promenaders.

AN ATTACK IN KEEPING WITH THE SCENE.

The thought of harm in an innocent looking boy of eighteen, however, never crossed the tenor's mind, and the first intimation he had of having strayed into a trap came from the young man himself, who, he alleges, exclaimed:—

"You are far richer than I, and, by God, I'll have that watch."

As the words were uttered a revolver was pushed almost in the tenor's face and the trigger pulled. The bullet struck Mr. Graff full in the throat and brought him to the ground. He did not lose consciousness, though, and when he felt his assailant tugging at his watch chain he struggled to his knees and at last regained his feet, although the flow of blood was almost choking him. He tried to gather his senses, for he was quite dizzy; but as he reeled forward the revolver was levelled at him again. Then came the quick, sharp report, hardly loud enough to reach the nearest tenement, and a ball cut through his right cheek and nicked the bone behind the left ear. It had passed fairly through his head, and now thoroughly overcome he sank to the ground half lifeless. The robber would not trust to his slim chances of recovery this time, and standing over him discharged two shots at the prostrate figure. One flew wide of the mark. The other penetrated the back of the neck and lodged among the muscles. Then kneeling upon his victim, whose sense of feeling had not deserted him even yet, the would-be murderer pulled out his victim's watch, snapped the chain and was gone. For a long time the tenor lay there unconscious. When he recovered it was near midnight, and he raised a feeble outcry that brought a by-passer to his side. The man, discovering his desperate condition, told Officer Hardy that a man was dying there in the dark, and they sent for an ambulance, on which Graff was taken to Bellevue Hospital. There he defied the skill of the surgeons for many a day, and his life was utterly despaired of, when he suddenly began to rally. His convalescence was short, and soon he was out again. To Detective Thomas W. Mulry, of the Eighteenth precinct, who was detailed to work up the case, he furnished a description of his watch. It was a peculiar one and indeed could not possibly escape identification. On the Christmas Day of 1872 it had been presented to the tenor by the Arion Society, of which he was a member, and it bore an inscription to that effect, which could not readily be erased.

AN ARREST AT LAST.

The detective could get no trace of it, though he hunted high and low, so he fell to comparing the robber's dress and features with those of other dangerous characters he had known. Among the people who came into his mind was McCabe, who had once infested the corner of Second avenue and Twenty-third street with certain other young men, and had served a year for a burglary in which the detective himself had discovered him. He inquired after the young man and visited some of his haunts, but nowhere could he get upon his track. From the night of the robbery and attempted murder not a soul had laid eyes on him. Satisfied that he had located the offender and assured, too, that like others of his class, McCabe could not stay away from the city long, but would be drawn back again by the strange fascination it has for criminals, Mulry made up his mind to bide his time, and with Captain Clinchy kept an eye for the fugitive.

On Friday night he was rewarded. At the corner of Twenty-third street and Second avenue the detective came face to face with McCabe, very much dressed and hobnobbing as he used to with his old intimates. Mulry quickly laid hold of him, and hurried him away to the Eighteenth precinct police station. There he was questioned by Captain Clinchy, but the young fellow was a cool hand, and he kept his tongue guarded. Yesterday he was to be produced in Court, and Mulry set out with him unattended, never dreaming that this stripling of eighteen would try to outmanœuvre an old veteran like himself. He was deceived though. At Forty-seventh street McCabe startled him by a sudden exclamation, and the next moment he had reached the platform, sprang off the car and was running for the river like a deer. Mulry was after him in a moment; but, big and burly as he is, he could not keep pace with the fleet footed fugitive. As they neared First avenue the detective drew his pistol and called upon the runaway to stop for his life. He gave no reply, and the next moment a bullet flew over his head. The report had the desired effect. McCabe wavered and then came to a dead stop with both hands high above his head. When the detective came up with him he pocketed his pistol and marched him off to the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court.

A STRUGGLE WITH HEAVY WEIGHTS.

McCabe went along like a lamb, but he had no idea of giving up his determination to escape. On the very steps of the court house he made his last effort, and, considering his relative strength with that of his captor, it was a singularly successful one. Just as they entered the gate the detective found himself caught in a hip-lock, and the next moment he was hurled against the railings. He had caught hold of the prisoner, but could not disengage himself, and was obliged to call for assistance. Counsellor Nesbit and publican McManus were close at hand, and the pair swooped down upon McCabe. But even then he struggled madly to free himself, and it gave the trio—every soul a 300-pounder—ample work to get the young spitfire under control.

Justice Smith was on the bench when McCabe was arraigned. Herr Graff recounted the details of his robbery and the desperate effort that had been made upon his life, and Detective Mulry furnished an account of the prisoner's ill conduct in the past, not omitting the exploits of the day. As for the youth himself he denied the assault upon Graff while admitting that he had once been convicted of burglary. On the two complaints—one of attempt to kill and the other of highway robbery—McCabe was committed by the magistrate for trial in default of $5,000 bail.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

ENGAGED.

ASCHER—AHRENSDORF.—REGINA AHRENSDORF and SIMON ASCHER, engaged. No cards. San Francisco and Chicago papers please copy.

BROWN—LEVY.—Miss JENNIE BROWN to LOUIS LEVY, both of this city. No cards.

FISHER—BLUMENTHAL.—Miss ROSA FISHER to FERD. BLUMENTHAL, both of this city. No cards.

MARRIED.

BRUCKMAN—BUNTING.—On Thursday, October 9, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. C. E. Swope, D. D., FRANZ E. BRUCKMANN, Hamburg, Germany, to KATE STOCKTON BUNTING, of New York city. No cards.

DUNSHEE—WILLIAMS.—On Tuesday, 7th of October, by the Rev. Thomas H. Sill, JAMES DUNSHEE, Jr., to MARY M. WILLIAMS, all of this city.

GRAHAM—KIERNAN.—On Wednesday, October 8, 1879, at the Church of St. Rose of Lima, Cannon st., by the Rev. E. T. McGinley, JOHN C. GRAHAM to MARIA KIERNAN.

HELD—ROSENSTEIN.—Sunday, October 5, by the Rev. Dr. K. Kohler, MARX S. HELD to HANNAH, eldest daughter of Isaac Rosenstein, all of this city.

HODGES—CAMPBELL.—At Hoboken, N. J., on Wednesday, the 8th, by the Rev. John Reed, at the residence of the bride's parents, Bloomfield st., GEORGE C. HODGES, of Utica, to HANNAH B. CAMPBELL.

KAHN—FRANK.—On Tuesday evening, October 7, at the residence of the bride's parents, LOUIS KAHN to HANNA FRANK.

LELAND—RADFORD.—On Tuesday, the 30th ult., by the Rev. Father Merrick, SIMEON LELAND, of Albany, to FANNIE B., daughter of William H. Radford. No cards.

LEVY—LOWENGRUND.—On Tuesday, September 30, at the residence, 68 West 52d st., by the Rev. Dr. Kohler, DAVID M. LEVY, of Lexington, Miss., to BERTHA LOWENGRUND, of New York.

MAHONY—NOBLE.—On Thursday, October 9, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Dr. Swope, of Trinity Chapel, Mr. JOHN HOWARD MAHONY, principal of Trinity Chapel school, to Miss MARTHA MARY, daughter of Mr. John Noble, of this city.

MAYER—MACDUFF.—On Thursday, August 21, 1879, by the Rev. R. H. Barnes, C. E. MAYER to JEANNETTE, youngest daughter of John S. Macduff.

MCCARTHY—DE VINE.—On Wednesday, October 8, 1879, by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hara, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Syracuse, N. Y., DANIEL J. MCCARTHY, of New York, to KITTIE M., youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. De Vine, of Syracuse, N. Y.

MCGLYN—BRANIQUE.—At Mamaroneck, on Thursday, October 9, by the Rev. Isidore Meister, of St. Thomas' Church, JOHN E. MCGLYN, M. D., to MARY J. BRANIQUE, daughter of the late John Branique.

OPPENHEIMER—NEWMAN.—MAX OPPENHEIMER, of New York, to MISS ESTHER NEWMAN, of Elizabeth, N. J.

PERCY—HAYES.—On Thursday, October 9, at No. 203 5th av., by the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., JULIA VAUGHAN HAYES, only daughter of the late Thomas Trowbridge Hayes, to TOWNSEND PERCY, son of the late John T. Percy, of Troy, N. Y.

Troy, N. Y., papers please copy.

PURDY—TULLER.—On Saturday morning, October 11, at Trinity Church, New York, by the Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, THOS. C. PURDY to JANET C. TULLER.

REEVE—DOAN.—In Brooklyn, October 6, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. W. H. Simonson, H. O. REEVE to MAMIE E., daughter of the late Winslow N. Doan. No cards.

TALCOTT—ROBERSON.—On Saturday evening, 11th inst., by the Rev. S. H. Weston, EDWARD B. TALCOTT, to SADIE T., daughter of William H. Roberson.

DIED.

ARKUSH.—On October 6, at Denver, Col., of typhoid fever, SOL, eldest son of the late Lipman H. and Hannah Arkush, aged 18 years and 8 months.

BAILEY.—On Thursday, October 9, at twenty minutes past three A. M., after a short but painful illness, WALTER BAILEY, aged 26 years.

His funeral will take place from the residence of his brother, George W. Anderson, 218 Nostrand av., on Sunday, October 12, at three P. M.

BARKER.—At her residence, Mamaroneck, Westchester county, N. Y., after a lingering illness, SARAH C. BARKER, wife of William L. Barker, in the 52d year of her age.

Funeral services will be held at the house, Mamaroneck, on Sunday, at two P. M. No flowers.

BEECHER.—On Thursday, October 9, 1879, SARAH, widow of the late Thomas Beecher, in the 64th year of her age.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, 107 South 3d st., Williamsburgh, on Sunday, October 12, 1879, at two o'clock P. M.

BRAGAW.—At Newtown, L. I., on the 10th inst., ANDREW BRAGAW, in his 70th year.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from the Reformed Church at Newtown, at two o'clock on Monday, the 13th inst., without further notice.

CAYLUS.—On Friday evening, October 10, THERESE, widow of Ernest Caylus, and daughter of the late John De Ruyter.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from St. Stephen's Church, East 28th st., on Tuesday, October 14, at ten A. M. No flowers.

CUMMINGS.—Brooklyn, October 11, SARAH F., wife of George Cummings.

Funeral services on Monday, 13th, at two P. M., from Centennial Baptist Church, Clinton av.

DEMAREST.—Suddenly, at Passaic, N. J., October 10, 1879, CATHERINE B., wife of George W. Demarest.

Funeral service at Passaic Baptist Church, Monday, October 13, at eleven o'clock A. M. Train leaves Chambers st., New York, at 10 A. M.

DOMINICK.—On Friday, October 10, of pneumonia, HENRY DOMINICK, in the 73d year of his age.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, at his late residence, No. 201 West 36th st., on Sunday, 12th, at one o'clock P. M.

DOWD.—On Saturday, October 11, THOMAS A. DOWD, aged 28 years, 9 months.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, 244 Elizabeth st., on Monday, October 13, at two P. M.

DOWLING.—After a short illness, Mrs. M. DOWLING, in the 85th year of her age.

Funeral will take place from her late residence, 313 East 9th st., on Monday, October 14, at one P. M.

EGAN.—On Saturday, October 11, 1879, THOMAS EGAN, aged 63 years, formerly of 831 9th av.

The relatives and friends of the family, also the members of St. Patrick's Alliance Association, Branch 22 of America, are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, on Monday, October 13, at one o'clock, at 749 1st av., to Calvary Cemetery for interment.

FARRELL.—On Friday, October 10, 1879, Mrs. ELLEN FARRELL, widow of the late John Farrell.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 315 West 28th st., on Tuesday, October 14, at ten A. M. The remains will be conveyed to St. Columba's Church, where a mass of requiem will be offered for the repose of her soul, thence to Calvary Cemetery.

FITZPATRICK.—On Friday, October 10, BRIDGET, relict of Bernard Fitzpatrick, Esq., in the 70th year of her age.

Her remains will be conveyed to St. Mary's Church, corner of Grand and Ridge sts., on Monday, October 13, where, at half-past nine A. M., a solemn requiem mass will be offered up for the repose of her soul; thence to Calvary Cemetery. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend. It is requested that flowers be omitted.

FORD.—Suddenly, October 9, FRANCES L., beloved wife of James M. Ford.

Funeral from residence 188 10th st., South Brooklyn, Sunday, three P. M. Relatives and friends invited.

FRANKS.—On October 10, 1879, JOHN B. FRANKS, in the 57th year of his age.

The funeral will take place from his late residence, No. 120 St. James place, Brooklyn, on Monday afternoon, at three o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

GREENWOOD.—At Chelsea, October 4, JENNIE M. GREENWOOD, of New York.

HAAS.—Suddenly on Wednesday, October 10, HARTOG H. HAAS, in his 53d year.

Funeral on Sunday, the 12th inst., at half past nine o'clock, from his late residence, 953 6th av.

IRVING.—On Saturday, October 11, ALFRED G., only son of Joseph and Louisa Irving, aged 11 months and 10 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at one P. M., from residence 281 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D.

JACKSON.—At his residence, 242 Henry