Box 1, Folder 13: Item Inventory

Newspaper articles concerning members of the Tweed and Sands family including weddings and funeral, n.d.

Newspaper clippings for “Christmas Story” and “The Centennial as a Study”, 1876-06-04

Newspaper clippings for “Mr. Tilton’s Statement”, n.d.

Newspaper clippings for “Undergoing Repairs”, Death Announcement for Mrs. Anna Sands Tweed, “No Seet in Heaven”, “This is Suicide, ‘Writes Broker; Kills Himself”, and Miss Anna Tweed’s marriage announcement, n.d.

Newspaper clippings for “From the Far West”, “Roughing it in Camp” and other articles, 1876-07-20

Newspaper clippings for “Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee”, 1887-08-25

Newspaper clippings for Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Price’s death announcement, 1883

Newspaper clippings for “The Sands Family Problem”, n.d.

Newspaper clippings for “Municiple Upheavals”, “May Vance’s Motives”, and John H. Maginnis’ death announcement, 1889

Newspaper clippings for “Tweed Getting Free”, n.d.

Letter from [unknown] to Anna S. Tweed containing a newspaper clipping, 1888

Newspaper clippings for “Old Fire Engine Of Tweed’s Unit Goes to Museum”, n.d.

Newspaper clippings from The Sun including “The Fall of Noah Davis”, 1874-03-28

Newspaper clippings for “Law Reports: Tweed’s Appeal Dismissed”, n.d.

Newspaper clippings for “From the Far West”, “The Dodge Club on their travels” and other articles, 1876-07-30

Newspaper clipping for the death announcement of Richard Tweed, brother to William “Boss” M. Tweed. Survived by his wife, 2 unmarried daughters, and Alfred, n.d.

Newspaper clippings for “Mrs. Tweed’s Death Recalls Earlier Days in Greenwhich” and other articles, 1879-06-21

Newspaper clipping for “A Trip West – IX”, n.d.

Newspaper clippings for “Son of “Boxx” Tweed Dead”, “The Case of Tweed”, “Funerals: Anna Sands Schirmer”, and other articles, n.d.

Newspaper clippings of various articles taped onto a letter entitled “For Mrs. Tweed in memory of dear Sister Elizabeth”, 1868-02-02

Newspaper clippings of various articles, 1912-12-24

Newspaper clippings of various articles, n.d.

Newspaper clippings of “Lamb Praises “Bill” Tweed” and other articles, n.d.

Newspaper clippings of various articles, n.d.

Newspaper clipping of “William M. Tweed: Is He About to Reveal the Secrets of the Ring?”, 1878

Newspaper clipping of “Obituary for Mr. Frank Tweed, Margaret M. Tweed” and other death articles, 1910, 1906, 1903, 1917

Newspaper clippings of “Looking for Relics of Tweed,” “Funeral of Mrs. Richard Tweed,” and other articles related to the Tweed Family, n.d.

Newspaper clippings corresponding to the Tweed family, n.d.

TWEED.—On April 22, FRANK, aged 59 years. Funeral services at the Chapel of the Stephen Merritt Burial Company, 8th av. and 19th st., Monday morning, eleven o'clock.

Located.

"Alas!" sighed the poet, "I have lost my inspiration."

"Excuse me, Mr. Scribblum," ventured the housemaid, "but I found your bottle of rye under your desk."

of White Plains, will wed.

SCHIRMER — TWEED. — The formal engagement of Mr. Edward Schirmer, Sr., the clothier and gents' furnisher, to Miss Anna S. Tweed, of South Broadway, is announced. Miss Tweed is a charming lady, a neice of the late Wm. M. Tweed; in his day a power in the political world of New York city. Mr. Schirmer and his bride-to-be have been intimately acquainted for several years.

Mr. C. A. Sallis tenders his sincere thanks to his friends and neighbors for their kindness and attention, during the late sickness and death in his family during his absence.

Funeral of Mrs. W. M. Tweed.

The funeral of Mrs. William M. Tweed took place this morning from the house of her son-in-law, Mr. F. W. Douglas, at No. 63 East Seventy-seventh street. The body, which had been embalmed, was enclosed in a solid hardwood coffin, covered with the finest cloth and silk velvet. The coffin-plate bore the following inscription: "Mary J. Tweed. Died February 13. Aged 54." The floral offerings were profuse and elegant.

The funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Dr. Price, who married Mr. and Mrs. Tweed and baptized all their children. Among the persons present were Richard Tweed, with his son Frank; W. M. Tweed, Jr., and wife. Mrs. Tweed's son-in-law, J. J. McGinness and his wife, with other members of the Tweed family; S. Foster Dewey, Charles Devlin, Walter Rhodes, William Edelsten, James J. Kelso, W. K. O'Brien and Joseph P. King. Mrs. Tweed's son Richard was not present, he being detained in Paris with his sister, who is very ill. The body was buried in the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery.

Wednesday March 19-1873

Woods—Sands.

Lem A. Woods and Ella W. Sands were married at the home of Benj. Sands, brother to the bride, at Ottawa, Kansas, last Wednesday, October 18, 1893, by Rev. L. L. Holden, rector of the Episcopal church of Williamsburg.

The bride and groom were reared from childhood in Burlington and are well and favorably known to all our people. For a number of years past Miss Sands has been holding a responsible position in the ladies' department of a leading dry goods establishment at Winfield, Kansas. She is a lady of most excellent character and a true woman in the fullest sense of the term. For more than twenty years Mr. Woods has been engaged in the printing business in this city, and for more than thirteen years has been foreman of the INDEPENDENT. He is a thorough printer, a man of strict honesty and integrity, and is numbered among the solid citizens of Burlington. The newly married couple is expected home tomorrow evening, and they will settle down to housekeeping at the Woods homestead in north Burlington. Mr. Woods will on next Monday assume the management of the INDEPENDENT, a position he will hold as long as its editor remains in the service of the government as revenue collector. Mr. Woods and wife have the best wishes, respect and esteem of all our people.

Manhattanville.

SILVER WEDDING SURPRISE.

The celebration of the Twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Jesse G. and Amanda Keator took place on the evening of the 24th ult., at the residence of Mr. Keator, Claremont Hotel, overlooking the beautiful Hudson. A number of their intimate friends having learned of the time, determined to give them a genuine surprise; so they quietly formed a committee of ladies and gentlemen, of which Mr. William B. Whitestone was chairman, and issued one hundred invitations, which were printed in silver. Mrs. Keator having paid a visit to a friend down town on the day, returned about 9:30 P. M., to find the house brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers and chinese lanterns. The guests were all assembled on the balcony to greet her as she alighted from her carriage, and her surprise was unbounded. The band of music engaged for the occasion struck up Mendelssohn's Grand Wedding March, which was followed by one of Strauss's enlivening Waltzes. Everybody entered into the amusement with a determination to enjoy themselves. A large number of beautiful and costly presents adorned a handsome centre-table. About 12 o'clock the guests were invited to another table, literally loaded with all the delicacies of the season. Champagne flowed like water. Mr. Whiteman presided at the table, with Mr. and Mrs. Keator on either side. He is one of the jolliest, livliest and pleasantest men at a table we know of, and kept everyone roaring with laughter at his sallies of wit, quaint speeches and humorous songs. Toasts, speeches and songs followed one another in rapid succession. We don't know of the time when so happy a party were gathered together as on this occasion. Among the guests we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hanford Horton; Mr. and Mrs. Hampton; Mrs. W. B. Whiteman and son; Charles L. Jones and his sister Lizzie; Thomas and Jessie Keator, son and daughter of the host; Wilson Smith, Charles Morris, Messrs. Lefferts and Delmater, of Manhattanville, all in full dress. The festivities lasted until broad day-light, and I have no doubt will be remembered with pleasure by those so fortunate as to be present, and by the kind host and beautiful hostess.

Hon. Edward Jones and family are spending the summer at White Plains.

A number of the youdg men of Manhattanville are considerably interested in a boat race soon to come off.

With the [illegible] entrance to within some twenty feet of the altar, the floor was perfectly bare, and large numbers of Mexicans were seated thereon—the women on one side and the men on the other, some kneeling at their prayers, and others awaiting the commencement of the regular service of mass. In the front portion of the church were a few seats, and they were filled with the better class of the citizens, the men and women sitting together. We stood near the entrance for some little time, until one of the attendant "Padres,"-(Fathers)-noticed us, and coming back, he took us up into that portion of the church, wherein were pews, and three of the Mexicans giving up their seats, we were ushered in. The services were those of the regular Catholic Church, the sermon being, of course, delivered in Spanish. The music was very fair, there being an organ and two flageolets with some male voices. I never saw a more earnest and devout congregation, and the entire services were of a nature calculated to induce solemnity and respect. Only my eyes *would* follow a lot of small pretty birds that, having their nest away up amongst the large logs of cedar wood, that supported the roof, they flew about, twittering and singing most charmingly. They seemed to be considered by the Mexicans as entitled to their position, and they certainly did make themselves heard. During the services in the main chapel, ten of the padres had nearly all of the children over at their convent, holding a sort of children's service in the private chapel of the Fathers. Lamb took me over to the convent the next morning, and we were shown through the building. All of the Fathers are from Italy, excepting the Father Superior, he being a French Priest by the name of Damarin; (and about the size of Mr. L. C. D.) they all speak French, German and Spanish, and but one, only, speaks English. He, a young, fine looking Neapolitan, took us through the rooms of the priests, and I was surprised at the perfect simplicity and frugality among many of the apartments. It reminded me somewhat of the private quarters at Fort Garland. Each Padre has his duties and is kept busy nearly all of the time. We were, after going through all the apartments, taken

...ment of the difficulty in a way ...appease the indignation of the people, and to read a lesson to the vainglorious Spaniards.

Tweed.

Now that William M. Tweed has been sent to the Penitentiary, there to undergo the punishment which he was bold enough to face and which he doubtless deserves, we suggest that he be left to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds ...hout having every circumstance of his ...idation detailed, with all the min...ness that the ingenuity of sharp repor...rs can compass, for the delectation of the morbid appetites of a portion of of the reading public. We believe that his fate should be held up as a warning to all official peculators, and we trust that the example made of him will have the effect of deterring unscrupulous persons from following in his footsteps, but we do protest against the principle that leads people to abuse the man whom they fawned upon when in power, and to harrow the feelings of a family already plunged in despair at the sad fate of the husband and father. There is no need of howling at the fallen chieften now; he is down in the dust, and can feel no other stroke of fate. There is no humanity in adding sorrow to the fearful load of grief that now weighs so heavily on the hearts of his family; they suffer, innocently, as severe pangs as they can bear, and it is unmanly to add to their heart-breaking sorrow.

Let all necessary moral lessons be deduced from the fate of this man, once so powerful, now so low, and let his punishment serve as a warning to all mankind, but let us exercise the god-like virtue of charity towards his family by refraining from so faithfully chronicling facts that can be of no benefit to the public, and will only add to the weight of disgrace that now bears so heavily on those who are blameless.

The Second Avenue Railroad Company is entitled to commendation for the efforts made to secure the comfort of the

The Ch

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied;
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light:
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and prayed dust well as we tould,
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these.
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him, I did it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

SOPHIA P. SNOW.

CHRISTMAS STORY.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas, "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night, their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of at eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blankets did peep,
As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why isn't we pray dest as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents adain?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves as much as does he:
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie, and Annie. Amen."
"Please Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bing us some peasents before it is light;
I want tie should div' me a nice little sed,
With bright shinin runners, and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumbers, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice asked for kiss:
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless Papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh."
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed:
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
"With bright shining runners and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus laughing stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping [illegible]

THE CENTENNIAL AS A STUDY.

An event like our Centennial Exposition should be looked upon by the great masses of the people as an unequaled opportunity for culture, and for the study of various branches of art. The majority of our citizens will not be able to travel in Europe, and in the lifetime of each individual probably no similar chance will be offered for examining certain schools of European painting and ceramic art. Certainly, no resident of the United States has ever before seen in his own country such collections of majolica, faience, pottery, and porcelain as may be beheld in the English, French, Italian, and German departments, or even in the Swedish and Danish sections, of the Philadelphia Exhibition. It is earnestly to be hoped that not merely amateurs, collectors, and those interested in the fine arts, may examine these beautiful collections, but also our manufacturers and designers of pottery and porcelain. They may properly ask themselves why a small country like Denmark, under a rigorous climate, and with no especial incentives to the pursuit of art, should produce such exquisite vases and cups and table pottery, and this country be able to display almost nothing in this direction. And this when, in a kindred branch—the manufacture of fine glass—our countrymen make such a creditable show in the Exposition. They will examine the prices, and consider if it be not possible, with our inventive brain, to produce such objects of beauty at even an approach to such cheapness. So with the English pottery. Our manufacturers can profitably study those free and natural designs, often executed on cheap "stone-china," and consider why American manufacture may not rival this excellence. The easy reproach of "pauper labor" will no longer explain the contrast, since Mr. YOUNG's researches have put a final extinction on that fallacy.

In other lines of æsthetic labor, the American will be surprised at the success of his countrymen. He will note with satisfaction that the solid, carved house furniture of New-York and Philadelphia surpasses in finish, solidity, and design anything that the Old World has sent to the Exhibition; and yet some of our best designs do not seem represented there, especially the so-called "Eastlake" furniture of Massachusetts. The improved taste of the county for the simple and solid house articles is fully displayed in the Exposition. Nor will the American feel any shame at the exhibition of native art in painting. It is certainly creditable in the highest degree. Even the water-colors show a promising beginning of a delightful branch of art. The portraits, many of them, are of remarkable power, and the sweet and true studies of nature in the landscapes with the careful finish of our best artists, leave a charming impression on the beholder. It is true, when we compare our clean tints in figure painting with such modern works, as we have from Austria and Spain, we discover how much advantage the traditions of centuries of experience give to a school of art.

In works of utility, in endless contrivances and machines for the saving of labor and economical production, our countrymen will see what they expected; that we

Sunday Journal, 1876.

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In works of utility, in endless contrivances and machines for the saving of labor and economical production, our countrymen will see what they expected that we

are in general without a rival, and yet, in particular branches, they will note great improvements on our machinery and they will observe products which, in strength and permanence, far surpass our own. It will probably be found that in leather manufacture we are now quite equal to the English, while in certain branches of woolen we are far behind. In the Agricultural Hall the American will note with some pride the splendid display of the products, resources, and farm machines of his country, while in the Horticultural and its grounds, (if he be familiar with the English,) he will be obliged to confess how far our ornamental gardening and production of superb varieties of flowers is behind the foreign.

Each visitor will find something to study in his own department or field of knowledge, and each one ought to take back valuable results. We wish that the Executive Committee of the Centennial, who have shown such remarkable organizing ability thus far in managing this World's Fair, would take into consideration the great advantages this Exhibition would be to large numbers of very intelligent people of small means throughout the country, such as school-teachers and the like. Why could not the Commission arrange with the railroads cheap excursion tickets from every State, to be distributed by the School Board or school officials of the State or principal cities? Thus, in this City, probably a thousand tickets could be allotted by the Board of Education among a class of workers who would derive untold benefits from the Exposition.

It is not probable that in the lifetime of most of our readers will such an opportunity of culture and æsthetic study be offered again in this country. It will be a pity for any intelligent person, especially for one who has not traveled in foreign countries, to miss it. As a show alone, as a well-arranged, picturesque spectacle of beauty, life, and the best of human workmanship, with pleasing grounds, exquisite music, abundant room to move in, and the glorious sky of June above, without the slightest friction or disorder below, it has never been surpassed. But as an object of study it is even more attractive and important to the American.

other.

MR. TILTON'S STATEMENT.

The long story now given to the public by Theodore Tilton is probably the most interesting chapter thus far contributed to the history of the Scandal. In clearness of statement and fullness of detail it leaves nothing to be desired. It is arranged with great skill, and expressed with a certain bitter moderation which cannot fail to produce an effect upon the average reader. It contains, we are happy to say, none of that gratuitous outside nastiness which imparted such a flavor to the recent production of Mr. Moulton. In the distribution of filth Mr. Tilton has confined his energies to his own household, and has forborne to bespatter any woman except his wife and his mother-in-law. Even towards his wife he preserves an affectation of kindness, for he expends the first few columns of his statement in an effort to prove that she never seduced Mr. Beecher. "Mrs. Til-"ton was always too much of a lady" to thrust her affection upon any man unsought, and her "indelicacy of behavior" never proceeded from her own suggestion. We mention these mitigations of Mr. Tilton's disgusting narrative with the more pleasure because we have so seldom found anything to commend in the whole course of the discussion, and because there are so few points upon which ordinary men and women are in contact with the sphere of these advanced sentimental reformers. When a husband speaks of his wife's adultery as "indelicacy of behavior;" holds her to be a reasonable being and yet pure in heart and mind while she is violating her marriage vows; offers to drop the pursuit of her seducer if a church committee will testify to the "moral integrity and elevation of "character" of husband, wife, and interloper, all three; uses the guilty secret to force a pecuniary settlement in his favor by means of a threatening newspaper article, and sees in such thrifty employment of his shame no "indeli-"cacy of behavior;"—when he does all this, we confess that we are unable to put ourselves in his place so as to judge him with rigorous impartiality; perhaps we do not even understand his character.

The question to-day, however, is not whether Theodore Tilton presents himself in any better light than before, but whether he has succeeded in overwhelming Mr. Beecher. The serious parts of his statement are found in one or two of the extracts from letters of Mrs. Morse, and one long letter from Mrs. Tilton to her husband, written while he was at the West in November, 1870. At first sight these do seem to involve an acknowledgment of the worst that has been charged; and it will be hard to find any other explanation of them satisfactory to unprejudiced persons of plain common sense. With the marvelous achieve-

be hard to find any other explanation of them satisfactory to unprejudiced persons of plain common sense. With the marvelous achievements, however, in the way of explanation that have been accomplished on both sides fresh in mind, we should be rash to conclude that Mr. Beecher and his friends will not account for them at least as well as they did for the apology, and far better than Tilton accounts for the use he made of Mr. Bowen's Woodstock letter. They will tell us that in the mouths of wild sentimentalists like Mrs. Tilton words lose their natural meaning, and there is nothing in her painful and almost incoherent letter which cannot be reconciled with her own account of an innocent infatuation with the Plymouth preacher and the remorse which followed it. This we say is the possible answer of Mr. Beecher's friends; but that a cold and unsympathetic world will be content with it we certainly do not believe.

The second notable point in Mr. Tilton's statement is the reply he makes to the charge, upon which the Plymouth Committee laid so much stress, that his original accusation against Mr. Beecher was nothing more than improper solicitation. He shows from the records of Plymouth Church itself in the matter of the abortive West inquiry which was quenched last year, that he made the charge of "criminal intimacy" as early as August, 1870. Of course this proves nothing; but it leaves the Committee in a very unpleasant predicament and terribly impairs the value of their sweeping and emphatic verdict. Upon the subject of the alleged blackmailing, Mr. Tilton tells us little news. He repeats that he was not aware of Mr. Beecher's contributions to the support of *The Golden Age*, and while he admits the payment of the previous $2,000 through Moulton, he asserts that it was expended on Bessie Turner in his (Tilton's) name.

What, then, is the result of this latest, and let us hope last, of the statements? We can only repeat what we have said so many times before, that a strict legal investigation is imperatively necessary for the vindication of Mr. Beecher, if be is ever to be vindicated at all. Mr. Tilton has already begun a suit which ought to accomplish a final settlement of the case one way or the other, and Mr. Beecher must meet that suit with alacrity. Happily it is brought in a form which throws the main issue at once into court, and if it is pressed in good faith and fortified with the same line of proof which Tilton puts forward in his statement to-day, it will result in the utter ruin of one of the two parties. There is too much reason to fear that there has been not only a vast amount of lying and perjury in this case, but an infamous, a shocking conspiracy. The Church Committee certainly failed to get at the "bottom facts." Let us see if the courts will be allowed to do it.

before they get a [illegible]
corn or even to shrivel the wheat.

Undergoing Repairs.

The Church of the Ascension has been undergoing a state of repairs in the last few weeks that has been greatly needed for sometime. The tower has been improved by a new roof, surmounted by a handsome gilt cross, the gift of two communicants. The eastern vestibule has been stained and varnished and other improvements put in that makes it much more attractive. The southern vestibule has been repaired and thrown open as the main entrance to the church, connecting with a broad aisle, the pews having been arranged in that order. New windows have been added, a new roof covers the vestry room and the choir stall enlarged, which gives more room for that important part of the services. The church has been thoroughly cleaned, a number of new kneeling benches and a new floor supplied, and altogether the church presents a pleasing appearance. The ladies of the "Daughters of the King" expect to put in new and modern pews and new furnaces during the coming season, and further improvements will be instituted from time to time. The committee having these repairs in charge consists of H. G. Beatty, M. L. Gortner, C. H. Race, with Mrs. W. B. Clark as chairman, and much credit is due them for the prompt and efficient manner in which they have discharged their duty. The Church of the Ascension is "Burlington's historical church," being the first church built in the city, founded in 1861 by Rev. Wm. H. Hickox, the first clergyman of the Episcopal church in this section. Many of our oldest residents have been connected with this church from the beginning of its history and have freely given of their means to keep alive the services so dear to church men. Among those "whose rest is won" and are numbered with the saints in Paradise, but whose good example and interesting devotion will be ever held in loving remembrance may be mentioned are Rev. Hickox, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sands, Hiram McAllister and many others who labored with zeal and gave unsparingly, often of scanty means. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The present rector of the church is the Rev. C. E. Brandt, who holds services in this church every alternate Sunday. A good Sunday school is one of the pleasing and useful features and a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend services at the Church of the Ascension.

It is a cold day when north Burlington can't get up a wedding. Matrimony, like smallpox, seems to be catching. It first broke out among the kids and it is now raging among those of more mature years. It just seemed that no one good enough for Lem Woods ever would be found, but Lem comes to the front all right enough this week.

all the work alone.

F. Hopkinson Smith told a yarn of the Southern slave who diagnosed a boy's illness in her master's home. "It's a case of too much watermelon," she said. One of the others informed her with great dignity that there could be no such thing as too much watermelon. "Well," said she, "then there ain't enough boy."

When he got a chance Hop set them agoing again by a temperance story of the plantation days. A favored servant left alone with a guest to whom he had just served the delectable mint julep said, "I notice, Massa George, that when you drink a julep you always close your eyes. Now, why do you do that?" To which the guest answered indulgently: "If I looked in the glass when a julep is before me my mouth would water so 't would spoil the taste."

And Beauty and the South called Hop back and made him tell an old one—or was it a way of getting even? For he told them of the man of Erin who took his boy to the cobbler's to have a pair of shoes made and bade Crispin be sure to make them of a good fit.

"French kid?" said the cobbler.

"No, damn you! born here in the Fourt' ward!"

Dr. Wyeth said that New York city was a Southern colony now and that this was the largest assembly of Southern men and women that has ever gathered in the city at one time and place. It numbered between 500 and 600.

Mr. Tweed, of Denver Colorado, is here looking up the poultry and egg business this winter. He is a live and energetic young fellow, and has bought in the last ten days 225 turkeys, 350 chickens, and over 400 dozen eggs. He ships all his poultry to the mountains, and having the knowledge and experience of the western market he is able to pay the farmers Kansas City prices. Headquarters at the Patrons' co-operative store.

Saturday James Reiley, of Le Roy, while

Deaths

Mrs. Anna Sands Tweed, 81 wid[illegible] of Edward Schirmer, died this morning at the Saratoga Hospital. She was born in New York City May 9, 1855. She resided at 142 Lake Avenue for the past four months.

Surviving are two stepsons, Joseph and Edward Schirmer, White Plains; one niece, Mrs. Frank Knickerbocker, Mount McGregor; two nephews, Edward and Richard Tweed, New York City.

The funeral will be held at the Kark Funeral Home tomorrow at 8:45 p. m. The Rev. Irving G. Rouillard will officiate. Services will be held Thursday at 2:30 p. m. in Woolworth Memorial Chapel, Woodlawn Cemetery, New York City, where burial will take place.

venience of the family.

TWEED—Richard, retired New York Police Department, formerly of Clark and Tweed, 369 9th Ave., suddenly on Oct. 20, beloved husband of Grace, father of Richard and Frank of the New York Police Department. Funeral from parlors, 241 W. 14th St., on Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 9:30 A. M.; thence to St. Michael's Church, W. 34th St., where Solemn Requiem Mass will be offered. Interment Calvary Cemetery.

VAN INGEN—Mrs. Josephine M. (nee McGuire), beloved wife of Bernard J. Reposing at McGrath's Funeral Home, Bronxville N. Y.

No Sect in Heaven.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the* Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
His coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he went into Heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms,
Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in Heaven "all round" might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one,
The Psalms and the hymns in the waves went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink;

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now;

"And I really think it will hardly do,
"As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
"You're bound I know, to the realms of bliss,
"But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which could it be?
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you,re in the new,
"*That* is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethern* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if even one of them chanced to say
What trouble she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethern then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
"For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"'Oh, let the women keep silence all!'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethern were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And Priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
Nor gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

...marry Violet.
When Violet said, "I think I'll go to Newark and try there," Daisy looked waggish and said:
"I'll go along too."

"This Is Suicide," Writes Broker; Kills Himself

After going with his wife to Kensico Dam the night of the Fourth, to watch the fireworks display, Austin Clapp, 52, wealthy insurance broker, went to the cellar of his home, No. 7 Hinsdale Aye., White Plains, sat in an old rocking chair and shot himself through the heart with a .38 caliber revolver.

His body was discovered by his wife and Edward Schirmer, a friend of the family. Clapp had pinned a note on the cellar door, directing his wife to call Schirmer, before entering the cellar.

She followed the instructions. Clapp had written a second terse note, addressed to the police and informing them: "This is a suicide."

He left no word for his wife.

The maid in the Clapp home told police that she returned from an outing at 1 a. m. yesterday morning and saw Clapp sitting at a desk, writing.

Medical Examiner Amos O. Squire pronounced the death a "suicide while temporarily deranged."

Business difficulties are believed to have been the reason for his act.

July 6, 1934

Along with the black cloud comes the silver lining, but the lining seems fearfully thin as compared with the size of the cloud.

Miss Tweed announces the marriage of her sister, Miss Anna Sands Tweed, to Mr. Edward Schirmer, Wednesday, April 5, at Grace Church, this village.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

(Save this for me)

ROUGHING IT IN CAMP.

"Garden of the Gods," and Manitou Springs.

ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK AND THE GRAND VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.

Encountering a Snow Storm in Mid-Summer.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[From our Special Correspondent.]

CAMP AT COLORADO SPRINGS, July 20th, 1876.

I have for the last half hour been trying to sew some buttons on the front of my flannel shirt, without first taking the shirt off, and am now convinced that it can't be done—by the party wearing the shirt at least. So now I will put it off—not the shirt but the sewing—and will take this chance of trying to tell you of our trip to Pike's Peak. But let me tell you of our ride through the "Garden of the Gods," and thence up to Manitou Springs. This place is called Colorado Springs, but it is certainly a misnomer, as the springs are at Manitou, four miles back into the mountains. The town is one the nicest little places I ever saw. The streets are all perfectly level, and are of hard sandy soil, and on each side, where we in the East have brick gutters, they have a nice clear stream of water from the mountains running along clear through the town and into the river again. There are quite a number of good business houses, some brick and stone, several churches and one school house that compares favorably with ours. The town being so close to the springs, a great many invalids, tourists and pleasure parties make it their headquarters, and "do" the many sights from this point.

Starting from our camp at noon, we rode off to the northwest over the plains for about three miles, and were then at the entrance of the "Garden of the Gods." It is a lovely little gem of a valley, apparently just dropped down here in the mountains of Dame Nature, to show what she can do when she tries. It is about four hundred acres with here and there a clump of cottonwood and pine trees, and along the banks of the water courses are many very pretty flowers. Out in the center and along the edges there is but little grass, and only the many varieties of the cactus seem to flourish. Approaching from the East, one notices immense masses of red and white sandstone that rise to a height of some four hundred feet, and seem to guard the entrance called "Beautiful Gate." On all sides this high wall of rock extends, and only at the gate can one find a level road. On each side of the extension and standing quite close together are several high columns of stone, only about fifty feet through, and rising to the height of four hundred feet. The gate is only thirty feet wide, with a pillar of rock standing in the center, and the view from this point out into the Garden is grand. The many interesting things that meet one's view when looking over the smooth, even prairie like surface of the Garden are apt to be passed over hurriedly, that one may look at the cliffs surrounding the place on all sides, and there away off, miles away, yet seemingly but a very short distance, stands Pike's Peak, standing out bold and well defined amongst his fellows, while here and there all over his sides are little white specks, like a handkerchief spread out, that are great sheets of pure white snow which seem to be trying to hide his rough sides under their nice white garments. Looking down into this wonderful valley, covered with so many beautiful varieties of flowers, grasses and cacti, one recalls those lines of Milton's in Paradise Lost:

ing to get to the summit. Leaving our invalid in camp, we four started at 1 P. M., and riding along, Tweed, Lamb and I on our ponies, and with Major Domo mounted, Mr. Kenney on Henry Ward and leading Elizabeth, with two large packs of blankets and food strapped on her back, we made for the entrance to the canon leading into the mountains. There are two trails up the mountain, one called the *short* trail, which is rather a dangerous road to travel, and the other is the government trail. We took the last named trail, and all went well until Lamb and I straggled behind, and instead of keeping the trail, a mere bridle path, we took a trail that led us away off up the side of the canon, and we only found out our mistake by noticing the rest of the party away down in the bottom of the canon, and when we tried to go down we found that we had a bluff, or rather a precipice of about two hundred feet that we had been skirting along the edge of, and we had to go nearly all the way back to the entrance before we could get upon the right trail. Once on it, we went along in a full gallop, until the path left the creek, one of those clear, sparkling, mountain streams that come rushing and tumbling down the mountain's side out into the plains beyond, then to be swallowed up by the upper branch of the Arkansas river. Our pathway led up and around the side of the longest mountain between us and the peak, and in some places only a foot-path along the edges of the mountain's side, and looking down the precipice we could see the creek called Bear creek far below us, and looking like a thread of silver stretched along through the center of the narrow valley below us. We rode until 7 P. M., and then overtook our party at what is called Clear Lake. Here is what is called the Half Way House, and parties generally stop here over night so as to get an early start in the morning, instead of lingering through the day, [illegible] a bed, and $1 for supper and breakfast. We camped on the beach of the lake, and after a supper of ham, sandwitches and coffee, we rolled up in our blanket and in less time than I can write it, we went sound asleep. Our Major Domo called us at 4 A. M., and after each of us had brought in our horse, we ate a hurried breakfast, and strapping our overcoats and ponchos into our saddles, we were once more on the trail. Up to this point the road was comparatively an easy one, but now, after an hour's ride, began the hard work of climbing the peak, over large boulders of granite. We were soon above the timber line, and then thought it only a short distance to the top, but we rode on and up for two long hours before reaching the summit. We had changed our mules at the lake, leaving Henry Ward there and bringing Elizabeth along. When we left our camp at the lake, Henry Ward manifested a strong desire to accompany us, and, when near the summit whilst going around a short curve in the road cut in the side of a wall that had a sheer fall of several hundred feet below us, we were startled by hearing the familiar tones of Henry's melodious voice reverberating among the rocks and cliffs; and so on he came waltzing around that dizzy height at a round trot, and to note the pleased and happy expression of his classical features, only marred by a look of his evident sense of shame at having broken his lariet rope, and to see the evident pleasure with which he would now and then stop to enjoy the grand views obtained by suddenly coming around some short turn in the trail,—to note all this was worth the trip alone. Well, we finally reached the summit, and were kindly entertained by the young fellows belonging to the Signal Service Corps situated here. They have a low stone house on the level of the summit, and take turn about staying up there in the cold and lonely place and down in the town. There are about seven acres of level land on the top. I call it grand, but it is in reality one mass of huge blocks of porphery and granite. The gentlemen at the signal station took

flowers, grasses and cacti, one recalls those lines of Milton's in Paradise Lost:

"The world was all before them
Where to chose their place of rest,
They, hand in hand, with
Wandering steps, and slow
Through Eden took their
Solitary way!"

But this poetical idea of garden and eternal solitude is somewhat marred by a squatter's cabin just inside of the entrance, and by the sides of some of the prettiest pieces of rock work, being covered by large letters of white and black, announcing that "*Wilson's Baking Powder* is the best in the known world!" and a great many other just such pieces of idiotic vandalism, all make up to illustrate the wonderful enterprise and energy of these Western people, and also to show what utter lack of appreciation of the beautiful and grand there is amongst these people. The only idea that the average Coloradoan has, is to bleed every stranger and sight-seer that they may meet out of all they can. Let me here just give you a few points as to prices out here. The railroads and stage companies charge *ten cents per mile*. Hotels charge from $4 to $6 per *diem*, and even the newsboys and boot-blacks charge just double prices. A shave costs twenty-five cents; cigars (common five cent ones) cost twenty-five cents; and thus it is that until a fellow acquires the requisite amount of nerve, he is fairly bled to death (financially) on all sides. But to "return to our mutton." After riding around the entire Garden, we came out again at the same entrance—(the only one in fact)—and then after crossing the plain to the southwest, we soon struck the smooth, nice road leading from Colorado Springs up to Manitou. All along we met little parties of tourists (a great many stylish English snobs) that board at the fine hotels at the springs, for from $12 to $20 per week. There are three good hotels, billiard rooms, ten pin alley, &c., &c., and a great deal of style is put on by the *rich* but not wise men of the East. The springs are of sulphur, iron and soda, and a large number of people afflicted with "all the ills that flesh is heir to," come here in search of health. After walking around the place, we again mounted our little Spanish "bronchos" or ponies, and had a nice ride down through the valley and into the plain, reaching once more our camping ground. After a good supper of fried bacon, hot cake and [illegible], we made up our beds out in the open air and were soon sound asleep, dreaming of the sights we had seen and the homes we had left far away in the East. By the way, I might as well describe right here our party and outfit, as it was when ready for our trip up the Peak. We have five in the party, all from New York state except myself, and as one of them has been out here twice before, and has had two seasons of camp life, we have made him our Major Domo. Two of the party are married men, (one being an invalid) and the other two are from New York city. One is a lawyer and newspaper correspondent, and the other is our "Chaplain." His name is Tweed, and being a nephew of "Boss Tweed," the boys call him "Boss." He is a very *pious looking* fellow, but can make a crowd just lay down and yell with laughter by his many witticisms and the odd, peculiar manner he has of getting them off. He and I are called the "Double Sixes," (both being just six feet) and we bed together, as we can fix up our bed so nicely being the same length. Our beds consist of, first, a rubber poncho laid on the ground, then a buffalo robe, then a blanket, and then each fellow wrapping up in his separate blanket, we "get into our little beds" and sleep the sleep of the just. Our invalid sleeps in the tent, but the other four take it outside. We have a good strong, wagon, camp stove, and plenty of provision for our trip down into the lower country, and have a team of mules, (Tweed has christened them "Henry Ward" and "Elizabeth T.") and we have three good, stout little Spanish ponies that go in a gallop all day. These, with our dog "Bonner," complete the outfit. Now for a trip to the Peak. From Colorado Springs it is only seventeen miles, yet it takes a day and a half of hard ride-

call it grand, but it is in reality one mass of huge blocks of porphery and granite. The gentlemen at the signal station took us around, and with the aid of strong field glasses, pointed out many interesting sights amongst the mountains and down in the plains. I can only liken the view of the plains from this immense height, to a view of the ocean early in the morning before the sun has fairly risen above the horizon. The view was grand beyond any description, and we were all seemingly lost in silent contemplation of the many lovely sights that offer themselves to one's view. But to see the promptitude with which we accepted the invitation to breakfast with the boys at the station, was calculated to weaken one's faith in the idea of Grace Greenwood, "That by looking out over our broad and beautiful country from the top of Pike's Peak, one is soon lost to all the little cares and thoughts of this life, and is carried into a higher and more glorious state than can ever be conceived of," &c., &c. We started down at 9:30 A. M., and when about one-third of the way to the lake we were caught in a heavy bank of clouds, and had to ride as rapidly as we dared to, in order to avoid the storm that seemed to wait for us to get away. For just as we got safely to our camp it opened with a heavy snow storm, then hailed and finally settled into a rain. When we had started up, the Peak was bare, with here and there a little batch of snow, but when we came out of the house after the rain the entire Peak above and around us was covered with a heavy mantle of fresh snow and hail. We again commenced our descent, and just at dark we reached our camp, where Wyles, our sick man, had a hot sup-

Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee.

Tweed is said to have publicly declared that he is "as good a democrat to-day as ever," and some malicious person suggests that, all things considered, there are perhaps fewer objections to his being the democratic presidential candidate than against almost any one that can be named. He is certainly sound on the hard money issue, which is a stumbling block to the western democratic aspirants for the presidential office, and, although he has been living under a cloud for some time past, yet the prestige of his many victories long ago, makes his name a tower of strength in the Fifth Points and other democratic strongholds of New York city. In the event of his obtaining the nomination, we suggest that, as a glazed cap and cape, with a torch, formed the garb of the "Wide-Awakes" in 1860, so the costume Tweed affected during his sojourn on Blackwell's Island should be the outfit of the Democratic campaign clubs for the election of 1876.

A more conspicuous, and in that respect telling costume, could hardly be desired. More terrible than an army with banners would be a myriad or more of men arrayed in the stripes and bars peculiar to penitentiaries. What a magnificent sight would a hundred thousand average democratic voters thus costumed, and with their heads cropped in the prison fashion, make, as they marched through the streets of the metropolis, of a November night, with their hundred thousand torches casting fitful gleams on their glowing garbs. Of course, some little trouble would be experienced in procuring so many costumes of this sort, but not near so much as was caused, when the [illegible]ell's island, some eighteen months ago, was called upon to fit the Boss with trousers. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor," it will be remembered, Falstaff begins to unfold his designs on Mistresses Ford and Page to ancient Pistol, by saying, "I will tell thee, Pistol, what I am about," at which his irreverent follower remarks "Two yards or more."

If not quite six feet in girth, Tweed is sufficiently like the fat knight to render it necessary that an especial pair of breeches should be made to compass his circumference, and the penitentiary was ransacked to no purpose in endeavors to find a pair that would embrace his mammoth middle. In this connection, before dismissing the subject, we wish to make public the suggestion that the difference between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, is Tweed—the convict in the island penitentiary, and Tweed—the inmate of the debtor's prison on Ludlow street.

Pa., on Friday, Aug. 29, at 3 p. m. interment in the churchyard. Please omit flowers.

TWEED—On Aug. 25, Edwin G., of 565 82 st., Brooklyn, N. Y., beloved brother of Margaret Knickerbocker, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., loving uncle of Francis, N. Y. P. D., and Richard of Amarillo, Tex. Funeral from Darraugh's Funeral Home, 8813 5 ave., Brooklyn, Friday. Solemn Requiem Mass, St. Anselm's Church, 9:30 a. m. Interment, Calvary Cemetery.

VANDERBOGET—Ella Mae, survived by her beloved friend, Florence Wills; a cousin, Elizabeth Hazard and two nephews. Services Thursday

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ST 25, 1887.

THREE WHOLE DAYS AT THE PUMPS.

Terrible Experience of the Crew of the Wrecked Brigantine Catalina.

The effects of the cyclonic storms which have been sweeping up and down the coast for several days are beginning to be apparent. Incoming vessels are arriving dismasted and in a disabled state. Most of them experienced the same gale on the same day and nearly in the same locality. The Havana steamer City of Washington, which arrived yesterday morning, brought Capt. Gaval and his crew of eleven men, of the wrecked Spanish brigantine Catalina, of Palma Majorca. They had been rescued by the steamer on the night of Aug. 22. The brig sailed from Cienfuegos, Cuba, Aug. 3, with sugar, bound for Vigo, Spain. On the sixteenth day after leaving port a violent cyclone, which seemed to come from all directions, struck the brig and carried away the fore and mizzen masts, the rudder and two boats.

Temporary sails were erected, but when the storm abated it was found that the vessel had sprung aleak and was fast making water. Capt. Gaval ordered all hands to the pumps. The seas were still tremendous, and swept the vessel from stem to stern. The sailors had to lash themselves to the vessel to prevent being swept into the ocean. The men worked the pumps day and night, but the water gained in the hold. Three days and three nights the men were pumping, without rest or sleep. Capt. Gaval was on the alert for any passing vessel, and kept signals of distress continually exposed. A large strip of the tattered sails saturated with rum was ignited and burned during the nights. Just when all hands were on the verge of despair and the decks were nearly flush with the water the smoke of an approaching vessel was sighted. The sailors shouted with all their might and waved their rum-soaked torch. The peculiar flashing light attracted the attention of Capt. Rittig, of the City of Washington. Knowing that they were not ordinary lights, he altered his course and bore down in the direction whence they came. In a little while he heard the shouts of the distressed seamen. Second Officer Mann was sent in a boat and took off the captain and his crew and a little of their baggage. The men were in the last stages of exhaustion from work and want of food.

The Spanish Consul was notified when the steamer arrived at Quarantine. He sent down a tug and had the wrecked seamen brought up to the city. He will send them to their homes in Spain. Capt. Gaval, through an interpreter, expressed on behalf of his crew and himself his hearty thanks for Capt. Rittig's kind and humane treatment of them after the timely rescue. The lost vessel was owned in Spain.

The day following the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors the schooner Bessie Whiting, of Port Jefferson, was spoken, with her mizzen-mast and one boat gone having met with the same cyclone. At 5 o'clock of the same day a sunken vessel with decks above water was passed. The wreck was apparently that of a bark.

May 23, 1887.

in this city and that a lawyer has been employed to represent them in England.

If it be true that these descendants expect to divide this great estate which, as the *Tribune* says, the English Parliament has so generously taken from the Crown and given to them, we desire to direct their attention to certain official reports made by our diplomatic representatives in Great Britain from time to time in the last thirty years concerning such estates as this and to remind them that the great Lawrence-Townley estate was said to have been surrendered to American heirs by an act of Parliament passed on Aug. 6, 1885. We shall not quote now from those official reports, sent to our State Department by Minister LOWELL, Consul-General MERRITT, and Minister PHELPS. We have heretofore published extracts from them. Did the act of Parliament relating to the Sands property place it in the hands of the Court of Chancery to be distributed among the heirs? These reports show that of property whose owners were not known that court held, a short time ago, not more than £1,000,000. Was the estate intrusted to the Bank of England? The reports are equally conclusive as to that repository. We advise the Sands heirs to obtain copies of these reports and to ask the Secretary of our legation at London for information about this immense sum of $75,000,000 before they spend any money in attempts to establish their title to the same. We hope that they will get the estate which Parliament has compelled the Crown to surrender to a group of Yankees, but we fear that it is a difficult task which lies before them. It will be wise for them to prepare for disappointment. It would be a waste of money to spend their substance in trying to obtain this property and then to learn that it lies not in England, but in the moon.

IN ENGLAND, OR IN THE MO

Now it is the Sands estate, a tempting [illegible] of property worth $75,000,000, that awaits in England the convenience of certain lucky Americans who are preparing to take it. Those enormous accumulations once known far and wide as the Bradford estate, ($122,000,000,) the Lawrence-Townley or Chase-Townley estate, ($800,000,000,) the Jennens property, ($500,000,000,) and the Shreve estate, ($100,000,000,) seem to have melted into thin air. Other great estates of the same kind lost their value and fell into obscurity last March, when the police broke up the British-American Claim Agency, that philanthropic corporation whose business was carried on by PARKER and WITHERELL in the Stewart Building. But little matters of this kind are soon forgotten. There is a demand in this country for great English estates that are going begging for lack of heirs, and it must be supplied.

The story which has come to the ears of certain hopeful persons in America is that one EDWIN SANDYS was made an Archbishop by Queen ELIZABETH; that his enormous property descended by inheritance to Capt. JAMES SANDYS, and that the Captain's estates were confiscated in 1633, and for 250 years thereafter "remained in the possession of the Crown." With regard to the later history of the property the *Tribune* of the 22d inst. makes the following interesting statement:

"About five years ago the matter was brought before the English Parliament, and the British lawmakers were led to see that an injury had been done to the memory of Archbishop SANDYS which could only be rectified by surrendering back to the heirs of the unfortunate Captain the property which had been taken from him over 200 years before. The estates have suffered nothing from remaining intact, and have increased many times over their former value, and are now estimated as being worth $75,000,000 in round numbers."

Capt. SANDYS fled to America, and his heirs are to be found here. They will rejoice to learn upon the authority of the *Tribune* that they are entitled to an estate whose value is nearly equal to the capital stock of the Standard Oil Trust, an organization whose interests the *Tribune* so faithfully represents and defends.

We learn from a Newburg paper that a respected resident of that city is now engaged in tracing the descendants and heirs of Capt. SANDYS, (the family name having in the course of time been changed to SANDS,) and that he now has 1,800 names on his list. It is also reported that several meetings of heirs have recently been held

I am content—
For age upon the heart
Can never creep;
And when, at last, in stillest night
I seem to sleep,
A birthday comes to me in truth;
The gift it brings—immortal youth.

THE REV DR. JOSEPH H. PRICE.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Price died at his home in the Ashland House yesterday. He was born in Boston on December 26, 1799, and was graduated from Brown University. After leaving the university he returned to Boston, where he conducted a private school. During the same time he was chaplain of one of the reformatory institutions of that city. He came to this city about 1830 and became assistant to the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, rector of St. Thomas's Church, and four years later he was chosen rector of St. Paul's Church, Troy. In 1847 he returned to New-York and became rector of St. Stephen's Church. The congregation finally united with the Church of the Advent, which took the name of St. Stephen's.

Dr. Price continued to occupy the rectorship of this church until 1875, when he retired from the ministry. He continued, however, to take an interest in the work of the church and was an active member of many of its societies up to the time of his last sickness. The funeral will take place in Calvary Church in Fourth-ave. at 9:30 a. m. to-morrow. Bishop Potter will conduct the services.

Letters of Colorado

travels 1883 A. S. Y.

Second trip 1892

THE SANDS FAMILY PROBLEM.

Seventy-five or 80 people met under the collective description of the Sands family at the residence of Mrs. J. C. Saunders, 119 West Forty-fourth-street, last night, to devise ways and means of converting several metaphorical flocks of birds in the bush to a sufficient number of birds in the hand to supply all the members of the aforesaid Sands family with at least a bird apiece. They claim to be descendants and heirs of Capt. John Sands, who was the descendant and heir of an Archbishop of York, who died about 250 years ago and left an immense estate.

The subjects of consideration by the Sands family last night were the extent and whereabouts of the estate, and whether it consisted of real or personal property, or both, or perhaps neither, and the missing link necessary to establish the chain of title between the defunct Archbishop of York and the individual members of the Sands family. Everybody had a geneological tree, showing conclusively that they were members of the Sands family. They were able also to show by these geneological trees a fair retrocession to asymmetrical association just above the trunk of the perfect tree, which is represented by Capt. John Sands, and which grew up from the roots represented by the Archbishop of York. But between the trunk and the branches there is an awkward space that refused to be filled. The Sands family were averse to communicating any further information than is contained in the foregoing statement, but they declare that they have strong hopes of some time bagging some of the game they are after.

MUNICIPAL UPHEAVALS.

THREE COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION APPOINTED.

COMMISSIONERS STERN AND BOWEN REMOVED BY THE MAYOR—TOWNSEND COX, EDWARD L. DONNELLY, AND ISAAC H. BAILEY APPOINTED IN THEIR PLACE—TWO OF THE COMMISSIONERS NAMED BY THE MAYOR-ELECT—MORE CHANGES IN STORE.

After the death of the late Mayor H[illegible]vemeyer it was discovered by his successor, M[illegible]yor Vance, that Gov. Dix had instituted an inqu[illegible]y into the conduct of the Charity Commissioner[illegible] principally regarding their treatment of W[illegible] M. Tweed, consigned to their care as a conv[illegible]ct. Mayor Havemeyer called the attention of th[illegible] Commissioners to the communication of the G[illegible]overnor. The new Mayor demanded a reply to [illegible]s inquiry of Gov. Dix. Mr. Laimbeer, one of the Commissioners, at once resigned, in a letter throwing the responsibility for the treatment of Mr. Tweed on the other two Commissioners, James Bowen and Myer Stern, at the same time charging that Tweed might at any moment make his escape. Mr. Stern and Mr. Bowen gave explanations of their action in the matter, which do not appear to have been satisfactory. The Mayor, with the Governor's approval, removed them yesterday without further investigation, and accepted the resignation of Mr. Laimbeer. Late yesterday afternoon Mayor Vance, after consulting with Mayor-elect Wickham as to the two Democrats named, made appointments to fill the vacancies. The new Commissioners are Townsend Cox, Edward L. Donnelly, and Isaac H. Bailey. Mr. Bailey has the longest term—until May 1, 1879. The removal of the Fire Commissioners will probably follow in a few days.

THE MAYOR'S GROUNDS OF ACTION.

HIS LETTER TO GOV. DIX—LENIENCY TO TWEED AND ILLEGAL CONTRACTS FOR SUPPLIES THE MAIN CHARGES AGAINST COMMISSIONERS STERN AND BOWEN—THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH MAYOR WICKHAM.

The following are the official documents relating to the removal of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction and the appointment of their successors:

NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

His Excellency JOHN A. DIX, *Governor of the State of New-York.*

SIR: I transmit to you herewith my certificate of removal of James Bowen and Myer Stern from the office of Commissioners of Charities and Correction of the City of New-York. The cause of removal is, as stated in the certificate, criminal violation of duty on the part of said Commissioners. My reasons for this removal are as follows:

First: In November, 1873, William M. Tweed was convicted in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in and for the City and County of New-York, of a misdemeanor, and sentenced for a term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. This prison is under the care of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction. A few days after Tweed was transferred to the Penitentiary he was permitted to put aside the prison dress, which all other prisoners were compelled to wear, and to dress in ordinary clothing. The prison dress he has not since worn. He is allowed the use of a room not in the prison proper, situated above the main entrance one stair up. This room he has furnished almost entirely at his own expense. He is not confined to his room, being at liberty to leave it through the day when he pleases. He performs no duty, is in excellent health, requires no medical attendance, none of the prison physicians having visited him for the last four months. He walks in the grounds surrounding the prison without restraint. He does not receive his meals as other prisoners, but at the residence of the Warden, which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the prison, and to the Warden's residence Tweed goes three times each day at the usual meal hours. He takes these walks alone or in company of a Keeper. He is permitted to receive all visitors he desires. No visitors are permitted to see him whom he does not wish to see. He receives visitors daily. He has a private secretary who has free access to him at all hours of the day, and with whom he passes considerable time. In short, Tweed is not treated as a prisoner, but as a guest, necessitated through force of circumstances to pass some time on the island, the officials of which are determined to make his stay among them as pleasant and agreeable as possible. The Commissioner principally responsible for this criminal violation of duty is Myer Stern. It was on his instructions. Tweed was allowed to put aside the prison dress and to wear ordinary clothing; and all the indulgences enjoyed by Tweed have been allowed with the sanction of Mr. Stern. I do not consider it necessary to determine whether these indulgences have been purchased by Tweed, or whether they have been extended to him for other considerations. I am, however, of opinion, on a review of the evidence, that Tweed pays for the privileges he is allowed. Whatever the arrangements were which secured to Tweed these privileges, Mr. Stern was a party thereto. Mr. Bowen informed me that he has not seen Tweed since the latter was sent to Blackwell's Island. This I have no doubt is correct, but I cannot see how Mr. Bowen is thereby relieved from the responsibilities which rest upon him. In this matter of Tweed, the omission by Mr. Bowen to act was a criminal violation of his duty. The subject was repeatedly brought officially to the notice of Mr. Bowen, but he omits to ascertain for himself the facts and remedy the matter complained of. He sustains by his vote and action Mr. Stern, and I cannot therefore relieve him from responsibility. I consider the acts of both Commissioners were a criminal violation of duty on their part, for which they ought to be removed from office.

Second: In the administration of the affairs of the Department of Public Charities and Correction there have been repeated violations of the provisions of law in purchasing the supplies required by the Department, the particulars of which are set forth in a report made by the Commissioners of Accounts, on Aug. 27, now on file in this office. The restrictions of law as to purchasing supplies were disregarded, and the books of the Department altered for the purpose of deception. Purchases exceeding $1,000 in value were repeatedly made, the bills altered so as to represent purchases under $1,000, and entries made on the books of the Wickham suggesting the [illegible] appointment of Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Cox. This [illegible]ade no reference whatever to Mr. Bailey, and the [illegible]porter called Mr. Vance's attention to that fact. Mr. Vance said that Mr. Wickham had called upon him [illegible] and personally expressed his satisfaction with nee[illegible]ination of Mr. Bailey, and that the other nomi[illegible] had come informally to an agreement to elect Mr. Bailey President of the Commission. Mr. Vance stated this very positively. Mr. Wickham could not be found last evening, and it is, therefore, to be inferred that all the appointments are satisfactory to him, and that the new Commissioners will retain office when he becomes Mayor.

POLITICAL CRITICISMS.

JOHN KELLY'S EXPLANATION OF THE REPUBLICAN MOTIVE—DISSATISFACTION IN A STRANGE QUARTER.

The Hon. John Kelly was asked last evening what he thought of the removal of the Commissioners. He replied that he scarcely knew what to think of it. Mayor-elect Wickham had informed him on Wednesday that he had been sent for to consult with Mayor Vance on the subject of the removal of the Commissioners, and had said that if he had a voice in the appointment of the new Commissioners, Edward L. Donnelly would be one of them. Hence the appointment of Mr. Donnelly did not surprise Mr. Kelly. The reason for the change just at this time was the fact that the Republicans wished to retain a representative in the Commission. He knew little of Mr. Bailey's qualifications for the place, but had not deemed him a strong man. With Townsend Cox he had no acquaintance. He had been informed that Mr. Cox was President of the Young Men's Democratic Association, and that he had rendered good service in the cause of reform in 1871. Edward L. Donnelly he had known for several years, and could vouch for him as a worthy man for the place. He was wealthy, a gentleman of leisure, and strict integrity, and as he had been for several years an active business man, was well qualified for the position. What the effect of the change would be he could not say. It seemed strange that the Mayor and the Governor should agree to remove the Commissioners at this juncture when both were about to retire. He could only account for it on the theory which he had previously advanced, that the Administration Republicans wished to have a representative in the Commission, and knowing from the evidence submitted how corrupt the Commission was, had believed that the incoming Mayor and Governor would remove them. Hence they had decided to "take the bull by the horns" and act promptly.

An excited group of Administration politicians gathered in the halls of the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening and discussed with remarkable freedom the new appointments. The most prominent figures in this group were Collector of Customs Chester A. Arthur, and Charles S. Spencer, the rest being gaugers, weighers, and Internal Revenue agents. The opinion was very freely expressed that Mayor Vance had betrayed his comrades, with as little consideration as Mayor Havemeyer had done, his motive for such treachery being the prospect of amicable coöperation with Mayor Wickham during his term, when Mr. Vance will be again a member of the Board of Aldermen. Mr. Donnelly is from the XIIIth District, whence their own nominee, ex-Assemblyman Charles Blaikie, hails. Mr. Blaikie had been strongly urged for the place by the XIXth District Republican Committee. This small group of politicians were unanimous in the belief that Mayor Vance ought to be ruled out of the party, and they frequently expressed the opinion that his usefulness as a member of the party had ended.

Ex-Commissioners Stern, Bowen and Laimbeer were not to be found at their residences early last evening. The last meeting of the old Commissioners as a Board was held yesterday morning, after which Mr. Bowen made his customary tour of the Islands, Mr. Laimbeer looked over and audited some bills, and Mr. Stern returned to his place of business. The most important business transacted at the meeting was the completion of arrangements for furnishing all the inmates of the various institutions under their direction with turkey for dinner on Christmas.

THE NEW COMMISSIONERS.

Edward L. Donnelly, the newly appointed Commissioner of the Department of Public Charities and Correction, is a retired merchant of large means. He was born in New-York and is about 45 years of age. He has never held a public office, but is an influential member of the Tammany Hall General Committee. He is also a Sachem of the Tammany Society, and is recognized as a leader and controlling member of the organization. He was a candidate for State Prison Inspector in 1859 on the Democratic ticket. He resides at No. 363 West Twenty-third-st.

Townsend Cox, who takes the place of Myer Stern in the Department of Public Charities and Correction, is 47 years of age, and is descended from a Quaker family. He was born on Long Island, and is a broker at No. 57 Exchange-place in this city. He was President of the Gold Exchange at one time, and ran for Alderman in 1872, on the ticket of the Committee of Seventy.

Isaac H. Bailey, the third Commissioner, is an Administration Republican, and was recently defeated for Congress in the XIth District by Col. Benjamin A. Willis.

omission of Mr. Bowen to act was a criminal violation of his duty. The subject was repeatedly brought officially to the notice of Mr. Bowen, but he omits to ascertain for himself the facts and remedy the matter complained of. He sustains by his vote and action Mr. Stern, and I cannot therefore relieve him from responsibility. I consider the acts of both Commissioners were a criminal violation of duty on their part, for which they ought to be removed from office.

Second: In the administration of the affairs of the Department of Public Charities and Correction there have been repeated violations of the provisions of law in purchasing the supplies required by the Department, the particulars of which are set forth in a report made by the Commissioners of Accounts, on Aug. 27, now on file in this office. The restrictions of law as to purchasing supplies were disregarded, and the books of the Department altered for the purpose of deception. Purchases exceeding $1,000 in value were repeatedly made, the bills altered so as to represent purchases under $1,000, and entries made on the books of the Department corresponding to the alterations. These transactions were to the prejudice of the city. The prices for supplies exceeded what they could have been purchased for, and in one transaction alone, where Myer Stern purchased goods through a relative of a member of his family, the relative, on a purchase of $3,847 93, received a commission of $914 95. As a result of the system adopted and so persistently followed in the Department, as to the purchase of supplies, I know that, in one instance at least, a merchant was only allowed the custom of the Department after he had seen a son of Myer Stern, and, through a middle-man, had agreed to pay such middle-man five per cent on the purchases made; and that after some time the purchases were discontinued, because the merchant would not increase his price for the goods and pay corresponding with such increase a corresponding increase of commissions. I do not say that these or such like transactions were known to the Commissioners, but if, through the instrumentality of a son of one of the Commissioners, such things could be carried into effect, I am satisfied that it is a result of the illegal system which has been adopted and continued by the Commissioners. The action of the Commissioners, in violation of law, in relation to the purchase of supplies, I consider in its effect a criminal violation of duty on the part of the Commissioners, requiring their removal from office.

Very respectfully, SAM'L B. H. VANCE, Mayor.

THE GOVERNOR'S APPROVAL.

ALBANY, Dec. 23, 1874.

Whereas, The Mayor of the City of New-York having removed James Bowen and Myer Stern from the office of Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction after allowing them an opportunity to be heard as required by law, and the said Mayor having submitted to me his reasons for such removal; it is ordered, that the removal of the said Commissioners be, and is hereby approved.

JOHN A. DIX.

THE INVITATION TO MR. WICKHAM.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

Hon. WM. H. WICKHAM—MY DEAR SIR: In the discharge of the duties of the office I have the honor to hold, I have found it necessary to remove James Bowen and Myer Stern, Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction. William Laimbeer, the third Commissioner, has resigned, and his resignation is part of the records of this office. Considering the circumstances under which I was so unexpectedly called upon to occupy the position of Chief Magistrate of the city, the near approach of the expiration of the term I have to serve, and recognizing the fact that you are the elected of the people to succeed me in the Mayoralty, and responsible under the law for the future government of the city, it is, in my opinion, due to you, not only that I should consult you as to the Commissioners who should be appointed, but that you should name the persons to be appointed in the place of those removed. I will appoint the successor to Mr. Laimbeer, resigned, and on your nomination I will appoint the successors to Mr. Bowen and Mr. Stern. I will be glad to see you and arrange as to this matter in the course of the day, as it is exceedingly desirable that the gentlemen to be appointed should enter upon their duties without any delay. Very respectfully, S. B. H. VANCE, Mayor.

MR. WICKHAM'S NOMINATIONS.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1874.

The Hon. S. B. H. VANCE, *Mayor, etc.*—MY DEAR SIR: Acknowledging your favor of this date, and fully appreciating this additional evidence of your confidence, I beg leave herewith to suggest to you for appointment to be Commissioners of Charities and Correction, Edward L. Donnelly of No. 368 West Twenty-third-st., in place of James Bowen, removed, and Townsend Cox of No. 19 West Sixteenth-st., in place of Myer Stern, removed. Very respectfully yours, WM. H. WICKHAM.

The certificates of appointment are similar in form, Townsend Cox being appointed for Myer Stern's term, ending May 1, 1875; Isaac H. Bailey for Wm. Laimbeer's term, ending May 1, 1879, and Edward L. Donnelly for James Bowen's term, ending May 1, 1877.

MAYOR VANCE'S MOTIVES.

ALL THE APPOINTMENTS APPROVED BY HIS SUCCESSOR.

Mayor Vance, in conversation last evening with a TRIBUNE reporter, stated that he had sought to make non-partisan appointments, which would benefit the city and stand after he should leave office. His earnest wish was to place in office men of a higher character and greater ability than had usually been called upon to serve in such positions. In making the present appointments he had consulted with Mr. Wickham, the Mayor elect, who had assured him that the nominations were acceptable to him. On the reporter's expressing some surprise at this, Mr. Vance showed him the letter of Mr.

MAGINNIS.—At Ocean Springs, Miss., July 4, 1890, at 12:30 p. m., JOHN H. MAGINNIS, aged 44 years and 8 months, eldest son of the late A. A. Maginnis.

JOHN H. MAGINNIS.

His Remains Brought to the City and to be Interred To-Day.

John H. Maginnis

The announcement made in the morning papers of the sad death of Mr. John H. Maginnis, was a shock to almost every man prominent in both commercial and social circles. The unexpected and terrible manner in which the deceased met his death, made the blow all the harder.

Immediately upon being apprised of the terrible calamity the entire family, who were in the city when the deceased met his death, left for Ocean Springs, and arrived there on Thursday evening. Preparations were made to have the corpse conveyed to this city by special train, and early yesterday morning the relatives and friends of deceased started from the lakeside resort and arrived here shortly before noon over the Louisville and Nashville road.

When the train drew up at the depot Johnson's burial carriage was at hand, and in it the corpse was taken to Johnson's Sons burial parlors, where it was accompanied by the family. After embalmment, the body was conveyed to the residence of the deceased, corner of Jackson and Prytania streets.

In his business connections, Mr. Maginnis has ever been to the front, being connected with almost every industry of importance started in the city and State.

In 1883, the deceased, together with his brother, Ambrose A. Maginnis, started the Lafayette Warehouse Company, and by their united efforts made it one of the most successful ventures established in the city.

Upon the death of Mr. A. A. Maginnis, Sr., their father, the two brothers succeeded in 1877 to the cotton-seed oil business, of which he was the pioneer, having first started that industry in 1857.

At the time of his death the deceased was the president of the Maginnis Soap and Oil Works, as well as of the Maginnis Cotton Mill, while he was a large shareholder in the Lafayette Warehouse Company. Together with Mr. A. A. Maginnis, the deceased was connected with the Planters' Fertilizer Company, and Mr. John H. Maginnis was the president of the Hermitage Planting and Manufacturing Company, a corporation representing immense sugar interests in Ascension parish.

Besides his connection with these industries, the deceased was identified largely with various banking ventures, being one of the Board of Directors of the Whitney National Bank and having been connected some years ago with the State National Bank.

The funeral will take place this morning from Trinity Church, and the following gentlemen will act as pall bearers: L. V. Elder, J. Mut, Jr., R. Simpson, S. Conway, W. W. Lyons, Chas. Allen, L. W. Lyons, J. Saunders. Honorary pall bearers, Mr. H. Marshall, Mr. P. De Vurges and G. M. Harrison.

TWEED GETTING FREE.

JUDGE DONOHUE'S DECISION IN HIS FAVOR.

PROCEEDINGS AGAINST HIM DELAYED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS—THE PEOPLE'S COUNSEL APPEAL FROM THE ORDER DIRECTING A BILL OF PARTICULARS—OPINIONS OF EMINENT LAWYERS.

Notice of an appeal by the people to the General Term of the Supreme Court from the decision of Justice Donohue in favor of William M. Tweed in the $6,000,000 civil suit was served upon Messrs. Field & Deyo, the defendant's lawyers yesterday, and was duly acknowledged by them. This movement of the people's lawyers was very necessary, as the furnishing of a detailed bill of particulars in strict accordance with the order of the court is regarded in legal circles as an impossibility. The order, as published, after directing that the complaint in the case shall be amended, requires that full details shall be given of every part of, and item in, each of the bills, accounts, vouchers, or warrants mentioned in the complaint, and alleged to have been false, fictitious, and fraudulent, and that in each case shall be set forth the parts, portions, or items of such bills, accounts, vouchers, or warrants which the plaintiffs claim represent supplies, materials, or labor not furnished to them, and that the description, date, and amount of the different parts, portions, or items of the bills, vouchers, or warrants shall be clearly shown. To do all that is demanded by the court, it would be necessary for the prosecution to have in their possession the 141 vouchers stolen from the Controller's office in the early stages of the proceedings against the Ring. As the matter stands at present, the only details that can be given in obedience to Justice Donohue's order are those to be found in the ten claims of Keyser, the plumber, safely preserved. The decision of the court has thus made the people's case more difficult, but it is believed that it will only have the effect to retard the progress of the suit for a few months, and that the order will be vacated.

If the order stands, similar ones could be granted in the suits against Sweeny, Connolly, and others, members of the Ring, and the proceedings against them might be indefinitely delayed, and at the best only a very small portion of the money they have stolen could be recovered.

Ex-Attorney General Barlow, who had just returned to the City, said in conversation with a TIMES reporter yesterday that the order for a bill of particulars virtually estopped all proceedings in Tweed's case for the present. The only thing the prosecution could do under the circumstances was to endeavor to have the order vacated. A vigorous effort would certainly be made in this direction, and the prosecution are hopeful of success.

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham was absent from the City yesterday, but a member of his firm stated that it had been determined to appeal from Justice Donohue's decision to the General Term of the Supreme Court, and that the notice had been served upon the defendant's lawyers. He felt sanguine that the order would be vacated, and he regarded the whole matter only as a temporary triumph of the defense.

On application at the office of Messrs. Field & Deyo, the full text of the notice of appeal was obtained. It is as follows:

SUPREME COURT.—*People of the State of New-York vs. William M. Tweed, impleaded with the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New-York.*—Take notice that the plaintiffs in the above entitled action, appeal to the General Term of the Supreme Court from the decision of the Special Term of this court, made by Mr. Justice Donohue, directing the plaintiffs to serve an amended complaint and a bill of particulars, and other directions, and entered the 20th day of July, is one that might be made, without question, between two honest litigants.

Again, the decision requires that the State shall specify what right or interest the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty have in the premises. The suit has been brought by the people of the State, though the people of the City have been the swindled parties. If the money is recovered it will pass into the hands of the State, and very probably be returned to the City. As the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty have an interest in this money, in accordance with the regular legal custom, they have been made defendants in the suit. This really is a matter of no consequence whatever to Tweed, and the court should so have decided, if in the interest of the people, but it has not, and Judge Donohue orders the State to show this within the complaint. Through this action Tweed will hope to show that the money does not belong at all to the State, but wholly to the City, if any party, and this be made the ground for a motion to throw the State out of court. The decision in every way, considering the circumstances, has been a very extraordinary one, and probably is without precedent."

CHARLES O'CONOR'S OPINION.

The order entered in Supreme Court, Chambers, by Judge Donohue, on Tuesday, declaring William M. Tweed entitled to a bill of particulars of the warrants forming the basis of the civil action [illegible] was not unexpected by the counsel for the plaintiff, but they are united in their assertions that if the order holds good further prosecution will have to be abandoned.

A TIMES reporter called upon Hon. Charles O'Conor, at his residence, at Fort Washington, last evening, to ascertain whether he had been able to devise a way out of the difficulty. Mr. O'Conor emphatically stated that it would be absolutely impossible to furnish the bill of particulars required. The order of Judge Donohue, he said, was equivalent to a defeat of the suit if it was allowed to stand. The affidavits before the Judge, he stated, showed the utter impossibility of attempting to comply with the order. An appeal has been taken to the General Term, which would be heard during the latter part of August. This motion, he said in reply to a question as to when it had been prepared, was made a long time ago, and had been held by the Judge, subject to advisement, ever since. Further than this Mr. O'Conor was unable to state what action would be taken by the counsel for the plaintiff until after the motion is heard and a decision rendered.

Supreme Court from the decision of the Special Term of this court, made by Mr. Justice Donohue, directing the plaintiffs to serve an amended complaint and a bill of particulars, and other directions, and entered the 20th day of July, 1875, and from each and every part of said order, except so much thereof as denies certain motions or parts of motions.

Yours, &c.,

JULY 21, 1875. DANIEL PRATT,
Attorney General, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

To FIELD & DEYO, attorneys for defendant Tweed.
WILLIAM WALSH, Esq., Clerk of County.

A DECISION TECHNICALLY RIGHT AND EQUITABLY WRONG.

A prominent lawyer of this City, in conversation with a TIMES reporter last evening in regard to Judge Donohue's recent decision in the Tweed case, said: "I am disgusted; so disgusted that I hardly know what to say in the matter. It seems to me as if the 'evil one' had got into some of our courts, and that every little technicality of any legal importance or vitality was being dug up and used in favor of William M. Tweed. Such, at any rate, this decision has been. You know that the larger part of the vouchers for the money obtained by the Ring were stolen from the Court-house in September, 1871. The amounts of these can be easily obtained, as the books in the Finance Department will show all the amounts paid, but the bill of items was inclosed in the account audited or supposed to have been audited by Tweed, and most of these were stolen. If Tweed can get an order from the court that shall compel the State to specify each particular item in the vouchers either false or overcharged, and specify which are correct and which fictitious, the vouchers having been stolen, it will be impossible for the State to comply, and, failing to do so, motion may be made to throw the case out of court. This is the key to the wondrous efforts that Tweed's counsel have made to obtain a bill of particulars of fictitious bills and bills raised, knowing it was impossible for this to be done, as all proofs had been destroyed. In business relations, if a merchant brought suit to recover moneys alleged to have been obtained through similar means, and the defendant asked for a bill of particulars, it would be perfectly right to grant it, but not if the latter had destroyed all evidence. Judge Donohue is without doubt an honest Judge. He has always been a Tammany Hall Democrat, attending at all times to his legal business, and never mixing in politics, except at such times as he voted the straight Democratic ticket. He was put on the bench by the Democrats, and never having interested himself in the overthrow of Tammany Hall, he has not appreciated the great efforts that have been made to throw Tweed upon his back. He has acted in this matter as he would in a legal contest between two respectable citizens, granting a bill of particulars as if the one had not destroyed the evidence of the other. Technically he has acted correctly, but equitably, wrong, and his decision may work to the reversion of justice. It is like a man passing a counterfeit note, and upon trial, knowing the note to have been stolen, demands its production in court. There is no real evidence that Tweed committed this theft, but it has been the work of his lawyers to bring about this corner. They have been careful not to bring their motions before Judge Davis, for though he would recognize such a motion in many civil suits, he could not have done so in this.

Tweed had a Board of Audit to examine and audit bills of a certain character against the City, consisting of himself, Connolly, and Hall. They only held one meeting, and then not a single claim came before them for audit, and yet claims to the amount of $6,312,347 were paid as audited. To audit is to examine, yet it was never done, and a large amount of money passed into Tweed's hands. Every one of the bills was fraudulent, in fact a mere fiction; others had some foundation, but were overcharged either in quantity or price. The complaint sets up that Tweed neglected to audit these bills, and thereby allowed the City to be swindled. The complaint also charges conspiracy in his causing the bills to be raised in amount, and through this alleged neglect and conspiracy the City claims to recover. Judge Donohue orders that suit shall be limited to one ground of complaint, either that of neglect or of conspiring in having bills manufactured to swindle the City. They are the same set of bills, and the same iniquity reaches both. The City claims to recover on both grounds, and it seems to me should be allowed to do so. The decision takes away one of the two oars in the boat, leaving it to get along as best it may with one. The court has full discretion in this matter. There is ample law in support of the decision and to the contrary, and it would seem that this discretion should be used in the interest of a swindled City. It

The reasons which Judge Barrett gives for denying the motion to vacate or reduce Wm. M. Tweed's bail are as satisfactory as the decision is welcome. It seems to be eminently a common-sense view of the case, that the sum of money stolen should determine the amount of bail. Doubtless the friends of Mr. Tweed think it very hard to require $3,000,000 of bonds as a security against his flight from the city; but even the forfeiture of this whole sum would not restore half the plunder which occasions the suit. The absurdity of the plea that nothing can justify holding any human being to bail in so large an amount, is very happily illustrated by the Judge. There will have to be very much more wind than this in the bellows that shall fill Mr. Tweed's sails with public sympathy.

They were in the parlor, occupying one chair with but a single thought. They had discussed the tariff, the Irish question, the sleighing, the opera, the weather, and other important topics till conversation was about fagged out. After a long pause:

"Ducky!"

"Whatty?"

"Do you think I am making any progress in courting?"

"Well, I should say you were holding your own."

Tableau.

If not called for in 5 days, return to the
TOMPKINS MFG. CO.
60 & 62 NEW ST. New York City.

Mrs. A. S. Tweed

282 Mac Donough St

Brooklyn N. Y.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.
FEB 14
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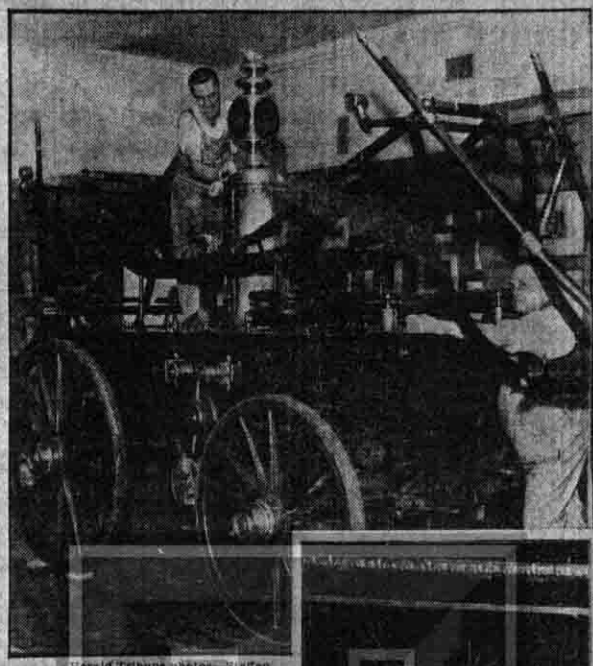
Tweed Fire Engine Installed at City Museum



Herald Tribune photos—Steffan

Americus No. 6, presented by the Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association of Long Island City

The original Tammany Tiger on the front panel

Old Fire Engine Of Tweed's Unit Goes to Museum

Machine Used by Crack 'Big 6' Company of Volunteers Presented to City

The fire engine of Americus Engine Company No. 6, as the most famed of New York's crack volunteer units was officially known, was presented yesterday to the Museum of the City of New York by the Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association of Long Island City, Queens.

William Marcy Tweed—"Boss" Tweed—was one of the organizers and later a foreman of this crack outfit, and the company's symbol, a Bengal tiger, chosen by Tweed, still bares its painted fangs on the front panel of the engine.

Big Six—as Tweed's company of seventy-five red-shirted bravos was popularly known—was organized on December 11, 1848 in Andrew Maner's ink factory on Gouverneur Street. Two weeks later, in rooms over the Vivaramble beer saloon at 3 Hester Street, Tweed proposed that the Christian name of Americus Vespucci be given to the new company. The tiger's head painted on the front panel of the firebox was copied from a French lithograph.

Two years after the company was organized Tweed was elected foreman, and in the following year, 1851, Tweed and his red shirts visited Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities of the East, hauling their engine behind them. They were received at the White House by President Fillmore, and before returning to New York were guests of the people of Montreal.

In 1866 Tweed, then the "Boss" of Tammany Hall, and a select few wore jeweled replicas of the emblem of Big Six to denote their membership in the Americus Club, an exclusive political-social organization. These heads had eyes of rubies and cost $2,000 each. In the same year the Tammany delegates to the Democratic State Convention which nominated Tweed's tool, John T. Hoffman, for Governor, wore badges bearing the tiger's head. This was the first use of the tiger in politics. Three years later Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, used the tiger in his cartoons for the first time. This was during the fight against Tweed and the Tweed ring.

Russians Fill Churches As Godless Society Meets

Faithful Celebrate Christmas Eve Despite Atheist Campaign

MOSCOW, Jan. 6 (UP).—The churches of "Godless Russia" were crowded with worshipers tonight as the Greek Orthodox Church celebrated Christmas Eve. Thousands of the faithful, most of them elderly men and women, knelt in the churches in Moscow and other cities, despite the vigorous atheist campaign which has been carried on by the Society of Godless.

The Orthodox Church adheres to the old Russian calendar, which is thirteen days behind the Gregorian, thus providing the Communist state with two Christmas celebrations for believers.

The Society of Godless, the trade unions and other organizations held lectures, theater performances and various propaganda meetings to counteract the Christmas appeal of the church. The government, although approving of the atheist propaganda, will not permit any interference with worshipers, insisting that persuasion is the only effective method of attacking religion.

Public Opinion on Judge Noah Davis and his Recent Conduct.

From the Troy Press.

BALLSTON SPA, NOV. 28.—At this time, when all seem to be unanimous in the conviction that Wm. M. Tweed has only received just punishment for his iniquity, it may seem inopportune to make any comments upon the manner in which the trial was conducted. A result may be attained and an object accomplished by means much more disastrous to the public than a criminal left unpunished, and it is not always better to bear an evil precedent without objection because it may accomplish present good, though it may eventuate in ultimate misfortune considered as a standard for future guidance.

There must be some great defect in our jurisprudence when in order to convict a criminal a case must be postponed for years for trial, to await the revision of the jury law and to make a Judge created for that special case.

Noah Davis no doubt became a Judge for a purpose and that was the trial of Tweed, and when the counsel for Tweed, knowing that fact, remonstrated against his presiding at the trial, an impartial Judge would have scorned to place himself, or at least force himself, into a position where the public suspicion would rest upon him as having an object other than the impartial performance of his duty.

Perhaps Judge Davis, like Gen. Burriel when he murdered the crew of the Virginius, may have thought a delay or change of Judge and a fair trial would result in the acquittal of the prisoner, and it was best to execute him while he had the opportunity, and let the consequences come afterward. The citing of Tweed's counsel before him for contempt (as if there could be one against such a court) had not the "requisite density" to command respect, and was not done to sustain the Court's dignity, but to divert public opinion from his real conduct.

Who can read the maledictions delivered to the "fallen man," called sentence, without regret that a Judge should so far forget himself as to allow his passions full scope? And to the American people his harsh language, as it came through his grating teeth, will strike the sense of propriety as no more shocking than the spectacle of an American Judge delivering sentence in passionate declamation, with clinched hands striking the desk before him like a raving maniac and pouring out midst violent gesticulation the bitterest vituperation.

In rendering the sentence, Judge Davis seemed to delight in taunting and insulting the prisoner. It is stated by all that Tweed conducted himself like a gentleman during the trial, yet Davis insultingly said as he struck the desk with his fist and wrought himself up to a state of frenzy preparatory to fixing the terms of imprisonment, "Through the whole of this trial you remained up to the very moment of your conviction as calm and serene as though you relied upon your innocence, when it was overwhelmingly apparent to all that your serenity was only that audacity, that confidence in the omnipotence of corruption, rather than reliance upon your innocence." Instead of passing sentence as a sad and solemn duty, he seemed to exult in the opportunity to gratify his malice.

How very propitious for the prosecution that just as the jury were about to retire to make up their verdict the delinquent juror in the Stokes case was brought up before the court. That was done for the benefit of the jury and had its effect.

The charge was so one-sided that it left no juror to exercise his judgment without incurring the displeasure of the Judge before whom he did not know but he might soon be brought like the refractory Stokes juror, whom he had just left standing with bowed head before that august Judge to receive his punishment. That pressure alone brought to bear upon a jury will in nine cases out of ten influence it. As the Judge said: "The verdict could not have been otherwise than guilty without a violation of the oaths which the jury had taken, and an utter disregard of the obligations under which they rested to speak the truth."

Had half the appliances been used in the Stokes case who believes the result would have been the same? One of the jurors has since said that when he heard Graham he believed Tweed innocent, and perhaps he might have added after he had heard Tremain, but the charge of the Judge frightened him out of his wits.

If the above criticisms indicate any sympathy with Tweed, it is not in the heart of the writer, and the complaint is not in the verdict, but in the manner in which it was obtained.

The probabilities are that the temper of the Judge has allowed errors to appear that may ultimate in escape from the punishment Tweed justly deserves. It is the duty of every citizen to denounce any attempt to overawe a jury and force even a just verdict, for the same appliances would force an unjust verdict and be as unscrupulously used. Yours truly, X.

The Sun.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1874.

Average Daily Circulation Over 130,000,

Or nearly equal to that of all the other morning newspapers printed in the English language in this city.

Some idea of the extent of this business here may be formed from the fact that it is sufficient to place two copies in each dwelling house in the city and county of New York every day, or one copy in every dwelling house in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and Jersey City, with some thousands to spare. Although THE SUN is most widely distributed in the city and suburbs, it is no longer a mere local journal, but is now sold, subscribed for, and circulated in every city and State of the Union, as well as in the Dominion of Canada. In the year 1873 THE DAILY SUN printed and sold (36,023,364) thirty-six millions, twenty-three thousand, eight hundred and eighty-four copies.

As an advertising medium THE DAILY SUN is especially valuable to all who want help or employment, who have rooms or dwellings to let; horses or lands to sell; wares or merchandise to dispose of, as retail or by auction. In short, to buyers and sellers alike it proffers the service of a vast and practically illimitable Exchange at the very minimum of cost.

The Weekly Sun.

Circulation nearly 70,000, extending over every State and Territory in the Union and the Dominion of Canada.

Ordinary Advertisements, per line,	60 50
No extra charge for cuts or displayed type.	
Business Notices, 5th page, per line,	0 75
Reading Notices, 5th page, per line,	1 00

New York, February, 1874.

ADVERTISING RATES.

A five-line advertisement, reaching 600,000 readers, costs only two dollars.

Ordinary Advertisements, per agate line,	$0 40
Large type or cuts (agate measurement) per line,	0 60
Business Notices, in New Marriage and Deaths, per line,	0 75
Special Notices, after Marriages and Deaths, per line,	0 75
Banking and Financial, after Money Articles,	0 60
Reading Notices, with "Adv," 1st page, per line,	0 75
Reading Notices, with "Adv," 1st or 2d page, per line,	1 50
Reading Notices, with "Adv," 1st or 2d page, per line,	2 50

Amusements To-day.

Academy of Music—Grand Charity Concert. Matinee.
Booth's Theatre—The Colleen Bawn. Matinee.
Bowery Theatre—Neck and Neck.
Colleseum—Broadway and Thirty-fifth street. Matinee.
Dan Bryant's Minstrels, Twenty-third street. Matinee.
Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre—Charity. Matinee.
Lyceum Theatre—La Perichole. Matinee.
Niblo's Garden—Davy Crockett. Matinee.
Olympic Theatre—Vaudeville and Novelty. Matinee.
Theatre Comique—Star Combination. Matinee.
Tony Pastor's—Variety Entertainment. Matinee.
Union Square Theatre—Led Astray. Matinee.
Wallack's Theatre—Central Park. Matinee.
Wood's Museum—Nick Whiffles. Matinee.

The Fall of Noah Davis.

"Not fallen, no!" for regarded with literal exactness our title is a misnomer. NOAH DAVIS has not fallen. He was long ago the same man that he is now. He has only been found out. That is all. It is his own hands, too, that have stripped off the veil of appearance which concealed his real character; and in doing it he has seemed to act with a stupid unconsciousness that he was exposing to the public view features repulsive, hateful, detestable. He is more unfortunate than his original namesake, who, though he had all the waters of the flood, did not sufficiently dilute his strong drink at all times to keep sober; but when he got drunk he fortunately had pious sons to walk backward and cover him up; whereas our NOAH lies fully exposed in the position where he has wilfully placed himself, an object of derision to his enemies and of contempt rather than of pity to his former friends.

NOAH DAVIS—the model NOAH—what a figure he presents to-day!

He was a member of Congress from one of the northern districts of this State; but his seat in the House brought him little of money and less of fame. So he resigned and got himself appointed United States District Attorney for this district. It is a high and honorable office if highly held and honorably administered. It is an office which CHARLES O'CONOR did not think it beneath his dignity to accept, and one to which it has been deemed fitting to appoint the foremost men at the bar.

Having held this office a while, DAVIS, in a period of great, temporary public excitement, being mostly unknown to the voters of the city, was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. His successor as Dis- [illegible] been appointed to be a man of learning and integrity. He is to administer his office fairly. He is sworn to support the Constitution, and is expected to understand the law. Yet we find NOAH DAVIS, while holding this office, trying secretly to extort hundreds of thousands of dollars from a merchant under a law which he immediately afterward declares to be unconstitutional! And in the same matter he told the merchant that he believed him guiltless of all fraudulent intent.

NOAH DAVIS is supposed to be thoroughly up in the law of neglect of official duty. Was it not a neglect of his official duty as District Attorney to omit examining into the constitutionality of this law, and into the question of guilt, before he tried to extort this immense sum, a part of it for his own pocket, from the accused? And would not such a neglect of official duty be properly punished, if the State law applied, by at least a summer's residence in the salubrious air of Blackwell's Island?

And this is the same DAVIS who, a little while ago, with an overweening sense of his own importance, swelling like a frog by a pond at eventide almost to bursting, in a manner the most assuming, presumptuous and arrogant, was volunteering a superfluous public lecture to young men the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose, upon professional integrity! "It is a great thing," said he, "to be an able lawyer; it is a greater thing to be an honest one."

Yes, DAVIS, you were right. It is a great thing to be an able lawyer; it is a greater thing to be an honest one. It is most unfortunate, on the other hand, for a man who is a lawyer at all, to be neither able nor honest. "Show me a great lawyer and I will point you to an honest man," said DANIEL WEBSTER; and the portrait painted of himself by DAVIS, in his testimony before the committee of Congress, and in his correspondence with JAYNE, seems hardly reconcilable with the possession of real ability.

It is the privilege and one of the rewards of the greatest men, and those who have most distinguished themselves in the legal profession, to be remembered and imitated by the ambitious students of after generations. They serve as bright examples to stimulate the young to increased industry and exertion. The exhibition of himself which has recently been made by the subject of this article at Washington may serve a similar purpose in a different way. He who would never do as an example may answer for a warning. May not the eminent teachers in our law schools at the present day, like WASHBURN and DANA, and DWIGHT and JAQUES and DAVIES, and PLATT and DUTTON, while they point their classes to CICERO for his invective; to DEMOSTHENES for his eloquence; to HARDWICKE for his breadth of thought, and equitable views; to MARSHALL and WEBSTER for their logic; to STORY for his learning—while they exhort their pupils to follow the great names in the juridical history of the past, each in the particular track which he has served to make luminous, may they not add: And now young men, while it is only by referring to a host of worthies that the most brilliant examples can be found of the various noble and admirable traits which you are to strive to acquire and cultivate, behold all those qualities of a lawyer which are to be shunned and abhorred exemplified in this single individual, NOAH DAVIS!

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having held this office a while, DAVIS, in a period of great, temporary public excitement, being mostly unknown to the voters of the city, was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. His successor as District Attorney had already been appointed and commissioned, but had deferred qualifying for a few days at the particular request of the incumbent, when, on the 27th day of December last DAVIS, with the aid of an informer and several spies, made a strike upon the old importing house of PHELPS, DODGE & Co. for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, alleged to have been forfeited by that firm in consequence of non-compliance, in some particulars, with the revenue laws. He hurried up the business and attempted to close it hastily by a secret compromise, so as to put into his own pocket a percentage of the moiety which the law gave to the informer. Having failed in this, he proposed to his successor, Mr. BLISS, to "divide fair," half and half, share and share alike, the District Attorney's portion of the plunder. But Mr. BLISS, though entertaining no objections to oysters on the half shell, had not been brought up to divide the oyster itself, and he declined—whether even respectfully there may be a reasonable doubt.

This awoke the slumbering conscience of NOAH DAVIS. When he found he could not plunder, he at once felt sure that he could pray. If he could not share in the money he could, at least, turn and preach against the sin of abstracting it, and he quickly declared that it was a case in which no jury would render a verdict for the Government except under special direction of the Court. This must be regarded as a novel and peculiar feature in this matter. The repentance and confession of a murderer, as he approaches the scaffold, is nothing uncommon; but we do not remember a single instance of a footpad declaring his penitence and conversion the moment he missed a purse. DAVIS, who, just before, had been so greedy to grab DODGE's money, now came to the conclusion that the law under which DODGE's books had been seized was *unconstitutional*; and he received DODGE at his house, and, according to his own testimony, advised him as a brother to resist the suit to the last extremity.

Now, we do not wish to be harsh upon DAVIS, but we ask him not to tax our credulity too far. If he will change what he says about talking to DODGE as a brother, and say that he talked to him as he would, under certain circumstances, to his half-brother, we can readily believe him.

DODGE has generally been considered a man who pays, but DAVIS informs us he did not pay him. He declined a fee. This, we submit, is faint and feeble testimony. If DAVIS would appear as a kingly witness, let him remember that brave CÆSAR thrice declined a crown; let him be recalled, and tell us the number of times he declined the crowns offered to him. Again, how does he talk when he talks as a brother? We know how he talked when he talked to Brother BLISS. "Brother BLISS," said he, "let us pluck DODGE, and divide fair—half to you, and half to me." Now, how did he talk when he talked as a brother to DODGE? He told him he wouldn't take a fee. What did he tell him he would take? Did he tell him that having failed ignominiously in trying to serve the devil, he was now conscientiously serving the Lord? Something like that it would seem to be his wish to have us believe. It is only when he finds that he cannot gorge himself as a buzzard that he plumes his wings to soar heavenward like an eagle.

The office of District Attorney is a semi-judicial office. Its incumbent is presumed

LAW REPORTS.

TWEED'S APPEAL DISMISSED.

THE GENERAL TERM, SUPREME COURT, AFFIRMS THE JUDGMENT IN THE $6,000,000 SUIT—THE QUESTION OF THE JURORS' QUALIFICATIONS—CHIEF JUSTICE DAVIS ON ACUTE AND ABSURD TECHNICALITIES.

The General Term of the Supreme Court yesterday rendered a decision in the case of the People of the State of New-York against William M. Tweed, which came up on appeal from the judgment entered on the verdict for over $6,000,000, and from the order of the court denying a motion for a new trial on account of insufficient evidence and excessive damages. The judgment of the court below is affirmed by the General Term. Chief Justice Davis delivered the opinion of the court, Judges Brady and Daniels concurring. The Chief Justice begins by referring to the questions of the qualification of the jurors in the case. In this connection he awards very high praise to the opinions of Judge Westbrook, which are adopted as the opinions of the General Term. The Chief Justice then proceeds to consider the question whether, under the stipulation between the counsel to try suit No. 1—the $6,000,000 suit—with the special jury impaneled for suit No. 2, or the $1,000,000 suit, the questions that arose on such impanelment were properly before the court for consideration. It is held that the language of the stipulation is broad enough to cover all the exceptions to which Tweed was then entitled. As to the challenge to the array of the special jury, the General Term concurs in Judge Westbrook's opinion given at the time of the impaneling of the jury. The stipulation is also held to cover the several challenges to individual jurors, but the court says: "It is a serious question whether the court was [illegible] to be bound by any stipulation between counsel which seeks to bring with this jury into this action any alleged errors in examining and impaneling them in respect to another action. No challenge has been made to the jurors or any of them in this action; no evidence has been given by either of them upon the question of his qualification to sit in this case, and no statement of perjury could be sustained upon the evidence given by any juror during his examination in the former case; and we are strongly inclined to the opinion that the exceptions taken upon the rulings on the challenges in action No. 2 are not properly before us for consideration." Chief Justice Davis says, however, the court have examined them, and hold that, so far as the questions arise upon challenges to the favor, the findings of the court below are not the subjects of exception, and are not reviewable. The court find no ground whatever for disturbing the verdict on any of the exceptions as to challenges for principal cause. Chief Justice Davis then proceeds as follows:

"The exceptions taken during the progress of the trial are too numerous to be noticed in detail. The gist of the action was an alleged conspiracy between the defendant Tweed and one Watson to defraud the City and County of New-York of large sums of money. The evidence that may be given in such actions is not to be restricted by narrow and technical rules. Whatever tends to prove the conspiracy, and its objects, and purposes, and, if sufficient evidence be given to carry the case to the jury upon the question of conspiracy, whatever declarations or acts of either party that tend to prove the objects and purposes or accomplishment, are always admissible. In nearly, if not every instance, the testimony objected to in the progress of the trial, tended to establish one of these propositions with more or less directness and force; and if some portions of the evidence can be said to have been immaterial and incompetent, it cannot also be said to have been legally prejudicial to the defendant. The case against him was made out upon an abundance of clear and undisputed evidence, entirely sufficient to establish the right of the plaintiffs to recover. More evidence than was necessary, seems to us, to have been given, and some was received that might, without injustice, have been excluded. But it should be recollected in considering this case that no substantial defense whatever was made or proved; no contradiction of any material fact bearing upon the cause of action was made by evidence, nor was an explanation of such facts given by evidence produced on the part of the defendant, in regard to such cause of action. The contest was simply on of legal obstructions, consisting of all the acute and sometimes absurd technicalities that the ingenu-

was received that might, without impropriety, have been excluded. But it should be recollected in considering this case that no substantial defense whatever was made or proved; no contradiction of any material fact bearing upon the cause of action was made by evidence, nor was an explanation of such facts given by evidence produced on the part of the defendant, in regard to such cause of action. The contest was simply one of legal obstructions, consisting of all the acute and sometimes absurd technicalities that the ingenuity of counsel could place in the path of justice. Such a defense deserved no favor at the hands of the court, and ought not to succeed on appeal, unless it appears clearly that substantial rights of the defendant have been injuriously affected by the decisions of the trial court. We are not able to see that such injury was done by any of the rulings, in respect to the evidence objected to. In passing upon the numerous requests to charge, and in the charge as given we discover no error prejudicial to the defendant. On the contrary, the rulings on such requests and the charge were, in our opinion, far more favorable to the defendant than he was entitled to by law; and the verdict is in consequence, for a very considerably less amount than the jury might otherwise have given. The rule adopted as the measure of damages was acceded to, (for the purpose of avoiding all questions,) by the learned counsel for the respondent. It was altogether more favorable to the defendant than strict law required. There is no necessity, therefore, of considering it further.

The motion for a new trial on the minutes of the court was made in these general terms, "for insufficient evidence and for excessive damages." The court denied the motion. It is very clear that the damages were not excessive, if the plaintiffs were entitled to recover at all. What was meant by insufficient evidence does not appear; but if it was intended by that phrase to mean that there was not sufficient proof of the alleged conspiracy, and that the conspirators effected their fraudulent purpose and obtained the money of the City, it is enough to say that there was evidence sufficient to require the submission of this question to the jury, and so far as any point made on the motion is concerned, the verdict of the jury is conclusive. The order and judgment appealed from should therefore be affirmed with costs.

An order was made by the court upon motion of the plaintiffs' counsel, for an additional allowance. The court granted such additional allowance, and fixed the amount at $60,000. An appeal is taken from this order. The sum allowed is a large one, and in ordinary actions would be deemed extravagantly large, and it would be the duty of the court to reduce the amount. But in this case it is apparent that the plaintiffs and the City, for whose benefit the action is brought, have been subjected to enormous expenses in bringing such action, and in preparing for and trying the same. Contests upon some of the questions arising in the progress of the case have already been carried through all the courts to the court of last resort. To obtain the necessary evidence against the defendant, in order to establish his connection with the frauds and the amount received by him, extraordinary expenses have been incurred in the employment of accountants and experts for the examination of books of account, involving long periods of time and great labor. A number of eminent counsel were necessarily employed, and many weeks were expended in the progress of the trial, and all these facts were before the court. We do not feel at liberty to say that the allowance can, under such peculiar circumstances, be regarded as an abuse of the discretion of the court. It can work no prejudice as a precedent, for it is altogether improbable that such a case as this will ever arise in the litigation of the City. And besides, the total amount of such allowances in all cases has now been limited by statute. Our first inclination was to reduce the amount of this allowance; but further consideration has led us to the conclusion that it is not too large, and probably is not large enough fairly to indemnify the plaintiffs for the expenses to which they have been subjected in this action by the frauds and crimes of the defendant. We think that that order should also be affirmed."

FROM THE FAR WEST.

The Dodge Club on their travels

How they Dodged a Fine.

That Antelope Hunt.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS--TROUT FISHING—AT FT. GARLAND—IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AT A FRONTIER POST—THOSE MULES!—LEARNING TO TALK SPANISH—*Wanos Dios, Signors Mucha Carraja—Caramba, el Diable!* ON TO DEL NORTE AND SAN JUAN.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

CONEJOS, COL., July 30, 1876.

While we were at Colorado Springs resting from the fatigue of our Pike's Peak trip, our [illegible] "Ward" and "Elizabeth," broke their tariets early one morning, and left the quiet enjoyments of our campground for the whirl and excitement of the city. Tweed, Lamb and I were sent after them, and after searching the town over, we found that they had been taken up by the city authorities, and at that time were languishing, as it were, in durance vile. They had been put in the pound, and we were told by the Mayor that $2.00 would get them out. This excited all our wrath, not only at the mules but at the way the pound master proposed charging us, so we rode out to the pound and finding it to be only a large square enclosure, with a gate that might be opened by an ingenious hand, we returned to camp and held a council of war; it was decided that we leave that place suddenly. At about four the next morning, we were all up and had our camp utensils ready for immediate packing. Then we three fellows rode out through the town to the pound, and Tweed keeping watch, Lamb and I soon had "Henry" and "Elizabeth" under full sail for our camp ground. We skirted around the place, getting to camp at about five a. m. and packing up all our things, "We folded our tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away" without waiting to disturb the pound master, and going through the attendant formality of paying our fine. We did this merely for our love of excitement and the novelty of stealing our own mules.

So, leaving the dust of Colorado Springs behind us, we pushed on to Pueblo, 45 miles south, getting there Saturday evening. There are quite a number of good stock ranches between the two places.

We had one really exciting incident on our way to Pueblo. We were crossing an immense sand plain covered with small, rolling hills with sage brush and cacti scattered over their tops. Tweed and Lamb had ridden far ahead, and as the wagon was coming around a hill Tweed came dashing back and stopping the wagon, he snatched up a rifle and muttering something about "antelope ahead," dashed forward around the hill. The party waited patiently until the sharp, clear rifle crack was heard, and then pushing forward, we came in sight of Lamb and Tweed both on the ground and seemingly in a fit of the "jim-jams." They straightened up when we came up to them, and in answer to our inquiries after the antelope, they would go off again in a fit of laughter, that completely confounded us. But they finally told us that their antelope had proven to be a couple of jack jacks, (a diminutive species of what we dont call mule or donkey) belonging on a ranche a few miles back. And as only their heads and long ears were visible above the sage-brush, they had taken them for antelope and only found out their mistake by shooting. Of course the burros escaped unharmed, and after running a short distance, they turned around, carefully scanned the surrounding landscape and then both sent forth a most startling bray! These burros are no larger [illegible] and yet they

birch and spruce trees, and on the bank of a clear, cold stream of water, fresh from the snow beds far above us. Kenney and Tweed did the fishing and Lamb and I took the chance for replenishing our stock of bread and biscuit. We had quite a discussion as to whether we ought to put baking powder in the bread dough or not, and finally compromised by baking a loaf with a plentiful supply of some one's superior baking powder, and then trying a loaf without it. Neither of them was quite the success we had anticipated and we finally gave it up, and still lunched on crackers. Tweed and Kenney, however, caught some nice speckled trout and we had a big feast that night of fresh trout, ham, coffee and crackers. Getting an early start the next morning, we made Ft. Garland (15 miles distant) quite early in the day, and, having letters to the commanding officer, Maj. Lloyd, and were most [illegible] through all the various buildings of the Fort. All the buildings are but one story, flat roofed, built of heavy timber and plastered with mud on both sides, with ceiling and inside whitewashed. Only two companies are stationed here, one (white) of infantry, and one (of colored) cavalry. My impressions of a life at a frontier out post, such as this, warrants the assertion that I would by far prefer driving our mules for a living—and this, I think, is the hardest work a novice can undertake. But by driving our mules, one might once in a great while scare up some little outside excitement—wheel coming off, or some such interesting occurrence; but to live at one of these Forts! Why I was impressed with such a feeling of utter loneliness and depression in the short time we were there that I believe I would rather locate in a wood, first class cemetery as graveyard. Kenney and Wyle, with the wagon, left first, and then Tweedy and I started, and finally Lamb tore himself away from the pleasures (?) of the Post, and as we all had taken different roads, it took us until about 5 p. m. to get together. We then had a 42 mile stretch over one unbroken sand-bed. Our mules could only pull through at a dignified walk, and we wandered on until late in the night, as we had to make a distance of some 18 miles in order to reach water. The trail was perfectly distinct, as the moon was full and shining clearly. We got to bed about 10 p. m. and the next day we started on over the hot plain, or *mesa*, as the Mexicans call it, for Conejos. At Ft. Garland we were told that we ought to commence learning Spanish as we would only have Mexicans to talk with. So we all invested in a Spanish dictionary, and it was agreed to try and make our wants known in Spanish. We tried to get supper one night on this plan, and, after spending two hours in the vain attempt we gave it up, and now, any man that attempts to talk Spanish is fined the same as for swearing. You will, no doubt, think it odd that we should have such strict rules in regard to profanity, but there are so many little things connected with camp life—sitting down on a great big Spanish spur, (we all have these and at night they insist on getting under a fellow)—making our bed on a sugar mean ant nest, and having these great big sand ants holding a reception all over a fellow during the hours of darkness, having your pony stampede and make you go two or three miles after him. But then to drive the mules! All these things will make an impulsive temperament use language, more forcible than elegant, and we find it necessary to impose a fine for indulging in any such spontaneous outbursts. I think if the amount due the outfit, for swearing at the mules alone, could be collected, that we could reduce the national debt somewhat, and yet the amount for each fine is but a small sum. But I shall reserve every thing pertaining to our mules until I can get a chance to write my "essay on mules." We go from here up to Del Norte, and the famous San Juan mining district. In my next letter I will

distance, they turned around, carefully scanned the surrounding landscape and then both sent forth a most startling bray! These burros are no larger than a good sized goat and yet they can out bray their American cousins—the mule, in a way that will surprise even our "Henry Ward." When we want to have a fellow literally crazy now, we ask Tweedy to give us a short lecture on the habits of the American antelope, or Lamb to tell us what he knows about burros. After recovering from this, "our first hunt," we pushed on for Pueblo, and got into camp that (Saturday) evening.

The next Tuesday we left Pueblo for the Abeyta Pass over the Sangre de Christa mountains. Our route took us over the vast, almost limitless plain of alkali ground between the Arkansas river and the mountains, and for three days we passed over the worst district I ever saw. We made one stretch of thirty miles without water, and in that thirty miles, I dout think there was enough grass to feed a debilitated goose even if he had the whole range to himself. There are some parts of this country that cattle and sheep can be raised on and a man can make money at it, but this desert and sterile portion of the Territory is so abominably poor and dried up that it is impossible to raise anything except blisters all over a fellow's neck and hands.

My nose, Tweedy says made a most accurate fac simile of Pike's Peak by the way the skin peeled off and left the extreme end exposed to the hot rays of the sun. I doubt not that it was a good comparison, but it rather excited meat the time, as it is a species of comparison I had escaped and he wore a peculiar smile of commiseration when making the comparison. We all suffered from the heat and were glad enough when we made Hamilton's Ranch, only six miles from the pass. Here we camped and had plenty of grass for our stock, but it was with the utmost difficulty that Lamb with all his seductive ways could persuade the women folks at the ranch to give us water. The streams are all impregnated strongly with the alkali of the desert, and where we camped, water was more precious than milk. The cattle on these plains become accustomed to this water and soon learn to like it, but our stock, although almost famished, refused to drink—that is, the ponies did, but "Henry" and "Elizabeth" seemed to relish it, and actually smiled at the poor ponies as they stood looking at the water. Speaking of mules, I intend devoting an entire letter to the peculiarities and habits of our two, for I honestly think they are the most interesting things in the Territory. We started early the next morning for the mountains and at about ten o'clock we were fairly on the road over them. I had always associated the term "mountain pass" with some wild rough trail over the mountains, and was surprised when we struck a broad, solid road that led up the mountains in such an easy grade that it was hard to believe that we were going over a heavy range of the Rocky Mountains. But explanation as to the good road soon showed itself in the shape of a toll-gate. Every team that uses this road pays $2.75, and each horseman pays 75 cts. The roads are all, or nearly all owned by individuals or corporations, and they stick it on heavy when they get a chance in order to pay the working expense and make a living besides. I shall not bore you with any attempts at description of the grand scenery, for I think a fellow always misses it badly.

If I can pick up a guide book when we get to Fort Garland, I will sling in now and then, a high flown, poetical passage, touching up the "snow capped mountains," "the clear, sparkling brooks," grand sunset, moon-light nights, etc., but I hardly think this will be inflicted upon your readers, as this country is still almost free from that class of tourists that get up such highly colored pen pictures of a country as to make a paradise of it. However, if I find anything of this sort I will send it in. We camped two nights only in the mountains, about half way down on this, the Eastern slope, and spent one day in trout fishing. Our camp was in the midst of a beautiful grove of silver poplar

pertaining to our mules until I can get a chance to write my "essay on mules." We go from here up to Del Norte, and the famous San Juan mining district. In my next letter I will tell you of the singular Mexican town and the habits of the Mexicans. But by the way, before I lay down the quill, I must let my love of truth, the unspotted truth, overcome my natural modesty, while I just mention the fact that it was *not* Lamb who was with Tweed on that "grand antelope hunt," but it was, I regret to state,

Yours, very truly,

DAN. McF., Jr.

BOSS TWEED'S BROTHER DEAD.

Passed Away Suddenly at His Home in Brooklyn.

Richard Tweed, aged 75, a brother of "Boss" William M. Tweed, is dead at his home, No. 282 McDonough street, Brooklyn. The funeral will probably take place this afternoon.

His wife, two unmarried daughters and a son, Alfred, a bookkeeper, survive him. It is said he left considerable property.

Mrs. Tweed's Death Recalls Earlier Days in Greenwich

Those who delve into the not-so-dim past, aided by the neighborly writings of the late Judge Frederick A. Hubbard, have read with interest the fascination and lure which Greenwich held for the famous William M. Tweed, how he was the founder of the Americus Yacht Club, the one-time owner of Finch's Island, the builder of the old Octagon House. His connection with Greenwich has been irrevocably stamped as one of the highlights of yesteryear.

Few realized that one very dear to him lived in Stamford for many years. She, the wife of the son named after him, William M. Tweed, Jr., moved to that city in 1885 and resided there until just recently. Death claimed her in her 90th year, death in the form of the same illness that took the life of her father. She died on Jan. 25 at the Roger Smith Hotel, where she had been living for the last five years. Her funeral was held at the Brady & Chadeayne funeral parlor in Stamford, with the Rev. Kenneth R. Forbes of St. Andrews Church officiating. Burial was in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

Miss Anita C. Little, Mrs. Tweed's secretary for the last 17 and a half years, who lives with her brother, Galen C. Little, at 274 Main Street, Stamford, was acquainted with Mrs. Tweed ever since the Tweeds moved to Stamford. Both she and her brother recall numerous episodes in the life of Mrs. Tweed.

E. Augusta Davis, daughter of Silas and Georgina Rodman Thompson Davis, was born July 7, 1847, on Madison Street, New York City. She spent most of her life in New York, coming to Greenwich, according to Miss Little, only in the summers. It is also rumored that she lived in the famous Octagon House during her visits here. Her marriage to "Boss" Tweed's son in Trinity Church, New York, was one of the most magnificent of its time. Her father-daughter. Few friends, outside of her secretary, broke the monotony of existence which so often comes to those whose life-props have been carried from beneath them. Memories of her husband still lingered, it is said, so that Mrs. Tweed always believed that he was alive and living in the hotel, ready at any time to come for her.

Her favorite charity was the Northfield Seminary, in Northfield, Vt., although other institutions were recipients of her generosity. The Stamford Hospital was one among many of these.

There are relatives of the late Mrs. Tweed on her husband's side in New Haven; two Tweed nephews. A cousin, Mrs. Thomas Barton, of Long Island, is the mother of Leroy Barton, an undersecretary to Henry Morgenthau in the Treasury Department in Washington. On the Davis side, there is Mrs. George Clements of 65 Prospect Street, Stamford, whose nephew is Benton Hurlbutt of Greenwich. Other relatives lie buried in Putnam Cemetery, Greenwich.

City. She spent most of her life in New York, coming to Greenwich, according to Miss Little, only in the summers. It is also rumored that she lived in the famous Octagon House during her visits here. Her marriage to "Boss" Tweed's son in Trinity Church, New York, was one of the most magnificent of its time. Her father-in-law presented her with a large, furnished house on 56th Street as a wedding gift.

Her husband was a well known district attorney in New York, although he retired from active participation in his civil affairs when the couple came to Connecticut to reside.

The name of Davis hearkens back old memories of other days in Greenwich. Judge Hubbard, one of Mrs. Tweed's closest friends before his death, tells of her uncle, Benson Davis, the inheritor of the old Davis Mill, a Revolutionary landmark. The family lived at Davis Landing during their sojourn in Greenwich, although New York and the lure of the business world called them there. Miss Little says that there went Silas Davis, when a young man, to try his hand in the business of the produce exchange, and very well he did too. In New York, he met his wife, later the mother of Mrs. William M. Tweed, Jr. Silas was 83 when he died, and strange to say, pneumonia was also the cause of his death.

Judge Hubbard wrote in 1931 that Silas Davis was left $5,000 in the will of Benson Davis, and that the rest of the estate went to the widow, Mrs. Eleanor R. Kotman Davis. "The Girls," as Silas called them, who had never evinced any great love for their sister-in-law, felt aggrieved, and the family was united in an attack on the will. Silas was quite active in the litigation that followed in Superior Court. He was loyal to his sisters, and to his beautiful daughter, the wife of William M. Tweed, Jr., appeared to sympathize with her aunts." Continuing, Judge Hubbard brings out that Samuel Fessenden, a lawyer, eminent in Stamford at the time, who represented the estate, cautioned, "Better settle," telling the contestants that there were five other wills like the one in question. They settled.

The Tweeds lived on Atlantic Street when they first arrived in Stamford. Later they moved to South Street, where Mr. Tweed died in 1902. Miss Little, who had known them both, accepted the position as secretary after the death of their daughter, Miss Mary Tweed, in 1919. Since then, Miss Little said, Mrs. Tweed led a quiet and unassuming life, having little interest in the world around her after the untimely death of her

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"SWEET SIXTEEN" BIRT

PLANS FOR HER WEDDING COMPLETED

Herald Tribune—Acme

Miss Gwendolyn Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rose, who will be married February 2 in St. Brigid's Church, Westbury, L. I., to Mr. John William Mackay, son of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay

Gwendolyn Rose And J. W. Mackay To Wed February 2

Ceremony in St. Brigid's Church, Westbury; Breakfast at Overland House

Miss Gwendolyn Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rose, will be married to Mr. John William Mackay, son of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, in St. Brigid's Church, Westbury, L. I., Saturday, February 2, at noon. Afterward the guests are invited to a small breakfast at Overland House, the Rose home.

The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Cornelius Clifford, professor of scholastic philosophy at Columbia University. There will be a choral service by the Paulist Choir under the direction of the Rev. William J. Finn.

Miss Rose has chosen Miss Ruth Robinson as her maid of honor and Marie Louise O'Brien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth O'Brien, niece of the bridegroom, as flower girl. The bridesmaids will be Misses Judith Hamlin, Celia Robinson, Elizabeth Gleason, Edwina Campbell, Marion Wharton and Muriel Lowe.

Mr. Mackay has selected as his best man Mr. Harold Salembier, and his ushers are Messrs. Perry G. Melville, Edward T. McLean, William M. Duryea, Reginald Rose, George Rose jr., Kenneth O'Brien and Maurice Salembier.

FRANCIS E. LAWRENCE, D.D.,

Beloved Pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion.

In these quiet hours which follow the last acts we were able to perform for our beloved pastor, some loving words, however simple, may not come amiss; words which may enlighten those who had not the privilege of knowing him, and testify, in however imperfect a manner, to a life and example which fairly shone with the "beauty of holiness."

Francis E. Lawrence, born May 10th, 1827, the son of Judge Lawrence, of Flushing, L. I., received his education at St. Paul's College, College Point—the school carried on for years by Dr. Muhlenberg, and from whence he sent forth so many to labor in the Master's vineyard. This early brought Dr. Lawrence under the influence of Dr. Muhlenberg, and from that time dated the beautiful relationship—almost stronger than that of father and son—which existed between them, as Dr. Lawrence's "Loving Words to the Dear Memory of William A. Muhlenberg, D.D.," spoken from the pulpit of the church of the Holy Communion at the time of Dr. Muhlenberg's death, bear abundant witness. And never has son carried out more effectively a father's plans.

The church of the Holy Communion, built by Dr. Muhlenberg's sister, Mrs. Rogers, has always been private property, in the hands of trustees. Here Dr. Lawrence planted precious seed, introducing for the first time in this country such happy customs as Easter flowers, altar cloths, a boy choir, the new principle of a *free* church, and the blessed practice of a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion. Here Dr. Muhlenberg watered the rising grain, till, to repay his years of toil, it stands a full, rich field of prosperous work. When Dr. Muhlenberg turned his mind toward St. Luke's Hospital, the work of the church of the Holy Communion devolved entirely on the young pastor. Since then, with zeal and entire devotion has he labored; entering on new enterprises as the necessity arose and the way to them opened. Let his own words tell the story, as he spoke to his people on that November Sunday, nearly two years since, when he celebrated his twenty-fifth year at the church—his silver wedding, as he fondly called it; and truly he was wedded to his church in faithful love!

"Its founder made it a Holy Communion, and we could not, if we would, be insensible to the responsibilities involved in such communion. The rich could not kneel side by side with the desolate and suffering and be strangers to the dint of pity. Breaking the Divine bread to all, the pastor could not look unmoved upon the woe and necessity of some. With our spiritual growth came, of course, growth in works of benevolence and charity. Poor and lonely members grew too infirm through age to care for themselves, and I could not send them away as paupers; and so began our pleasant Home for the Aged. Your fellow-communicants were groaning under the load of physical pain, with no medicines and no kind physician's care, and the dispensary came, of necessity, into existence. Widowed or deserted women, compelled to work to procure subsistence for their babes, brought their little ones to our kind Sisters, lean and starved, and sometimes dying, through the neglect of those to whose care they had been given, and we could not but open the nursery and Babies' Shelter. Little children needed to be taught the knowledge of God's truth, as well as the results of human study, and two or three pious members support the parish school. Many a devout communicant, knowing not how to wring a living from a hard and unpitying world, asked work, not bread; and year after year, under the wisest and most untiring management, our Employment Society has supplied seventy or eighty deserving poor with work. But I may not enter at length into our retrospect of Christian work. In its various institutions, its societies for charitable and mission purposes, the foundation and blessed work of our Sisters of Mercy, the noble club for workingmen, and in the countless kindnesses of its members, one to another, I see cause for the devoutest gratitude, as I review our parish growth in the last quarter of a century, in work as well as in members; and in such growth I see the surest pledge of prosperity in the coming years. The Divine husbandman, as He comes to this tree of His planting, seeking fruit, will not say, 'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?' Upon you, dear friends, the past of this church places a great responsibility. The lamp, as it has come down to you, is trimmed and burning; it is for you to see that it is kept so, to the glory of the Master. Dear to you, no doubt, this sanctuary is; but the affection must be no sentimental dreaming, but such a love as opens the hand for generous giving and makes you strong to labor. Few of us yet rise to the full measure of our duty. Oh, pray, and give, and work, until the glory of this house 'in the latter days shall exceed its glory in the former.'"

The two principles of our dear Master's life—faith in the loving fatherhood of God, and the sacrifice of all to the service of Christ—gave him the influence he had over so many hearts, leading them first to love God with all the powers of mind and body, and then to *do* and *bear* all in His service. His ever-ready sympathy, his untiring zeal, his willingness "to spend and be spent," were the result of his conscientious and utter surrender of himself to God. No earthly ties, no luxurious habits, no worldly interests bound him; his words carried such force with them because those who heard him knew that, in common parlance, "he practised what he preached." His preaching grew deeper and more spiritual as his soul, purified by trials, physical and mental, rose higher above the things of this world; and the words of glowing love for God which have burst from time to time from his lips have helped many and many of his hearers on toward the paradise of God.

To the poor his hand was ever open, and their homes were more familiar to him than those of the rich. His loving nature and happy, social temper drew around him many warm friends, and his cheery presence brought gladness to many a sad and anxious face. His example teaches that success in the work of Christ *must* come by the sacrifice of self, and to a priest belongs, above all others, the warning, "Thou canst not serve God and mammon."

Nearly a year before he died he wrote out minutely all the directions for his funeral. Though we knew it not, the disease had already come upon him which has ended, after much suffering, in his entrance into glory. Personal loss had also been sent him, and yet all through this last Church year—from Advent to Easter—he toiled on. The beautiful service on Christmas-day was saddened—not by his words, they were full of love and thought for others—but by the sight of his weakened form, the weariness he could not quite hide. During Lent he labored on—obliged to give up certain privileges, like the early Communion services—till Easter came, and then he seemed to gather up all his remaining strength, and as he preached of Christ and the Resurrection, his manner had some of its old vigor and his voice some of its old, rich strength.

But the next Sunday—Low Sunday—when for the last time the Easter hymns were sung, the Easter flowers adorned the church, he for the last time ministered at that altar where he had served for nearly twenty-seven years.

After a painful illness of weeks, and days of unconsciousness, he passed away on the 10th of June. I cannot show more plainly the deep and quiet faith with which he left us than by quoting the closing words of his directions for his funeral: "My soul I commend to its Creator, trusting only to the merits of my dear Redeemer. Oh, blessed Jesus, be merciful to me a sinner, and bless my people with love and peace."

Gone to his rest! As mourned the early Church
For her dear Spouse, once taken from her sight,
We mourn the one now gone to sleep in Christ.
We would not wake the silence that enshrouds
His blessed spirit with rebellious cries;
We dare not call him back to pain and sin;
But we will hold him in our heart of hearts—
We will impress upon our mind and soul
The words of love and wisdom which e'er flowed
From out his holy lips, like precious pearls.
We knew him for God's chosen while he walked
This earth and ministered to rich and poor.
We gazed upon him as a man of God,
And now we know that he has gone to be
With God, and that his longing heart is glad.
And while our hearts do ache, our voices break,
As we still tread the road which he has left,
There is a joy, a sense of comfort found,
In knowing all the peace there is with him.
Oh, noble, suffering man! thou hast indeed
Borne witness to the glory of thy Lord;
And on God's calendar of holy saints
Is writ no name shines clearer than thine own!
All rest to thee, most blessed one, till we
Shall share thy happiness, and ever be
United to the Lord and our beloved!
May God send comfort, strength, and help to us
To bear, like thee, with patience every cross,
And faithfully seek Christ as thou hast done.

June 14th, 1879. K. K. V.

45 Pilgrim Pathway
Ocean Grove
2-27-'08

Grandfather's name. Grandmother's
Benjamin Eliza
Girls Boys
Rosanna Robert L. father
Susan her husband John
Mary Benjamin
Elizta Hezekiah
Sarah
Father born 1812. N. Y. City.
" died Nov. 1851.

WOODS—SANDS—At the residence of the bride's brother in Ottawa, Kansas, Oct. 18, 1893, by Rev. L. L. Holden, Lem A. Woods and Ella W. Sands.

Bro. Woods had generally been considered a confirmed bachelor, impervious to the charms of the gentle sex; but it seems that his heart has been held captive all this time by the gentle maiden who was his playmate in childhood. Cupid had done his work, and it was only a question of time, when our auburn-haired friend had to succumb to his fate. Some intimate friends have known of his intentions for some time, and the brethren of the press have perhaps observed an exhuberance of spirit cropping out of the local and editorial pages of the *Independent* for which there seemed to be no particular occasion. His frequent references to domestic life, the duties of husband and wife and the "cares of babies" made everybody wonder "where he was at." All is plain now.

Lem A. Woods is as true a man as ever lived, a loyal friend, a good citizen, a kind neighbor and an honor to the newspapers profession. There is no deceipt about Lem Woods. You always know where to find him. His bride is spoken of in the highest terms of praise by all who know her. She is endowed with all the noble traits of true womanhood, a refined and pleasant lady. Their lives having been entwined from early childhood, they will no doubt find in matrimony the culmination of social bliss and happiness. The REPORTER joines their many friends in congratulations and best wishes for a happy

DIED.

SANDS.—In Burlington, Aug. 11th, 1876, of Consumption, BENJAMIN SANDS. Aged 38 years.

Son of the late John M. Sands of New York city. He came to Kansas in the year 1858, with his father, and settled in Centropolis, and has been a resident of our State since that time.

JORDAN.—In Pottawatomie town

The second number of the *Kansas Churchman* is on our table, and if possible neater than the first. It is filled with condensed religious news pertaining to Episcopacy, and is conducted with eminent ability and fairness. We copy from its well filled pages the following notice on the death of Mrs. C. A. Sands, of our city:

More than thirty years ago, this humble servant of Christ united with the church, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Harris, in the village of White Plains, in the State of New York. About eighteen years ago she removed with her family to Kansas. While living in a tent at Minneola, Franklin county, Bishop Kemper, when on a visitation of this diocese, stopped with the family, baptised their daughter and preached; after which he slept under the friendly shelter of the tent. The deceased often referred with evident gratification to this visit of the venerable missionary Bishop to her humble home on the prairie, regarding it as a long to be remembered privilege—"Some have entertained angels unawares."

The family having removed to Burlington, Mrs. Sands became an active and useful member of that parish, then under the charge of the Rev. W. H. Hickcox. When her health permitted she was always found in her usual place in the house of God. She was a devout and earnest worshiper, and an attentive hearer of the message delivered from the pulpit. Her death was sudden, but she was prepared. For some time before her departure she was unconscious, but at intervals, the clouds would pass away and she would speak of the coming of a brighter day. Her end was peaceful. Her family, her neighbors, and the congregation with which she was connected, have sustained a loss which they deeply feel; yet they mourn not as those without hope. "Even so he giveth his beloved."

The death of Mrs. C. A. Sands makes a void in our city hard to fill. Identified with Kansas from its early history, she has grown up with our village, partaking and sharing in all our hardships and trials incident to pioneer life. She was noted for her unostentatious charities and deeds of benevolence, and the Episcopal church has lost one of its most effective members.

Irving Sands Services Held

Resided In Port Washington For 33 Years

Funeral services were held Monday morning from St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church for Irving Sands, a member of one of New York's oldest families, who died at his home on Prospect street, Port Washington following a cerebral stroke. He had been ill for the past five weeks.

Mr. Sands, who had been a resident of Port Washington for 33 years, was the last of a family of six children. His sisters, the Misses Helen and Edith Sands, were members of St. Stephen's Church and were most active in the church life and in the Port Washington Village Welfare.

Their father, the late Alfred B. Sands, headed the firm of A. B. Sands Marine Plumbing, and his sons, especially Irving were associated with him in the business in their younger years. Until a few years ago Mr. Sands was associated with the Mason Seamon Transportation Co.

He was a life member of the Knickerbocker and was a member of the old Seventh Regiment.

His sisters and brothers were Rodman, Louis, Ernest, and the Misses Helen and Edith Sands. A sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernest Sands, survives.

Following the services at the St. Stephen's Church at which the rector, Rev. William J. Woon, officiated, interment was in the family plot in the Greenwood Cemetery.

North Shore Journal

FOR THE SUNDAY PRESS:

A TRIP WEST—IX.

IN CAMP NEAR TIMBER LINE, Pike's Peak.

DEAR PRESS: After supper, with considerable difficulty we gathered sufficient dry wood to build a camp fire, and soon a roaring blaze lit up the mountain side. Blankets and robes were unstrapped and spread, and, after filling the hills with the merry echoes of song, interspersed now and then with a story, we lay down to sleep. The night air at this altitude was very sharp, but we were generously supplied with wraps, and the keen freshness of the air added a zest to the enjoyment of our slumbers.

The moon was still high in the heavens when we rose, and, hastily donning our clothing, we were soon in the saddle, en route for a

SUNRISE ON THE PEAK.

It was not yet four o'clock, but we had a severe mount of four and a half miles between us and the summit. Having no further use for Henry, whom we had pressed into the service as pack mule, and fearing the effect of altitude upon his lungs, we tied him by means of a short lariat to a pine tree to await our return, and pushed on. As we approached timber line we met the first game we had seen in Colorado; we carried nothing but our revolvers, and after emptying fourteen shells upon, or rather toward, a grouse twenty yards distant, who was not the least disconcerted by the performance, we formed an opinion as to the efficiency of the revolver as a hunting weapon, and left our grouse master of the situation. We now strike timber line, distinctly marked, and find above, nothing in the shape of vegetation or vegetable life, not even soil, nothing in fact but an immense aggregation of red porphyrous rock piled in indiscriminate confusion on every side, the peculiar distinctive feature of this mountain.

Gazing in astonishment upon this strange picture, our attention was distracted by a familiar friendly blast of music. Turning hurriedly to discover the source of this strange sound in the midst of the solemn silence of the mountain, judge of our astonishment in seeing, a hundred yards below us on the trail, his features beaming with unsuppressed delight, the partner of joys and sorrows, Henry W., our pack mule. Annoyed at the restraint of the rope that bound him, and finding himself deserted by his dear Elizabeth, the lariat had proven insufficient to detain him, and now he came whinneying as he ran, carrying around his neck the remnant of the rope.

So noble a devotion merited a reward, and, as he evidently purposed to be counted in on the whole programme and there being no other disposition possible of that mule, we permitted him to continue in our company. A thousand feet higher we amused ourselves pelting snow balls at each other—an amusement somewhat rare at this season—July.

Day had begun to dawn as we approached the signal station, where we found several of the engineer corps. Here we are at last on the summit of the Peak at 5:10 A. M., and the sun just peeping over the horizon, bathing the plains and hills in a liquid light and creating a picture I shall not attempt to describe, so strange, so wierd, so grandly beautiful.

Without much ceremony we made the acquaintance of the officials here, whom we discovered at the breakfast table. A friendliness soon sprung up among us all, and all the conveniences of the station were placed at our disposal. Officer Hobbs in command; O'Keefe who will be remembered in connection with

veniences of the station were placed at our disposal. Officer Hobbs in command; O'Keefe who will be remembered in connection with colored cadet (Smith) business at West Point; Greenwall, and several others, escorted us over the summit, and with the aid of the powerful glasses and timely suggestions, we were enabled to do the Peak up in the most approved style.

The surface of the summit is five acres in extent, and consists wholly of the same red rock before mentioned, jumbled together in shapeless confusion. At every move the view enlarges. Now looking along a line of rapped peaks to the southwest 200 miles, now to the northwest where appeared in all its white-robed magnificence the snow glistening in matchless beauty under the rays of the rising sun; now into the south park a mile below us to the north, into which by the aid of a huge crowbar as a lever, we plunged rocks from the summit, that in their fearful momentum crashed against each other as they fell, filling the air with ten thousand splinters, and creating a sound like to the rumblings of a thunderstorm, and finally out upon the plain, looking into Manitou, nestled in the gorge at our feet. Old Town, barely discernible beyond, and Colorado Springs, twelve miles away in an air line, the regularity of whose streets and squares was discernible to the naked eye. Adjusting the powerful glasses to the station, we were enabled to discern several familiar points, among others the Crawford House, in front of which, upon the greensward, we espied our camp, in which lay at full length our invalid, Wile, basking in the luxuriance of the sunlight.

The light air so affected our party at this altitude that a few moments' work clambering over the rocky plateau exhausted all of the party except the chaplain and myself. We, by the force of piety and victuals, retained sufficient vitality to view the scene in all its glorious beauty.

Suddenly a fleecy cloud enveloped the peak, hiding everything from view and moistening us so completely that we felt constrained to seek the shelter of the station, where we found O'Keefe, whose turn as *chef de cuisine* had come, wrapped in a huge apron and diligently engaged in the preparation of biscuit. An invitation from the boys to breakfast was cheerfully accepted, and with a better appetizer than Lea & Perrin ever prepared, we took our places at the mess, nearly demolishing the supply that O'Keefe had prepared.

In every sense, our visit to the Peak had proved a success, and we bade the boys adieu and many thanks for the kind reception they had given us.

As we passed, we noticed an inscription marked on a post by some enthusiastic wayfarer reading "Nearer my God to Thee," entirely in keeping with the spot, and supplemented by another immediately below bearing the addition "Nearer than ever I had hoped to be," the authorship being lost to posterity, much to the misery of visitors.

Up to this time we had frequently been amused by the excessive care given by the chaplain to his horse. A dozen times a day he would stop to adjust his saddle cloth, bewailing the absence of a curry comb which, by intentional accident, we had lost. Any opportunity for extra feed for the animal was fervently welcomed, and a particular spot was always selected at night for his keeping. On the upward trip, the chaplain often conferred to walk, that he might better exercise, as he insisted, but in reality to relieve his pony, and shortly after we had begun the descent, fearing an injury to the animal, he dismounted and driving his steed close to mine followed on foot.

D. S. L.

On the 8th inst., a black whale, 37½ feet long

Son of "Boss" Tweed Dead.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 21.—Following a long illness of pneumonia, it was announced here to-day Charles C. Tweed, son of the former "Boss" Tweed of New York, died in his home in St. Ronan street. Tweed was 44 years old. He came here with his family from New York city about six years ago, and lived quietly. He left a widow and two children. The burial will be in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

pointed out at the time, was of the most daring exploits of the Ring, and it did more to save them than any of the numerous devices which they put in force before or since. The Keyser warrants alone were left, and how far they can be used for the conviction of TWEED in the civil suit pending against him we are unable to decide. Thus, a man who has embezzled large sums of money gets another thief to steal certain written records of his embezzlement, and then a Judge decides that without these very records he cannot be brought to trial. This may be law; but it is not sense. Yet, if it *is* law, we must be guided by it. Of course an appeal has been taken to General Term, and thus the endless suits and complications which have grown up round these Ring prosecution constantly receive new additions. It things go on in this way much longer, the "Ring suits" will still be multiplying when we who lived under the Ring are all dead and in our graves, and another generation will give them up in disgust.

It now only remains for TWEED's lawyers to get his bail reduced—and we are inclined to think they will succeed in doing that—and then the Boss may return to his old haunts, and even mix another Sunday bowl of punch in those famous stables which once echoed with the jests and laughter of his retainers. He has shrewd and able counsel to work for him; and they seem to know quite as much about the law, for all practical purposes, as Mr. O'CONOR. In fact, they appear to have caught Mr. O'CONOR tripping. We do not deny their right to do the best they can for their client; all that we wish is that the people had on their side lawyers equally sharp in taking advantage of the quips and cranks of the law. Not that we intend to do any injustice to the work done by the people's lawyers; still it has not been successful work, and lawyers, like other men, make reputations or keep them in a carefully measured ratio to their successes. It is a deplorable fact that none of the workmen who have been concerned in the prosecution of the Ring suits have driven the nails in home. It may be the fault of the law, or it may be the fault of the lawyers—but there is the ugly truth staring us in the face. JIM FISK's old lawyer, Judge BARNARD's friend—we mean, of course, DAVID DUDLEY FIELD—appears in court almost daily for TWEED. Mr. FIELD will be the richest man in America if he goes on getting fat clients like FISK and TWEED a few years longer. How much was Erie worth to him in the days of the corrupt Judges? All we say half a million? Probably that figure would be far too low. And now there is the Ring suits, likely to last our time. Meanwhile, what has become of that "glorious vindication" of justice and public morality which was embodied in the conviction and imprisonment of TWEED? Anybody who may happen to meet the "Boss" on his nightly walks or drives had better stop him and inquire.

THE CASE OF TWEED.

We have watched with great interest, and, we must add, with disheartened feelings, the increasing success of the efforts to secure the liberation of TWEED. It was thought to be a great triumph for justice when he was sent to the Penitentiary. "See how we punish our dishonest officials when we find them out," we said to the rest of the world; and the world was somewhat impressed with the spectacle. Not two years have passed away, and TWEED's sentence has been reversed, and he is manifestly on the road to become an entirely free man. He may be harassed by law-suits, but what are they to a man who has been sentenced to twelve years in the Penitentiary, and who finds himself free in a year and a half? Already he has been obliged to give up a great deal of his money to the lawyers, but the man who has escaped from the jaws of a living death does not care for ordinary troubles. And now there is no concealing or denying the fact that TWEED is gradually loosening all the bonds which the law threw around him, and there seems no reason why, in the course of four or five years, he should not become a "Boss" again, if he still has any taste or ambition in that direction.

To look on at all this is weary and dispiriting work, and yet it is a situation in which newspapers seem to be able to do little or no good. Amid the hubbub of lawyers and the conflicting decisions of courts, the public journals must stand aside helpless. Was TWEED's "cumulative" sentence illegal? If so, it must be reversed. We would rather see even TWEED escape than have the law broken or erroneously administered. If TWEED is escaping in consequence of the imperfection of our laws, or the inefficiency of those who interpret them, we must submit to the consequences. With regard to the true interpretation of the laws involved in the case, it would be absurd for us to pretend to give an opinion. Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR has attacked the Court of Appeals; but the general tone and style of his letter somehow or other causes us to distrust his opinion. It reads like the letter of an angry man, not like the statement of a great lawyer. Moreover, we cannot quite forget that Mr. O'CONOR has undertaken to be responsible for some strange arguments of late years. Witness his argument in the *Walworth* case, to the effect that a son has a perfect right to kill his own father when that father neglects his duty to his family. Such an argument as that is not to be justified by any view which may be taken of the duty of an advocate to his client. It simply breaks down one's faith in the advocate who consents to make it. And then, as to Mr. O'CONOR's opinion in reference to the decision of the Court of Appeals, nearly all his brother lawyers seem to be against him. We have scarcely been able to find a thoroughly competent member of the Bar who does not hold that the decision of the Court of Appeals was good law. That decision may, indeed, prove that Mr. O'CONOR gave bad advice when he was consulted in reference to the proceedings against TWEED, and this may be a serious blow to Mr. O'CONOR's reputation and self-pride. But still the public can only ask, What is the law on the subject? Has the law been honestly administered? The first question we cannot answer—it is evident that there is at least room for great doubt and dispute about it. The second question must also be left unanswered. The presumption, however, is that the Judges of the Court of Appeals gave an honest decision. If Mr. O'CONOR, or anybody else, has proof that the Judges were corrupt or dishonest, why not send it to us? If they do not like to publish it, we will take all the trouble and responsibility off their hands. For our own parts, we cannot consent to accuse the Judges of the Court of Appeals of having "taken bribes" until conclusive evidence that they have done so has been placed in our hands.

Judge DONOHUE's decision declaring TWEED to be entitled to a bill of particulars of the warrants which form the basis of the civil action against him, is scarcely of less importance to TWEED than his release from the Penitentiary. For the "particulars" in question could only be obtained from the fraudulent warrants, nearly all of which were stolen one night just before Controller GREEN entered into his office. The abstraction of these warrants, as we

four hundred armed Cubans attacked a fo close to Puerto Principe, and killed wounded every one of the garrison.

In the Villas district, further west, t fighting of late has been very severe. fact, VALMASEDA'S extended tour through t island was brought to a hasty conclusion the proximity of the Cuban forces to San Espiritu. The same official paper of the 3d inst. contains, under the head of news from the interior, the following from Sagua:

"Yesterday the polite answer was received from Santo Espiritu by the President of the Junta Asuriana here, from the officer commanding the battalion of the volunteers of Covadonga, in which he encloses the list of the killed and wounded. *The number is so excessive that we are horror-struck*, and have not the heart to count them."

When we consider that the Cuban armed forces are operating in the Eastern Department, sometimes in numbers "far superior" to the Spaniards; that at the same time, at places five hundred miles off, they defeat the Spaniards at Santo Espiritu with such slaughter that the editor of a Spanish paper "has not the heart to count the killed and wounded;" and that the Captain-General of Cuba states, "with a frankness and apparent freedom from prejudice, that the armed insurgents do not exceed fourteen hundred men," we are naturally lost in amazement at the celerity with which this small band of patriots can transport themselves over such a country as Cuba, and always be exactly where they are wanted.

Probably Spain would do well to get rid of such a possession as Cuba as soon as possible.

By a resolution which passed the House of Representatives on the 12th of December last, the Committee on Appropriations was directed to inquire whether any portion of the $90,000 given to the Quapaw Indians by the act of July 15, 1870, had in any way been diverted from its rightful owners; and it was found that, as had been asserted in various quarters, Gen. JAMES G. BLUNT of Kansas had received one-third of the amount, under the pretence that he had induced the President to sign the treaty and Congress to pass the appropriation. The Committee then sent for Gen. BLUNT, who frankly acknowledged that he had received not only 33⅓ per cent. of the money paid to the Quapaws, but also 40 per cent. from the Choctaws, and 50 per cent. from the Chickasaws—making $126,100 which he had pocketed out of $299,000 appropriated to these three tribes. This little incident shows how President GRANT'S vaunted Indian policy has actually worked in protecting the ignorant Indians from robbery. It is due to Gen. BLUNT to say, that nobody supposes he kept all this plunder for himself; it would be interesting to know with whom he has shared it. The imposition was exposed by one of the Society of Friends, but he had no authority to prevent its consummation.

We learn from Albany that Col. FREDERICK W. HADFIELD of this city has been appointed Military Secretary to the Governor. Gov. HOFFMAN never made a better appointment. Col. HADFIELD is a good Democrat, conversant with military affairs in all their details, and an officer whose courtesy and affable demeanor will make pleasant to the public the transaction of all business with the executive which passes through his hands.

The Western papers continue to publish fresh exposures of the rascalities practised by the grain dealers of Chicago, who on their part maintain that their peculiar way of doing busi-

The investigation

THANKSGIVING.

BY J. C.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Give praise to God! hear the echo resounding
From heaven to earth, o'er the land and the sea;
Lo! the circuit of song creation surrounding,
All nature sings praises, Great God, unto Thee.

Those bright minstrels of heaven, that nightly shine o'er us,
Who next in Thine order to angels were born,
The stars of the morning in nature's first chorus,
Who welcomed the earth in her new robes of dawn—

These praise Thee forever, forever confessing
Their rays of brightness reflected from Thee;
Then take, oh my soul! thou so little possessing,
Humility's lesson they offer to me.

And these He established "forever and ever,"
He made them immortal; for this is their praise,
Time, sorrow and death are powerless to sever
The thread of their life, or to shorten their days.

From highest to lowest, a song of thanksgiving,
From angels and suns to the fish and the beast;
These praise Thee for this—for the bounty of living.
Thou art God over all, both the greatest and least.

The fire and the tempest, the streams and the ocean,
The mountains and valleys, the trees and the flowers,
All join in the anthem of nature's devotion,
Crying "Praise to the Lord, the God who is ours!"

As the angels were first, so man is the latest
To add his glad note in the jubilant throng;
The last in the chorus, his thanks are the greatest,
For salvation finds voice in only his song.

Salvation for all, for the King and the peasant,
For old and for young, and for all of our race,
For those of the past and for those of the present,
And for all the unborn, the riches of grace!

be known as "Loudcoughingonism."

A poet in the Detroit *Post* thus feelingly alludes to the death of a Michigan infant:—

Grim death has taken darling little Jerry,
The son of Joseph and Syrena Howells;
Seven days he wrestled with the dysentery,
And then he perished in his little bowels.

Funerals

Anna Sands Schirmer

The funeral of Mrs. Anna Sands Schirmer will be held at 8:45 o'clock tonight at the Kark Funeral Home. The Rev. Irving G. Rouillard, rector of Bethesda Episcopal Church, will officiate and the body will be taken to New York City for services at the Woolworth Memorial Chapel, Woodlawn Cemetery, at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow.

SANDS—At Glen Ridge, N. J., July 10, 1933, Ernest P., husband of Mary Heath Sands. Funeral services at his home, 22 Hillside Av., Glen Ridge, on Thursday evening, July 13, at 8 o'clock. Interment at convenience of family.

SANDS—With sincere regret announcement is made of the death of Ernest P. Sands, July 10, 1933. Funeral services at his late residence, 22 Hillside Av., Glen Ridge, N. J., on Thursday, July 13, at 8 P. M. Members of the Society are requested to attend. VETERANS OF THE SECOND COMPANY, SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. N. Y.

WILLIAM M. HALSTED, President.
HORACE N. TAYLOR, Secretary.

SANDS—Veterans of Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y.: With sincere regret announcement is made of the death on July 10 of Ernest P. Sands (Second Company).

LOUIS W. STOTESBURY, President.

of Edwin F. and Stewart Rayl...
neral services private.

SANDS—Edith B., on May 14, daughter of the late Alfred B. and Delia Dick Sands. Services at St. Stephen's Church, Port Washington, L. I., Wednesday, May 16, at 2:30 p. m. Interment private.

SATINK—On May 15, 1934, Frederick B., at his home, 277 Park av., N. Y. C., be-
...ar of Frederick A., Dorothy and

In Thos Tweed's memory of

dear

Sister Elizabeth

Feb 2nd 1868.

Who entered into rest, March

11th 1873.

EYCK.—At her residence, 172 Alexander-ave., Friday, May 16, Sarah Sands, wife of Henry Ten Eyck. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, Monday, May 18, at 2 p. m.

KEATOR—Suddenly, on Wednesday morning, January 14, Amanda M., widow of Jesse G. Keator, in the 56th year of her age.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, 361 West 20th-st., on Friday, the 16th inst., at 2 p. m. 1880

TWEED.—At Paris, France, February 12, MARY J., wife of the late William M. Tweed.

WILSON—On Saturday, Dec. 16, Josephine Morris, wife of John T. Wilson.
Funeral services will be held at her late residence, No. 5 Park-ave., on Monday evening, 18th inst., at 8 o'clock, at which immediate relatives are respectfully requested to attend.

SANDS.—On Friday, Jan. 12, 1894, Alfred B. Sands, in the 74th year of his age.
Funeral services at his late residence, 630 Lexington av., Monday, Jan. 15, at 11 A. M. Kindly omit flowers.

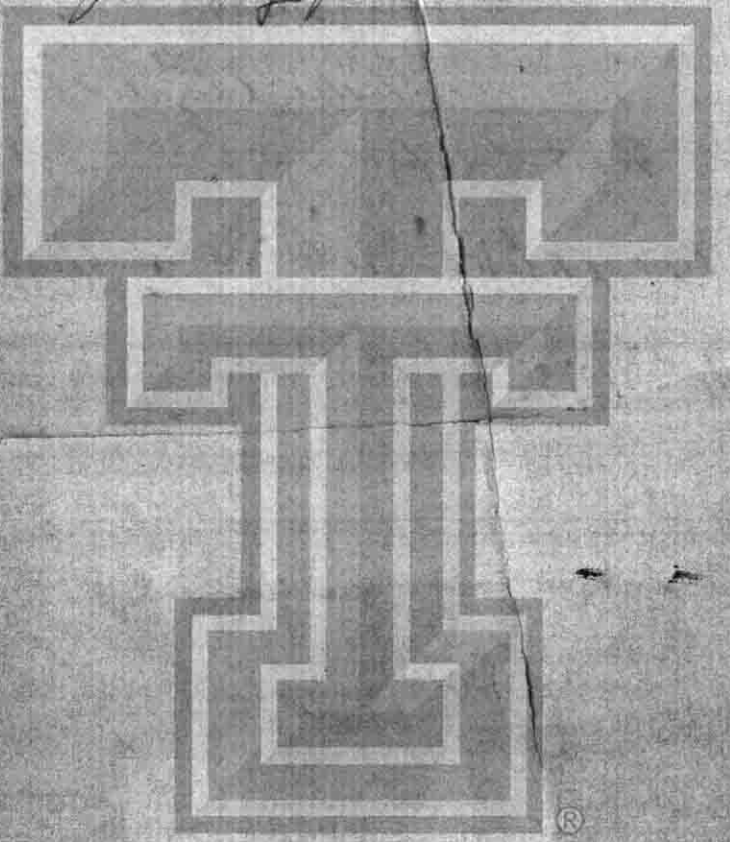
SANDS.—At Ottawa, Franklin county, Nov. 14, 1879, of bilious fever, C. A. SANDS, of Burlington, aged about 58 years.

Deceased has been a resident of this city for many years, and was stopping at Ottawa temporarily, at the time of his death. He lost his wife here about three years ago, and since that time has been spending part of his time in New York. His body was brought to our city the 15th, and Sunday buried from the Episcopal church, of which he was a member.

SANDS.—Suddenly, at Port Washington, L. I., August 14, DELIA DICK, widow of Alfred B. Sands. Funeral services at her late residence, 630 Lexington av., Wednesday, August 16, at half-past ten A. M.

Consecrating.

1. The seal of consecration
2. The ceremony of investiture
3. The symbol of qualification



THE EVOLUTION OF SANTA CLAUS

By John T. McCutcheon

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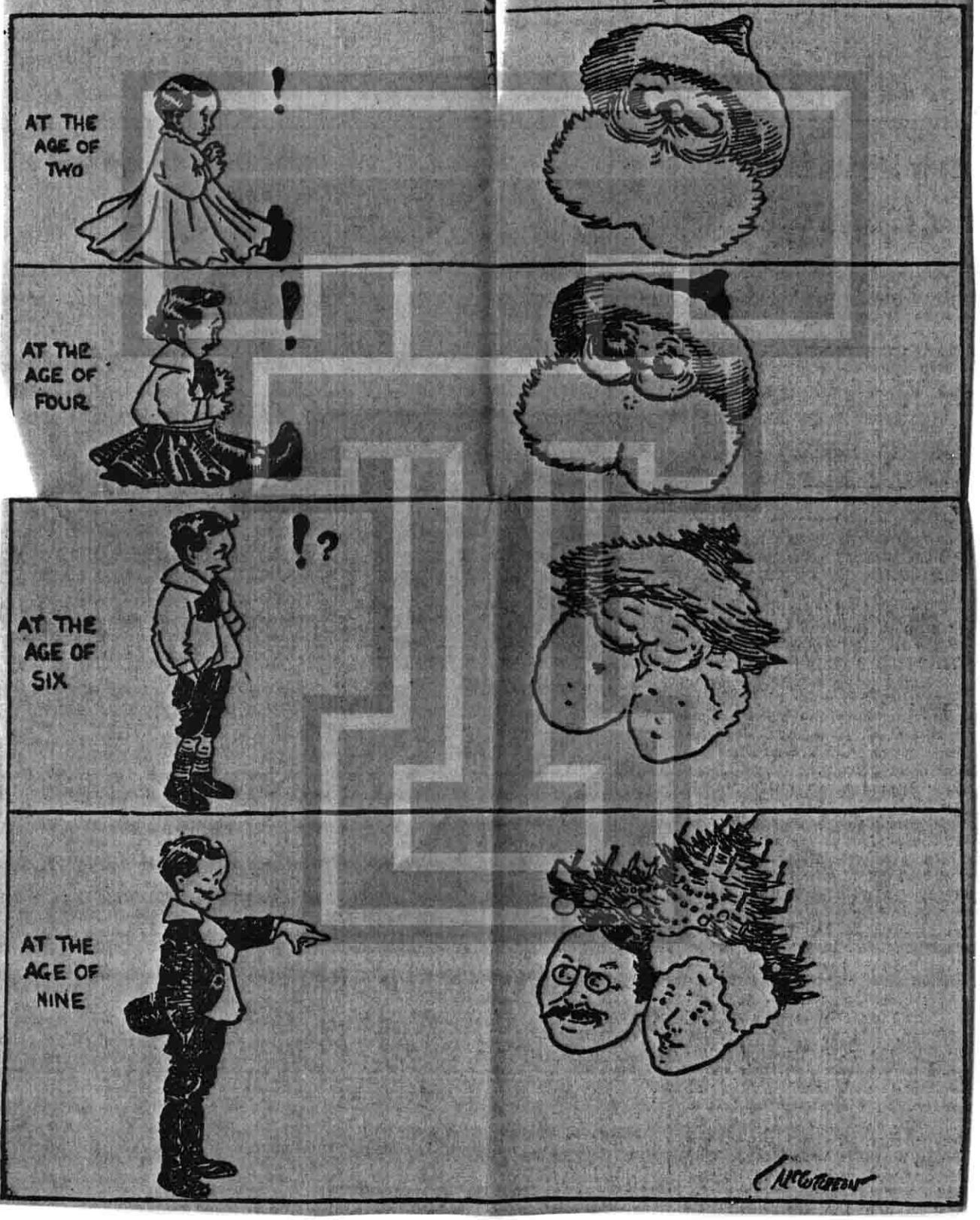

MEMORIAL XMAS TREE PLACED AT HOSPITAL

As is her custom each year, Mrs. Ellen Nixon Shumaker of town has donated a Christmas tree to the Chambersburg Hospital, to be set up in the main corridor and trimmed. The tree is given by Mrs. Shumaker in memory of her late son, Nixon Shumaker.

Electric lights have been contributed by Mrs. A. S. T. Shirmer of New York City, a former patient of the hospital, for decoration of a pine tree outside the building.

FROM
Mrs. C. G. Lewis
38 Tonawanda Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

1849

DIED.

SANDS—In Burlington, September 11th, 1876, of spinal disease, after a short illness, Mrs. ISABEL SANDS, aged fifty-one years and four months.

On Monday, Sept. 24, of enlargement of the heart, Frances Rasin, in the 36th year of her age.

The friends and acquaintances of the family, and of his son, Alfred B., and of his son-in-law, Richard Tweed, Jr., are respectfully invited to attend his funeral on Wednesday, the 26th inst., from his late residence, No. 186 Montague st., at 4 P. M.

1873

TWEED—On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 2, Mrs. ZILPHA TWEED, in the 81st year of her age, widow of Richard Tweed.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend her funeral, on Thursday afternoon, 7th inst., at half-past 2 o'clock, from her late residence, 227 East Broadway.

DEATHS

SANDS—On February 16, 1921, Rodman, son of the late Alfred B. and Delia Dick Sands, in his 66th year. Services at the Church of the Transfiguration, East 29th st., near 5th av., Friday, February 18, at 4 p. m. Interment private. Kindly omit flowers.

SANDS.—Suddenly, on Sunday, March 7, late residence, 630 Lexington av., Wednesday, March 10, at two o'clock P. M. Kindly omit flowers.

Exempt members of Second Company, Seventh Regiment, N. G., N. Y., are requested to attend the funeral services of our late comrade, Sergeant Louis P. SANDS, on Wednesday, March 10, at two P. M., at 630 Lexington av.

JAMES [illegible] SCHUYLER, Pres't. 1863

R 16, 1922.

Died.

TURNER—At Berkeley, Cal., Sept. 8, Elizabeth M., widow of Samuel E. Turner and daughter of the late Edward Walker. Interment, Greenwood Cemetery, New York.

TWEED—Friday, Sept. 15, Emma, daughter of the late Richard and Margaret N. Tweed. Funeral private.

[illegible]

FEBRUARY.

I am a little fellow,
Though I'm always up to date.
The days I hold within my hand are only twenty-eight;
But I just save my moments up,
And count them o'er and o'er,
Till in four years I've saved enough to make up one day more.
But little folks that kindly are, and pleasant in their play,
May save enough in far less time to make a happy day.

—St. Nicholas.

PUBLICATIONS

Tweed's Whereabouts.

To the Editor of the Telegram:—

Sir—Unless you think it will defeat the ends of justice, I should like to inform you that I know the whereabouts of Tweed. On Saturday evening I saw a large, fat man in a bedgown get into one of several enormous ash barrels which have occupied for weeks past the sidewalk near my house in Ninth street, near University place. No one ever disturbs these barrels, and I have not seen the man emerge. I have no doubt he will be found there by a competent detective. If he is, and they take him away, I hope they will not leave the barrel behind him. Truly yours,

P. G.

New York, Dec. 7.

Miss Helen Sands

Member of Family for Which Sands Point Was Named Is Dead

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Special to the Herald Tribune

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I., Dec. 6.—Miss Helen Sands, of Port Washington, a member of the distinguished family for which Sands Point, L. I., was named, died Sunday morning in Nassau Hospital, Mineola, after an illness of three weeks. She was seventy-one years old. Surviving are two brothers and a sister, Irving and Ernest Sands, and Miss Edith Sands.

Miss Sands was a daughter of the late Alfred R. and Julia Dick Sands. She was largely responsible for the establishment of the new Public Library here. She was long an active member of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Let Us Forget.

Let us forget. It is too late
To mend our vows, or iterate
Our broken pledges, or replace
Our lost ideals, or retrace
The ways we trod disconsolate.

It may not be! Capricious fate
Made our two pathways separate
That once ran parallel a space.
Let us forget.

However we sue and supplicate,
No power that is can reinstate
One day of those lost yesterdays,
And bid it wear its old-time grace;
'Twere better to erase their date.
Let us forget!

ROSALINE E. JONES.

[illegible] agony, as most probably is.

However, to return to the phenomena, all who have looked upon the faces of the dead have been struck with that change of expression which comes over them in twenty-four hours. That glorified and happy look! It is, thank God, almost always a happy expression—one which seems to say that the words of the Prayer-book were well chosen, and that "he rests from his labors." Byron refers to it, in his immortal way, in the well-known lines:

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there.
* * * * * *
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed."

All this is well known, and has done much to strengthen the Christian's hope, and to enable us, who have buried our dearest treasures, to combat the Giant Despair; but there has come

skin sacque; Howard Wheets driving an elegant pair, with his ever-pleasant smile; Ed. Schirmer and lady companion, with black pacer. (The widower is getting a little gay, but boys, it makes anyone gay to live on our speedway!) Boys, you talk about a picture worth $40,000! Louis Prigge with his fast little bay mare, hooked to an elegant speed cutter, carmine in color, like a looking glass; but the fine touches of the picture was the elegant figure by his side, with white veil.

THE QUIET MAN.

JUDGE DAVIS'S DEFENCE.

HIS VERSION OF THE PHELPS, DODGE & CO. CASE.

The Difference in his Opinion as District Attorney with the Prospect of Large Fees, and his Opinion as a Private Citizen with no Fees in Prospect.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—Judge Noah Davis made an elaborate statement before the Committee on Ways and Means to-day, giving his knowledge of and connection with the Phelps, Dodge & Co. case. At the request of the Custom House authorities he examined the documents and statement laid before him by Mr. Jayne, and gave his opinion that it was a case that justified further examination. He then arranged with the authorities that the application for a warrant to seize books and papers should be brought directly to him, but should be kept under his control, and should not be served unless the firm should refuse to exhibit their books and papers after an interview with them. Obtaining the warrant the next morning, he went to the Custom House, Mr. Dodge and Mr. James came there, and he stated to them the nature of the charges, and said that the evidence laid before him justified the investigation. They expressed great astonishment at the charges, and declared their

ENTIRE INNOCENCE OF ANY FRAUD,

and want of knowledge of any violation of the statute. They said their books and papers were at the service of the Government for any examination they might choose to make. Judge Davis said the warrant should not be served, but he would keep it within his own control, and that Mr. Jayne and other persons connected with him would go to the store and receive from the firm such books and papers as might be required. They assented to this, and Mr. Jayne went to the store for the purpose mentioned. Mr. Jayne read them the statutes which he alleged they had violated and the form of the oaths, and stated to them in taking the oath in that form the person who made the entries had committed perjury, and showed them the penalties in such cases, but did not make any threats except such as might be implied from what he had done. On the 30th of December he was sent for by Mr. Jayne to come to the Astor House, and there found Jayne and the counsel of Phelps, Dodge & Co.

NEGOTIATING A SETTLEMENT.

Mr. Dodge said a proposition had been made which he could not accept; according to the Judge's recollection it was to pay about $150,000. Mr. Jayne said he had sent for the Judge to inquire in what manner the matter could be closed up at once. He said to them it could only be done by suit for the specific sum, and the payment of that amount in full, but suggested that there might be a statement on the articles alleged to be wrongfully affected by the alleged fraud. Mr. Jayne was then requested by counsel for Phelps, Dodge & Co. to ascertain the value of such articles. He did so, and reported the same to about $150,000. Jayne reported to counsel for the firm, and after consultation with their clients they came to the conclusion to pay the amount to close the matter at once. It was arranged to go into on the evening of Dec. 30. The next morning Judge Davis had an appointment with Mr. Bliss in respect to cases then on the calendar, all of which Bliss would thereafter have charge. During the consultation he received a note from Mr. Javne requesting to see him, at the close of the consultation he said to Mr. Bliss:

WHAT HE SAID TO MR. BLISS.

"I am now going down to the Custom House to close up as I suppose the heaviest case that has ever arisen in this district, the arrangement for settlement of which was made last night. It was to have been settled then. The services of this office have all been rendered, and I suppose my money ought to be the fees as if the services had been rendered six months ago; but rather than you should think I have neglected other matters for the purpose of arranging the case to get a large fee just at the close of my term, I propose you go down with me and participate in closing the case and take one-half the fee."

Bliss was much surprised, and said, after a few moments' pause:

"Judge, since you have made that proposition I feel bound to tell you that the case will not be closed up to-day. I was informed last night what took place at the Astor House, and I was at the Collector's house till a late hour, and I know it is not to be settled to-day. They have been playing double with you. Somebody, I will not tell you who, has been carrying water on both shoulders. I think it won't go down with you."

WHAT HE SAID TO JAYNE.

Mr. Bliss then left the office and Judge Davis repaired to the Custom House. He went into a room in the Naval Office and found the Collector, Surveyor, Naval Officer, and Jayne together. Jayne said he wished to ask Judge Davis about decisions made construing the statute of forfeitures. Judge Davis said, "I am ready to give you advice, but I wish it to be understood before doing so that I will have no fees and no part of fees in this case. The fees if any are to go to my successor whether the case is settled to-day or hereafter." He then answered the questions asked, and said that the case in his opinion was one in which no jury would ever give a verdict unless under special directions of the Court; that counsel for Phelps, Dodge & Co. were pressing the settlement, and if they looked to their own interest they had better accept a compromise. He had no consultation with Mr. Bliss in relation to the case or the fees other than the one in his office. He never spoke to him about the character of the case nor as to dividing the fees except as above stated. He had not at that time any knowledge or idea that Bliss knew anything of the case or had claimed to have any interest in it whatever. Judge Davis said that Bliss on that morning (Dec. 30) had privately taken the oath of office, which fact was wholly unknown to him. The custom had been for the retiring attorney to appear in court to present the commission of his successor and to move that he be sworn in. No suit was ever commenced by Judge Davis in the Phelps, Dodge & Co. case. No money was ever paid to him. He had received no money directly or indirectly, by or through any one.

WHAT HE SAID TO MR. DODGE.

A few days after Judge Davis retired from the office of District Attorney Mr. Dodge called at his house to have some conversation about the case. Judge Davis could not say anything as counsel or attorney, but he would say to him as he would to his own brother, that they ought to contest the case and fight it out to the end. Mr. Dodge at that time explained to Judge Davis the reasons that induced them to let the settlement go on. When Mr. Dodge requested Judge Davis to write a letter, he looked further into the case, and became more fully satisfied there had never been any intentional fraud.

Judge Davis proceeded to show how the error was committed in the invoices and entries, and the effect of the law and decisions of courts in such cases, making suggestions as to changes in the law and as to the proper mode of ascertaining actual intention to defraud, to be determined by a jury, and where actual fraud was found by a jury the Secretary of the Treasury should have no power of revision.

The statement, of which the above is a mere summary, is to be continued to-morrow.

Punishment and Justice.

In the case of a man like Tweed, which at present occupies so much of the public attention, there is one important fact always to be remembered, that justice may be punishment, but that punishment is not necessarily justice. The moment that the jury pronounced Tweed guilty of the offences charged against him he passed into the custody of the law and was entitled to its protection; for the law, while the master of us all, is never a cruel or unkind master. Rancor and enmity stop at the prison gate. The law imposed a penalty upon Tweed. He was entitled to no more and no less. In his case there were two points to be observed. His enemies would demand unusual punishment; his friends would insist upon unusual clemency. Behind this there would be the rude public opinion, largely springing from the American sense of fair play, that actual conviction and imprisonment to a man who had held as high a place as Tweed was in itself the severest punishment a man could bear.

We thought then, and we think now, that never was a more righteous verdict rendered by an American jury. Its salutary effects will be remembered long after all the actors in it have passed away. But in our just anger over the crimes of this felon we must not exceed the law in his punishment. Neither, on the other hand, must we give him privileges not permitted by law. If it could be seen that Tweed had power to defy the law, and make himself an honored guest rather than a felon under penalty, then the public would lose all confidence in justice. Our public officials cannot be too prudent in this matter, and it would go far to satisfy public opinion if a committee of citizens were to visit the prison and tell us the exact truth. All that the people desire to know is whether this man receives exact, impartial and merciful justice.

Jan 5 - 1937

Mrs. Schirmer Is Dead at 81

Former Resident of This City Succumbs at Saratoga Springs.

Mrs. Anna Sands Schirmer, widow of Edward Schirmer and a former resident of this city, died yesterday at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where she had been living with her niece, Mrs. Frank Knickerbocker. She was in her 81st year.

About three months ago, Mrs. Schirmer slipped on a rug and fell, fracturing her hip. Since that time she had been confined to the Saratoga Hospital for treatments, but pneumonia developed last week and her condition failed to show any improvement.

She is survived in addition to Mrs. Knickerbocker by two stepsons, Edward Schirmer of this city, and Joseph M. Schirmer of Greenwich, Conn., and a nephew, Edward Tweed of Brooklyn.

Funeral services will be held this evening at Saratoga Springs, and interment will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, in the family plot at Woodlawn Cemetery.

embarked in the livery business. Success.

MR. EDWARD SCHIRMER WEDS

Archdeacon VanKleeck officiated at the marriage of Mr. Edward Schirmer to Miss Anna Sands Tweed at Grace Episcopal Church last Wednesday. The immediate family was present.

May the well known merchant and bride have a future of contentment and plenty.

The old Tompkins farm

HOW TO TELL OFFICERS' GRADE.

Rear admirals have one large stripe of gold braid, with a small stripe above and two stars on sleeves.

Captain has four gold braid stripes.

Commander, three stripes.

Lieutenant commander, three and a half stripes.

Lieutenant, two stripes.

Junior lieutenant, one and a half stripes.

Ensign, one stripe.

Midshipman, one-half stripe.

The Woman Philosopher

BY RUTH CAMERON

A FEW LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A STOMACH.

10 a. m. Oh, dear, another hot day! Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday. If I am, I'm going to strike. Just disposed of a half-chewed breakfast. We ran for the train, which meant that I was so jiggled about and so tired that it took me twice as long to do my work. Hope she gives me an hour or two of complete rest before anything more comes my way.

10:30 a. m. Two glasses of ice water have just arrived. It will take all the energy I can pump up in the next hour to warm me up to normal again.

10:45 a. m. Half-chewed breakfast didn't satisfy her and she has bought some peanuts and started eating them.

12 m. Peanuts have dribbled along steadily ever since last entry. Think she has finished them, though.

12:30. Decided she wasn't very hungry and instead of a good, solid dinner sent me down a cold egg nogg, heavy with chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it hadn't been so cold, but that makes it terribly hard to deal with.

1:10 p. m. More ice water!

1:40 p. m. Was mistaken about the peanuts. She found another handful in the bottom of the bag, and now I have them to tend to.

2:05 p. m. More ice water!

3:10 p. m. She has been lifting some heavy books and, as usual, used my muscles instead of her arms' muscles, as she should have done. Tired me more than digesting a six-course dinner.

3:20 p. m. Someone has brought us a box of caramels and she has started on that.

4:30. Have received something like half a pound of caramels since last entry. She just said, "Oh, dear, I don't feel a bit well. I know the milk in that egg nogg must have been sour."

4:50 p. m. We were invited out to have a soda before going home. Had a lemon phosphate and then ran for the train.

6:30 p. m. We played a set of tennis before dinner, and here I am all tired out and a dinner to handle.

7 p. m. Fried potatoes, green corn, veal and blueberries. What do you know about that!!!

7:45. We are going down town for a chocolate walnut college ice!!!!

8:20. Got home and found someone had made some lemonade. She drank two glasses. That on top of the college ice settles it. I strike.

8:30. Have sent back the college ice and lemonade.

8:40. Returned the blueberries.

8:50. And the veal.

9:10 p. m. She has sent for the doctor. Says that college ice must have had something the matter with it. Her mother says it is probably the weak stomach she inherited from her father.

9:30 p. m. Doctor says it's just a little upset, due to the hot weather. Good night!!!!

Ruth Cameron

Thoughts of a Modern Young Woman.

Oh, dear, if a person could only tell whether philanthropy did any good or not!

We've been taking it up this week, you know—a little group of serious thinkers I belong to. Not actually giving things to people. That pauperizes them. And then the lessons and lectures cost us so much I don't feel I could afford to give anything. Especially with Easter so near.

But it's a wonderful topic to study, philanthropy is—simply wonderful! It brings one into such close touch with the poor, you know.

Of course, being a friendly visitor does that, too. But in such an unpleasant way! I was a friendly visitor for nearly a week one time.

We went around, you know, and told poor people to keep clean. They weren't in the least grateful, either.

One woman had the impudence to tell me that it wasn't possible to keep clean in her rooms, with the floors and plumbing and flues in the fix they were in, and no conveniences of any kind—and she said Papa owned the building. Which wasn't true at all, you know; he is only the president of a corporation, and the corporation owns the real estate, and he has never even seen some of it!

Have you thought much about the cosmic urge? We're taking it up next week, you know. The loveliest man talked to us about it the other evening—it's wonderful; simply wonderful! It seems it is the beginning of everything, you know—like, er—well, like the protoplasm, you know.

Though, as far as the protoplasm is concerned, I never could get much interested in those messy chemical things. But I must be going. I have a lesson in comparative religions this afternoon and after that an engagement with my dressmaker.

MARRIED.

SCHIRMER—TWEED.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in Grace Episcopal church on Wednesday afternoon when Mr. Edward Schirmer, Sr., of 66 Mamaroneck avenue and Miss A. T. Tweed, of Broadway, were joined in marriage by the Rev. Archdeacon F. B. VanKleeck. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the groom on Mamaroneck avenue at which only the immediate relatives were present. Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer left on a wedding tour.

WHITE PLAINS SOCIAL CLUB.

An Appraisement of His Wife.

An Alma man found it advisable to put on a ragged suit of clothes in order to repair some machinery. After he had finished he went home to dinner. He met a tramp coming out of the front gate as he went in. The tramp mistook him for a knight of the road. "Duck it—retreat," cautioned the tramp. "I've tried her and she's a regular bear cat."—Harveyville Monitor.

WALL PAPER. SIGN PAINTING

John M. Aichele

Successor to Barry Adams.

PAINTER and DECORATOR

10 MAMARONECK AVENUE,
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

ENTERTAINS RIDGEBRIDGE CLUB.

Mrs. Edward Schirmer, of Mamaroneck Avenue, the Hostess Friday.

The Ridgebridge Club met Friday as the guests of Mrs. Edward Schirmer, of Mamaroneck avenue. There were sixteen present. Prizes were won by Mrs. John G, Wright, Mrs. Charles W. Kingsley. The next hostess of the club will be Mrs. A. D. Smith, of Colden avenue.

LAMB PRAISES "BILL" TWEED.

Says "Boss" Did Much to Beautify City—Objects to "Panhandle" Building.

"Our City: Its Past and Its Future," was the theme of a symposium held by the Nineteenth Century Club last night in the Aldine Club, Eighteenth street and Fifth avenue. The speakers were Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, Charles R. Lamb and the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer.

Professor Hamlin spoke of the ugliness of the city, which he said was due to the gridiron plan of street, and argued that the city could be much improved if there were less public indifference and more civic pride. Reform in that regard, he said, should take the form of building diagonal streets for direct communication between important centres, for proper vistas and approaches to public buildings and bridges.

Mr. Lamb said the city owed a debt of gratitude to the memory of Tweed. He spoke of Tweed's far-seeing policy and imagination in providing for the parks and for the Riverside Drive, and asserted that whatever Tweed and his associates had stolen had been more than made up by the great improvements he had projected and the profits the city had made from those improvements. The speaker said he would rather have as the director of public improvements a man of imagination coupled with dishonesty than an honest man devoid of imagination.

"Give me," he said, "imagination and dishonesty rather than rectitude coupled with stupidity. Tweed deserves credit for his far-seeing policy. Look at the stupidity, even if the idea was conceived in rectitude, of that sunken park in old Greenwich village."

"Look at that panhandle building that stands there in one of the most important thoroughfares," said Mr. Lamb. "So long as that building stands it will stand an insult to the artistic sense of you and of your children and your grandchildren and a detriment to the progress of the city."

...ds of dollars in addition to the loss incurred by negotiating the forged paper.

WAIF ON HAVEMEYER DOORSILL

Girl About Six Weeks Old Left in Shelter of Storm Doors.

Curled up asleep just inside the storm doors of the home of Theodore A. Havemeyer, No. 21 West Thirty-ninth street, a baby girl scarcely 6 weeks old, was found at 10 o'clock last night. She was poorly dressed, but that loving though despairing hands had placed her there was shown by the presence of a full bottle of milk that lay by her side.

The child was discovered by Louise Erickson, one of the servants, who at once informed her mistress. Mrs. Havemeyer ordered the little mite brought into the drawing room, and busied herself for nearly half an hour in comforting the babe when it woke up and began to cry. At last, almost reluctantly, a message was sent to the West Thirtieth street police station to report the find, and Patrolman Forbes carried the little girl to Bellevue in a handsome blue silk quilt in which Mrs. Havemeyer insisted on wrapping her.

No mark that could lead to the discovery of the identity of her parents was found upon the little one's clothing.

Louise Erickson and two other servants from the Havemeyer household went to Bellevue later and wanted to know what steps they would have to take to adopt the child. Louise thought she knew a relative who would care for it, she said.

GIRLS IN WHISKERS CRUSADE.

Co-Eds in Syracuse University Want Men Students to Raise Beards.

Special to The Press.

Mr. Ed. Schirmer Congratulated.

Friends of our well-known citizen, Mr. Edward Schirmer, Sr., are congratulating him on his approaching marriage to Miss Anna S. Tweed. Mr. Schirmer is in the prime of life and his friends bespeak for him and his bride-to-be many years of happiness.

...and resume negotiations.

MR. MAGINNIS' FUNERAL.

Many Friends and Flowers as Touching Tribute.

Sorrowing friends by the score, prominent in business and social affairs, followed the remains of John H. Maginnis to their last resting place in Metairie Cemetery yesterday afternoon. It was one of the largest attended funerals held in New Orleans in some time. Nearly all branches of business and all of the clubs of the city were represented. The Louisiana Club attended in a body.

Services were held at the residence, 2127 Prytania Street, at 2:30 o'clock, Dr. Beverley Warner officiating. Dr. Warner and Corinthian Lodge, F. and A. M., conducted the services at the cemetery.

The floral tributes were beautiful and numerous, four wagonloads of flowers being taken to the cemetery.

The pallbearers were: Burr W. Henry, Ashton V. Devereux, John H. Menge, John Nolan, Charles B. Thorn, Gus Baldwin, William E. Turner, B. N. Benachi and Henry H. Chaffe.

HARVARD CLUB MEETING.

WEDDING RECEPTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schirmer Receive Their Friends Yesterday.

In their residence, No. 66 Mamaroneck avenue, last night, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schirmer, Sr., received nearly 200 of their friends at a wedding reception from four to six and eight to ten in the evening.

It was a delightful event and Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Frank Schirmer and Miss Tweed.

Decorations, mostly floral, were wihte and yellow in the receiving room and pink and white in the refreshment hall

The collation was by Ketcham.

Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer received the warmest congratulations from their shot of friends.

Do you read RECORD want ads?

The Old Cat

IT was the hour of tea-time;
And little Tommy (four)
Had filled with milk a saucer
And set it by the door.
And then he crept out softly
And peeped outside the gate,
And muttered with impatience,
"Oh, why is puss so late?"

THEN soon along came grandma,
Who'd just arrived by train,
And when she saw the saucer
Asked Tommy to explain.
Then he in words so simple
Said, "Grandma, it is five,
And father said at tea-time
The old cat would arrive."

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

(Robert Browning.)

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer—
And cries: "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere!"

SOME DAY.

A kindly nurse shall come some day
To us, with solemn mien, and say,
"'Tis time to go to bed and sleep."
And we, mayhap, shall sigh or weep
To leave our playthings and our play,
And pray a longer while to stay.
But she, unheeding our alarms,
Shall fold us close within her arms,
Until upon her mother breast
We sink at last to sleep and rest,
And wake to read in Angel's eyes
Our welcome sweet to Paradise!

—Zitella Cocke, in the Independent.

TWO CHAIRS FETCH $500.

Other Good Prices Got at the Lehne Sale of Art Objects.

Quite a large audience of bidders was attracted to the Anderson auction rooms yesterday in spite of the bad weather by the sale of the Lehne collection of old furniture, china and cut glass. Mr. Lehne has long been known as a collector of art objects and some of the pieces sold after lively bidding for good figures.

The highest price of the day was $500, which S. S. Palmer bid for two Chippendale mahogany side chairs. These chairs had cabriole legs, carved knees and claw and ball feet. The uprights were fluted, supporting an elaborately carved bow back.

A Chippendale settee upholstered in old "petit point" tapestry sold for $150.

A very beautiful original Sheraton mahogany desk with a bookcase top sold to H. W. Ewald for $325. This bookcase had double latticed glass doors, with broken arch pediment, holly inlays and original brass mounts.

An original mahogany highboy with cabriole legs, claw and ball feet and fluted corner pieces sold to Smith and Watson for $200.

Mrs. M. Wertheim bought a corner china cabinet of mahogany for $180.

A very unusual Sheraton mahogany sideboard brought $300.

A handsome wall cellarette of mahogany made by John Needles of Baltimore, sold to F. Gawan for $205.

A pair of curious and very beautiful knife boxes, sold to Mrs. Skinner for $90. These boxes were urn shaped with silver mounts.

Mr. Skinner also purchased an ormolu extension table plateau of gilt and mirrors for $180. This was a large and handsome dinner table decoration very elaborate and unusual.

Robert Hoe purchased a mahogany highboy for $230 and a high post mahogany bedstead was sold to J. B. Roy for $160.

A copper and lustre tea set sold in the afternoon for $180 to C. Buckingham.

The total afternoon sale amounted to $3,937 and the evening sale to $5,962, making a total for the day of $9,899.

The sale of Mr. Lehne's furniture continues this afternoon. In the evening his collection of old prints is to be sold.

Swift & Company's sales of Fresh Lamb in New York City for the week ending Saturday, Nov. 30, averaged 16.88 cents per pound.—*Adv.*

The Brooklyn Bridge, which was begun on January 3, 1870, was opened May 24, 1883 and cost $25,095,577.

The Allegheny and Ohio Rivers were regarded by the French as one stream.

THE REPORTER DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME EVERY DAY. TEL. 177.

...ed to-day at 12:30

ELECTION OF OFFICERS BY UNITED WORKMEN.

Last evening Excelsior lodge No. 5, A. O. U. W., held an installation of its recently elected officers, the installation being conducted by District Deputy Alfred Tweed, G. M. W., as installing officer. He was ably assisted by the following officers:

Grand Guide—Peter Turnbull.
P. G. M. W.—John McClellan.
G. F.—John Kinsley.
G. O.—R. L. Hill.
G. Receiver—Jas. Stray.
Grand Financier—C. W. Laffer.
Grand Recorder—R. L. Crawford.

Following were the recently elected officers that were installed:

P. M. W.—J. Amburn.
M. M.—P. F. Gildea.
Foreman—C. F. Colman.
Overseer—H D. Ruggles.
Recorder—Robt. Robson.
Financier—W. P. Briel.
Receiver—Hugh O'Hara.
Guide—Robt. Hill.
Inside watch—Hugh McCaughey.
Outside watch—Jerry Wolf.

All the new officers were present except insidewatch, Hugh McCaughey, who is sick in the hospital. The installation was without a hitch or break, Mr. Tweed being an adept in that line, knowing the ritual by heart and acquitting himself well. A former installation by him was in the presence of 500 visitors.

Last night there was a full attendance at the local lodge, some seventy-five members being present. After the installation a social was indulged in with a collation, music, etc.

MEMORIAL MINUTE.

TRINITY CHURCH VESTRY-ROOM,
New Orleans, La., July 6, 1889.

In connection with the burial service, which consigns to its final resting place all that is mortal of our late friend and companion, the Vestry of Trinity Church desire to place on record a memorial minute to their fellow-member, the late JOHN H. MAGINNIS, as the expression of their estimate of his worth and of their profound sorrow at his loss.

In the startling suddenness with which he was called away we recognize an impressive illustration of the fact that "in the midst of life we are in death." But we also recall with gratitude the truth that his noble life was a preparation for the change, and that the summons which came so swiftly only translated him to a higher life.

In his departure from us he has left us as his best legacy the memory of an unsullied character and an integrity which knew no stain. He blended the force of a powerful will with a gentleness that was almost feminine in its delicacy, and his unusual executive ability and clearness of judgment were always mingled with kindness and tenderness to those who were associated with him. Quiet and unostentatious in manner, he was yet a born leader of men, and in his business relations his judgment was always relied upon as sound and correct. In his relations to the church he was deeply interested in the welfare of the parish, and made its prosperity the subject of his constant concern. In the bosom of his family he was the embodiment of tender solicitude for the comfort and welfare of those dependent upon him, and in all the relations of life the natural powers of his character were softened and sweetened by a truly Christian spirit and a constant devotion to duty.

In the sudden loss which we are called upon to endure we are consoled by the fact that his death was but the transition to the life immortal, and so is his eternal gain.

W. A. SNIVELY, D. D., Rector.

FRANK N. BUTLER, Secretary.

WILL OF JOHN H. MAGINNIS.

The last will of the late John H. Maginnis, dated November 29, 1884, was admitted to probate to-day before Judge King of the Civil District Court.

He leaves one-third of his estate to his wife, and the remaining two-thirds to his children, subject to the usufructuary rights of his wife. He appoints his wife, Lizzie Conelison Tweed, Arthur A. Maginnis and C. B. Maginnis executors without bond.

TANDARD-UNION: B

TOWN TALK AND DOINGS.

Tweed's son-in-law, Mr. John H. Maginnis, was killed by lightning yesterday in his bath house at a small suburban town on the Mississippi River, near New Orleans. Last fall Mrs. Maginnis, Tweed's daughter, wife of the gentleman killed yesterday, lay in New York so ill that her death was momentarily expected. She recovered sufficiently, however, to be removed to her home in New Orleans. It seems remarkable, under the circumstances, that her husband should be the first to die. He was a strong, stout man, with jet black mustache, and the couple fairly idolized each other. It was their custom to spend their summers in the North, and they were expecting to start for Poland Springs, Me., in a few days.

TWEED'S SON-IN-LAW KILLED.

Mr. John H. Maginnis Struck by a Bolt of Lightning While in Bathing.

NEW ORLEANS, July 4.—Mr. John H. Maginnis of the firm of A. A. Maginnis & Son, one of the largest mercantile and financial houses in this city, was killed by lightning to-day while in swimming at his bath house at Ocean Springs, a small suburban town on Mississippi Sound. The bolt passed through the roof of the bath house, struck Mr. Maginnis on the back of his head, breaking his neck, and passing through a large post, which was shivered to pieces.

Mr. Maginnis was interested in a number of the leading industries here—the Maginnis oil mills, Maginnis cotton factory, Maginnis warehouses, and others. He married several years ago a daughter of Wm. M. Tweed, the well-known politician of New York, the marriage being one of the most famous and grandest in that city.

MAGINNIS.—At Ocean Springs, Miss., July 4, 1889, at 12:30 p. m., John H. Maginnis, aged forty-four years and eight months, eldest son of the late A. A. Maginnis.

The funeral services will take place at Trinity Church on Saturday Morning, July 6, at 10 o'clock. The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

BURIED IN METAIRIE.

Funeral Services of the Late John H. Maginnis.

About 9 o'clock yesterday morning the rain, which had been threatening the city for several days past, gave vent, and is literally poured for about an hour.

The funeral of the late John H. Maginnis was to have taken place at 10 o'clock, but it was after 11 before the funeral did take place. Even then the water was so high that it was impossible to cross the street without wading.

The Rt. Rev. J. N. Galleher, bishop of Louisiana, assisted by Dr. W. A. Snively of Trinity church, and Rev. A. G. Bakewell of Trinity chapel, conducted the ceremonies.

The body was taken from the house, corner of Jackson and Prytania streets, to Trinity church. The funeral procession as it went slowly up the aisle of the church, presented a solemn appearance. Dr. Snively and Rev. Mr. Bakewell led the way; behind them followed the bishop attired in his purple cap of office and black robe, lined with purple.

The Episcopal burial service was then gone through with, very quietly, without any music whatever, the impressive voice of the bishop made it more solemn.

The twelve pallbearers rested the handsome black plush coffin on the stands in front of the chancel, after which they took seats. On the coffin was a gold plate inscribed: "John H. Maginnis, died July 4, 1889." A beautiful cross of white roses and white crape myrtle with dark green ferns rested on the chancel steps. This floral offering was the only one at the church, and was presented by Mr. George Q. Whitney. Flowers filled the parlor of the residence and presented a beautiful appearance, and their perfume was delicious.

The deceased was interred in the family tomb at Metairie cemetery. The following were the pallbearers: J. Mut, Jr., L. V. Elder, R. Simpson, S. Conway, W. W. Lyons, Charles Allen, L. W. Lyons, J. Saunderps. Honorary pallbearers: H. Marshall, P. de Verges and W. Harrison.

MRS. SCHIRMER ENTERTAINS

Had the Ridgebridge Card Club as Her Guests Yesterday.

The Ridge Bridge Card Club was entertained by Mrs. Edward Schirmer of 66 Mamaroneck avenue yesterday afternoon. The rizes were won by Mrs. John G. Wright and Mrs. Chas. Kingsley. Favors in the shape of hearts were given each guest and a dainty luncheon followed the games.

Those present were Mrs. Charles Kingsley, Mrs. Edward Schirmer, Mrs. F. A. Shaw, Mrs. P. S. Mosher, Mrs. C. R. Caskey, Mrs. Harry Hamilton, Mrs. Alfred Smith, Mrs. Fred Cobb, Miss Anna Verplanck, Miss Georgia Clark, Mrs. Samuel Steele, Mrs. W. F. Jordan, Mrs. E. N. Jones and Mrs. J. H. Foulds.

APPOINTS RECEIVER FOR WHITE CLOVER FARMS.

SANDS—Helen, on December 6, 1931, daughter of the late Alfred B. and Delia Dick Sands. Funeral service at St. Stephen's Church, Port Washington, Long Island, on Tuesday, December 8, 1931, at 3 p. m. Interment private.

MISS HELEN SANDS.

Miss Helen Sands, a member of an old New Yirk and Long Island family, for which Sands Point, L. I., was named, died yesterday in the Nassau Hospital at Mineola at the age of 71 years. Funeral services will be held at 3 P. M. tomorrow at St. Stephen's Church, Port Washington.

Surviving are two brothers, Irving and Ernest Sands, and a sister, Miss Edith Sands.

A LOSS TO THE CITY

The sudden death of Edward Schirmer, Sr., the other day, came as a distinct shock to his many friends and acquaintances here and throughout the county. A resident of White Plains since boyhod and a merchant for sixty years, Mr. Schirmer aided in the upbuilding of White Plains, in more ways than one. His removal from city affairs is a distinct loss to the community.

MORAN — C... Moran, Corporal ... S. Marines, beloved ... of James, George, Frank, Willia... Isabel, in his 26th year. Funeral services will be held on Friday, July 20, at 2 p. m., at John N. Gennerich's Funeral Parlors, 688 9th av. Interment Woodlawn Cemetery.

O'BRIEN — July 17, 1923, at Richfield Springs, N. Y., Richard O'Brien, husband of the late Sarah O'Brien. Funeral Saturday a. m., July 21, at 10:30.

TWEED—On July 18, Margaret, beloved wife of the late Frank Tweed. Funeral from her late residence, 634 83d st., Brooklyn, Friday, July 20, at 2 p. m. Interment Calvary. Automobile cortege.

1923

UNDERTAKERS

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ERNEST P. SANDS

Special to the Herald Tribune

GLEN RIDGE, N. J., July 11.—Ernest P. Sands, associated with the Jenkins Manufacturing Company, of Bloomfield, died yesterday at his home here, 22 Hillside Avenue. Mr. Sands was a member of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, of Port Washington, L. I., and of the 7th Regiment, in New York City. His wife, Mary A. Sands, a sister, Edith B. Sands, and a brother, Jay Sands, both of Port Washington, survive.

SANDS—At Glen Ridge, N. J., July 10, 1933, Ernest P., husband of Mary Heath Sands. Funeral services from his home, 22 Hillside av., Glen Ridge, on Thursday evening, July 13, at 8 o'clock. Interment at convenience of family.

[illegible] frère, [illegible] at his home in Hardwick Street

Ernest P. Sands Funeral Will Be Held Tomorrow.

Funeral services for Ernest P. Sands of 22 Hillside avenue, Glen Ridge, who died Monday at his home after a long illness, will be conducted tomorrow at 8 P. M. at the home by Rev. L. Harold Hinrichs of St. John's Episcopal Church, Boonton. Masonic services also will be held. Burial will be in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn.

Born in New York sixty-seven years ago he had been a resident of Glen Ridge twenty-six years. He was the son of the late Alfred B. Sands, founder of A. B. Sands Co., New York marine plumbing supply concern. He had been associated with the Jenkins Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, many years.

Mr. Sands was a member of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club of Port Washington, L. I.; Seventh Regiment f New York, New York Lodge No. 2, F. A. M., and Christ Episcopal Church, Glen Ridge.

Besides his wife, Mary A., Mr. Sands leaves a sister, Miss Edith B. Sands, and a brother, Irving Sands, both of Port Washington.

WILLIAM M. TWEED.

Is He About to Reveal the Secrets of the Ring?

THURLOW WEED'S OPINION.

Views of Prominent Politicians on the Question.

THE BAIL BONDS AND CIVIL SUITS.

There were but few new developments in regard to the Tweed case yesterday. The police are still working with their utmost might to get to the bottom of every clew and to discover the whereabouts of the fugitive. The Sheriff and his assistants also are doing their best to discover the hiding place of the ex-Boss. The facts continually coming to light as hour by hour passes indicate that the theory advanced by the HERALD is the true one—namely, that Tweed is even now either in New York city or its immediate vicinity. All the information that can be gleaned clearly points in this direction, and that the fallen chieftain can hope much longer to elude capture is very doubtful unless he has simply retired from his semi-captivity at Ludlow Street Jail to assume a more advantageous position from which to negotiate a compromise, as well as to secure revenge upon some of his former companions, who have of late, to use the vernacular, "gone back on him." This is the view taken by many high and prominent politicians, and that it is probably a correct one every circumstance that has happened during the past few days is an evidence.

The opinions of the existing condition of affairs of Hon. Thurlow Weed and County Clerk Walsh, which are herewith given, will be found of peculiar pertinence and interest at this moment.

THURLOW WEED'S VIEWS.

A HERALD reporter last night called upon Mr. Thurlow Weed at his residence, and held an extended conversation with him in reference to the flight of William M. Tweed. In answer to some preliminary questions Mr. Weed said:—

"The presumption is strong, even if the fact be not assured, that Mr. Tweed has not left the country, and, indeed, that he is not very far away from us now. That he remains near by, to negotiate more effectively outside a jail than in it, I am very strongly convinced. The HERALD, I am convinced, is right in this regard. I might say more did I deem it wise at this particular time."

The conversation was then continued as follows:—

"Mr. Weed, any information which you may be able to give to the public through the HERALD will be highly appreciated."

"I am aware of that, and I wish to make it clear to myself just how far I ought to go—that is, at the present time."

"Well, Mr. Weed, go just as far as you can; no man can have a higher appreciation than you have of just how much the public has a right to know as to the existing conditions in the case of the fugitive Tweed."

"Well, concerning his retirement from Ludlow street Jail, simply for a more advantageous position for negotiation for himself and, perhaps, some of his former friends, I would say, now, simply, that during Mr. Tweed's involuntary residence on the Island, as imprisonment there is called, I called on him three times. You will understand that I did not go there to see him without some hope of benefit to this city growing out of my visit; nor did I go without consultation with others. Let me think for a moment how far I am at liberty to speak of that."

"With whom did you consult?"

"I consulted with the Mayor of this city and also with the Governor. I had come to know the latter very well, having met with and conversed with him often, and feeling that I had come to know something of the peculiar difficulties with which the government had to contend in this case, I thought I might, perhaps, be able to simplify and also shorten the proceedings, with advantage to the interests of the public. As a result of such consultations I visited Mr. Tweed, at his island residence, several times."

"Well, what were the particulars and result of your conversations with him?"

"That is exactly what I am hesitating to tell you about, until the present condition of Tweed, and the reasons therefor, are better known from others than from myself."

"Well, do your best in the interest of the public, Mr. Weed."

"That is just exactly what I am proposing to myself to do. You see, unless developments should clear the way for me to speak fully in that regard, I do not feel that I ought to do so; for, you must understand, my conversations with him were to a degree confidential, and it is only because I can see that the HERALD has ingly gratified to know the inside working of the party."

A REPUBLICAN VIEW.

A HERALD reporter called on Senator Booth and asked:—

"What do you think would be the effect should Mr. Tweed make an *expose* of those who were connected with him in swindling the city?"

"There is no doubt but what it would affect hundreds, both democrats and republicans, not only in the city of New York, but throughout the State."

"What do you think would be the effect, should Mr. Tweed publish the names of all those who have made money out of the city, from the various contracts and jobs that they managed to get through Tweed?"

"Why there would be a shaking up of the dry bones such as never was seen or heard of before in this country. I think the city should only ask of Mr. Tweed to return his portion of the theft, and not demand of him the spoils of the entire Ring. It seems rather unjust that he should be held responsible for the entire amount."

TWEED'S BONDSMEN.

Among the multiplicity of suits commenced against Tweed are, as is well known, some of lesser magnitude than the so-called $6,000,000 and $1,000,000. Occupying such a conspicuous place as the prior proceedings in these various suits do, not alone in the court records but in the public memory, it is unnecessary to recite them all in detail or to give *in extenso* the names of the various bondsmen or the respective amounts for which they became surety. Since the escape of Tweed these minor matters, however, begin to assume a phase of no inconsiderable magnitude, and the result is no little tremulousness on the part of certain whilom friends of the "Boss" who allowed themselves to become bondsmen for his appearance for trial when wanted. The question now is, whether, Tweed having been committed to jail in default of the large bail required in the civil suits and escaped from custody, his bondsmen in the other suits can be held legally responsible for his non-production in court. Certain proceedings were had yesterday before Judge Donohue, sitting as Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, the object of which is to solve this sphinx like riddle. District Attorney Phelps, it appears, had served a notice on Tweed's counsel that unless he was produced in the Court of Oyer and Terminer yesterday morning to answer to the criminal indictments found against him his bondsmen would be held accountable for the amount of their respective bail bonds; or, in other words, in case of such failure, the bail in each case would be declared forfeited. Messrs. David Dudley Field and Dudley Field appeared in response to the notice, and Assistant District Attorney Lyon to press the motion for forfeiture of bail.

Mr. David Dudley Field wished to know on which indictment Mr. Tweed was to be called.

Mr. Lyon said they proposed to have him called on all the indictments.

Some informal discussion ensued, and at length the indictment selected as the one to be called first was that found June 16, 1875, against Tweed, Sweeny and others, for alleged conspiracy.

"William M. Tweed," called out Mr. Sparks, the Clerk, in a clear, ringing voice. There was no response, unless a general smile suffusing itself over the countenance of every one present sumits of the interpretation of a rejoinder.

A more farcical scene, if possible, followed, which was a request, by direction of the Court, to the Clerk, to call on Mr. Charles Devlin. Mr. Tweed's surety under the conspiracy indictment, to produce the body of William M. Tweed, which request, it is hardly necessary to state, Mr. Devlin, although present in court, and however strongly he may have felt inclined to obey, failed to comply with.

The above preliminary scenes ended, Mr. Field took hold of the subject matter with something more of feeling earnestness, making quite a speech. He began with stating that there are seven recognizances which the people move to forfeit, five executed by Charles Devlin and two by Alfred B. Sands. They vary in terms and in respect to the indictments upon which they purpose to be given. But two of the defences are common to all, and they will be first presented. They are these:—First, after the giving of the recognizances the people took the defendant out of the hands of the bail, his keepers, and thus changed their relations to him and to the people and their ability to surrender him. A recognizance is a contract to be construed like other contracts, and effected or discharged like them. Thus it is the common practice to discharge all recognizances of persons subsequently imprisoned on criminal sentences. Second, there is no evidence of a continuance to the present term of the proceedings upon any of the indictments. This is not the term at which the defendant was first required to appear, and being a subsequent one, a continuance must be shown. The bail, therefore, would not be in default for not producing him at the present time, even if the contracts were still subsisting contracts. The condition is not broken, and for that reason the bail are not liable. Mr. Field claimed further that the recognizances 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 could not be forfeited, because there were no such indictments as are therein described. The pretence on which these recognizances were exacted was unfounded, and for that reason they must fail. Again, the recognizances 2 and 7 were entered into under a misapprehension and mistake of fact, it being supposed by both parties that the indictments mentioned therein were for new matter, whereas they were in fact for matter for which the defendant had already been convicted, sentenced, and punished by imprisonment on an indictment subsequent to the indictments on which these two recognizances were founded. He further urged that the recognizances Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were void for uncertainty. It appearing that there are six indictments to which Nos. 3 and 5 will apply and seven to which No. 4 will apply. In conclusion, he claims that the recognizance No. 6 was discharged by the subsequent finding of another indictment for the same matter, this operating to supersede the former.

Mr. Lyons took up each objection, and, refuting

"That is just exactly what I am proposing to myself to do. You see, unless developments should clear the way for me to speak fully in that regard, I do not feel that I ought to do so; for, you must understand, my conversations with him were to a degree confidential, and it is only because I can see that the HERALD has information, involving in some degree the object of my visits there, that I am led to feel that I am free to say anything about them at all."

"How far can you speak of what occurred, without sacrificing anything of what you consider due to Mr. Tweed, who, as a prisoner, talked with you?"

"Well, let me see. You say that it is reported that Mr. Tweed, dissatisfied with the way in which he has been treated by some in both parties, who worked with him in his erroneous career, has determined to make a clean breast of it, so far as himself and themselves are concerned, provided he can secure freedom from persecution for himself and for some of his own particular friends. Now, that is very likely. First, let me say that I feel certain that Mr. Tweed has not gone abroad. Then I have reason for believing that before making a public declaration of all the peculiarities of the cases, with the conduct of which the people have serious cause for complaint, he would insist upon seeing free from trouble on his account at least two of his co-workers; for instance, Woodward and—well, I can't remember his name—but another of those who may be supposed to have acted under his control and by his direction in much that they did. I feel that I have a right to say that Mr. Tweed would not like to see any one or the relatives of any one suffer because of following his direction while occupying a position toward him of being subject to his direction. Then, as to some others who were with him when in success, as you intimate, but who have been bitterly against him since his fall, I think it is probable that he may have something to reveal concerning them, should the negotiations now presumed to be under way result satisfactorily to himself and friends. However, I may say that in a very few days, should matters culminate, as they now seem likely to do, I shall be able to give you more information of interest in relation to Tweed and his cases than I now feel at liberty to do. Let me say again in conclusion, however, that I feel sure that the HERALD is right in believing that Mr. Tweed has not gone abroad, I am in full accord with the HERALD, and there is very good ground for the suspicion that Mr. Tweed has made his last strategic movement, more to gain a commanding position for the protection of subordinate friends and the punishment of ungrateful coadjutors, than to get permanently away from home, friends and familiar scenes. I think—I do not care to say that I am sure—that the HERALD is on the right trail, and if all occurs that I expect I shall be pleased in a very few days to give all the information I have that the public can be interested in knowing concerning Tweed. The prospect is certainly good for additional information at an early day.

ANDREW H. GREEN'S OPINION.

Comptroller Green said he felt that there must be some foundation for the reports which had reached the HERALD office. Mr. Green remembered distinctly that he had been informed by some gentlemen who were apt to know that it was not likely that Tweed had yet left the country, and that, as attempts at negotiation had been said to have been made, it was more than probable that Tweed had retired to a position in which he could negotiate under stronger probabilities of freedom, should he so desire, than he could have done had he remained under care of his friends in Ludlow Street Jail.

"How long since you received that information, Mr. Green?"

"I should say about one week ago, but I gave the information no very serious attention at the time."

"Have you any definite information as to the progress of negotiations since the escape of Tweed?"

"I have not; if I had I would give it to you eagerly. I only know that I was informed that to secure a more suitable place for effective negotiation had been Tweed's chief object in retiring from Ludlow Street Jail. Now that I hear what the HERALD tells me I feel more certain than before that what I heard had a respectable foundation in truth. Of the progress of negotiations, however, I know nothing, nor do I know of a certainty that they have, as yet, been commenced, though, should they reach a given point, I shall expect to be informed of their progress. At present, however, I know only what I have told you, and that is, in a condensed form, that Tweed's escape was more of a flank movement for compromise than with a view to permanent escape.

County Clerk Walsh on being visited said:—"I have not heard that Mr. Tweed proposed to make any *exposé* of those who were connected with him in any way, as regards the crime charged against him. But I think it would be perfectly justifiable, in fact it would be more to his credit, after the length of time that has been compelled to bear their burdens."

"Will this affect New York city alone?"

"No, indeed; it will fall upon many throughout the State. I feel well assured that among others A. D. B. Barker, of Utica, will not be pleased to hear from the Boss."

"What do you think would be the effect upon the public should Mr. Tweed make a clean breast?"

"Why, I think it would have a tendency toward a pure, lenient feeling, as they know that he has not been alone in this monstrous fraud. They would be exceed-

pearing that there are six indictments to which Nos. 3 and 5 will apply and seven to which No. 4 will apply. In conclusion, he claims that the recognizance No. 6 was discharged by the subsequent finding of another indictment for the same matter, this operating to supersede the former.

Mr. Lyons took up each objection, and, refuting each separately, argued that this was an unusual procedure, to say the least. He insisted that the duty of the Court was to order the forfeiture of the bail, and that Mr. Field's objections should be taken to the General Term. He contended, in addition, that the point raised by counsel in reference to the discharge of bail by the imprisonment of Tweed, being a variance of their bail bonds, was not true, and that the obligations of bail were merely suspended by imprisonments and were operative immediately after his release from jail.

After hearing some further argument Judge Donohue adjourned the further proceedings until Monday next.

THE TWEED CIVIL SUITS.

Application was made yesterday to Judge Van Vorst, holding Supreme Court, Circuit, to have the six million dollar Tweed suit, which under the recent order of Judge Davis is to be tried by a struck jury, placed on the calendar for trial for the 27th inst.

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, making the application, stated that he was anxious to have the trial commenced directly succeeding the expiration of time allowed by statute for notice of trial and empanelling a jury. He urged, as a special reason for having the trial begin this month, that he wished to call Governor Tilden as a witness, who at that time would be in the city, but after the 1st of January, on the reassembling of the Legislature, he would have to be in Albany.

Mr. David Dudley Field in opposition to the application insisted that it was a very unusual thing to begin a suit during the holiday week; in fact, this was a time when both the Bench and the Bar felt inclined to take a breathing spell from their arduous labors. He asked that the case go over to the January term. As to Governor Tilden, he thought that his interest in the proceedings would induce him to suspend his gubernatorial duties at any time, and come down here at once to give his testimony whenever wanted.

Judge Van Vorst took the matter under advisement and promised to give his decision to-day or to-morrow.

THE BROOKLYN RING SUITS.

MAGINNIS—On Thursday 11:16 p. m., December 27, 1906, JOHN HENRY MAGINNIS, youngest son of the late John Henry Maginnis and Lizzie Cornelison Tweed, in the 29th year of his age.

Funeral services from his late residence, 2127 Prytania street, at half past two o'clock Saturday afternoon, December 29th, 1906.

HOPPING.—On May 12, 1903, CORA ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Andrew J. Hopping. Funeral service at her late residence, 37 West 51st st., on Friday, May 15, at half-past three P. M. Interment Trinity Cemetery.

HENDERSON.—At Hackensack, N. J., on October 17, ANNA GERTRUDE HENDERSON, wife of the late Edward Henderson, in the 86th year of her age. Funeral services at her late residence, 206 Union st., Hackensack, Friday, October 20, at half-past two P. M. Interment private. 1905

HOPPING.—On Sunday, November 8, SARAH ANN, widow of Andrew J. Hopping and daughter of the late Joseph Hoffman Bininger. Notice of funeral hereafter. 1903

WEED—On Sunday, November 22, MARGARET M. TWEED, in the 81st year of her age. Funeral services at the residence of her lifelong friend, Mrs. Sarah B. Attwater, No. 3 South Broadway, White Plains, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon, November 25, at 1:45 o'clock. 1903

TWEED.—On April 22, FRANK, aged 53 years. Funeral services at the Chapel of the Stephen Merritt Burial Company, 8th av. and 19th st., Monday morning, eleven o'clock. 1903

1918

OBITUARY.

MR. FRANK TWEED.

Mr. Frank Tweed, nephew of the one time Tammany leader, died Friday in New York Hospital as the result of injuries from a fall last December, when he broke a hip. He lived at No. 311 West Twenty-first street, and is survived by his widow, three sons and a daughter. He was fifty-nine years old and was captain on various Sound steamers up to ten years ago and had charge of the Idlewild. He was at one time an excise inspector, and at the time of his death was connected with the Bureau of Highways.

ATTWATER—At White Plains, [illegible] on Sunday evening, February 25, SARAH BROOKS ATTWATER, daughter of the late Joshua and Sarah Dick Horton and widow of Phineas Attwater, in the 86th year of her age. Funeral service at Grace Church, White Plains, N. Y., Wednesday, February 28, at two P. M. Interment Rural Cemetery. 1917

Mr. Louis Sands, fifty-seven years old, a commission merchant in paints and oils, died suddenly of cerebral hemorrhage Sunday at his home in Prospect avenue, Port Washington, L. I. He was a member of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club.

RESIGNATION.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still—
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why should'st thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart!
One watches all with care most true.
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Paul Fleming, 1600.

with unabated virulence, an average of 20 new cases and 10 deaths occurring daily.

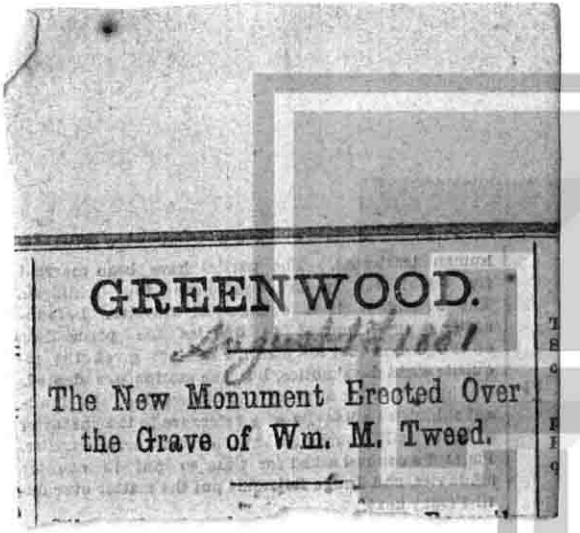
LOOKING FOR RELICS OF TWEED.

A CROWD AT THE SALE OF HIS SON'S FURNITURE.

Crowds of men and women—principally the latter—yesterday morning ascended the high stoop and disappeared within the entrance to the brownstone residence at No. 23 West Fifty-sixth-street. A red flag, which bore the name of Charles F. Walters, auctioneer, decorated the front of the dwelling, and bannerets bearing the same name were displayed within. It had been discovered by the crowds that Gen. William M. Tweed, son of the late Boss Tweed, was about to dispose of his household furniture, fine oil paintings, handsome piano, &c., at public auction. Some days ago he sold the dwelling. Many in the crowds were would-be purchasers, but the majority were there through sheer curiosity. The idea was prevalent that many things which Boss Tweed once owned might be seen in the dwelling. It had been announced that the house was furnished throughout by Pottier & Stymus, and it was understood that this was done in the "palmy days of the Tweed régime." Women thronged every room in the four-story establishment, and seated themselves as though at home on the chairs, sofas, and beds. Some of them brought their youngest children with them, opened their lunch baskets, and enjoyed themselves as though at a picnic. But for the exceedingly warm temperature of the day everybody might have been cheerful.

The work of disposing of the household effects was begun in the basement, and Gen. Tweed was one of the interested spectators. All the necessary furniture for a well appointed dining room and kitchen was sold, according to the auctioneer, for a song. The glassware and china, which originally cost a great deal of money, was sold at prices which would have been considered reasonable by the natives of the Five Points. Elegant cut glass decanters, with combination stoppers, were a novelty. These stoppers could be opened only by a person knowing the combination, just the same as a person opening a safe with a combination lock. Gen. Tweed smiled when he observed the curiosity of the bidders over the decanters. Some of the spectators remarked that the General must have kept "good goods" in those decanters, and that the servants "didn't get a whack at them." The General was highly amused over these remarks. The decanters sold for $4 each, and then the auctioneer went through the house. A massive French walnut bedstead was sold to ex-Alderman Mulry for $23. Two cabinets were sold for $100 each to Dr. L. A. Bates, and a figure of "Sappho" realized $10. A rosewood and inlaid tulip wood, gilt brone medallion parlor suit, five pieces, was sold to Mr. Ritterberg for $125, and a similar suit was sold to a lady for $125. Two handsome silk rep curtains and lambrequins were sold for $32 each. A Chippendale and gold chair was sold to James J. Traynor for $19. A handsome Narvesen piano was sold to Mr. Ritterberg for $280. A rosewood and inlaid tulip wood Mexican onyx-top centre table brought $42; an ormulo table, $5; a handsome French walnut marble top sideboard, $40; a gilt and glass cigar case, $9 50; a liquor case, $8 50; two wine coolers, bearing the monogram of W. M. Tweed, Jr., were sold to a Mr. Levy for $5 50 each, and a bronze group representing the victorious return of the Algerian shepherd, and a solid rosewood stand, the whole standing seven feet in height, and which originally cost $2,000, was sold for $750 to Dr. L. A. Bates. The sale of the entire household effects realized something like $5,000.

OBITUARY.



GREENWOOD.

August 17, 1881

The New Monument Erected Over the Grave of Wm. M. Tweed.

Landscape avenue to Lawn avenue, and thence to Vista, the writer turned into Chapel avenue and thence to Locust avenue. On the left hand side is

THE TWEED FAMILY PLOT.

Its area is over a thousand square feet. It is surrounded by granite posts, connected with a substantial brass railing. The gate is of brass, and bars cross it like an x. In the center of these bars is a circle containing the letter T. The monument erected by Mr. Tweed to his father and mother has been removed from the center of the plot and placed back in the right hand corner. It is an ordinary monument and bears this inscription: "Our Father and Mother. Sacred to the memory of Richard Tweed, who died May 18, 1860, in the 70th year of his age.—Elitza Tweed, who died July 3, 1873, in the 81st year of her age." In front of this monument is a small stone bearing the name "Isabelle," and the words, "The bud is nipped on earth to bloom in heaven." In the opposite corner is another small stone, bearing the inscription: "Alice Tweed Young, born in New Orleans, La., May 2, 1858; died in New York, December 7, 1860." The monument just erected to Wm. M. Tweed is of granite, somewhat resembling a cross, and yet not a cross. The proper term to apply to it is probably column. It bears this inscription: "William M. Tweed, born April 3, 1823, died April 13, 1878. Mary Jane Skaden, wife of William M. Tweed, born March 23, 1825, died February 13, 1880." At the foot of each grave is a granite block, on one is the word "Father" and on the other the word "Mother." The ground has not yet been ornamented. The monument and coping are said to have cost over $5,000.

"It must take a great deal of labor to keep all these graves in such beautiful condition," the writer said to Assistant Superintendent Marchant.

"It does," was the reply; "and a great many people make their living out of the cemetery. There are not far short of a hundred gardeners employed by owners of plots eight months in the year, and as many stonecutters."

"What do you suppose it costs to keep graves in order?" the writer asked.

"Anywhere, from $5 to $600 a year," was the reply.

A BOLD BURGLARY.

FUNERAL OF MRS. TWEED.

The funeral services of Mrs. William M. Tweed took place yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Douglas, No. 63 West Seventy-seventh-st. The coffin was surrounded with a rich and elaborate display of flowers in many devices. The coffin plate was inscribed: "Mary J. Tweed, died February 13, 1880, aged fifty-four years." The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Price, who married Mr. Tweed and who conducted the funeral of her husband. About fifty persons were present, including Charles Devlin, S. Foster Dewey (Tweed's private secretary), Walter Rhodes, William Edelston, James J. Kelso, W. K. O'Brien, Joseph P. King and J. C. Haltigan. The members of the family present were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, William M. Tweed and wife, J. J. McGinness and wife, of New-Orleans (son-in-law and daughter of Mrs. Tweed), Richard Tweed, brother-in-law of the deceased woman, and Francis Tweed, his son. Richard Tweed, the dead woman's son, is in Paris with his sister, who is seriously ill. The body was buried in the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery.

SS TWEED'S PENITENCE.

HOW AND WHERE THE STOLEN CITY MONEYS WENT.

Ruinous Real Estate Investments and Stock Speculations—Willing, but Unable to Make Restitution.

[From the Boston Journal.]

Thurlow Weed to-day is one of our most influential citizens. He is a field marshal in politics, and his influence with the different departments is exceeded by no one among us. Sick and feeble as he is, he is still a great power. He is a humane man, and the feeble, oppressed and suffering rarely appeal to him in vain.

Tweed, a life long acquaintance, sent for Mr. Weed after his incarceration on Blackwell's Island. He found the Boss suffering from bad treatment, treatment which Weed pronounced barbarous. His cell was a stone coffin and his conveniences would not have been pronounced decent for a dog. It was through Mr. Weed's intervention that the barbarous treatment to which Mr. Tweed was subjected was changed. Tweed was so grateful for this service rendered that he again sent for Mr. Weed to help him escape from his confinement. Mr. Weed penetrated the purpose of the call and visited the great chief at his island home.

Mr. Weed said:—"You have sent for me, I presume, to see if I will interfere to induce the Governor to interpose in your behalf."

"Yes," was the reply.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Weed, "that you have not the power to do the only thing that would justify an interference on your behalf. If you could restore three or four millions of money, or even one million, justice might be satisfied and you released."

"I am utterly powerless," Tweed said, "to make any restitution. Personally I have had little benefit from the moneys taken from the city. Everybody had a claim upon me, and right and left I have disbursed the funds to others. My lawyers were paid half a million. Investments in real estate have been ruinous. Immense sums have been lost in stock speculation, and, though I am reputed to be immensely rich, except the property settled on my wife, I have nothing."

Bursting into tears, Tweed said:—"I would gladly give up every dollar I possess in the world to make restitution. If I had been more selfish, and had taken personal charge of the money, I would not have been here. I see the difficulty. The property is beyond my control and I cannot return it. And unless I make some restitution the Governor could not and ought not to interpose in my behalf."

break an unwritten law.

OBITUARY.

Margaret M. Tweed.

Mrs. Margaret M. Tweed, the widow of Richard Tweed, and who for many years resided at 282 McDonough street, died at the home of her lifelong friend, Mrs. Sarah B. Atwater, at White Plains, N. Y., Sunday afternoon, in the eighty-first year of her age. For several years her health had been steadily failing, as the result of an accident due to a fall which had fractured the thigh and hip bones. Mrs. Tweed was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, having for many years been connected with the parish of the Church of the Good Shepherd, on McDonough street, between Lewis and Stuyvesant avenues. She was esteemed and loved by all who knew her. She was a loyal and loving friend—true and affectionate always, in thought and deed. For those who were weak or had come short of expectation, or who had fallen, she always made allowance. Her judgments partook of kindliness. Though more than the allotted years had been added to her span, and age in its fullness and with its burden of infirmity had crept upon her, her spirit always dwelt in the radiance of the springtime.

John H. Joost.

John H. Joost, funeral services for whom will be held this evening at 8 o'clock at his residence, 161 Hart street, was a [illegible]

FUNERAL OF MRS. RICHARD TWEED.

No Ostentation—Only the Family and Personal Friends Present—Mr. William M. Tweed Paying his Tribute of Love to the Dead—An Impressive and Quiet Ceremony.

Mrs. Richard Tweed, one of the oldest residents of the Seventh ward, and the relict of Richard Tweed, who died in 1861, was buried from her late residence, 237 East Broadway. Mrs. Tweed has been an invalid for many years, and her death on Thursday last was simply the slow process of worn out human nature giving way to the ravages of suffering. Mrs. Tweed, as well as being one of the best known of the residents of her neighborhood, was distinguished also for great kindliness of heart and sincere benevolence. Her name has been identified with many charities, and indeed she was famous for unostentatious kindness long before her family was known in any public manner. Outside of her own circle, however, particularly of late years, she has been very little heard of, and in no manner has she figured before the world.

The funeral yesterday was of the most private nature. There were among those present the dead lady's two sons, Mr. Richard Tweed, the eldest member of the family now living, and Mr. Wm. M. Tweed, who returned to the city expressly to attend the last sad rites of respect to his mother's memory; Mrs. Richard Tweed, the daughter-in-law of the dead; her granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Maginnis, and her grandsons, William M. and Richard Tweed, and also some private friends. There were no public characters present beyond that of the family, as the funeral was altogether of a private nature.

In the front parlor lay the casket on trestles. The top of the lid was open and revealed the face of the dead lady—calm and tranquil, and still bearing a remarkable resemblance to the well-known features of the family. The hands were folded across the breast. On the lid of the casket was inscribed on a silver plate:—

ELIZA TWEED,
aged 81 years.

A profusion of flowers decked the coffin and filled the close air of the room with a heavy fragrance. The Rev. Dr. Dunnell, of the Church of All Saints, read the impressive burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Price. Then, after the family had taken a last look at the venerable remains, the coffin was closed and was borne to the hearse. There were no pall bearers and no ostentation was displayed. The hearse was followed by several carriages, containing only members of the family. In the first were W. M. Tweed, Richard Tweed and the two grandsons. The cortége then proceeded by way of Catharine ferry to Greenwood, where the remains were lowered into the family vault beside those of Richard Tweed.

TWEED RELICS AT AUCTION.

The Household Effects of the Boss's Son Sold.

The red flag of the auctioneer attracted a crowd to the elegant brown-stone mansion No. 23 West Fifty-sixth street yesterday morning. The usual number of second-hand dealers were present and the irrepressible Mrs. Toodles was on hand looking for bargains. There was, however, an unusual element composed of old-time politicians who seldom attend sales. Ex-Mayor Ely, ex-Alderman Joseph B. Mulry, Joseph J. Taylor, John J. Kennedy, Dr. Edward McNicol, Joseph Croccheron, Jefferson M. Levy, William A. Thomas, J. H. Wilson, Hugh Waldron were among the bidders.

The sale was of the household furniture of General William M. Tweed, son of the late William M. Tweed. He sold the house in which the sale took place a short time ago for $51,250. The sale yesterday did not foot up over $12,000.

The furniture was not up to the elegance of today, but it was solid and expensive originally.

A magnificent double set of parlor furniture, consisting of ten pieces; two sofas, four side chairs, two arm chairs and two ottoman chairs brought only $254. They were of solid rosewood and inlaid tulip wood, ornamented with gilt bronze medallion heads and beautifully upholstered. A handsome upright piano was sold for $230.

The principal ornament in the parlors was a large bronze group representing "The Victorious Return of an Algerian Shepherd." It was mounted on a solid rosewood pedestal. General Tweed paid $2,000 for it. It was sold yesterday for $750.

Those of the visitors who were aware of the fact that the house was the late residence of "Boss" Tweed's eldest son, and that "the old man" himself was once domiciled there, were looking for relics. They found very little. The only things that indicated "old times" were two handsome side brackets on the second floor, back, that showed the tiger-head of the Americus Club.

The house General Tweed has just sold was a bridal gift from his father and stood in his wife's name.

...TOR HEDDEN'S ...

Last week the wedding of Mr. John B. Maginnis, of New Orleans, and Miss Lizzie C., daughter of the Hon. William M. Tweed, of this city, took place at Trinity Chapel, West Twenty-fifth street. At the conclusion of the services at the chapel, the relatives, friends, and invited guests assembled at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 41 West Thirty-sixth street, where a very brilliant reception was given. The floral decorations certainly surpassed any attempt of the kind at a similar entertainment ever given in this city. The staircases, ceilings, chandeliers, mirrors, doors, ornaments, and furniture were garlanded and festooned most profusely with choice flowers and magnificent floral bells, and on every hand exotics, wreaths, and evergreens were artistically displayed. Indeed, the interior of the house presented rather the appearance of an enchanted palace, so beautiful did it look, and the sense of smell was so delighted, that the illusion was kept up with little imagination. In the front parlor, almost obscuring the two front windows, the designers had constructed an arbor, in which the bride and groom received the congratulations of their friends. It was composed of two thousand camelias, and daphnæ, callas and violets in unlimited numbers. The arbor was crowned with a shield of scarlet carnations, topped with a monogram, M. T., formed of tuber roses. In front of this, and separating the parlors, hung a floral marriage bell from an arch of flowers, with festoons falling on each side. At the rear of the parlors two very large floral harps were stationed, screening the musicians. The decoration of the staircase was a very effective piece of work. Being spiral in construction, a person standing on the lowest floor could see to the very roof of the house, when, to use an expression of one of the guests, you were reminded of a tropical mountain in full bloom. One may get an idea of the exhibition when we say that it brought into use 100,000 primroses, 25,000 white azalias, and 2,000 heads of daphnæ. The collection, altogether, was probably the finest gathering of exotics ever brought together in one house. Forty men and boys were occupied for some days in preparing the frame work, and they were all engaged during the whole of Tuesday night in arranging the flowers.

Tweed's Furniture Sold.

A large crowd of curiosity and bargain seekers thronged the parlors of the high-stoop brown-stone-front house at No. 23 West Fifty-sixth street yesterday, once the home of William M. Tweed, but which has for a number of years been occupied by the eldest son and namesake of the great ringster. The house has been recently sold for $57,250 to Lazarus Kohns, of No. 42 Warren street, and yesterday the furniture and effects of Mr. Tweed were disposed of at auction preparatory to the removal of himself and family to Paris, where they will hereafter make their home. The articles realized fair prices, the sale netting in the neighborhood of $15,000.

TWEED'S BROTHER DEAD.

Richard, Aged 81, Passed Away Saturday—Leaves Estate Valued at $100,000.

Richard Tweed, brother of the famous "Boss" Tweed, died Saturday at the age of eighty-one.

The family of the dead man endeavored to keep the death as secret as possible to prevent notoriety, which they knew must come.

[illegible] daughters and two sons survive [illegible]weed. It is said he left an estate of $100,000.

Wed

Recovering Tweed's Stealings.

The prosecution of Tweed, in which Gov. Tilden is the inspiring spirit and leader, gives promise of restoring to the people of New York some millions of the stolen moneys. When the great robber was placed in prison, the ends of justice towards him were felt to be but partially subserved. To be sure the punishment was terrible, but not so severe comparatively as that of the man who is detected in the act of stealing a loaf of bread to keep him from absolute starvation. The robber was ostensibly punished, but the wrong he had inflicted lived after him and was constantly flaunted in the eyes of the victims who saw the wealth of his family, his carriages, horses, houses, servants, and the ease with which he procured comforts denied to his fellow prisoners. The cause of justice and right were apparently irredeemably damaged, and the wholesome public sentiment created by the dreadful end of Fisk was blotted out, by the fact of Tweed's narrow escape from no punishment at all.

It is evident that from the moment Gov. Tilden had possession of the particulars of the disposition of Tweed's booty, he left no stone unturned to effect a restoration to the city. It was formerly supposed that every track of the robber had been covered, but incessant investigation revealed enough to enable the authorities to work with certainty. In this research the necessity of having the aid of some creature of the Ring became manifest, and Ingersoll as the least guilty, and as the confidential friend of the Boss was selected, and pardoned from prison on condition of his turning State's evidence. With his aid and the facts obtained from the books of the Register of Real Estate Transfers, it is probable that Tweed and his family will be shorn of a major portion of the wealth which is still their own, and the principal part of the amount stolen by the "Boss" from the people of the city returned to its treasury. There are, however, multitudinous difficulties in the way. Much of the stolen property was transferred to Richard M. Tweed, eldest son of the criminal, and by him so transformed that it will be difficult to trace it and recover it by any legal method. In such cases a compromise may be made. Other complications exist in cases where Tweed was in partnership with men who lay on the outskirts of the plundering army, and picked up tid-bits as they came along. These are mostly respectable men as the world goes, and cannot be haled up before any bar but that of public opinion.

TWEED.—On April 22, Frank, aged 59 years. Funeral services at the Chapel of the Stephen Merritt Burial Company, 8th av. and 19th st., Monday morning, eleven o'clock.

of White Plains, will wed.

SCHIRMER — TWEED. — The formal engagement of Mr. Edward Schirmer, Sr., the clothier and gents' furnisher, to Miss Anna S. Tweed, of South Broadway, is announced. Miss Tweed is a charming lady, a neice of the late Wm. M. Tweed; in his day a power in the political world of New York city. Mr. Schirmer and his bride-to-be have been intimately acquainted for several years.

Located.

"Alas!" sighed the poet, "I have lost my inspiration."

"Excuse me, Mr. Scribblum," ventured the housemaid, "but I found your bottle of rye under your desk."

Mr. C. A. Sanis tenders his sincere thanks to his friends and neighbors for their kindness and attention, during the late sickness and death in his family during his absence.

Funeral of Mrs. W. M. Tweed.

The funeral of Mrs. William M. Tweed took place this morning from the house of her son-in-law, Mr. F. W. Douglas, at No. 63 East Seventy-seventh street. The body, which had been embalmed, was enclosed in a solid hardwood coffin, covered with the finest cloth and silk velvet. The coffin-plate bore the following inscription: "Mary J. Tweed. Died February 13. Aged 54." The floral offerings were profuse and elegant.

The funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Dr. Price, who married Mr. and Mrs. Tweed and baptized all their children. Among the persons present were Richard Tweed, with his son Frank; W. M. Tweed, Jr., and wife, Mrs. Tweed's son-in-law, J. J. McGinness and his wife, with other members of the Tweed family; S. Foster Dewey, Charles Devlin, Walter Rhodes, William Edelsten, James J. Kelso, W. K. O'Brien and Joseph P. King. Mrs. Tweed's son Richard was not present, he being detained in Paris with his sister, who is very ill. The body was buried in the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery.

Wednesday March 19-1873

Woods—Sands.

Lem A. Woods and Ella W. Sands were married at the home of Benj. Sands, brother to the bride, at Ottawa, Kansas, last Wednesday, October 18, 1893, by Rev. L. L. Holden, rector of the Episcopal church of Williamsburg.

The bride and groom were reared from childhood in Burlington and are well and favorably known to all our people. For a number of years past Miss Sands has been holding a responsible position in the ladies' department of a leading dry goods establishment at Winfield, Kansas. She is a lady of most excellent character and a true woman in the fullest sense of the term. For more than twenty years Mr. Woods has been engaged in the printing business in this city, and for more than thirteen years has been foreman of the INDEPENDENT. He is a thorough printer, a man of strict honesty and integrity, and is numbered among the solid citizens of Burlington. The newly married couple is expected home tomorrow evening, and they will settle down to housekeeping at the Woods homestead in north Burlington. Mr. Woods will on next Monday assume the management of the INDEPENDENT, a position he will hold as long as its editor remains in the service of the government as revenue collector. Mr. Woods and wife have the best wishes, respect and esteem of all our people.

Manhattanville.

SILVER WEDDING SURPRISE.

The celebration of the Twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Jesse G. and Amanda Keator took place on the evening of the 24th ult., at the residence of Mr. Keator, Claremont Hotel, overlooking the beautiful Hudson. A number of their intimate friends having learned of the time, determined to give them a genuine surprise; so they quietly formed a committee of ladies and gentlemen, of which Mr. William B. Whitestone was chairman, and issued one hundred invitations, which were printed in silver. Mrs. Keator having paid a visit to a friend down town on the day, returned about 9:30 P. M., to find the house brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers and chinese lanterns. The guests were all assembled on the balcony to greet her as she alighted from her carriage, and her surprise was unbounded. The band of music engaged for the occasion struck up Mendelssohn's Grand Wedding March, which was followed by one of Strauss's enlivening Waltzes. Everybody entered into the amusement with a determination to enjoy themselves. A large number of beautiful and costly presents adorned a handsome centre-table. About 12 o'clock the guests were invited to another table, literally loaded with all the delicacies of the season. Champagne flowed like water. Mr. Whiteman presided at the table, with Mr. and Mrs. Keator on either side. He is one of the jolliest, livliest and pleasantest men at a table we know of, and kept everyone roaring with laughter at his sallies of wit, quaint speeches and humorous songs. Toasts, speeches and songs followed one another in rapid succession. We don't know of the time when so happy a party were gathered together as on this occasion. Among the guests we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hanford Horton; Mr. and Mrs. Hampton; Mrs. W. B. Whiteman and son; Charles L. Jones and his sister Lizzie; Thomas and Jessie Keator, son and daughter of the host; Wilson Smith, Charles Morris, Messrs. Lefferts and Delmater, of Manhattanville, all in full dress. The festivities lasted until broad day-light, and I have no doubt will be remembered with pleasure by those so fortunate as to be present, and by the kind host and beautiful hostess.

Hon. Edward Jones and family are spending the summer at White Plains.

A number of the youdg men of Manhattanville are considerably interested in a boat race soon to come off.

entrance to within some twenty feet of the altar, the floor was perfectly bare, and large numbers of Mexicans were seated thereon—the women on one side and the men on the other, some kneeling at their prayers, and others awaiting the commencement of the regular service of mass. In the front portion of the church were a few seats, and they were filled with the better class of the citizens, the men and women sitting together. We stood near the entrance for some little time, until one of the attendant "Padres,"–(Fathers)–noticed us, and coming back, he took us up into that portion of the church, wherein were pews, and three of the Mexicans giving up their seats, we were ushered in. The services were those of the regular Catholic Church, the sermon being, of course, delivered in Spanish. The music was very fair, there being an organ and two flageolets with some male voices. I never saw a more earnest and devout congregation, and the entire services were of a nature calculated to induce solemnity and respect. Only my eyes *would* follow a lot of small pretty birds that, having their nest away up amongst the large logs of cedar wood, that supported the roof, they flew about, twittering and singing most charmingly. They seemed to be considered by the Mexicans as entitled to their position, and they certainly did make themselves heard. During the services in the main chapel, ten of the padres had nearly all of the children over at their convent, holding a sort of children's service in the private chapel of the Fathers. Lamb took me over to the convent the next morning, and we were shown through the building. All of the Fathers are from Italy, excepting the Father Superior, he being a French Priest by the name of Damarin; (and about the size of Mr. L. C. D.) they all speak French, German and Spanish, and but one, only, speaks English. He, a young, fine looking Neapolitan, took us through the rooms of the priests, and I was surprised at the perfect simplicity and frugality among many of the apartments. It reminded me somewhat of the private quarters at Fort Garland. Each Padre has his duties and is kept busy nearly all of the time. We were, after going through all the apartments, taken

...ment of the difficulty in a way ...appease the indignation of the people, and to read a lesson to the vainglorious Spaniards.

Tweed.

Now that William M. Tweed has been sent to the Penitentiary, there to undergo the punishment which he was bold enough to face and which he doubtless deserves, we suggest that he be left to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds ...hout having every circumstance of his ...idation detailed, with all the min... ...ness that the ingenuity of sharp repor... ...rs can compass, for the delectation of the morbid appetites of a portion of of the reading public. We believe that his fate should be held up as a warning to all official peculators, and we trust that the example made of him will have the effect of deterring unscrupulous persons from following in his footsteps, but we do protest against the principle that leads people to abuse the man whom they fawned upon when in power, and to harrow the feelings of a family already plunged in despair at the sad fate of the husband and father. There is no need of howling at the fallen chieften now; he is down in the dust, and can feel no other stroke of fate. There is no humanity in adding sorrow to the fearful load of grief that now weighs so heavily on the hearts of his family; they suffer, innocently, as severe pangs as they can bear, and it is unmanly to add to their heart-breaking sorrow.

Let all necessary moral lessons be deduced from the fate of this man, once so powerful, now so low, and let his punishment serve as a warning to all mankind, but let us exercise the god-like virtue of charity towards his family by refraining from so faithfully chronicling facts that can be of no benefit to the public, and will only add to the weight of disgrace that now bears so heavily on those who are blameless.

The Second Avenue Railroad Company is entitled to commendation for the efforts made to secure the comfort of th