

South Norwalk Sentinel. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. BY THE SOUTH NORWALK PRINTING CO. OFFICE IN BLY'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, FAIRFIELD COUNTY FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE. TERMS STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. One Year \$2.00 Six Months \$1.00 Single Copies, 5 Cents.

Business Cards. WM. HANDEL SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. FAIRFIELD COUNTY BANK BUILDING, NORWALK, CONN.

GAGE INSOLEE, ARCHITECT. 716 Broadway, New York. Residence, Stamford, Ct.

FRANK A. TOLLES & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES PROVISIONS, Preserves, Jellies, Canned Fruits, Etc. MAIN STREET, SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

FRED. H. NASHE, Organist, Church of St. Ann, Bridgeport, Conn.

TEACHER OF MUSIC. attends to pupils on Piano Forte in Norwalk and Westport as usual.

OLD WELL HOTEL, CORNER MAIN AND WASHINGTON STREETS, SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

FOOTE & CO., PROPRIETORS. Excellent stable arranged, Carriage in repair, and all other business which can be profitably attended to at the Hotel.

J. C. CROWE, CARPENTER AND BUILDER. BOBBING-BOUNCE ON SHORT NOTICE.

HOYT BROTHERS, Dealers in Shippers and Wholesale Dealers in OYSTERS.

BYNDE'S SALOON AND RESTAURANT FOR GENTLEMEN. DELICATE RESTAURANT FOR LADIES.

ROOMS TO LET. A. BICKERMAN & SON, 112 N. Main St., Norwalk, Ct.

DENNIS PLATT, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

M. BECKER, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

WINE AND LAGER BEER SALOON. WASHINGTON ST., SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

GROCERIES. JOHN HUTCHINGS, 100 Main St., Norwalk, Ct.

W. W. COMSTOCK, GROCER. 100 Main St., Norwalk, Conn.

POTTER & STYMUS, MANUFACTURING CO. Warehouses, No. 625 Broadway.

SINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERS, DECORATORS, CHANDLERS, TRIMMINGS, MIRRORS, GLASS, BRONZE, ETC. &c. &c. 31-17 W. WASHINGTON ST., SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

RAILROAD PASSES. BRIDGEPORT HOUSE. Deposits the New York and New Haven Railroad.

WINE, PORTER, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. R. T. HITCHINS, Conductor.

LARGEST STOCK! GREATEST ASSORTMENT! LOWEST PRICES! ISAAC W. IVES, LUMBER. 147 WHITE STREET, DANBURY, CT.

IRON FENCING. The subscriber is now prepared to make and furnish several styles of Wrought and Cast Iron Fencing.

BLACKSMITH WORK. Shop in rear of Solomon's last Shop, Union street, Norwalk, Conn.

BELL & RAYMOND, Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

Oysters, Clams, Fish and Lobsters. Oysters by the Barrel and Gallon.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES IN THEIR SEASON. FRUIT OF THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD DEPOT.

South Norwalk, Conn. Wm. H. DUNCAN.

Old Carriage Shop. New Carriages and other Vehicles made to order.

Marshall Street. and engaged the skillful and experienced workmen.

Oldest Stand in Norwalk. and as they are led to attend to his their

SOUTH NORWALK POST OFFICE. Mails East Close—8:40 and 9:30 A. M.; 5:30 and 6:30 P. M.

NORWALK POST OFFICE. Mails East Close—8:30 and 9:00 A. M.; 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.

ROAWTON POST OFFICE. Mails East Close—8:45 A. M.; 3:30 P. M.

SOUTH NORWALK CITY OFFICERS. Mayor—DUDLEY P. ELY.

LIST OF THE STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE BOARD OF CONCEPTORS.

RELIGIOUS. First Church of Christ and St. Luke's.

MASSAGE. Dr. J. H. Williams, 170 Main St., Norwalk, Conn.

CLUBS. Old Fellows Club, Corner Main and Washington streets.

TEMPERANCE. South Norwalk Temple, No. 55, South Norwalk.

THE DEPARTMENT. Phoebe Book Co., No. 1, Norwalk.

TRADES UNIONS. Carpenters and Joiners' Union, No. 30, South Norwalk.

REAL ESTATE. Two Houses on Main street, and one House at the Neck.

THE HOUR. An independent, bi-weekly newspaper, published in South Norwalk.

Old Carriage Shop. New Carriages and other Vehicles made to order.

Marshall Street. and engaged the skillful and experienced workmen.

Oldest Stand in Norwalk. and as they are led to attend to his their

C. M. TUTTLE.

Are You Insured? (FOR THE SENTINEL.) It Might Be Your Luck. BY HOMER N. DUNNING.

CASH CAPITAL, \$200,000. All paid in and securely invested. SURPLUS, JULY 1, - \$32,316.40.

FAIRFIELD COUNTY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, South Norwalk, Conn.

DIRECTORS: ELIHAI Y. WOODWARD, First National Bank.

W. H. SWORDS, Merchant Tailor, COR. WASHINGTON AND MAIN STS., SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

Scotch Chevoits, Meltons, Crape and English Coatings, MADE UP IN STYLE AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

HATS AND CAPS. Camphorine. ONE OF THE GREATEST DISCOVERIES OF THE AGE FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN.

Rheumatism, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Glandular Swellings, &c. ONLY TWENTY FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

H. W. BLANCHARD, Proprietors. 89 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK.

S. F. PECK'S, DRUGGIST. South Norwalk, Conn.

HARDWARE. Establishment in town of GENERAL HARDWARE.

MECHANICS' TOOLS. Paints, Oils and Window Glass.

W. C. QUINCY & CO., Corner Main and Washington streets, SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

WEBB & FERRIS. An eleven year old boy of Binghamton City, N. Y., named Clarence Shanks.

Coal and Wood, FOOT OF MASHALL ST. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL.

Darien Seminary. This institution is pleasantly situated on Seminary Hill, about one mile from Darien Depot.

HAIR DRESSING SALOON. S. PAKULSKI, 147 South Norwalk, Nov. 27, 1870.

Locke in a Freight-Car. An eleven year old boy of Binghamton City, N. Y., named Clarence Shanks.

Telegraph Ticks. Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third-class hotels.

A Japanese Romance. Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries.

Locked in a Freight-Car. An eleven year old boy of Binghamton City, N. Y., named Clarence Shanks.

Telegraph Ticks. Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third-class hotels.

A Japanese Romance. Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries.

Locked in a Freight-Car. An eleven year old boy of Binghamton City, N. Y., named Clarence Shanks.

Telegraph Ticks. Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third-class hotels.

A Japanese Romance. Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries.

Locked in a Freight-Car. An eleven year old boy of Binghamton City, N. Y., named Clarence Shanks.

Telegraph Ticks. Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third-class hotels.

A Japanese Romance. Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries.

Locked in a Freight-Car. An eleven year old boy of Binghamton City, N. Y., named Clarence Shanks.

Possibilities. A PLEA FOR SMALL BOYS. Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

Not for those miniature men, whom we see almost every day sauntering along, kidded and coddled.

daton; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat it in their fury, the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its feet.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"You shall be," said the angel.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be a man."

"Have your will," said the angel, and he became again what he had been—a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Mr. David G. Adee, contributes to the January number of Lippincott's Magazine a very interesting article on Types of Castilian Vagrancy.

Rate of Advertising. One column one year \$100.00 Half column one year \$50.00 Quarter column one year \$25.00 One square one week \$1.00 One square one month \$3.00 One square one year \$10.00

The Sentinel Printing House. Has the best facilities for executing every description of plain and fancy Job Printing.

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascal might have gone, but for an amazing and entirely unforeseen event.

The countenances of the operators fell suddenly when the message commenced.

Whatever may be the anxieties of gay and fashionable women in our great cities, the fear of bringing their families to woe by their own personal extravagance seldom seems to be among them.

Out in Macomb county, Michigan, there lives a well-to-do and respectable farmer, named David Richardson.

While thus engaged, his children, three in number, came to him and said their mother was unwell, and wishing to escape their noise, had told them to stay with their father until noon.

"Little girl, I will buy a box of your matches."

"Muches gracias, senorito."

"How are you?"

"I know not, senorito—perhaps a dozen years."

"Are you married?"

"No, senorito."

"And yet that is your babe?"

"Si, senorito—mine truly."

"And its father?"

"The girl's half-conscious—and only half, of her fault—flashes her eyes fall in our face and drops them to the ground without a blush."

"Have you a lover?"

"Pedro is a caballero, (with dignity) and does no work."

"Is he rich then?"

"Ah no senorito."

"Why, how does he live?"

"It is I sell matches, and earn enough for both, and the baby."

"What! does he not support his child and you?"

"It is not his, senorita. I have known Pedro but a year, and the little one is well grown already. I was a street girl, senorita."

"How old is your child?"

"Two years, senorita."

"And you were only eleven—"

"Perceiving the futility of the question, we stop and say instead, 'What is its name?'"

"What is its name, senorito?"

"Chico means 'little one,' and will answer very well. So we pat the bobbing curly head, drop a peeseta in the tiny palm for the little merriment's sake, and move on with a heavy heart."

DANBURY AND NORWALK R. R. The annual meeting of the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad Company was held in Danbury, on Thursday of last week, when the following gentlemen were elected directors: Edwin Lockwood, LeGrand Lockwood, Wm. K. James, William C. Street, Jonathan Camp, Amos E. Smith, Henry Smith, Orin Benedict, Lucius P. Hoyt, David P. Nichols, Ezra Hill, Joseph Richardson, Edwin Wood.

At a meeting of the Directors, immediately after the election, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President.—Edwin Lockwood. Vice President.—LeGrand Lockwood. Treasurer.—H. Williams. Superintendent.—J. W. Bacon. Executive Committee.—Wm. C. Street, Jonathan Camp, LeGrand Lockwood. Auditing Committee.—L. P. Hoyt, David P. Nichols, Orin Benedict.

THE PARALLEL ROAD.

We have received many expressions of gratitude from the real friends of this favorite project for our assistance in bringing the matter before the public in an intelligent manner, and we intend to do so fearlessly, opposing all schemes to overthrow and undermine the project as to still further win their approval. Our article, printed two weeks ago, exposing what seemed to be an attempt to impose unjust lobby bills upon the company, has brought out an explanation, as we hoped it would, from a gentleman who has probably been in a condition to know whereof he writes. We refer to the communication to the Westport Hour, from Hon. A. B. Woodward, which we print in another column.

This communication affords us great satisfaction. It is from the pen of a gentleman whose integrity cannot be disputed, and its statements regarding points of which he had a personal knowledge will be unquestioned. We are glad to know that the amount is not a thousand dollars, and that none of it was squandered upon any professional lobbyists. It is, we suppose, a subject for profound gratitude that an act of public benefit can be crowded through the legislature at an expense of less than one thousand dollars; and it is without doubt, greatly due to our able Senator's prudent and sagacious that ten times that amount was not consumed in the enterprise. Two of our questions are pretty satisfactorily answered, viz: What is the amount? and what are the items? The amount was between one hundred and one thousand dollars (a liberal margin); the items were legitimate. The other two questions, and one of them really the one regarding which people who propose to take stock feel the most interest, remain unanswered, viz: Why is the Parallel Road asked to pay all these expenses? and who pledged its funds for that purpose?

No doubt the patriotic spirited gentleman interested in behalf of the road would like a deal of credit for raising the few hundreds of dollars it cost to get the general railroad law through the legislature. It seems they informed Mr. Woodward that "any necessary expense would be cheerfully paid by the friends of the proposed Parallel." How "cheerfully" they were willing to pay is brought to light by the clause in the subscription paper which promises them a return of their money from the "funds" of the road. In fact these high minded "gentlemen" were not willing to pay one dollar towards the amount of the law, but would lead a small amount of the proceeds of the proposed road to reimburse them. Let us put three of these statements together and see how they will look. "Any necessary expense will be cheerfully paid by the friends of the proposed Parallel." "It is understood that the subscription are to be returned to subscribers from the funds of the proposed railroad." "This was done I have no doubt with the purpose of carrying out in good faith the pledges which had been made." The reader will observe that the difference between the terms of the promise and its fulfillment was a slight one. It required only the changing of three letters to make the "funds" of the proposed road pay what the "friends" of the proposed road has promised to pay.

Now we have two additional reasons, and most excellent ones, for objecting to having that bill of expenses paid from the funds of the road. First, "several gentlemen interested in behalf of the road" promised Mr. Woodward that they would pay these expenses "willingly," and they should be compelled to do it. Second, thousands of dollars have been spent through several years by the old and tried friends of the Parallel Road, to get a charter. This money has been expended in good faith for the benefit of this single enterprise. No attempt has been made, and we presume none will be, to get one cent of it back from the funds of the road; and there is no justice or honesty in the project of returning the few hundreds of dollars spent upon the passage of a law the benefit of which is shared by other companies, and leaving unpaid the same which were advanced for the sole benefit of this single enterprise.

Southern colored revivalists have adapted the touching hymn "Shoo Fly," to a psalm the first line of which reads, "Sh-tan, don't bodder me." A Sunday School teacher recently asked a bright scholar if he had learned anything new during the past week. "Yes," "What?" "Not to trump my partners ace."

There is considerable religious interest in the Baptist churches in New Haven. A considerable number of persons have been converted during the past few weeks.

The hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which has touched more hearts than any other modern composition, was written by Miss Sarah Fuller Fowler, of London, Eng., who died as Mrs Sarah F. Adams in 1849.

A person surprised a farmer, whom he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him directly, after a little reproof of his sin of omission, "Shall we see you at church next Sabbath?" "Y-es," he replied slowly, "I'll go—or send a hand."

At an adjourned society meeting of the Derby Congregational Church, on Monday evening of last week, Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, student from Yale Seminary, was unanimously invited to supply their pulpit one year. It is thought he will accept.

A teacher in one of our Sunday Schools recently asked one of her scholars, a promising six-year-old, if dogs had souls, and was answered in the affirmative. On inquiring further where their souls went after death, the young hopeful replied, "To the dog star."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Five Mile River. Mr. Ennon.—I would ask permission, through the columns of your valuable paper, to tender my sincere and heartfelt thanks to my friends of the choir for the fine service they rendered on the evening of Jan. 27. They had got five or six minutes before the choir, and they were the best I ever heard. They were the wood choir. He called St. John's son of a—, and said it was a large school; rather larger than he could conveniently handle. He struck at St. John's head, and brought him down on his knees. As he struck him St. John's father jumped from the wagon and caught him around the waist. Capt. Cook St. John said, "Mr. Conklin, what are you doing?" He said he was defending himself. He said he was defending himself. He said he was defending himself.

JOURNALISTIC.

Wm. Cullen Bryant has gone to Havana, and Parke Godwin has reunited his position on the New York Herald.

The Lafayette (Ind.) Journalist, after making an obscure Indiana editor in the usual prominent locality for fear of producing confusion of the brain.

J. A. Spaulding has sold the Tolland County Journal to J. N. Stickey & Co. The Journal has been well managed by Mr. Spaulding, and has been a financial success.

John De Champlain, Jr., the founder of the Litchfield Sentinel, has made an engagement with the Harpers, the great New York publishers, and is now permanently connected with that house.

Mr. Joseph H. Lyman, the agricultural editor of the Tribune, died Sunday morning at his residence, Richmond Hill, Long Island, of small pox. He was forty-seven years old, and had been connected with the Tribune for the past four years, succeeding Mr. N. C. Meeker, now of Greeley Colony, Colorado.

Miss Sadie E. Wilkinson has entered a suit against M. P. Pomeroy of Pomeroy, Democrat, for an alleged breach of promise of marriage. The following is the declaration of the plaintiff. It recites that on the first day of January, 1896, Mark M. Pomeroy, being a married man, and having a lawful wife alive, did, at New Haven, solicit and pay court to the plaintiff, with a view to marriage, representing himself as unmarried; that the plaintiff, believing him capable of contracting a lawful marriage, did entertain and receive the attentions of the defendant with a view to marriage, and promised to marry him when so requested.

HEREABOUTS.

The Wooster House property, the most valuable single piece in Danbury, is to be disposed of by lottery. The house is worth \$100,000.

The Greenwich Reporter has seen an old inhabitant who says he remembers when a whipping post which stood within five rods of the Second Congregational Church was in frequent use.

The News tells of a Danbury boy who is fitting himself for a city job by being asked why he did not attend school he answered "because the mud was so deep." "Why, you young scamp, said the aggrieved parent, "there is no mud to be seen." "I know it," assented the impudent youth, "it is too deep for detection."

The particulars of a fatal accident in New Fairfield are related in the Danbury News. A boy named Seth Kinmer, a son of Abram Kinmer, met with an accident on Saturday afternoon which destroyed his life. He had returned from a fox hunt and was drawing his gun, muzzle first, from the wagon, when the piece was discharged, the contents entering the left arm just below and coming out at that joint. The bones were badly shattered, and the arteries were cut off. It was a fearful wound, and the boy died the following day.

A German by the name of Labrak, about forty-five years of age, who has acquired a high reputation as a fresco painter, in which capacity he has been for a few years past very profitably engaged, embarking some of the princely mansions and club-houses at Greenwich, Conn., and vicinity, and has also figured as principal vocalist in the choir of the Episcopal Church of the above-named village, about a year ago induced a respectable widow to become Mrs. Labrak. Wednesday evening last, while the couple were fondly gazing upon their cherished offspring in the cradle, a babe some two or three months old, their pleasant thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of an officer and the arrest of Mr. Labrak on a charge of bigamy, preferred against him by Mrs. Labrak No. 1, who had just arrived from Germany. The evidence produced by Mrs. Labrak No. 1 as to the identity of her faithless husband convinced Justice Mead that she had found the right man in the wrong place, and there fore sent him to Fairfield County Jail to await the action of the grand jury.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The pews of the Waterbury Episcopal Church have been rented for the year for \$1,800.

Rev. J. R. Freeman, of Barkhamstead, has been called to the First Congregational Church in Canersbury.

The Congregational Church of Morris has declared its seats free, and is going to try to pay expenses by subscriptions.

Southern colored revivalists have adapted the touching hymn "Shoo Fly," to a psalm the first line of which reads, "Sh-tan, don't bodder me."

A Sunday School teacher recently asked a bright scholar if he had learned anything new during the past week. "Yes," "What?" "Not to trump my partners ace."

There is considerable religious interest in the Baptist churches in New Haven. A considerable number of persons have been converted during the past few weeks.

The hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which has touched more hearts than any other modern composition, was written by Miss Sarah Fuller Fowler, of London, Eng., who died as Mrs Sarah F. Adams in 1849.

TRIAL OF CAPT. ST. JOHN.

The interest which the community feel in the case between Capt. Oscar St. John and Capt. John S. Conklin was increased by the fact that the latter was a member of the militia. While the father held Mr. Conklin back but once, and do not know where he kicked him. Both then let go and the St. Johns went on. I did not see St. John try to strike Conklin while his father was holding him. When Oscar got out of the wagon at the beginning of the fight he got out on the north side; the side Conklin stood on. When St. John had Conklin by the hair the dredge was on the ground but I do not know whether or not Conklin had hold of it.

Cross Examination: When we first met St. John, Conklin had the dredge on his back, and he did not get off of his shoulder until St. John hit him. Conklin picked it up as soon as St. John let go of his hair. After they came together the second time it got upon the ground and laid there during the rest of the fracas. Conklin hit St. John on the head with the stick of wood and was in the act of striking again when Cook St. John seized him.

William Dennis testified: The first I saw of the fight St. John had Conklin by the collar and was hitting him, and Conklin was holding down his head. St. John seemed to be striking him in the neck and breast. Conklin screwed his head away, and picked up his dredge and shoved it at St. John. The latter knocked it away, and it fell upon the ground. St. John then started for Conklin, and the latter went to the wood pile and got a stick of wood and struck St. John on the head, knocking him down partly. Then Cook St. John jumped from the wagon, and caught Conklin around the waist. While he had hold of him St. John tried to hit him but he hid his head, and then St. John kicked him. He had not hold of the stick then. When Cook St. John held him, he could not strike him any more. After Conklin started for the wood pile St. John might have got away. He might have left at any time except when Conklin was shoving the dredge at him, and when he knocked him down with the stick. I did not see Conklin attempt to strike St. John except with the dredge and the stick.

Francis Allen testified: I saw the whole fight. When Oscar jumped out of the wagon on Conklin retreated ten or twelve feet. St. John followed him and struck him. Conklin then dropped the dredge. St. John caught him and slapped him in the face four or five times with his open hand. Conklin went away from him, and took his dredge and went away. I did not feel my injuries at all. I was able to walk home, but wanted help before I got there. I came up to Mr. Beers's office before I went home. My wife met me and helped me into the house. After I got home and got to bed I was dizzy and sick at my stomach. I raised a good deal of blood and had distress across my kidneys. I was confined to bed for two weeks, and have not yet recovered.

Cross Examination: I guess it was about two days before that I was dredging on my grounds and Capt. Oscar St. John came along in the schooner he calls his. He called out to me to haul my boats up but I do not know as he stated any reason why he wanted me to. He said if I did not haul my boats up he would have me taken to jail. I told him to go to hell. We talked pretty rough to each other. I had my job down and by dead, and he was coming up before the wind. It was in what is called the East Passage, but he was not in the channel. The channel was north of him, but I suppose he did not know where the channel was. I suppose he wanted me to haul up my boats to let him pass. The channel is wide enough for six schooners to pass in a fair wind as the tide was then. I had two skiffs and a punt in line; they being close together and each skiff about sixteen feet long. I did not haul up my boats as he wanted. He had no pistol on him. He had no signal on him. I cannot give the range of the channel there, but know where it is, and I know where the deepest water is. The line is about W. S. W. and E. N. E. and I think he was steering S. W. He passed south of me. I did not say anything rougher to him than "go to hell." Swearing is what I call rough talking. I did not know whether he had to bluff or not to pass me. The wind was about east. The morning of the fight, before he jumped out of the wagon I called him a "d—d lying son of a—"

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

As he struck him St. John's father jumped from the wagon and caught him around the waist. Capt. Cook St. John said, "Mr. Conklin, what are you doing?" He said he was defending himself. He said he was defending himself. He said he was defending himself.

Cross Examination: When we first met St. John, Conklin had the dredge on his back, and he did not get off of his shoulder until St. John hit him. Conklin picked it up as soon as St. John let go of his hair. After they came together the second time it got upon the ground and laid there during the rest of the fracas. Conklin hit St. John on the head with the stick of wood and was in the act of striking again when Cook St. John seized him.

William Dennis testified: The first I saw of the fight St. John had Conklin by the collar and was hitting him, and Conklin was holding down his head. St. John seemed to be striking him in the neck and breast. Conklin screwed his head away, and picked up his dredge and shoved it at St. John. The latter knocked it away, and it fell upon the ground. St. John then started for Conklin, and the latter went to the wood pile and got a stick of wood and struck St. John on the head, knocking him down partly. Then Cook St. John jumped from the wagon, and caught Conklin around the waist. While he had hold of him St. John tried to hit him but he hid his head, and then St. John kicked him. He had not hold of the stick then. When Cook St. John held him, he could not strike him any more. After Conklin started for the wood pile St. John might have got away. He might have left at any time except when Conklin was shoving the dredge at him, and when he knocked him down with the stick. I did not see Conklin attempt to strike St. John except with the dredge and the stick.

Francis Allen testified: I saw the whole fight. When Oscar jumped out of the wagon on Conklin retreated ten or twelve feet. St. John followed him and struck him. Conklin then dropped the dredge. St. John caught him and slapped him in the face four or five times with his open hand. Conklin went away from him, and took his dredge and went away. I did not feel my injuries at all. I was able to walk home, but wanted help before I got there. I came up to Mr. Beers's office before I went home. My wife met me and helped me into the house. After I got home and got to bed I was dizzy and sick at my stomach. I raised a good deal of blood and had distress across my kidneys. I was confined to bed for two weeks, and have not yet recovered.

Cross Examination: I guess it was about two days before that I was dredging on my grounds and Capt. Oscar St. John came along in the schooner he calls his. He called out to me to haul my boats up but I do not know as he stated any reason why he wanted me to. He said if I did not haul my boats up he would have me taken to jail. I told him to go to hell. We talked pretty rough to each other. I had my job down and by dead, and he was coming up before the wind. It was in what is called the East Passage, but he was not in the channel. The channel was north of him, but I suppose he did not know where the channel was. I suppose he wanted me to haul up my boats to let him pass. The channel is wide enough for six schooners to pass in a fair wind as the tide was then. I had two skiffs and a punt in line; they being close together and each skiff about sixteen feet long. I did not haul up my boats as he wanted. He had no pistol on him. He had no signal on him. I cannot give the range of the channel there, but know where it is, and I know where the deepest water is. The line is about W. S. W. and E. N. E. and I think he was steering S. W. He passed south of me. I did not say anything rougher to him than "go to hell." Swearing is what I call rough talking. I did not know whether he had to bluff or not to pass me. The wind was about east. The morning of the fight, before he jumped out of the wagon I called him a "d—d lying son of a—"

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

I saw no blow except the one mentioned. Then Conklin picked up the dredge and struck at St. John; but the latter caught the dredge with his hand and it fell on the ground. After getting the dredge away from St. John, he picked up the dredge and started for St. John. Conklin next started for the wood pile and picked up a stick of wood two or two and a half inches thick at the butt. St. John met him about ten feet from the starting point. Conklin struck at St. John with the stick. The blow fell on the latter's head and arm. St. John fell on his hands and knees, and Conklin raised the club to strike again, when Cook St. John sprang from the wagon and caught him. St. John then got up and the three men were together, but I did not see any more blows. In a minute they separated. I inspected the wound on the forehead of St. John, and did not catch the blow of the club on his arm. I think it would have killed him. Both men were a good deal excited. After Conklin had struck at St. John with the dredge and started for the wood pile I think St. John started to get into the wagon, but he seemed to change his mind and turn back towards Conklin.

Cross Examination: When they first clinched I cannot tell whether St. John had hold of Conklin, or Conklin had hold of St. John. I do not think there was any thing to hinder St. John striking Conklin. St. John struck him with his fist, and I did not see St. John try to get away. I did not see him upon his knees. I was looking at them at all the time. My impression is that St. John had hold of Conklin's collar the second time they came together. I saw St. John give two or three blows but they did not tell whether with his hand or fist. I did not see Conklin do any thing either of the kind. The dredge was a very awkward thing to strike with. I should judge Conklin did not intend to put the dredge over St. John's head, but to strike him with it. When St. John struck Conklin the first blow I did not change his position at all. After Conklin started for the wood pile St. John might have got away. He might have left at any time except when Conklin was shoving the dredge at him, and when he knocked him down with the stick. I did not see Conklin attempt to strike St. John except with the dredge and the stick.

Francis Allen testified: I saw the whole fight. When Oscar jumped out of the wagon on Conklin retreated ten or twelve feet. St. John followed him and struck him. Conklin then dropped the dredge. St. John caught him and slapped him in the face four or five times with his open hand. Conklin went away from him, and took his dredge and went away. I did not feel my injuries at all. I was able to walk home, but wanted help before I got there. I came up to Mr. Beers's office before I went home. My wife met me and helped me into the house. After I got home and got to bed I was dizzy and sick at my stomach. I raised a good deal of blood and had distress across my kidneys. I was confined to bed for two weeks, and have not yet recovered.

Cross Examination: I guess it was about two days before that I was dredging on my grounds and Capt. Oscar St. John came along in the schooner he calls his. He called out to me to haul my boats up but I do not know as he stated any reason why he wanted me to. He said if I did not haul my boats up he would have me taken to jail. I told him to go to hell. We talked pretty rough to each other. I had my job down and by dead, and he was coming up before the wind. It was in what is called the East Passage, but he was not in the channel. The channel was north of him, but I suppose he did not know where the channel was. I suppose he wanted me to haul up my boats to let him pass. The channel is wide enough for six schooners to pass in a fair wind as the tide was then. I had two skiffs and a punt in line; they being close together and each skiff about sixteen feet long. I did not haul up my boats as he wanted. He had no pistol on him. He had no signal on him. I cannot give the range of the channel there, but know where it is, and I know where the deepest water is. The line is about W. S. W. and E. N. E. and I think he was steering S. W. He passed south of me. I did not say anything rougher to him than "go to hell." Swearing is what I call rough talking. I did not know whether he had to bluff or not to pass me. The wind was about east. The morning of the fight, before he jumped out of the wagon I called him a "d—d lying son of a—"

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Cross Examination: I am sure I saw St. John hit him every time he struck at his face. I did not see Conklin try to strike St. John, until he hit him with the stick of wood. When Cook St. John grabbed him I picked up a stick and started to interfere, but he stopped me.

Michael Reynolds testified: I saw Conklin knocked down at the tail end of the wagon. I did not see the blow that knocked him down; but after he got up I saw St. John hit him in the face. He struck him a half dozen times or so in the face, but I could not tell whether he struck with the fist or with a stick. When Conklin succeeded in getting away from St. John I saw a stick of wood. St. John met him and made a grab for the stick, but Conklin struck him and he staggered and fell. The old gentleman then got out of the wagon and held Conklin while St. John kicked him two or three times. I did not hear Cook St. John say anything. I was within twenty-five feet.

Seemed to strike at his face and head. I think St. John stood and saw Conklin prepare to strike him. He seemed to have come to his senses. He seemed to have come to his senses. He seemed to have come to his senses.

Cross Examination: When they first clinched I cannot tell whether St. John had hold of Conklin, or Conklin had hold of St. John. I do not think there was any thing to hinder St. John striking Conklin. St. John struck him with his fist, and I did not see St. John try to get away. I did not see him upon his knees. I was looking at them at all the time. My impression is that St. John had hold of Conklin's collar the second time they came together. I saw St. John give two or three blows but they did not tell whether with his hand or fist. I did not see Conklin do any thing either of the kind. The dredge was a very awkward thing to strike with. I should judge Conklin did not intend to put the dredge over St. John's head, but to strike him with it. When St. John struck Conklin the first blow I did not change his position at all. After Conklin started for the wood pile St. John might have got away. He might have left at any time except when Conklin was shoving the dredge at him, and when he knocked him down with the stick. I did not see Conklin attempt to strike St. John except with the dredge and the stick.

Francis Allen testified: I saw the whole fight. When Oscar jumped out of the wagon on Conklin retreated ten or twelve feet. St. John followed him and struck him. Conklin then dropped the dredge. St. John caught him and slapped him in the face four or five times with his open hand. Conklin went away from him, and took his dredge and went away. I did not feel my injuries at all. I was able to walk home, but wanted help before I got there. I came up to Mr. Beers's office before I went home. My wife met me and helped



