

BILLY KISSANE.

Interesting Incidents in the Life of a Somewhat Remarkable Man.

His Adventures in Cincinnati, New York, Nicaragua, and California.

It is now about sixty-two years since "Billy" Kissane was born to increase the distress of a poor Irish family. Exactly how or when he crossed the Atlantic has not yet been made public, but somewhere in the '30s he turned up in Canada. He did not stay there long, for within the next decade he made his appearance in Cincinnati. It was at the latter place that "Billy" Kissane engaged in the plot to burn the steamer *Murtha Washington* and collect an enormous insurance upon a fictitious cargo of lard and other freight shipped in barrels as brandy. The steamer, bound from Cincinnati to New Orleans, was burned near Helena, Ark., on the night of January 14, 1852. There were eighteen lives lost, but enough of the cargo was thrown overboard and saved to expose the plot that had caused such a horrible loss of life; and Kissane and Hubbard, the clerk of the boat, were arrested and tried in Ohio for the murder. The Ohio courts declined to assume jurisdiction over a crime committed in Arkansas, and Kissane was carried to Helena. There the prosecution fell through for want of funds after several attempts had been made to kill Sidney C. Burton, the principal witness against the prisoners.

Kissane was next heard of in New York, where in August, 1854, he was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing for forgeries on the Chemical Bank of that city. Between his escape from the clutches of the law in Helena and falling into them again in New York he must have visited Cleveland, Ohio, where thirty-four years ago he married a lady, who is still living. The couple lived together five months, when he left her, and after his departure plates of \$1 and \$5 bank notes were all that she could find among his effects to remember him by. The deserted wife procured a divorce and secured \$1,000 alimony, which she may collect now if Rogers proves to be her long-lost husband. A daughter of Kissane still lives in Cleveland. She has never seen her father, but if the wealthy Californian should be he she will be an heiress in spite of all his wanderings and his wife and children in the Sonoma valley.

Before the expiration of his sentence Kissane was pardoned out of Sing Sing upon condition that he would testify in the insurance cases growing out of the burning of the *Murtha Washington*. He made a written confession of his share in that horror, but upon his release he violated his promise to the insurance companies and fled to Nicaragua, where under an assumed name it was reported he was shot. The efforts of Burton to bring the Kissane gang to justice provoked its deadly hatred. He was said to have spent \$50,000 and traveled 150,000 miles in his task of hunting down the Kissane conspirators, but according to the report they finally got the best of him by poison. Every movement of Burton in the United States and Canada was dogged by the emissaries of Kissane until in the fall of 1855 they succeeded in smuggling subtle poison into his food that ate away one of his lungs, so that he died in terrible agony in December of that year.

Thirty-two years ago Billy Kissane disappeared from view. Whether he had gone to Brazil or to Nicaragua and the pole no one appeared to know. The insurance companies could not find him; his associates did not want to find him. The less known about his whereabouts the better it was for them. They covered his disappearance completely.

It was in the year 1855 that the black sombrero of the "famous filibuster chief," the "gray-eyed man of destiny," Walker, led his troop of dark-browed, bearded adventurers upon his wonderful, daring, and cruel ride through Nicaragua.

With Walker in that band rode one Col. W. K. Rogers. He was one of the bravest. Of him D. B. Wolf, a well-known Californian, says: "I have known him intimately for thirty-one years. We were together with Walker in Nicaragua, and he stood like a lion where bullets flew thickest. He became the Minister of the Interior under Walker, and was one of the men chosen by our chief to accompany him on the United States vessel when the fates went against the United States."

Thirty years ago "Col." Rogers parted company with his chief, "whose heart was black and whose hands were red," at Panama, and sailed for California, where he arrived in due time, and where he began a new life. According to his friend Wolf, he had not a cent when he landed. But it is scarcely to be credited that "Col." Rogers, who subsequently developed such financial shrewdness, wasted all his opportunities as Walker's minister of haciendas, and left Nicaragua empty-handed. At all events, he began his career on the Pacific slope as a merchant in Sacramento, subsequently turned his attention to the Comstock mines, and now lives in prosperous ease on a rich Sonoma ranch. About twenty years ago "Col." Rogers married a beautiful young lady, twenty years his junior, who is the sister-in-law of Lloyd Tevis, once a partner of Haggins, the millionaire horse-breeder. He is also a half-brother of Reuben Lloyd, one of the most prominent lawyers in San Francisco.

All these facts and their attendant inferrences have come to light through what appeared to be an innocent motion of a San Francisco lawyer before Recorder Smyth in New York to have a nolle prosequi entered on the indictment against William Kissane for forging a check for \$12,000 upon the Chemical Bank in 1854. There are features about the proceedings that make it appear not at all incredible that "Colonel" Rogers is none other than "Billy" Kissane, and that he wished to have the old cloud removed from his life before venturing to join the colony of California millionaires in New York. If so, he is probably now sorry that he was not content to die honored and unsuspected amid the beautiful surroundings of his Sonoma home.

He Was a Shaver.

Merchant—Do you call that fellow a shaver? Why, he is six foot if he is an inch. I said I wanted a small boy to run errands—a little shaver.

Bookkeeper—I didn't understand about the errands. This fellow is a shaver. He keeps a barber-shop down the block.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.

The Secrecy About Abraham Lincoln's Resting Place Finally Removed.

His Body and That of His Wife Placed Side by Side in a Cemented Tomb.

[SPRINGFIELD (ILL.) CORRESPONDENCE.] For some years—in fact, ever since the attempt was made to steal the remains of Abraham Lincoln—there has been a mystery as to the exact place where the ashes of the martyr President are lying. That mystery has at last been removed. On Thursday last, the anniversary of his death, the remains were brought out from the quiet and secrecy which they have so long occupied, and deposited finally and forever by the side of those of Mrs. Lincoln at a point in the monument which can be made known to everybody. The work of removal was in charge of the Lincoln Guard of Honor. This organization was formed soon after the attempt to steal the remains of Lincoln, and the dust of the martyr was turned over to its charge by the Lincoln Monument Association in November of that year, the Guard of Honor binding itself to keep the trust with all care and diligence.

There had been much more than the usual air of secrecy about the Lincoln monument for a week past, but it was known that some sort of masonry work was going on in the North Hall, though the public was given to understand that this was merely some necessary repairs. It was in fact the preparations for the re-burial—the building of the tomb.

There were present at the monument on Thursday morning O. M. Hatch, George N. Black, Lincoln Dubois, John W. Bunn, C. C. Brown, Jacob Bunn, and James C. Conkling, representing the Lincoln Monument Association, and the following representing the Lincoln Guard of Honor: General Jasper N. Reese, J. Carroll Power, J. P. Lindley, Colonel N. B. Wiggins, E. S. Johnson, Horace Copin, and Clinton L. Conkling. The gentlemen mentioned met promptly in the memorial hall of the monument preparatory to the work before them. The trust papers given by the guard to the monument association at the time the former took charge of the remains were spread out on the glass cases in Memorial Hall, and examined by all present. While this was going on Wash Irwin, one of the men having the contract for doing the masonry work preparatory to the reburial, came into the hall carrying with him a pair of mason's chisels and a hammer. He was closely followed by half a dozen men carrying workmen's tools. A brief consultation followed and Custodian Power then announced that it was time to begin the work. The masons opened the entrance leading to the dark crypt in the very center of the monument, immediately under the obelisk, and began to cut and chisel away at the cement which held in place the stones barring the way to the secret resting-place of the remains of Abraham Lincoln. As one after another of the workmen became tired from working in the cramped and narrow recess they came out and gave place to others, who pressed on with the work. The labor was continued for more than an hour, at the end of which time the coffin, with the sacred remains of Lincoln, was handed out by the workmen and received in the hands of eight men belonging to the two associations, who laid it upon two rests prepared for the purpose a little to the right of the center of the hall, placing the head to the north and the feet toward the door. The casket consisted first of a large pine box inclosing a red cedar box. Within the latter was a walnut coffin lined air tight with lead an eighth of an inch thick, and this inclosed all that remains to the world but the great name and fame of Abraham Lincoln. The encasements were opened, and here, twenty-two years from the day of his death, was his body clearly recognizable as such by the gentlemen standing about, all of whom, but one or two, had known him intimately in life. The silver plate on the coffin lid was perfectly bright, as was the lettering:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
Born February 12, 1809; died April 15, 1865.

The coffin was then sealed up and carried to its final resting-place in the vault in the north hall of the monument. Immediately in front of the entrance to this north hall, and in the very center of its floor a tomb had been sunk five feet deep, six feet wide, and eight feet long. This is lined with stone securely laid in cement, and this stone casing similarly lined with brick. Inside of this casing the dimensions are as given above. Into this tomb the coffin containing the dust of Lincoln was lowered, being placed on the west side—that is, to the right as the visitor enters the door of the north hall. The head lies toward the door. The coffin with the remains of Mrs. Lincoln was then brought around from the south hall and lowered into the tomb by the side of her husband's body. The masons immediately went to work, and a low brick arch was sprung over the caskets. This was covered with hydraulic cement, and above this rubble and slag mingled with cement were filled in, bringing the surface of the tomb up to the floor. The stones of the floor were then replaced, and the work was ended.

At the memorial exercises held by the Lincoln Guard of Honor on Friday, the guard presented in full the history of its relations to the keeping of the President's remains, detailing the reasons for its organization and what its entire action in the matter has been. There was very little in the history, however, beyond what is outlined above, that would be of any special interest.

The Plot to Steal the Remains.

The night of Nov. 7, 1876, Mullins and Hughes, two Chicago thieves, made an unsuccessful attempt to steal the body of the late President Lincoln. The marble sarcophagus in which it was inclosed, and which was exposed to the view of visitors through the iron grating on the north side of the monument, was taken out; but at this point the robbers were interfered with by certain persons secreted in the monument, who had received information that the robbery was to be attempted, and abandoned their strange booty. Some weeks afterward Mullins and Hughes were arrested in Chicago, taken to Springfield, tried, convicted, and sentenced to short terms in the penitentiary for larceny, there being in Illinois no law against body-snatching.

GERONIMO'S BAND.

How They Pass Their Time in Florida—Mangus an Intractable Savage.

[FORT PICKENS (Fla.) COR. NEW YORK TRIBUNE.] Natchez, the true hereditary chief, is a fine specimen of Indian manhood, over six feet high, erect, well-proportioned, grave, and dignified under his weight of 30 years. The rest of the band treat him with pronounced respect. His words are few, and his dislike of that fierce light which beats upon royalty of all grades is most emphatic.



CHIEF MANGUS.

Mangus is an intractable savage. His arm is still in bandages from the effects of injury received while on his way to Pensacola. When nearing that city at the rate of forty miles an hour, Mangus suddenly sprang through the car window, and was stunned by sudden collision with the ground. Regaining consciousness simultaneously with recapture, he was put in irons until the final destination was reached.

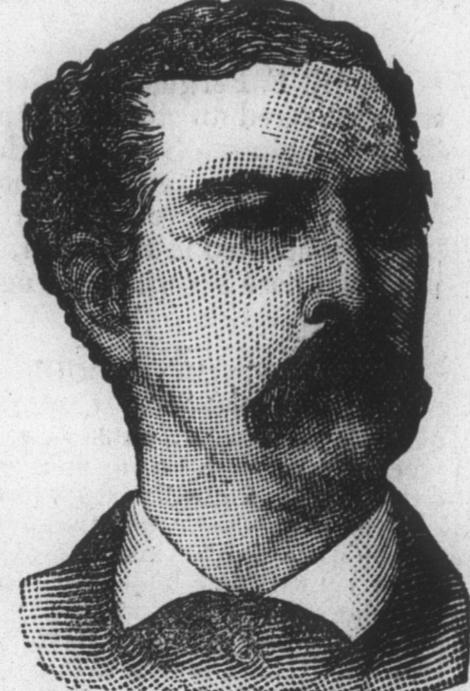
Two dingy old casements in the interior of the fort, each containing a large open fireplace, furnish comfortable accommodations to these uncomfortable nomads. Here provisions, consisting of the regular army rations, are prepared by an Indian cook assigned to that duty.

Glad to be beyond the reach of Arizona justice, every member of the band is quiet, submissive, tractable and industrious. Shovel, rake, saw and ax have already become familiar tools. The wheelbarrow proved to be an intractable at first in the hands of Geronimo as a bucking broncho in those of a metropolitan dude. But he is said to have achieved complete triumph over the singular implement. The dexterous grace with which he swings the sounding ax is not exceeded by that with which he was wont to fling the tomahawk. Work as yet is simply amusement. No more fantastic toilers than these willing Apache warriors can be found in all the sunny South. One of the undistinguished braves evinces considerable artistic ability, and delights in making colored sketches of the sergeant of the guard.

Observers find it difficult to regard the prisoners as criminals worthy of death. Visitors cordially shake them by the hand, and wish to possess photographs of the group. Bribery is often necessary to overcome objections to the camera. Mangus is the only "Barkis" among the number. The happy possessor of an old blouse with Captain's shoulder-straps, he is more than "willin'" at every opportunity.

The Man Who Captured Chief Mangus.

Chief Mangus was captured by Captain Charles L. Cooper, in the fall of 1886, after having resorted to every strategy which his industrious brain could invent, defying authority after his capture and exerting himself in every way for a means of escape. It was a most daring exploit.



CAPTAIN COOPER.

Captain Cooper left Fort Apache, Arizona, on the 14th of October, 1886, and sighted the Indians on the evening of the 17th, they being on the top of a mountain and he at its foot. He at once gave pursuit, chasing the redskins over five mountains and fifteen miles distance. The Indians in their flight abandoned their stock and sought refuge in various places. All were hunted out and surrendered. Captain Cooper was born in New York in March, 1845. Upon the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the Seventy-first New York Regiment, being then but sixteen years of age. After his discharge he re-enlisted. At the age of twenty he became First Lieutenant of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Regiment, United States colored troops, and soon afterward was given a position on Gen. Birney's staff. At Petersburg he resumed the command of his men, however, and participated in the closing battles of the war. At the close of the war, through the instrumentality of John A. Dix, Thurlow Weed, A. A. Low, and other prominent men, he was made Second Lieutenant in the United States regular army, and assigned to duty in the Thirty-ninth Regiment, United States Infantry. He was promoted Oct. 5, 1867, to be First Lieutenant, and in January, 1871, was assigned to the Tenth United States Cavalry, and shortly afterward was promoted to a captaincy.

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SENATOR VEST.

He Gives His Opinion of Cleveland as His Own Successor—Who's He Does Not Approve of All His Acts, He Thinks He Is a Square Man.

[WASHINGTON SPECIAL.]

The Post of this city is interviewing Democratic statesmen regarding the President, and they seem to be warming up to him and very confident that no other Democrat has a chance for the nomination next year. Two or three days ago the paper published an interview with Mr. Springer, which was exceedingly complimentary to the President, and predicted his renomination and re-election with great confidence. This morning it published an almost equally flattering sketch of the President by Senator Vest, who has not, like Mr. Springer, been a warm admirer of the administration. Said the Missouri Senator:

"I do not agree with Mr. Cleveland now as to many things, but I should be ashamed of myself if I failed to say most emphatically that he is an honest, patriotic man, with far more ability than even his nearest friends claimed for him when elected. He has been President two years, and look at the result. The battle-cry of the Republicans before his election was that property and business would not be safe if the Democrats came into power, and especially that life and property were unsafe all over the South. Now business men everywhere are for Cleveland, and even the Republican leaders are investing in Southern enterprises. I know several of my Republican friends in the Senate who are putting half their fortunes in Southern lands and securities. Cleveland has forever flushed all the rot about Democrats ruining the country."

"Will he be elected again?" "Yes; if his administration continues as it has gone on for two years, and the country has no financial hurricane to sweep over it, he will be nominated and elected, no matter who is the Republican candidate. To-day Cleveland can defeat any man in the Union. The people at large know he is honest and fearless in his duty. He works harder than any subordinate under him, and he wants others to do their work also."

"What of his civil-service ideas?" "As to his civil-service ideas I have this to say: No man living is more anxious than myself to see Democrats in office. If I had my way I would fill every position of importance with Democrats, and I would carry the rule very far even as to subordinate places, but the President honestly thinks it his duty to keep many Republicans in office who in my opinion should go out, and I have no right to denounce him and his administration for this, when I have not the slightest doubt that he is sincere in his convictions and thinks this is the spirit and meaning of the platform on which he was elected. At any rate, I do not propose to abandon the first President we have elected in twenty-five years on any such ground as this."

Of the disagreement within the Democratic party regarding the tariff Senator Vest says: "In my opinion our first duty as Democrats is to settle this domestic trouble, and the only way to do it is to enforce the will of the majority, if the result takes from us one-fourth of the party as it is now constituted."

THE PRESIDENT TALKS.

Positive Declarations from the Chief Magistrate Regarding His State of Health—The Land Question.

[WASHINGTON SPECIAL TO NEW YORK HERALD.]

Do not waste any time in worrying about our Democratic President. He is all right physically, mentally, and politically, and he means reform. I have had the pleasure of a good hour's talk with him. First, as to Mr. Cleveland's physical condition. So many stories have been circulated over the country about an alarming increase in weight that I suppose from the amount of smoke that there must be some fire somewhere. I have seen Mr. Cleveland on very many occasions, but I never saw him look so well as he did yesterday. He has lost rather than gained in flesh.

"You are well, Mr. President?" I asked. "Perfectly," he answered. "I never worked harder or felt better in my life."

"But some of the Republican papers are very solicitous about your health." I suggested, "and are giving the people the impression that a second term would find you too enfeebled for the great responsibilities of your office." There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he replied: "Well, I'm not to be killed off by any 'offensive partisanship' of that kind. As for a second term," and here he grew very serious, "that is all in the air, and I have nothing to do with it. My time is taken up fully with my present duties, and I propose to do my work in such a way that my successor, whoever he may be, will have nothing to undo. It will be the business of the party to name their best man—that is, the man who can best protect and defend the rights of the people."

I said to the President: "Mr. Cleveland, there seems to be a good deal of interest in this land question just now."

"Yes," was his quick answer, "and very properly, I think. It is one of the live questions of the day, and certainly one of the most important."

"The railroad corporations appear to be somewhat greedy," I suggested.

"Well," he said, "a railroad corporation should have its legal rights—no more, no less. But the people should have their rights also. When a real settler—I don't mean a land speculator, but a farmer who builds his little house and sets about the improvement of the acres on which he has settled—when such a man has legally taken possession of his 160 acres, he ought to feel that the Government is behind him. He has a right to feel that way, and, so far as this administration is concerned, it is clearly the friend of the people. While a matter of course the administration will protect the lawful rights of a corporation as well as those of the people, still I think it should be specially jealous of the rights of the farmers and the working classes. I will go even further than that, and say that if by any construction of the law a seeming injustice is done to the humblest farmer in the farthest corner of the land, then the law ought to be changed at once. I am of the people, I believe in the people, and I stand by them and with them—first, last, and all the time."

—Information received from Warren, Huntington County, states that the impression abroad is that the man recently employed to "shoot" the oil well there was "influenced by an Eastern corporation, and instead of increasing the flow intentionally destroyed the well, which is now worthless."

—Mrs. J. W. Long, a passenger on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad train, en route to Englewood, Ill., her home, died within a short distance of Fort Wayne, of consumption. The remains were taken off at that city and prepared for burial.

—Mrs. Philas Seely, of Elkhart, aged 83 years, died recently. She was a pioneer, and one of the best-known characters of that city. She was very prominent in the affairs of the First M. E. Church, of which she had been a member over sixty years.

—The Miller school-house, five miles southwest of Crawfordsville, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$1,200; insured for \$375.

As the house had not been in use for some time, some person must have set it on fire.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—A few weeks ago, at Richmond, Jonas Bennett and Jennie Kilmer, who had long been lovers, were married. Early one morning recently she arose, gave her husband an evasive answer that led him to believe she was necessarily going down stairs for a few moments, and proceeded to the bridge across White River, where she leaped about seventy feet; and broke her neck in striking the water, where she was subsequently found by her husband, who became alarmed at her prolonged absence and instituted search. She was crazed by the death of her mother, about five years ago. Developments leave little doubt but the act was premeditated.