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THE BERMUDA GONE WITH WAR FREIGHT.

Loaded with Arms, the Alleged Filibusterer Left Yesterday Morning.

Cleared for Vera Cruz, but Is Suspected of Being Bound for Cuba.

Generals Garcia and Ruiz, with Other Cubans, Supposed to Be on Board.

SPANISH CRUISERS ON THE ALERT.

Watching Off the Florida Coast to Intercept Any Suspicious Vessels—Captain John O'Brien in Command of the Delayed Bermuda.

The steamship Bermuda has sailed at last. The almost countless obstacles and technicalities interposed to keep the alleged filibustering craft in this port have proved futile. Without let or hindrance she left her anchorage south of Liberty Island, in the upper bay, at 8:10 o'clock a. m. yesterday, and with the British ensign floating from her taffrail staff, steamed out through the Narrows. On the bridge stood Captain John O'Brien ("Dynamite Johnnie"), famous as a commander of blockade runners and filibustering vessels in the last Haytian revolt.

Ostensibly the Bermuda is bound for Vera Cruz, Mexico, for which port she cleared a few days ago, but if the presence of arms and ammunition in abundance below her fore and after hatch are any evidence of her errand, she will make a pause off the green shores of Cuba before any one on board catches a glimpse of the Mexican coast. It was suggested yesterday that the black-hulled ship, if she did go to Vera Cruz, would stop on the way long enough to put the greater part of her cargo on board of another vessel bound for the Isle of Cuba.

It was not known until Saturday afternoon that the Bermuda's departure was so near at hand. Everything on board up to 1 p. m. that day bore the look of calm that for two weeks had hovered over the red-funnelled little craft.

Ready for the Start.

Not long after that hour, however, a volume of black smoke rolled from her funnel. This happened shortly after the tug Excelsior, Captain John Brandow, ranged alongside and put fifteen men of various nationalities on board. They were newly signed firemen and sailors, who were to take the places of disgruntled hands, and the stokers were at once set to work to rake down the furnaces and replenish the fires. At 3 p. m. the tug Edward F. Timmons arrived with Captain John O'Brien and stowaway Eben Turnure, a shifty Sandy Hook pilot, on board, and the prospect of an immediate departure for the Bermuda seemed very promising. But there were many things to be done before the vessel could leave port.

"Dynamite Johnnie," the new skipper, climbed the rope ladder to her deck very leisurely and swung himself on board. He was as cool as when he embarked on the stinky old yacht Hambleton some years ago, bound for the West Indies. The yacht was loaded with dynamite up to her deck beams. He landed it all right and then used some of the dynamite sticks to go fishing on the Venezuelan coast.

Captain "Johnnie" was cool, too, when he took the steamer Caroline Miller through the blockade into a Haytian port with arms and ammunition for Hippolyte, now President of Hayti, but then fighting against the forces of General Legitime. On board the steamship City of Mexico, of filibustering fame, he was no more perturbed. He is the same Johnnie O'Brien in every respect. His hair is a little grayer, but it is cropped as closely as ever, and his mustache, somewhat whitened by years and exposure, is as thick and bushy as of yore.

Looking Over His Ship.

The skipper made straight for the bridge, followed by Pilot Turnure. Just abaft the bridge on the hurricane deck is the captain's room, but he did not enter it. He made a brief inspection of the hand-steering gear on the open bridge, where the man at the wheel must stand, exposed to all weathers. Then he looked down on the forward deck, where the sailors were lounging. They were an ordinary enough lot of men, and they had been hastily recruited in South street by John O'Brien & Co., the shipping masters, under the firm name of which, it is said, the steamer had been cleared for Vera Cruz.

No efforts were being made to swab up the grimy decks, and the reason was soon apparent. The big hatch forward of the fore hatch was under steam, and the hatchway was open, revealing some five hundred boxes of cartridges, piled up on top of nine hundred and odd tons of coal which had been stowed there. The boxes were eighteen inches square and about six inches deep. They each contained probably a gross of cartridges, some 7200 in all. The cases were made of half-inch plate and carefully nailed and strapped with iron.

Leaning on the bridge rails the captain waited, and at 4:30 p. m. the big steam lighter Columbia ran up with at least 500 oblong boxes piled up on her forward deck. They were four feet long, one foot wide and a foot deep. The boxes contained rifles, it is supposed, and each bore the mark "Gredmore." They were hoisted on board by the big winch and lowered carefully into the fore hold. Then the hatch was replaced, but not fastened, and covered with a tarpaulin. Other arms and ammunition were said to have been placed in the after hold on Friday night, but this



The Alleged Filibustering Steamer Bermuda and Her Pilot, Eben Turnure.

The long delayed and alleged filibustering steamship, Bermuda, sailed yesterday ostensibly for Vera Cruz, Mexico, for which port she cleared a few days ago. She was in command of Captain John O'Brien—"Dynamite Johnnie"—and carried a cargo of arms and ammunition, which are believed to be destined for Cuba.

could not be confirmed. The arms were also said to embrace all those which were on board the J. S. T. Stranahan when she was seized two weeks ago, as well as several field pieces.

After the arms were placed in the fore hold on Saturday Captain O'Brien entered his cabin and signed discharge papers for the fifteen malcontents, who were placed on board the Timmons and taken back to New York. The captain accompanied them. He had retained Chief Officer Murphy and had engaged a hard Norwegian as a second officer and a Cuban as chief engineer in place of Thomas Neilson, the former chief, now under indictment on charges of violating the neutrality laws. Captain Johnnie, however, was still short two men in the engineer's department, and it was to secure these that he again landed. The difficulty in securing them kept the Bermuda in port until yesterday morning.

Cubans on Board.

The question of payment is said to have had something to do with it, but this could not be confirmed, for every one concerned preserved the utmost secrecy. The men, however, it is alleged, were persistent in their desires to know who would be their employers, and, as this information was not forthcoming, they demurred.

Meantime, at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, another tug, the R. J. Barrett, which had dropped down from the lee of Liberty Island, steamed alongside the Bermuda and eight men quietly climbed to her decks. Each carried a large valise and a gun case and cartridge belt, and they were evidently Cubans. All of them wore shabby clothing, intended, apparently, as a disguise.

Their leader was a tall, military looking man, with a white mustache. He was probably sixty years of age, greatly resembled General Calixto Garcia, and by those who saw him board the vessel, the new comer was believed to be none other than the doughty General. As soon as the men reached the deck the tug steamed away into the darkness, and the eight men walked quietly aft and entered a small room off the main saloon. Supper was served to them in the saloon soon afterward, and the quality of the viands did not suit them, for they complained to Chief Officer Murphy, who took the steward sharply to task.

"These men are not firemen or sailors," said the chief officer. "Give them anything they want." Better food was at once forthcoming, and after the meal they retired to the small room. They were on board when the steamer sailed.

At the time of their arrival the Bermuda was swinging idly at her anchorage, with her anchor lights up, and after these men once reached the deck and disappeared there were no further signs of life on the vessel until daybreak, except the solitary man on watch, who occasionally made a round of the steamer.

Vigilant Watchers.

Not more than four cable lengths away from the Bermuda during that last night in port was the tug L. J. Moran, lashed to the little schooner Aary D. Lynch, which was anchored in the pilot house of the tug were two men, one a short, portly chap, and the other a tall man, with a thin, scrawny face. Spanish detectives these men were supposed to be, and they sat silently throughout the night and watched the alleged filibuster.

Alongside the coal barge Wasp, a short distance from the Moran and between her and the Bermuda was the Journal's tug,

and on board of her also a vigil was kept. Once the Moran was hailed, but no answer was returned. At daybreak smoke again rolling from the Bermuda's single stack showed that steam was developing, and at 7 a. m. the R. J. Barrett again arrived, this time with Captain O'Brien on board. He had with him the two stokers needed by the chief engineer. There were also three other men on the tug. One of them was a tall, slender man, with black hair, side whiskers and mustache. The second was tall and of lighter complexion, and the third a well-built man of average height, with a heavy black mustache.

Two of the men were thought to be Chief Engineer Thomas Neilson and Second Engineer Howdon, who were arrested when the Bermuda made her first attempt to leave port and who were subsequently indicted. Like other rumors, this could not be verified, but neither of the men could be found yesterday at the Hotel Hartmann, in Whitehall street, where they have been guests. Both of them were at the Stevens House, in lower Broadway, on Saturday night and left there at 11 p. m., just before Captain O'Brien retired for the night, leaving orders to be called at 5 a. m. Captain J. D. Hart, one of the owners of the Bermuda, was one of the trio on the Barrett, and he went aboard the steamer with the slender man with side whiskers. The third man also boarded the vessel, but soon returned to the tug, which steamed back to New York. Mr. Hart remained on board.

Captain O'Brien entered his room with the side-whiskered man and coffee was served there. They had a brief chat and then the skipper gave the steering gear a careful examination. He tested the engine room signals and asked the chief engineer if the machinery was in good condition, and even visited the engine room himself to be sure. Satisfied, he returned to the bridge just as the Journal tug came alongside.

Anchor Up and Away.

"Going to sail?" repeated the skipper, in response to a question. "Yes, sir; just as soon as I can weigh anchor."

"Full crew aboard?" was asked.

"Yes, sir; thirty men or about that number," was the answer. "We are ready to start now."

"Where bound, Captain?"

"Vera Cruz," was the laconic answer, but Captain Johnnie's familiar smile broadened. The skipper showed an order at this moment and the winch began hauling in the anchor chain.

It was ten minutes past 8 o'clock when the rusty anchor appeared suspended over the port bow, and the Bermuda's single screw began to revolve. The tug R. J. Moran had left the little schooner, and, putting on steam, passed the Bermuda and headed for the Narrows. The two mysterious watchers on her kept their binoculars on the steamer as the Moran steamed by.

The revenue cutter William E. Chandler on her way down the bay passed the Bermuda just as the steamship was gathering headway, but the cutter paid no attention to the departing vessel. Instead, the Chandler departed to Quarantine, and there met the incoming steamer Exeter City, from Swansea.

There was not a breath of wind, the waters smooth as glass, sparkled in the sunlight. The Journal's tug had preceded even the Moran, but stopped and waited for the Bermuda to overtake her. The Moran was then abreast of the steamship, and both vessels were off the Bomer Be-

con. The Moran, however, made no effort to speak the Bermuda, but suddenly steamed in close to the Hook. The object of this was apparently to cut the distance and, if possible, again head off the steamship as the latter was in the main ship channel and could take no short cuts.

Off the Sandy Hook station boat the Bermuda hailed the Journal's tug and Pilot Eben Turnure and asked to be taken off. He had no notion of going to the station boat for a possible stay of a week, and he was delighted when the tug steamed alongside, and took him off.

Given the Slip.

"Have you learned the Cuban cheer?" Captain O'Brien was asked. He shook his head, but again his smile broadened as his ship steamed away on her course. The pilot had with him a letter from Captain O'Brien to his wife, whom he said did not know where he was.

The R. J. Moran, with the two supposed detectives on board, was meantime steaming along the Jersey coast at full speed, but her efforts were in vain. The Bermuda, going at eleven knots, and steering a southerly course, passed the Moran far to the eastward. Determined to speak the Moran, the Journal tug, then put on all steam and in an hour overhauled the Moran, and ran within ten yards of her port rail. The Moran's engines were fairly trembling with the pressure, and it was evident she was making every effort to keep away. When the Moran was hailed one of the watchers in the pilot house pulled down the window shades and no reply was made. Twice the Moran was overhauled, with no better results, and then, off Asbury Park, fully fifteen miles outside of Sandy Hook, the chase was abandoned. The weather had become stormy, it was then snowing fiercely and the Bermuda was fully five miles ahead of the Moran, which persisted in the stern chase.

She gave it up finally, and at 7 o'clock last evening landed her two passengers at the Atlantic Basin, Brooklyn. When asked their object in chasing the Bermuda, they only laughed. The captain of the Moran said he did not know who the men were, nor how far out he had taken them.

Michael J. Moran, owner of the tug, possessed equal ignorance. He said he received a telephone message on Saturday afternoon from he "didn't know where, and didn't know whom." The tug was chartered for an indefinite time and soon afterward the two strangers took possession.

Cubans who heard the story of the Moran sniffed contemptuously, and said "Pinker-ton's."

Ruiz and Garcia Gone?

Senor Juan N. Navarro, Consul General of Mexico in New York, admitted yesterday that the Bermuda had cleared for Vera Cruz through his office. Even if the steamer is intended for filibustering purposes, the Consul General declared he could not help it, as she was cleared in the regular manner. The only recourse for Spain he said was to instruct the vessels of her navy to keep a lookout for the Bermuda when she reached Cuban waters.

Consul General Arturo Baldasano, the Spanish representative here, said: "I do not think General Garcia has sailed on the Bermuda, because he is under heavy bonds to the United States Government, although it must be remembered that Garcia has broken his parole with the Spanish Government several times."

Asked if he had sent a tug to follow the Bermuda, he replied, "About that I know



CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN



PILOT EBEN TURNURE

nothing. I am not in a position to tell anything about what is being done by the Spanish vessels at Washington. I think the Spanish vessels will be able to take care of the Bermuda when she reaches Cuba.

WARSHIPS ON THE ALERT.

Spanish Cruisers Off the Florida Coast Ready to Intercept Suspected Filibusters.

Key West, Fla., March 15.—Before the steamships Bermuda, Three Friends and Commodore, each supposed to be carrying a filibustering expedition to Cuba, reach the island they will have to run the gauntlet of a number of Spanish warships now cruising off the east coast of Florida. Three days ago three Spanish war vessels appeared off the south beach of the island of Key West. For days the vessels hovered around, ten or twelve miles out, apparently watching for filibusters.

Yesterday afternoon the Spanish Vice-Consul went out to one of the vessels in a steam launch, and, it is supposed, gave the commander some information relative to the movements of the suspected steamers. Immediately after the Vice-Consul left the vessel the three cruisers sailed away toward the north. The supposition is that they will comb the east coast of Florida watching for the Bermuda, the Three Friends and the Commodore.

There is said to be a large number of men camped on one of the Florida keys north of here, who expect to be taken off by one of the three suspected steamers. The key is in United States waters, however, and it is not believed that the Spaniards would dare to interfere with the men camped there. It is currently reported here that the United States authorities will not be as strict about seizing suspected vessels hereafter as they have been.

It is stated that the law has been violated in several instances in aid of the Spaniards and that the United States officials have been ordered to interfere hereafter only to prevent the fitting out of "armed expeditions." The mere carrying of arms to Cuba, it is said, will not be again interfered with, nor will revenue cutters seize any vessel on the high seas. So far as known the United States officials here have received no orders to watch out for the suspected cruisers. It is generally supposed that Uncle Sam has decided to make the Spaniards do their own patrolling.

A LITTLE BEAUTY IN PRISON GARB.

May Clark's Comeliness Undimmed by the Striped Gown of Union County Jail.

She Refrains from Criticising Her Father, Upon Whose Complaint She Was Incarcerated.

PRISON CELL FOR DISOBEDIENCE.

Police of Plainfield Give Her an Excellent Character, and Visitors to the Jail Extend Their Sympathy. Her Father's Side.

Elizabeth, N. J., March 15.—May Clark, of Plainfield, the girl of seventeen, now a prisoner in the Union County Jail, on complaint of her father, is the object of general interest throughout this section of the State, owing to the peculiar circumstances of her incarceration.

Her father requested that she be sent up for thirty days for alleged disorderly conduct. At his request Judge De Mesa, of Plainfield, imposed that sentence upon her, and she is now wearing the brown prison garb. Not even this, however, has hid the sweetness of her face, the laughter in her eyes or diminish her beauty in any way.

Her father is Thomas Clark, who is not able to work because of long illness. May, though now but seventeen, bravely started out some years ago to earn her own living, and, being of a lively disposition, used to be out evenings with them—her only time for recreation. Her father objected to this, and thought that his daughter should be at home nights when her work was ended. The girl's high spirit resented this, and she refused to obey. As a consequence she was locked up in a distant jail.

The police of Plainfield say that May is a good girl, and that they never heard any complaint or bad stories about her, and some of them have visited her in jail and extended their sympathy. Her father has not yet been to see her, although she has been in prison a week. Her sister has visited her once, and did not upbraid her, but, instead, showed that she thought her imprisonment extremely unjust.

May was visited yesterday by a reporter. "Will you go home when this is all over, Miss Clark?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I don't want to say a word against anybody. Enough has been said already and anything more will, I fear, only injure me."

Warden Blore says that he has never had a more quiet and obedient prisoner in his charge.

There is much indignation in Plainfield over the case, where May is deservedly popular. Mr. Clark says that he feared she would come to some bad end if allowed her liberty, and that he thought it best to thus severely punish her. He chose the county jail, because she could be sent there for a few days only, while if he sent her to a home or reformatory she would have to remain there a long time. Her sentence will expire April 6.

He Smashed a Showcase.

A German who refused to give his name, was sent to the Workhouse yesterday by Magistrate Brennan, in the Essex Market Court. Peter Ehrhart, of No. 147 Fourth avenue, told the Magistrate that the prisoner is a persistent East Side brawler. On Saturday, Ehrhart alleges, he refused the German alms, and the latter broke a showcase in his saloon.

DEATH OF MRS. BARTLETT.

She Was a Philadelphian and the Mother-in-Law of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

London, March 15.—Mrs. Ellis Bartlett, daughter of the late John King Ashmead, of Philadelphia, died to-day at Tunbridge Wells, in the eightieth year of her age. She was the mother of Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M. P., some time a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and W. L. Ashmead Burdett-Coutts, M. P., who, in 1881, married Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Mrs. Bartlett was a descendant of Theodore Lehman, who was a companion of William Penn, and who resided from him a large grant of land in Philadelphia. Her husband, who was a native of Plymouth, Mass., was a lineal descendant of Robert Bartlett, one of the Pilgrim fathers, who sailed in the ship Anne in 1623. Robert Bartlett married Mary, daughter of Richard Warren, who sailed to New England in the Mayflower in 1620.



May Clark, Imprisoned for Disobedience.

On complaint of her father, a resident of Plainfield, N. J., the girl, who is seventeen years of age, was committed to the Union County Jail at Elizabeth, for one month. As a ground for his action the parent asserts that imprisonment was necessary in order to check his daughter's tendency to stay out late at night, and to correct her conduct in other respects. Persons in Plainfield who know her, among them the police, declare that the girl's reputation is good.