

## UPROAR IN A SYNAGOGUE.

### ANGRY HEBREWS AND THE WONDERFUL FEATS OF A BRAVE POLICEMAN.

There was a row at a business meeting in the Synagogue *Ansche Chesed B'nai Kovanah*, No. 101 Hester-street, Saturday night, and an explanation at the Essex Market Police Court yesterday. On Saturday morning the Captain of the Tenth Precinct received a visit from the President of the synagogue, *Isaac Cohen*, and was informed that there were fears of an uprising that night at the synagogue, and was requested to send an officer there. The officer was sent and acted as Sergeant-at-Arms. Everything went on nicely and smoothly until just before the close of the meeting. Then the policeman was, awakened from a pleasant reverie into which he had injudiciously fallen by a most unearthly, blood-curdling yell, and, looking up, it appeared to him as if the entire congregation had arisen and was rushing toward the table at which the President and the Secretary, *Charles Stahm*, were seated.

The courageous policeman drew his trusty loust. There was blood in his eye and strength in his arm, and when he saw *Mr. Korn* hit *Mr. Dusky* a "tip in de snoot," (as he afterward graphically expressed it,) he "went for him all over." *Mr. Korn* was made fully aware of the latter fact in a manner that he did not exactly relish. Having secured the unfortunate "tip ping" Hebrew the officer proceeded to quiet the howling multitude that was at that precise moment seething around the President, who was shouting and gesticulating in a manner most wonderful to behold. With the usual effectiveness of an individual member of New-York's pride he succeeded in doing so, and yesterday morning in the Police Court he stood in the centre of a group of Hebrews gazing at them with a proud look of triumph shining in his eyes. He felt happy, and there was no mistaking it. Each policeman who had brought in only a single prisoner gazed at him with looks of admiration, not to say envy. The officer could make no complaint against anyone but *Mr. Korn*, who was the only one who had been unfortunate enough to be detected in the act.

*Mr. Dusky*, being the most versed of his compatriots in the English language, undertook to explain to Justice *Gardner* the primary cause of the disturbance of the night before. He said that next Saturday the officers of the synagogue who would act during the ensuing year were to be elected, and the meeting on Saturday night was the last business meeting to be held for the arrangements of that interesting ceremony; that heretofore when any officers had been elected it had been only with the greatest difficulty that the books and the charter of the synagogue could be obtained from the retiring officers, who seemed to regard them as their private property. The charter, he explained, the President always carried about his person, wearing it under his clothes on his breast. And the books were kept in a safe in the room at which the meeting had been held. And the safe was only opened at these meetings. It had come to the ears of the President that a faction of the synagogue, adherents of the candidate for the next Presidency, had determined to obtain possession of those books and the charter last Saturday night by force, and they were going, after having obtained the books, to lay the President bodily on a table and take from him the charter. He had, therefore, applied for assistance from the police. Justice *Gardner* gazed sternly at the trembling culprit at the bar, and said that he ought to be ashamed of himself for fighting in a sacred place. He also fined him \$5. After a great deal of grumbling had been gone through with the fine was paid, and the entire Hebrew crowd filed singly out of the court, apparently rejoicing in the punishment of the sinner.