WOMAN WHO PASSED AS A MAN FOR YEARS

Murray Hall of 145 Sixth avenue, the politician who, as discovered only after her death, was a woman, was buried yesterday afternoon in Mount Olivet cemetery at Newtown, L. I. There were only two mourners. One was Mrs. Henry Meyers, whose husband has a cigar store at 109 West Tenth street, just around the corner from Murray Hall's employment agency. The other mourner was Imelda Hall, who until Murray's death believed that Murray Hall was her father. The undertaker had put a woman's dress on the body. The coffin plate was engraved: "Murray Hamilton Hall, aged 70 years; died Jan. 16, 1901."

Just how many of the seventy years Murray Hall masqueraded as a man has not been learned yet. Half a dozen persons were found on the west side of the city who had known her for thirty years as a man. It had been her request that no one but the daughter should know where she was to be buried and also that a grave should be bought as cheaply as possible. She did not believe in wasting money in funerals. Two years ago she went to the sexton of Grace church and said: "My wife is dead and I want to ship her remains to her old home in Waterville, Me., but I don't want the cost to be over $50, all told. The undertaker's bill was $60.30. Murray Hall wanted her own funeral to be equally cheap. So it was in accordance with her wishes that the adopted daughter purchased a grave for $12 yesterday. As the coffin was lowered into the grave Mrs. Meyers sprinkled a handful of earth upon it. That was the only ceremony.

After the funeral Mrs. Meyers assisted Imelda Hall to pack up the household goods. The girl will move out of the Sixth avenue house as soon as possible. After she got home she learned that Murray Hall, who posed as her father, had really been married to the woman who posed as her mother, and that the marriage occurred in this city. The marriage of Murray Hamilton Hall and Miss Cecilia Florence Lowe took place on Dec. 24, 1872, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers in Mercer street. The record is on file at the bureau of vital statistics.

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Another thing that came out yesterday was that Cecilia Florence Lowe was a medical student, prevented only by illness from graduating as an M. D., and that she died, like Murray Hall, of cancer. She was born in that part of Fairfield, Me., known as Shawmut, then as Somerset Mills. She was the daughter of Wilson Lowe, and was educated in the schools of her native town and at the Waterville, Me., Liberal Institute. She began the study of medicine with the late Dr. N. R. Boutelle of Waterville. After two years' study with Dr. Boutelle, Miss Lowe went to Boston, Baltimore and New York, where she studied in such colleges as then admitted women, as well as in the leading hospitals. In 1871, hard work and study had so undermined her health that she was obliged to give up her studies and return to her home a short time before she was to have been graduated with the degree of M. D. In Boston she became acquainted with Hall, who began a correspondence with her as soon as she had returned to her home. Later Murray Hall visited the home of Miss Lowe and passed some time there. In the summer of 1872 she went again and remained for some time, being looked upon as an eccentric character by the townfolk.

To the Lowe family she represented herself to be a Scottish nobleman and told them that she had been deprived of her estates and title in the "old country," but that she had learned the profession of a detective and would soon have all restored again and would be in possession of a fabulous sum of money. The family of Miss Lowe were all much opposed to the marriage. At Waterville, Me., yesterday, Mrs. Robert T. Hobbs, a sister of Mrs. Hall, said to a Sun reporter that Hall's jealous nature and miserly ways as well as general ugliness, made the life of Mrs. Hall a hard one. Frequently her folks asked her to leave Hall and return to her home, but she feared that he would kill her if she went away from him. All the jewelry, wedding presents and personal property, even to clothing of Mrs. Hall, were kept locked in a room of the house, the key to which was always in Hall's possession. At the time of Mrs. Hall's last illness, which, like Murray Hall's, was caused by cancer, Mrs. Hobbs went to New York, but was told that Mrs. Hall would soon be better and was sent home again. In a few days she was again called to New York to find that Mrs. Hall was dead and that her body had been shipped by express to Maine. Murray Hall did not accompany the body as it was the wish of Mrs. Hall that she should not do so. Mrs. Hall was buried in the family lot in Pine Grove cemetery, Waterville.

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The family of Mrs. Hall were most bitter in their feelings toward Hall. Mrs. Hobbs related instances when Mrs. Hall had been subjected to abuse by her husband. One time while on a visit to Mrs. Hall in New York Mrs. Hobbs wished Mrs. Hall to return home with her, to which Hall objected. Upon Mrs. Hall's insisting that she would go, Hall got a revolver and rushed her off to another room. There Mrs. Hall promised, on bended knees not to go, and told Mrs. Hobbs that she didn't dare to leave the house for fear of her husband.

Mrs. Hobbs was asked if she had ever been told by her sister that Hall was a woman, or if any of her family knew it, to which she said:

"Never, until we read in the newspapers of Hall's death and the discovery of her sex, did we know a thing of it. I think it was from fear of Hall that my sister never told us about it. He had a remarkable power over her and that must have been why she never spoke of it, unless her pride prevented her from doing it."

In regard to any estate left by Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Hobbs said that all that she left to Hall was $1,000 cash in a savings bank in New York, with several years' interest, besides some personal property of hers which Hall had locked up. The adopted daughter of Hall is a complete mystery to the Hobbs family, and all declare that they know nothing of her or who her people are. The family of Mrs. Hall, the Maine reporter says, is an old and highly respected one, and Mrs. Hall was looked

on as being one of the brightest young women in Maine in her early life.

Murray Hall seems to have made her mark in the sporting world. She attended the baseball games on the old polo grounds, visited the local racetracks and saw many of the big prizefights. Her favorite amusements were card-playing, pool and billiards. But she was particularly fond of prizefights and was in the habit of telling her fellow members of the west side political clubs that she would have been a pugilist if she had weighed enough. Of course the persons to whom she said this believed her to be a man.

John C. Hackett of the Tammany Hall general committee, one of the lieutenants of Peter F. Dooling, the Tammany leader of the Thirteenth assembly district, said yesterday that he had known Murray Hall many years.

"Hall," he said, "won considerable money betting on himself in billiards and pool games I consider myself as good a pool player as there is on the upper west side, but Hall frequently beat me. But he was an awful kicker. He growled every time he made a poor shot, and swore like a trooper. I remember the last time I played pool with him we had a row. It was in Jack Lyman's pool parlor in Eighth avenue. Hall had been losing every game. As he continued to make poor shots he became ugly and quarrelsome. I finally threw down my cue and said: 'See here, Hall, if you were not a little runt I'd punch you.' He said I wasn't big enough to do it and that made me angry. We swore at each other and finally friends interfered, and we resumed the game, Hall saying, 'I'll play you one more for $10 a side.' Pretty soon he picked up a billiard cue and threatened to strike me. I took the cue from him.

"Then I refused to play the game to a finish. We went out and had a drink and parted friends. It's hardly possible to believe he was a woman. Why he went to the Dixon-Lyman fight in Boston with a crowd of the boys and bet his money on Lyman. Jack Lyman lost the fight. All the way home Hall growled over his loss of the bet he had made. But he spent money freely and kept busy buying drinks for the crowd until they got back to New York. The crowd stayed in Boston two days. Come to think of it, Hall left the crowd one night up there and did not tell them where he had been. When he got back they jollied him and asked him if he had been off to see his best girl. I met him at the Coney Island Athletic club when Gus Ruhlin fought Tom Sharkey, and I also saw him at the Broadway Athletic club on a number of occasions. He was at the Wolcott-West fight in March, 1897. I think he lost $200 on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Carson City. I don't know whether he went there to see the fight, but I think he did. One thing is certain: he described it as well as anyone who did see it. But he was at almost all of the fights that occurred at the Coney Island Athletic club, and he was at the bike races at Madison Square garden a few years ago, for I went there with him."

From another source it was learned that Murray Hall got tipsy with a crowd who attended the Sharkey-Ruhlin fight at Coney Island in June, 1898. When the fight was over the crowd paid visits to the concert halls and finally some one suggested that all hands take a midnight bath in the surf. Murray Hall refused to go. He said he had a horror of being drowned, and was too old a man to learn how to swim.