SUPPLEMENT.
PAGES 9 TO 16.

New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY EDITION.
OCTOBER 17, 1886.

THE STATUE NEARLY READY.

SETTLING THE NAME OF THE ISLAND.

VISITORS YESTERDAY GREETED WITH CHILLY WINDS AND TOSSING WAVES.

The half dozen boat-loads of passengers who ventured down to Bedlow's Island yesterday in the face of a nipping wind and a heavy sea found their afternoon's enjoyment checkered with grave personal discomforts. The steamer, tossed and rolled even in the sheltered waters of the western harbor. The stinging half-gale swept the decks and drove all but the hardiest of sightseers into the cabins below. Under the stress of weather, too, the boat-schedule broke down completely. Trips were infrequent and irregular, and the chilled passengers, after their tour of the island, had to crouch and shelter themselves as best they could on the lee side of the bare, half-finished pier, possessing their souls in a dreamy sort of patience till the belated steamer should arrive.

There were compensations even for this, however, to the enthusiastic sightseer. The wind and storm had cleared the atmosphere of that soft October haze which has lain so long on the horizon. From the crown of the pedestal one could see the shores of the Bay and its twin tributary rivers startlingly near at hand. To the west the streets and houses of Communipaw and Jersey City stood out in little lines and masses, and further south were the tall chimneys of the oil refiners and the masts of the shipping at Bergen Point and Bayonne. The Staten Island hills were covered with patches of light and shade, bluish clumps of trees and spots of clearing, with house-tops and steeples. To the left was the Narrows, streaked with sails, showing a mass of white caps on the surface, but otherwise almost purple in the cold, clear light. Through it the Sandy Hook Spit lay plainly, not as usual, a mere dull strip of dark blue but showing sharply in high gray relief. The Bay Ridge bluffs, over which the Goddess seems to be looking were by turns a darker and lighter purple, and stretching northward from them, dull even in the sunlight was the monotonous outline of the city of Brooklyn. New-York itself was a vast field of roofs and towers and spires, broken only by the limit of vision. Not a trace of smoke hung over it from the Battery far up to where the bluffs of the Palisades begin. A mass of light scudding clouds hurried across the sky, but when the sun came fairly out it was one clear, splendid, spreading picture of that tiny world which the goddess as the lighthouse authorities finally settle it, may or may not light.

The extraordinary purity of the atmosphere had its effect on the statue too. The lines of the stately figure came out more clearly than they ever have before. The face took on a severer, sterner air, and the eyes grew as cold almost as the great copper frame itself. The torch has been added since last Sunday and gives the eager, straining attitude of the figure of last week its sense of balance and relief again. A few ropes still hang from the much-discussed balcony about the torch-stock, but the work on the outside of the statue is practically done. The iron staircase inside is being rapidly completed. No elevator will be put in the shaft of the pedestal until the ceremonies of the unveiling are over.

Work is still being done on the outside terraces and on the wall of the old fort. The supports for a grand stand have been built against the south edge of the pedestal, and the floor will cover that half of the old parade ground completely, meeting the parapet at a level and then descending by stairways to the terraces beyond. The battery of six guns is in position, each gun having a fresh coat of black paint. The lighthouse relief-ship was busy yesterday carrying over the glass plates for the new arrangement of lights. None of the glass has been put in yet. The new pier will be built in a few days and the island is now in the midst of a thorough clearing up.

There has been a great deal of confusion lately both about the name of the island and—with those who agreed on the name—about its spelling. The attempt of one of the New-York papers to make a new name off-hand for the island under its new uses has failed to gain much credit. The American Committee has always stuck to the old-fashioned Bedlow's. "Liberty Island," said Richard Butler, the secretary, not long ago, "is only a joke of *The World's*. The name cannot be changed without the consent of Congress."

THE OFFICIAL NAME OF THE ISLAND.

In one or two of the official orders the name has been spelled "Bedloe's." General Schofield's attention was called to this and he ordered an investigation by Lieutenant Vodges. Yesterday the report was issued, and the question of name may now be considered officially settled. Lieutenant Vodges's report is as follows:

General WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE, *Assistant Adjutant-General, Governor's Island, N. Y.*

SIR: I have the honor to state, in reply to your letter of October 13, that the evidence gathered by me shows that the name of the Island in question is "Bedlow's Island." Bedlow's Island received its name originally from its owner, Isaac Bedlow, a native of New Amsterdam, one of the substant at Dutch residents at the time of the English conquest 1664 and an Alderman under the new foreign administration (Magazine of American History, Vol. 13, p. 408, also Cornelius No. 4, Surgeon General's office.)

Isaac Bedlow died in 1672, and the island passed into the hands of his descendant. In 1738 it was used as a Quarantine Station. (Stone's Hist. N. Y., p. 109). Some time about the year 1746 it passed into the hands of Archibald Kennedy and was used by him as a summer residence. It was known as "Kennedy's Island" on some of the early English maps.

It was again used as a Quarantine Station about 1750 and for a military hospital by the British, which the Americans burned during the Revolutionary War. (Doc. Col. Hist., Vol. 8, p. 775). The island was ceded to the United States in 1800 by the state of New York.

The name of "Bedlow" appears in the following official document: "A remonstrance of the people of New Netherlands to the Director General 1664" signed amongst others by "Isaacq Bedlow" (probably misspelled.) (Document relative to the colonial history, N. Y., Vol. 2, p. 247.)

In 1664 amongst the names of the Dutch who swore allegiance after the surrender of New-York was "Bedlow, Isaac." (Ib ib. Vol. 3 p. 74.)

Orthography of the name from deeds—After the death of Isaac Bedlow, the children Isaac Bedlow (2), Sarah Burger, Catharine Hasbarden and Mary Smith, agreed by instrument of writing December 29, 1693, to divide the estate equally. In course of years Mary Smith, one of the daughters by inheritance and purchase, became legally possessed of the island and on August 3, 1732 conveyed which she called "Bedlow's Island" to Adolph Philips and Henry Line. In 1746 Adolph Philips conveyed "Bedlow's Island" to Archibald Kennedy. In 1750 it was purchased by the city in order to erect a Pest House thereon. In 1769 it was ordered that Evert Bell occupy "Bedlow's Island" during the pleasure of the corporation. In 1786 it was ordered that the treasurer let out "Bedlow's Island." In 1794 "Bedlow's Island" was granted to the State of New York for the purpose of erecting fortifications. (Mag. Am. History Vol. 13 p. 503.)

The maps give different names to this island. It was called "Kennedy's Island" on a "Cosmographical Atlas of the Province of New-York in North America, &c.," by Claude J. Lamhiet, esq., published in London, January 1, 1775. In Burr's Atlas of the State of New-York contains a map entitled "Map of the City and County of New York with the adjacent county," by David A. Burr, published by Simon De Witt, surveyor-general, on which the name is spelled "Bedlow's Island."

Cozzens uses the name of "Bedlow's Island" in his "Geological Map of New-York Island and Geological History of Manhattan of New York Island."

Macauly's "Natural, Statistical and Civil History of New-York" (New-York and Albany, Vol. 3, p. 125, 1829), calls the island "Bedlow's Island."

The assessors of the State of New-York, published in 1824, 1548 and 1842, spell the name "Bedlow."

Hough's Gazeteer published in 1872 at Albany, may be responsible for the orthography "Bedloe's," as it is called in that publication. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. W. VOODES,
Fort Columbus, N. Y. H., Oct 14, 1886. 1st Lieut. 5th Art.

The following additional facts appeared in THE TRIBUNE of June 8, 1885.

In a few weeks the name of the little island in the harbor, where the Statue of Liberty is to be placed, will be on everyone's tongue. For nearly two centuries it has borne its present name, but the former spelling has been changed, probably through the blunder of a map maker. Says a correspondent:

As Bedlow's Island is about to become very famous by reason of the great Bartholdi Statute to be erected on it, it would be well to have the name spelled correctly. The name is "Bedlow," after an old New York family, who once were owners of the Island. It is only within a few years that it has acquired the name of "Bedloe," a name of disgrace associated in English history with another scamp, one Titus Oates. The proper name "Bedlow" should be restored to the Island before the great statute is dedicated.

"Your correspondent is quite correct in his criticisms," said the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby yesterday to a TRIBUNE reporter. "The Island was named after my father's great grandfather, William Bedlow. My father, died about twenty years ago, was William Bedlow Crosby; his grandfather was William Bedlow second, and he was born in 1720."

"Was the island ever inhabited?"

"Some time before 1740."

"How did it come to receive its present name?"

"Doubtless some map maker, with less knowledge of American than British history, who did not know of the Bedlow family, changed the spelling on his own authority."

Dr. Crosby is proud of being a Dutch New-Yorker, and he once alluded to himself as "a quinquegenarian Knickerbocker." The record of the marriages in this city shows that William Bedlow, who Dr. Crosby said was born in 1720, married Catharina Rutgers on August 12, 1749, in the Dutch Church.

General Stone received yesterday these additional applications for place in the parade: Veteran Corps, 69th Regiment, Colonel Lynch, 175 strong; J. J. Scanlon Post No. 32, Sons of Veterans; George Washington Camp No. 1, U. S. War Veterans; Veterans of 9th Regiment, Colonel Baine, 105 strong; Union of French societies, 3,000 strong.

The following order has been issued by Marshal Decker, of the Volunteer Firemen's Divisen:

HEADQUARTERS VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S DIVISION,
No. 143 EAST EIGHTH-ST.,
NEW-YORK, Oct. 15, 1886.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

The commanding officers of all Volunteer Firemen organizations of this city and adjoining places, desiring to participate in the parade of the 28th inst., are requested to communicate with those headquarters *at once*, in all cases giving the number of men and stating whether they have apparatus, in order that proper assignments in line may be arranged.

JOHN DECKER,
By order of Division Marshal.

The New-York State Woman Suffrage Association, of which Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake is president, will give an excursion to Bedlow's Island on October 28. Mrs. Blake's order says:

The dedication of the great statue representing Liberty embodied as a woman is an event which ought not to pass without action on the part of the women of the State. The officers of the New-York State Woman Suffrage Association invite all persons interested in securing political liberty for women to join in a grand excursion down the bay to witness the unveiling of the statue.

It is not proposed to land on the island, but during the progress of the ceremonies there speeches will be made on the boat. Mary Seymour Howell, Caroline Gilkey Rogers, Clara Neyman, Henrica Hobian, Marguerite Moore, and many other eminent speakers are expected to be present.

M. A. Lefaivre, the French Consul-General, has been commissioned by the French Government to represent it at the ceremony of the unveiling in place of M. Roustan, who was not able to sail on the Bretagne, having been suddenly taken sick.

CAR LICENSE FEES MUST BE PAID.

DECIDING AGAINST THE THIRD AVENUE.

NEARLY $50,000 TO BE PAID BY THAT COMPANY—MR. LACOMBE'S ENERGETIC WORK.

Justice Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, yesday decided that the Third Avenue Railroad Company must pay an annual license fee for each car run upon its route since December 31, 1852, with interest, except so far as the fees are barred by the statute of limitations and stated that the parties in the suit of the Mayor, etc., against the company might appear before him any day next week except Saturday for the purpose of adjusting the amount for which a verdict shall be directed to be entered. The Judge, in his opinion, says it was evidently intended that the defendants should pay an annual licence fee for each car which might be run on Third-ave. under the resolutions of the Common Council, which became binding and operative on December 31, 1852.

This fee in the resolutions was referred to as "the annual license fee for each car now allowed by law." At that time there was no law regulating license fees for street cars, although the Fourth Avenue cars had been running for some time. A suit brought by the city against the company, in which the city sought to recover $50 for each car, pursuant to a resolution passed after the incorporation of the company, was carried to the Court of Appeals and decided against the city. Then another action was begun in which it was claimed that the company must pay the license fee of $20 fixed by law at the time of the passage of the resolution of 1852 as affecting stages and omnibuses. The Corporation Counsel insisted that this license fee was applicable to street cars, which the company denied. Justice Lawrence holds that the Corporation Counsel's point is well taken. Under the statute of limitations the judgment in effect is for the payment of $20 annually for each car for six years prior to the beginning of the suit, with interest.

The counsel for the defendants say that they will appeal from the decision. Corporation Counsel E. Henry Lacombe appeared for the plaintiff, and John E. Parsons, Edward Lauterbach, Charles C. Applegate and James P. Lowrey for the defendants.

In speaking of the decision Mr. Lacombe said to a TRIBUNE reporter: "When I took office on June 1, 1884, there were many suits pending against horse railroad companies for license fees. One action, that against the Broadway and Seventh Avenue, had been selected as the pioneer case, but it had not gone beyond the General Term. Inasmuch as many of these actions were of long standing I determined to make a special effort to dispose of them and have, since that time, taken personal charge of them, including the preparation for trial, trial and argument. The work is now drawing to an end with gratifying results. In October, 1884, we argued the case of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad at the Court of Appeals and obtained a decision in favor of the city. Under that judgment $57,495 was paid by the road. Actions against the other roads being vigorously pushed, many of them accepted the decision in this case and settled the claims against them. In this way the Central Park, North and East River Railroad Company paid $22,700, and the Forty-second and Grand street paid $34,000, the Houston and West street, $2,400, the Dry Dock, East Broadway, etc., $77,000.

"Other roads, however, were not controlled by the decision in the Broadway and Seventh Avenue case, and they continue to resist the collection; among these were the Eighth Avenue road, in which we obtained judgment in March, 1886, for $43,000, and the Third Avenue road—the decision of Judge Lawrence rendered to-day giving us judgment for about $49,000 against that road.

"The appeal from the judgment against the Eighth Avenue road will be argued this month, and if the Law Department succeeds in holding the judgments against that road and the third Avenue, those cases will control pending actions for about $80,000 more. Besides this I hope to have by the end of this month, or the beginning of next, the final payment of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue road, which will be about $60,000. I may be pardoned for saying, in view of the opposition which the Law Department has had to encounter in these litigations, that cash collections aggregating over $250,000, with $170,000 more "in sight," is a very satisfactory result of the two years' work."

QUESTIONS THAT WERE NOT ANSWERED.

A LAWYER SEEKS THE HELP OF JUSTICE DONOHUE AGAINST A WITNESS.

A. R. Hammond, who is being sued by Edward R. Ketchum, a stock dealer at No. 55 Broadway, for $10,087 50, lost in stock speculations at No. 51 New-st., appeared in the law office of Esbert H. Grandin, No. 18 Broadway yesterday for examination. W. W. Niles, the plaintiff's counsel, and the plaintiff together with Mr. McMahon, the defendant's extra counsel, were also present. Mr. Hammond in a short speech before the examination began said that he had bad teeth, a neuralgic headache and didn't want to be worried or he would have to go. This didn't affect Mr. Niles in the least, for he began a rigid cross-questioning. The first part of the testimony related to the depositing of checks and the manner in which Mr. Hammond became connected with the business as an employe. He said that there had been an arrangement by which he got $30 a week and the good will and name of the place for his services as manager.

Q.—Then while you have been doing business there as A. R. Hammond & Co. you had no interest except as a clerk on a salary? A.—Not since last January.

Q.—What was then said in regard to the use of the name and furniture? A.—Nothing was said about it.

Q.—Do you mean to say that nothing was said about it? A.—I refuse to answer any question in regard to my private affairs I refuse to answer.

Q.—When it failed did you pay 1 cent on the dollar? A.—I refuse to answer.

Q.—Who were your associates in the Magnolia Hotel? A.—None of your business.

Q.—Was the Grain and Stock Exchange connected with you in the hotel? A.—I won't answer.

Q.—Did you pay one cent of the indebtedness on the hotel enterprise?

The counsel for the defendant objected to the question as being irrelevant and impertinent, and his patient stood up and shaking his fist at the opposing counsel, said: "If you keep this thing up any longer I will have to go. I am on the Grand Jury and you won't see me up in for two weeks. The final sentence was uttered in a tone of triumph. His counsel pulled him to his seat and the examination continued for a few moments when the plaintiff's counsel threatened to take the case before Justice Donohue unless the witness answered the questions. He said to his opposing lawyer: "Brother Grandin, I didn't come here with the intention of having my questions choked off in this way and unless they are answered we will go to the court house." Every other question asked was either "not answered" by advice of counsel or of the witness's own accord.

Q.—Did you issue the circular to the effect that A. R. Hammond & Co. had a capital of $100,000? A.—I don't know who issued it. I saw it about a year ago.

Q.—Who were A. R. Hammond & Co. two years ago? A.—I refuse to answer.

Q.—Do you state on your oath that you have not seen that circular since two years ago? A.—I was on my oath before I ever saw you, sir, and if you keep up this thing I will go.

The majority of the other questions were not answered, and Mr. Niles started off to find Justice Donohue to get an order to compel the witness to answer them. "You can go if you wish to, and if you desert the case I consider it off," exclaimed the defendant's counsel.

"You had better come up to court and save yourself further trouble," was the angry retort.

"I have got something else to do than to dance attendance on Judge Donohue," was the reply. The Justice signed the papers compelling the witness to answer the questions.

LITTLE LIGHT ON MISER PAINE'S LIFE.

HIS LANDLORD TELLS HOW HE LIVED AND DIED—NO WILL FOUND.

James J. Wardwell's claim, that the miser, James H. Paine, made a will which has disappeared, bequeathing him his entire property, had another hearing yesterday before Surrogate Rollins at the rooms of the Bar Association in West Twenty-ninth-st. Theodore H. Swift appeared for the administrator and Boston heirs, and Charles J. Babbitt for Mr. Wardwell. Pierre Joseph Luer, a venerable Belgian, testified in French that Paine had boarded with him for eighteen years and had died in his apartments at No. 77 Bleecker-st. on December 23.

"I found him dead about 7 a. m.," he said. "I searched the bed carefully, but found only $10, and a lot of worthless letters and papers. In the evening A. M. McDonald, a friend of Paine's, and a Mr. Dingwell, who keeps a beer shop on Broadway, called. Dingwell told me that he would send me a coffin the next day, and he came with the coffin and piled all the letters and papers in Paine's room into the dead man's trunk and carried it away. I thought he was from the City Hall because he was occupied with the burial. I have not seen him since. Three days before Paine died he called to me and said, in disconnected words: 'I want to see Mr. Wardwell—about my will—$500,000.' Then he added in French 'mon testament,' for fear that I would not understand. Then he asked me to find Mr. Wardwell and Mr. Anderson. I tried to find them, but could not, and when I told Paine he said it was all right and pressed my hand to his heart. A few days before Paine died a lady called on him. He shut himself up in his room and refused to see her. About the same time Mr. Anderson called, but Paine would not see him. Mr. Wardwell called once in the fall before Paine's death, but did not see him though he waited two hours. I heard Paine had money and I did not believe it that he lived so wretchedly. So I asked him, and he said he had only an income of $300. When I learned that he had been robbed on the 7th of December, I asked him how much he had lost and he put his closed fists together to give me an idea of what the amount was. I never saw an important document in his room. He paid me $8 a month for his room and used to sell papers that he begged from the boarders. He ate in our house whenever we would give him anything, and he smoked cigar stumps he had found."

Surrogate Rollins said he thought that the case would go to trial to-morrow.

GENERAL SICKLES WINS A SUIT.

General Daniel E. Sickles was sued by Maunsell B. Field for a balance of $127 68, which he claimed was due him for services performed in examining the title of property on the northeast corner of Fifth-ave. and Ninth-st., which the General a year ago contemplated purchasing with a view to erecting a large apartment-house there. The original charge was $227 68 and the defendant paid $100, refusing to pay more. General Sickles, in his answer, averred that the services were negligently performed and were not worth more than $100, which had been accepted in full payment of all demands. The defendant had decided not to purchase the property and the examination of the title was not completed. There were two mortgages on the property for $10,000 and $30,000 respectively, which the plaintiff failed to report. The General also set up a counter-claim for money due him on a stock transaction, in which he said he was induced to embark by the plaintiff and his brother, the late Clinton G. Field. He said that on September 18, 1882, they called on him and told him there was going to be a boom in the stock of the Bradshaw Mining Company. One of them was counsel and the other vice-president of the company, and they claimed to know all its secrets. He gave them $1,500 to buy the stock with; he was to share the profits with them and they guaranteed him against loss. The stock went down instead of up and was finally sold at a loss of 43 per cent. The General therefore, demanded that the plaintiff should pay one-third of the loss, or $134 23.

The case was tried before Justice Ingraham and a jury in the Superior Court and resulted in a verdict for the defendant, by which it was declared that the defendant's indebtedness to the plaintiff was entirely liquidated.

DR. TAUSZKY'S SERVICES TO MISS HOYT.

Max Danziger, as committee of the person and estate of Dr. Rudolph Tauszky, the insanity expert, who became crazy, sued Miss Mary Irene Hoyt for $17,000, claimed for professional services rendered by the doctor in examining the condition of her mind for the purpose of testifying in the famous case in which she opposed the probate of the will of her father, Jesse Hoyt. The merits of the claim were examined by a referee, who reported that the plaintiff was entitled to $9,000. Miss Hoyt's counsel, Frank J. Dupignac, yesterday applied to Justice Donohue, in the Supreme Court, Chambers, for an order setting aside the report, in which, he said, one of the items amounting to $132 was mistakenly set down as $8,132. The decision was reserved.

MR. WEBSTER'S VISIT TO THE POPE.

THE PLAN OF PUBLISHING LEO'S MEMOIRS.

THE PUBLISHER GRACIOUSLY RECEIVED—MRS. GRANT'S SECOND CHECK.

Mrs. Grant received from the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Co., a check for $150,000 a few days ago. This is the second instalment of the money earned by the brave soldier and ex-President after Ward and Wall Street had left him penniless. The first payment made by the publisher from the profits of the Grant Memoirs was in the form of a check for $200,000, sent to Mrs. Grant some time ago. "If our suits are decided favorably," said Mr. Webster to a TRIBUNE reporter, "we shall send Mrs. Grant another check for $100,000 in a month. The suits to which I refer are those arising out of the unauthorized sale of our book by Wanamaker. Two of our general agents in Philadelphia, who violated their contract by letting Wanamaker have the books at wholesale prices, now have the nerve to withhold the amount due us from them on the ground that their business was injured by this very sale of Wanamaker's. The amount involved is about $50,000 and I think we shall force them to pay. Mrs. Grant gets 70 per cent of the profits, not of the receipts and we can't tell how much it will amount to until the book stops selling. A limited and richly bound edition of 500 or 1,000 copies will probably be issued soon at a subscription price of $100 a set. Each volume will contain a page or part of a page of the General's manuscript. It will be finely illustrated, some of the engravings not having appeared a all before."

In regard to his recent trip to Rome to see the Pope about the publication of his memoirs, Mr. Webster said: "I was received most cordially and treated hospitably by the members of the Holy Father's Cabinet. Archbishop Kirby, rector of the Irish College at Rome, and the highest Irish prelate, was especially kind. He gave Mrs. Webster a quill pen whose feather was replaced by an elaborate mass of flowers wrought of silver wire. The second day we were in Rome we had an audience with the Pope though he was so feeble that only one other audience, and that to an Italian Count, was granted that week. Many church dignitaries, including, I believe, the Archbishop of Chicago, went away without getting an audience. It is one of the rules of etiquette of the Vatican that whoever calls on the Pope must go in a two-horse carriage. No one-horse carriages are admitted at the private entrance. So we went in a double carriage, with two footmen and plenty of style. Dr. Bernard Reilly and his sister, Mrs. Webster and myself made up the party. We passed through a number of rooms magnificently furnished and through the ranks of the Swiss Guards. Our credentials, which took the shape of an invitation from the Papal Chamberlain, Monsignor Macchi, were examined and we were received by that dignitary in an ante-room. He lifted a heavy leather curtain from a door way and, passing through, my eye caught the form of a venerable personage with silvery white hair and dressed in white silken robes. I knew it was the Pope and straightway made first of the three genuflections that are to be made in approaching him. He took us each by the hand as we were presented. That idea about people's kissing the Pope's toe is all bosh. The most devout Catholics kiss the cross worked on his slipper, but he is distinct about that. The average believer kisses his ring, in which is set a magnificent emerald an inch in diameter. I presented him a copy of General Grant's memoirs. The conversation was in French.

"'In 1878,' said the Holy Father, 'I had the pleasure of receiving General Grant in this room and on this spot. He was a great man. His memory is cherished pleasant to me for one act of kindness that he extended to a servant of the Church who was interfered with in his attempts at missionary work in General Grant's armies. You are a countryman of his from America, a wonderful country, the land of promise.'

"He blessed the book which we are to publish, blessed us individually, and blessed our children after inquiring their names and ages. When we were about to withdraw he mechanically extended his hand to Mrs. Webster. Then, recollecting himself, he withdrew it, said with a twinkle in his eye: 'Will the little Protestant kiss the Pope's ring?'

"The little Protestant expressed her desire to do so and the ring was again extended. In the anteroom we found the noble guards (each of them an Italian grandee) who had retired from the private audience chamber at our entrance, leaving us alone with the Holy Father.

"I have made sub-contracts in Spain, Italy, France, Germany, Holland and England for publishing the book, in every case with the best publisher in the country and at my own terms. I was everywhere followed by reporters and interviewed in all the known languages. The manuscript is now being translated and we hope to have the book published about next April. The Pope gave me a photograph of himself, and that will be the original of the engraving each set will contain. The Holy Father was greatly interested in a mission for children that he had just established at Ephesus, and he wanted me to give something toward it. I promised, if the book was successful, to do something handsome for the mission, and I think he is pretty sure of his money, for the prospects for its sale already promise great things."

THE COLLEGE POINT FERRY RUNNING.

The New-York and Long Island Ferry Company continued to run its boats at intervals yesterday between Ninety-ninth-st. and College Point. As the Dock Department dredge occupies the whole of the company's slip and two Dock Department watchmen were doing duty on the deck of the dredge, no effort was made by the ferry company to resume possession. Passengers were landed on an improvised pier. It was reported that an injunction would be taken out against the Dock Department, but this was denied by the ferry officials.

"I think the difficulty will all be settled on Monday," Vice-President Middleton said: "We have started this ferry as a venture and we cannot tell yet whether it is going to pay us, but it was generally understood and published that we were to occupy the property where we established our ferry-house until the franchise was offered for sale. The action of the Dock Department is putting us to a great deal of trouble, and we do not think it was called for."

NOT EVEN THANKED FOR SAVING A LIFE.

Policeman James J. Murray, of the Harlem Squad, while patrolling East One-hundred-and-sixteenth-st. at 1 a. m. yesterday, saw a man and a woman walking together near the river. The woman suddenly fell into the water, screaming for help. Her companion shouted, but appeared too much excited to help her out. Murray ran to the river and jumped in without a moment's delay. He seized the woman and managed to drag her out before she had suffered much from the unwilling bath. As soon as she was out of the water, the man took her by the arm and said:

"Come home at once or you will catch cold." Murray inquired where the couple lived, but they refused to tell him. The woman's teeth had begun to chatter with the cold and she did not even thank the policeman for saving her life. The man said that he was Robert Gray and that she was his wife. When Murray inquired why they were at the river front at such an unreasonable hour, Gray replied that they had gone to look at the ruins of the Harlem Baths which were destroyed by fire. Murray let them go as he was in a hurry to get to the police station to put on a dry uniform.

CIVIL SERVICE MEN SEE THE HARBOR.

When the Democrats took possession of the White House, one of the edicts that went forth was that there would be no junketing trips. Perhaps Surveyor Beattie, who took National Civil Service Commissioners Oberly and Lyman around the harbor yesterday on the revenue cutter Chandler, would say that this was not a junketing trip, but an answer to the call of duty. "It is difficult to see," said an official, "what there is to accomplish for Civil Service Reform in an excursion around the harbor on a Government vessel. The real fact is that Mr. Beattie has captured the Commissioners, and to impress his personality upon them took them off on a little jaunt."

The surveyor and the two Commissioners spent nearly the entire afternoon in their excursion, and it afforded Commissioner Oberly, who had never been to New-York before, an opportunity to see "the finest harbor in the world." He said on Friday: "Now, gentlemen, you know I am from the far West; this is my first visit to New-York, and I want to see it, so don't lay out any night work for me." This is the first visit of the National Commission to New-York in fifteen months, although this city is the important centre of Civil service work.

The Commissioners spent two hours in the morning at the Appraisers' Stores, the purpose being to try and develop rules for the examination of experts. They find this a serious matter, since every position has its specific sphere and requires examiners conversant with the different branches of imports.

A BIG SHOW OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The New-York Horticultural Society announces that on November 2 it will hold at the Cosmopolitan Hall an exhibition of chrysanthemums. It is said that this will surpass any floral display hitherto seen here and the preparations are being made on an extensive scale. Some of the specimens will be over five feet in diameter and covered with hundreds of flowers. The specimens in the display of cut flowers will range from the giant Japanese varieties, with blooms seven or eight inches across, to the diminutive Pompon, as small as a field daisy. A special feature will be made of the arranging of flowers in Japanese fashion. The hall will be lighted by electricity and several novel ideas in lighting will be introduced. Music will be provided by Cappa's 7th Regiment band and a new march has been composed by Cappa, entitled "The March of the Queen of Autumn." The exhibition will continue for a week and will be open in the evening.

GRANT IN PEACE.

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU.

XX.

GRANT IN SOCIETY.

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Grant was a plain man, but those are greatly mistaken who suppose he was a common one. His early life he has himself described as that of plain people at the West fifty or sixty years ago. He received, however, the advantages of West Point and its associations, and officers of the army in those days were considered eligible to any company. At St. Louis he married into a family that held itself as high as any in the old society of that semi-Southern city; a society which was undoubtedly at that time provincial and narrow; its members had seen or known little of any world but their own, but the feeling they had that their position was equal to any gave them a certain distinction of bearing that nothing else could confer. It was not a highly educated society, and resembled in some points the squirearchy of England that Macaulay describes; elevated in feeling though contracted in acquirement, and if over-conscious of its own consequence, nevertheless never meeting anybody of more consequence than its own members. In this circle Grant obtained a knowledge of the sentiments and prejudices that are by some supposed to be characteristic only of gentlemen. Many of these he shared by nature, others he acquired, but others he always repudiated.

He was, as all the world knows, simple in his tastes and habits, and at one time unacquainted with many of the etiquettes and requirements of an artificial society; not a few of which, indeed, he disliked after he became familiar with them. Forms and ceremonies were always distasteful to him, and though he complied with such as his position rendered unavoidable, he escaped from them in private as speedily and as effectually as possible. But the very simplicity of taste and feeling, the plainness of manner that he preserved in his extraordinary elevation, were proof of a native and genuine refinement.

When he arrived at the capital to receive the command of the armies he was shy and reserved in general company; of course never timid, but he was aware of his deficiencies in social knowledge, and the consciousness made him constrained and sometimes awkward under the honors and congratulations that were heaped upon him. But this awkwardness in the Conqueror of Vicksburg had a certain charm. It indicated an absence of conceit, a lack of pretence and a modesty almost unexampled in a man of his achievements, and showed how sweet and gentle a nature lay beneath the sterner qualities which had won his battles and his fame.

He always desired, however, to conform to the requirements of whatever place he was called upon to fill, and was now quite willing to perform his social duties. I accompanied Mrs. Grant when she made her first visit to the White House, over which she was afterward to preside, and General Grant was greatly pleased to have the visit paid. It was an afternoon reception of Mrs. Lincoln's, and Lincoln himself was present. The President had never met Mrs. Grant, and at first he did not catch her name and was allowing her to pass with the customary bow that every one receives; but I repeated, "Mrs. General Grant, Mr. President"; and the tall, ungainly man looked down upon his visitor with infinite kindness beaming from his ugly, historic face; then placed both his hands on Mrs. Grant's and welcomed her more than warmly. He asked about the General, and himself presented her to Mrs. Lincoln. The mistress of the White House was also gracious; she invited Mrs. Grant to visit the conservatories, and desired me to show them to the lady who was destined herself to dispense the courtesies of the nation in the same Executive Chamber. On our way out several great political women seemed inclined to patronize the Western General's wife; not, of course, offensively, but still they acted as they would hardly have behaved among or toward themselves. But Mrs. Grant at once detected the suggestion of superiority in their courtesies, and asserted herself delicately but skilfully. When they wanted to introduce fine ladies to her in the lobbies of the White House, she regretted that her carriage was waiting, but would be happy to receive the ladies at her hotel; and when they offered seats in their boxes at the play, evidently in order to be seen with the wife of the General of the Armies, she politely indicated that a box had already been secured for her; and for this she afterward selected her own company.

Her influence, of course, affected her great husband. He had constantly the suggestions of a woman who understood other women, and who knew instinctively what would be said of him and to him, as well as what she wanted him to say and do in return. Naturally she was anxious about the appearance he made in what is called "society." He had been ushered all at once into the most distinguished and exacting circles: he would be watched and criticised as well as welcomed and admired: and with a feminine insight she comprehended both the petty craft and the important ambitions that underlie so many of the ceremonies of official life at Washington as well as in aristocratic capitals. When Grant was overmodest or willing to let himself be passed by, there was always the mentor to caution and urge and stimulate and advise; and sometimes the mentor was needed.

I recall an instance in which I contended for a while against Mrs. Sprague, the daughter of Chief Justice Chase. Everybody in Washington, Cabinet Ministers, foreign envoys, Senators, even the judges of the Supreme Court, hurried to call on General Grant after his brilliant successes in the war; the ordinary Washington etiquette of visiting was broken down for him. But the Chief Justice did not call. He considered himself the second person in the country, the next after the President in position, as under ordinary circumstances he certainly would have been. Besides this he was an aspirant for the Presidency and unwilling to admit Grant's precedence in any way. Mrs. Sprague spoke to me of the matter at a dance at General Grant's house. She, as a Senator's wife, had called upon Mrs. Grant, but she thought General Grant should call on the Chief Justice. I, however, tried hard to keep the General from paying the first visit. Like all staff officers I magnified the consequence of my chief, and I was younger then and had not seen the preposterous regard for precedence at European courts; perhaps in such matters I was not so good a democrat as studying a real aristocracy has made me since. At any rate I put every obstacle in the way of the visit. But one afternoon General Grant was driving and stopped to call on the Chief Justice. The visit was instantly returned, and the General and Mrs. Grant were asked to dinner; so Mrs. Sprague triumphed. I always suspected that the General made the visit with malice prepense, for he often used to say, "Badeau, you think too much of these things," and he would pretend to scold. Once or twice he was in earnest when he thought matters were carried too far.

Nevertheless he conformed to many observances which at first he had found irksome as well as unusual. It was some little time before he consented to wear an evening coat, and the white tie especially was a disagreeable novelty. But he soon discovered that he made himself more conspicuous by avoiding the dress that others wore than by adopting it; and when he ascertained the importance attributed to visits in the official and high political world in which he lived, he became anxious that they should be paid and returned punctiliously. In time it was he who urged Mrs. Grant to make her calls, and those who did not know would hardly believe how particular he grew about placing people at dinner. Not that he regarded these points as important, but others did, whom he was unwilling to neglect or to offend.

So too about his parties. He was always willing to open his house, and wanted no one left out whom it was proper to invite. He had indeed a genuine liking for society; not only because wherever he went he was the chief and the idol, though this might make any one fond of the world; but he was social by nature. He not only had a pleasure in the company of his intimates, not only enjoyed the conversation of important men; but he liked to look at pretty girls and to listen to the talk of clever women. For a long time, however, he was not ready in replying; he had little small talk, and could not make conversation without a theme; but he observed closely under his mask of silence, and I always relished his criticisms of people and manners. He gossipped very genially, and observed little points of behavior and their significance as acutely as many of long experience in what is called "the world." I had a great deal to do with his early social career. I was very much at his house and his table before he became President, I dispensed the invitations to his receptions, and went with him to dinners and parties innumerable in half the cities of the Union. I stood by him at public receptions when thousands shook him by the hand, and every man put all his enthusiasm and all his patriotism into a single grasp, until Grant's arm became swollen and lame for weeks, and the newspapers published a caricature of "The hand we shook so often." Sometimes in the crowd the aides-de-camp thrust out their hands and saved him many a squeeze. He possessed the "royal" memory of faces and when at his own house or headquarters any of the millions called whom he had met before, he always remembered the names which we who had stood beside him were often unable to recall.

For years his unwillingness to make a speech was curious. When he was nominated for the Presidency he declared he had neither the power of public speaking nor the disposition to acquire it. In the long series of ovations that followed him everywhere after the close of the war not more than two or three words were ever extorted from him in reply to encomiums and even adulation such as few men have ever heard addressed to themselves. I was once travelling with him by railroad during the height of his early popularity. Wherever the train stopped it was surrounded by ardent and patriotic throngs. His silence had now become celebrated, and a woman in the crowd cried out, "I want to see the man that lets the women do all the talking."

At another time his youngest son, Jesse, then a boy of only seven years, came out on the platform when the cries for a "speech" were loudest and his father was as silent as the Sphynx. The lad looked first at the mass of enthusiastic people before him and then at the great soldier by his side, and inquired, "Papa, why don't you speak to them?" But Grant remained mute and Jesse at last cried out: "I can make a speech, if Papa can't." The shouts instantly went up: "A speech from Jesse! A speech from Jesse!" Then there was a hush, and the child began in his treble voice, but without a shade of the embarassment his father would have felt,

"The boy stood on the burning deck."—

Jesse made another speech during the same summer that was even more felicitous. Grant and his family were at the farm near St. Louis where Mrs. Grant's father resided. One hot day after the two o'clock dinner, when everybody was out on the lawn, Jesse mounted a haystack and exclaimed: I'll show you how Papa makes a speech." Grant himself laughed, and we all went up to the haystack. Then Jesse made a bow, (which his father would not have done), and began: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am very glad to see you, I thank you very much, Good night." Everyone laughed, but Grant blushed up to the eyes. I don't think he relished the imitation at all; it was too close. But Jesse was the baby, and we talked about something else.

Years afterward I thought of this scene in Missouri when I heard Grant at a great table in the Guildhall at London address a brilliant company in felicitous language that evoked cheers of admiration from the finest critics of eloquence in the world. For he certainly acquired the art of putting one or two appropriate thoughts into fitting language on such occasions in as high degree as any one I ever listened to. His replies were models