The Sun.

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TIRED OF LIFE AT FIFTEEN.

THE SAD STORY OF LITLE JOHNNY KELLY, CABIN BOY FROM DUBLIN.

Preparing to Spring from a South Street Pier After he had Been Wandering Along the Water Front Hunting for a Vessel—Made Drunk, not Knowing, by Some Sailor.

Little John Kelly was born in Dublin. His father was a sailor, who lived near the North Wall, and shipped whenever he could get a chance on long voyages. The mother died when John was a year old. He played about the wharves, and got a few months' schooling. He was a small boy for his years. When he was 14 years of age he was smaller than most boys at 10. A year ago his father lost his life in a shipwreck, and John had no one left to feed and clothe him. He wandered about the piers hungry and disconsolate, picking up a little to eat here and there, and being cuffed by the sailors, who called him "The Little Marlinspike." One day a white-haired old Captain took a fancy to him, and set him to swabbing out the cabin of his ship. John, who was scarcely bigger than the mop, handled it so neatly, that the old Captain hired him as cabin boy. On his second voyage he shipped in the brig Sopy Cook, Capt. Dunn, which brought him to New York. Here he went to sea in a bark that took him to Antwerp, where he was left forlorn and penniless, with only the clothes he had on his back. His precocity and self-reliance, added to his taking ways, secured him a passage to America in the bark Arena. The master of the Arena had one cabin boy—an Englishman—but John interested him so much that he engaged the little fellow to act as a sort of supernumerary cabin boy to the men in the forecastle. On the voyage over, John's big companion tried to thrash him. John was small but compact, and the English boy found him a tough customer. They had several pitched battles among the hen coops on the upper deck, in which the youngster from the Liffey Well proved the victor, after that the Englishman allowed John to have his own way.

The Arena arrived in New York early in December, and John was again out of a job. On New Year's Day he searched all along the wharves looking for a ship. The Captains and mates laughed at him and said that he was too small. Then he offered to work for nothing; but they only shook their heads and laughed at him the more. The chilling blasts of Friday last found the little fellow still searching for a ship. A kind-hearted German in Coenties slip had given him food and shelter, but his clothes were thin, and the biting wind and keen cold of New York penetrated to the little marlinspike almost numb. At Peck Slip he paused under the lee of a big ship and strove to warm his frozen fingers by thrusting them in his mouth.

"Hello, boy," called out a tall man, with black whiskers, looking down from the deck above, "what are you doing there?"

"Trying for to warm me, sir," replied the "marlinspike," almost choked with tears and cold. "Do you know of any ship, sir, where they want a cabin boy?"

"Come up here and have some New Year's," said the man, holding up a black bottle to the boy's gaze.

John did not like the man's looks, but anything was better than the biting cold, and he scrambled aboard. The man with the black whiskers took him down to an empty place amid the cargo. Then he took a long pull at the bottle and smacked his lips. "Ah!" he said, "this is the stuff to keep out the cold. Will you have some, my little man?"

Ignorant of the effects of such a dram, John consented. The man poured out a good-sized tumbler full, and John drank it off. It burnt a good deal going down his throat, and made him choke and brought the tears into his eyes. But he managed to get it down. He felt so too, warmer, and then the man said that he guessed it was about time for him to go ashore. John got ashore, after much swaying and slipping as would do for a dozen New Year's calls, and tried to resume his old work of looking for a place. But the fumes of the liquor confused him, his head grew thick, and he staggered and laughed unmeaningly. When the Captains saw that, they cursed him for a drunken, good-for-nothing little fellow, and ordered him off their ships. The liquor mounted to his brain and he grew wild and delirious. He tried to find his way home, but with out success. Then he staggered through the snow to the brink of the slip at Pier 13, and looked in. A couple of big ships were floating in the basin, their bowsprits sticking over into the street, and their tall masts and mass of rigging piercing the cold gray sky. On the green water the reflection of the lighting of gas was cut in a fraction of an inch thick. John's weight, small as he was and undersized, would have readily broken it.

John had sometimes thought of jumping overboard when the big cabin boy was getting the better of him, or when the sailors swore at him and poured rum down his throat; but he hadn't done it, but the green water never looked so inviting nor so pleasant to him as on Friday evening. His little muddled brain was afire with liquor and he drew back for a minute and then tottered with hot breath and clenched teeth toward the edge of the slip. He was just starting forward, when a strong arm seized him. Frank Colcord, a clerk in J. W. Behain's clothing store, caught him by the wrist. The boy struggled, but Mr. Colcord dragged him back. He had partly quieted him, and released his hold, when the little fellow broke from and headed for the pier head again.

"Let me go!" he cried, struggling vio-lently. "I want to die."

Then he sank despairingly on the snow, and the tears oozed from his inflamed eyes. They took him into Mr. Behan's store, at 394 South street, and tried to soothe his delirium, but without effect. Officer Hitchman of the steamboat squad was called in and little John was reluctantly handed over to him. The officer took him to the New street police station, where they locked him up in a little white-washed cell leading out of a warm hallway. When he had partly recovered he told the police his story. They had a good deal of interest in the little waif, and brought him up in the Tombs Police Court Mr. Fisher gave him a good breakfast.

"Call up John Kelly!" Justice Otterbourg said in the court yesterday afternoon.

The officer addressed quiet the room, and the wondering audience settled themselves to hear some big drawing captive, of herculean proportions, led into court.

"Well, have you got him?" exclaimed the Justice, somewhat impatiently, as the officer returned apparently alone.

"Here he is your Honor," Sergeant Woodruff replied.

The Justice took off his eyeglasses, wiped them carefully, put them on again and stared up down, and around the court room for the drawing prisoner. He caught sight of a struggling tuft of light brown hair, above the edge of the desk. John Kelly, pale and careworn looking childhood, was standing on tiptoe to reach the bar. His jacket was thrust before at the elbows, but the rest was clean. The turn of collar that stuck out of the upper lining of his jacket was turned down neatly over his warm neckties. Around his throat, and tucked under his tucked, he wore a diminutive scarf, rather worn, but faded and frayed, but clean. Into that scarf the poor little John could not get his nose above the edge of the bar.

"Is this his Honor," said, pushing away the boy, and rising so as to get a view of the prisoner forehead and eyebrows; "this is John Kelly? What have he been doing?"

"Attempted and trying to drown himself," the officer explained.

"What your name, prisoner?" the Justice asked, trying to look stern and unrelenting, and making a lamentable failure of it.

"I works on ships, your Honor. I'm a cabin boy."

"Can you read and write?"

"Dublin boys never read," one of the officers remarked in an undertone.

"I read a ship from an afternoon newspaper, sir, easy and rapidly, whereupon the Justice looked confused. John told the Justice how he had indeed to drink the dram and that it was the first time he had drunk.

"What do you want to do now?"

"Get a ship, sir."

"How would you like to stay here till we get a ship?"

He hurriedly explained that he had rather work a port day and night without finding a place than stay there. He had met the kind-hearted German in Coenties slip and taken care of him, and said that he would help him till he could get a ship.

"I don't blame you for your choice," the Justice said, "I promise me that you will drink anything here, and that any ships at that place. Then if you don't get work in three or four days come back to me. I'll try to get you a ship."

"Thank you, sir. I will, sir."

"Have a sixpence or need any money," the Justice said, as the little marlinspike toddled off alongside of the big Sergeant to go home to mother the same.

"Sparkling and Bright in Liquid Light."

[illegible] ever seen [illegible] Parson's Pills, upon which [illegible] Any druggist will tell you [illegible] 44 Dey st., New York.

TRAINS SNOWED IN.

Passengers Suffering Greatly for Provisions, and from the Intense Cold.

RICHLAND, N. Y., Jan. 4.—Three trains on the Rome, Watertown and Ordensburg Railway, containing seventy passengers, have been snowed in here since Thursday. Their provisions and fuel are running short. There is no prospect of release for several days. Waite's "Ten Nights in a Barroom" Combination are among the passengers.

OSWEGO, Jan. 4.—Considerable snow is falling and the weather continues boisterous. All the railroads leading from the city are buried in the snow, and no efforts will be made to open them until the storm subsides. Business is nearly at a standstill.

At Sandy Creek there is great suffering for want of provisions, wood, and kerosene. The people of the village are dividing up their wood piles, and many have resort to fences to keep from freezing. At Pulaski some of the stores are closed. Wood is becoming scarce, and snowshoes are the rage.

A passenger train on the Syracuse Northern has been stalled two miles south of Brewerton since Thursday, and cannot get out. There are about thirty-five passengers aboard the cars, of whom nine are women. The farmers of the neighborhood are contributing liberally to their comfort. All efforts possible are being made to get the train to Brewerton but the snow is drifting in faster than the men can shovel it out.

Four trains have been abandoned at Richland, on the Rome, Watertown and Ordensburg road. The three trains have some 75 passengers and 70 tons of coal. No provisions for.

At Lawson's Station, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road, twenty-five passengers are snowbound.

At Central Square, on the Midland and Syracuse Northern roads, the snow banks are ten to fifteen feet deep, and the hotels are filled with homeseeking travelers.

At Hannibal, on the Western Division of the Rome, Watertown, and Ordensburg road, the storm is the severest known within the recollection of any of the present residents. The train which arrived there Thursday from Niagara Falls has been abandoned at the station. The snow is piled up on the streets from fifteen to twenty feet deep. The merchants are getting short of provisions.

At Mexico the roads are impassable, and business is suspended. The schools closed yesterday on account of the storm.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 4.—The storm has forced an actual abandonment of the Syracuse and Oswego, Syracuse, Northern, Syracuse, Binghamton and New York, and the Chenango Valley and New York Railroads, all of which succumbed to the drifted snow on Thursday. The Oswego line lost a train short out at Lawson's since Thursday night, and the Chenango a train near Manlius since Friday night. All efforts to free these trains from their imprisonment have proved futile. The passengers are being supplied with the charity of the farmers, who supply food and fuel. Some cases of painful hardship are reported, but no fatalities have occurred in consequence. On the Central road there has been a suspension of travel over the Western division during the past twenty-four hours. No trains have arrived from or have been started for the West today. The two evening trains from the East, carrying the mails, arrived to-night, belated about two hours each. This is the most serious blockade in the long experience of the New York Central Railroad. No freight is moving.

AUBURN, Jan. 4.—All trains on the Southern and Auburn branch of the New York Central Railroad are abandoned.

BUFFALO, Jan. 4.—The storm at this point still continues, although it has somewhat abated. The velocity of the wind is twenty-seven miles an hour, and the drifting snow light. Railroad communication is entirely suspended, with the exception of the Canada Southern Railroad, over which three trains have arrived and two departed.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Jan. 4.—Railroad telegrams show that every effort is being made to get a train through from as far west as Syracuse to New York. A train which left here to-day was two hours in getting away because of the snow. At this time it is not known whether it will get through or not.

ALBANY, Jan. 4.—Jacob Van Heusen, aged 62 years, went out last night to dig a grave in Green-wood cemetery, and this morning in the cemetery frozen to death.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Jan. 4.—A large new barn, belonging to Andrew T. Berthoff, at Howells, built to replace one lately burned, was blown down last night by a gale. Two horses and five head of cattle were found dead in the wreck, and ten cows which were injured had to be killed.

CHATHAM, Mass., Jan. 4.—The schooner Nellie, of Machias, Me., for New York, parted her chains yesterday off Cross Rip and came ashore on Common Flat, Chatham. She is full of water and is likely to verify by a Jacob D. Turrey, one of the crew, has his feet frozen badly, and all the crew are more or less frostbitten.

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 4.—The weather last night was the coldest for years. The river is full of ice, and navigation is seriously interrupted. The steamer Norfolk of the Clyde line, due from Philadelphia last night, has not yet arrived.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 4.—The weather in this city and vicinity is still very cold, the thermometer ranging from zero to 11 below. The railroad blockade continues, and all west bound trains on the Canada Southern were cancelled to-day. The Grand Trunk trains are reported six hours late, and the Michigan Central and Great Western are all behind time. Only one Eastern mail has reached here since Thursday.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 4.—It has been drizzling all day, with some sleet.

VICKSBURG, Jan. 4.—Six inches of snow here.

SHREVEPORT, La., Jan. 4.—Six inches of snow has fallen here, and now freezing. There is running ice in Red River.

MAGNOLIA, Miss., Jan. 4.—Three inches of snow to-day and still falling.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 4.—The thermometer this morning was down to 5° below zero. The weather moderated during the day, but to-night the mercury is again falling. Reports from points along the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, west of Charlottesville, indicate a range of from 2° to 12° below zero. The express train due here at 8 P. M. to-day is behind time five hours. The Northern mail due at 11:35 A. M. was delayed nearly three hours. Reports from other points in the western portion of the state show similar effects of the cold snap. The mercury from this city to its mouth is blocked with ice, and navigation is entirely suspended. The canal is also blocked with ice as long its whole length. The Tredegar iron works, flouring mills, and other industries dependent upon water supply have been forced to suspend operations.

NEWPORT, Ark., Jan. 4.—White River is frozen over. It is swing and sleeting.

SPARTANBURG, Va., Jan. 4.—Freight traffic on the Springfield division of the Illinois Central Railroad, which had virtually been abandoned for some days, was resumed to-day, and extra trains are moving to clear out the accumulated freight along the line.

A NEWSBOY FROZEN.

Found Dead with His Morning Papers in His Arms in Jersey City Heights.

Christopher Schott, a newsboy, aged 17, who was well known by residents of Jersey City Heights, was found frozen to death with his papers in his arms on the stoop of Dr. Buffet's residence, at Bergen avenue and Church street, Jersey City Heights, at about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. He was subject to fits, and he had several times fallen senseless in the street. It is supposed that he fell in a fit in the house where he was found while delivering his morning papers yesterday and that the intense cold chilled his blood before he could recover.

His younger brother, Philip Schott, who was a favorite on the Montgomery street line of cars, was run over and killed by a street car about two months ago. The elder boy sold papers on the cars in Philips place, and also attended to his morning delivery.

Frozen on the Track.

SOUTH AMBOY, N. J., Jan. 4.—William Rodgers was found almost dead on the track of the Freehold Railroad at 6 o'clock last evening. He was taken to his home, a mile back of South Amboy. He was a passenger on the evening freight train of the Central Railroad. He quitted the train at Nathanan Junction. He was intoxicated and it is supposed that he wandered down the railroad track until he got to the road to Keyes where he fell down and lay till he was in the low state of his mind. His recovery is regarded as doubtful.

The trainman, Dodds, reported yesterday as having been found frozen to death on the car on Thursday night is running on his train to-day. He cannot account for the report.

Travel between New York and Long Branch by way of the New Jersey Southern Railroad will probably be suspended for several weeks. Passengers, freight and mails will be sent by the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

In all this controversy in regard to baking powders not a word has been said except in praise of Dunn's Sea Foam. The proprietors of this well known brand are determined to keep it up to their original standard of purity, for which it has achieved such a wide reputation.—*The Lyons.*—adv.

NEXT TO THE COLDEST DAY.

TEMPERATURE RISING AND THE WIND BLOWING A GALE.

Continued Delay on the North River Ferries—Damage to Property—A Severe Blow and High Seas off the Shore to the Southward.

Early risers ventured out cautiously yesterday morning. The day looked to be bright and pleasant, but so did the preceding one, when the temperature was below zero. "Stationary or slightly rising temperature," said the weather indications that were read at breakfast tables. But the weather had so moderated that little inconvenience was experienced by those who were out doors. Toward the middle of the day the mercury rose above the freezing point, and the packed snow on the sidewalks became moist where the sun's rays struck. Pedestrians walked more leisurely and fondled their ears less. There was a pleasing variety in the salutations exchanged. The agreeable hope held out by the weather office indications were fully realized. At 8 o'clock in the morning the temperature was 13° above zero—a rise of 18° in twenty-four hours. The wind was still blowing from the northwest, and at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. At noon the thermometer marked 24°, and the speed of the wind had increased to thirty miles. Yet even this gale seemed mild in comparison with the piercing wind that was blowing at a rate between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour the day before. Along the coast to the southward the wind was blowing a stiff and dangerous gale at noon. Off Sandy Hook its rate was fifty miles an hour, and off Cape May more than seventy. High winds and dangerous seas were reported all along the coast as far as the wires were in working order, which was no further than Cape May. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the temperature was 25°, and the wind had moderated to eighteen miles an hour. The lowest temperature recorded Friday night was 7°. At 10 o'clock last evening the temperature was 28°. The wind had moderated to eighteen miles an hour, and veered a little to the west of northwest. The barometer stood at 29.75, and was rising.

No serious delays on the elevated railroads were caused by the coldness. The locomotives on both roads were kept fired up all night, in order that there might be no damage from the freezing of water in the pipes. Trains on the west side line of the New York Elevated road were not running regularly during the forenoon, but the delays were caused by some difficulty in switching cars in the lower yard. The "suburbanites" of the Third avenue line delighted to say—albeit with a considerable show of the inimitable humor that characterizes these magnificent creatures—that they weren't experiencing "no delays nowhere." Trains on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway were running on time, and the brakes were working satisfactorily from the locomotives. A conductor explained that the trouble of the previous days was owing to the fact that "the cold freezes the vacuum."

The difficulty experienced by the North River ferry companies were by no means equal when the "cold snap" was past. A field of ice still extended well into the river, all along from just above the Battery as far to the northward as the eye could see from the lofty windows of the Signal Service quarters. Several lighters or barges were towed into the slips by the different points ferryboats were slowly making their way through the ice field, in some instances with the help of tugboats. It was not unusual to see two or three boats waiting in the open water to enter the channel broken by another boat that was laboriously making the dirty out. The steady gale from the northwest kept forcing the ice into a more compact mass on this side of the river, choking up the ferry slips with ice that had been pounded fine by the paddles of the wheels. In the forenoon the propeller Erastus Corning was forced a time fast in the ice off Dey street, and the final conclusion was that without the assistance of a tug boat several persons waited out on those from Chambers street and from other points, to a distance of 400 or 500 feet from the piers. They usually carried pieces of boards in their hands, for in case the worst happened they could use them as oars. The bridges in some of the ferry houses were actually rocked. The north bridge at the Cortlandt street ferry was so seriously jammed by Friday's experience that passengers were warned off from it.

Boats were running at irregular intervals yesterday from all the slips of the North River ferries. A solid field of ice blocked the approach to the Twenty-third Street Ferry, and there seemed to be no prospect of its breaking up. The last boat came in yesterday morning at 8½ o'clock, having occupied about four hours in its passage from the other side. Boats ran to the ferry all day Friday and all Friday night, and it was a late hour yesterday little annoyance that, in answer to a question whether they were running regularly, the ticket seller replied, "We ain't running at all, and won't be today." The boats from Desbrosses street ran all night, and were making trips at irregular intervals yesterday. Half hourly trips were made by the Hoboken street boats. Tugboat was employed breaking the ice and assisting the ferryboats when they became fastened in the ice. Slow trips were made by the Barclay street ferryboats. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the south slip was packed full of ice pounded into white flakes. The slip presented the appearance of a vat of Rockaway clam. From Friday night till 3 o'clock Saturday morning no boat started from the Cortlandt Street Ferry. After 3 o'clock there was no boat till 6. From 8 o'clock boats ran with less difficulty than at any time since Friday morning. Early in the day passengers jumped to the piers and made their way to the piers while the boats were forcing their way into the slips. The Communipaw Ferry sent out boats every half hour, using both slips. There was a strip of ice along the Brooklyn shore of the East River, but it was not enough to impede the progress of the ferryboats. Yesterday an unusual number of small craft, principally composed of wrecks that had floated down below the Battery from the North River, and been carried up the other side by the tide. The ice field was quite wide where the South Ferry plies. Boats had to pass through it on the other side of the ferryboats were operated. One of the Hamilton Ferry boats was laid up for repairs, damage to a rudder by contact with the ice. A jovial money changer at Fulton Ferry said that there was in that part of the ferry "Hardly ice enough to hold a gin cocktail." Farther up the river was nearly clear of ice. Tugs managed to get boats in both rivers in considerable. The paddles in the wheels of nearly all of the Jersey City and Hoboken boats were more or less shattered. Yesterday the tide was lower than at any time for six years previously. In some instances boats were not taken to the docks, and they stuck in the mud. Tugs drew their boats up the steep bridges in the other slips.

The mails were quite materially delayed yesterday, though less than on the preceding day. Staten Island boats found some difficulty in landing their passengers, on account of the low tide.

The white mist, so conspicuous on Friday, still hung over the waters of the Bay.

Superintendent Superintendent Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, yesterday, from Syracuse, said that the Saturday morning train from New York, due at Syracuse on Friday, did not arrive until 6:35 A. M. yesterday. Everything was blocked, and the snow was three feet deep. A train was made up at 2 P. M. yesterday for the East with a special mail pouch to meet the train from the East. The train due at the Grand Central Depot from the West at 10 A. M. yesterday did not arrive, and was discontinued, the passengers and mail arriving by other trains. Trains from New York at 2 P. M. and 8 P. M. on Friday did not reach Syracuse until 10 A. M. yesterday. The Albany train, which left here yesterday, and that no mails were received from either the eastern or western mails. At M. The mail from Pittsburgh due at Jersey City at 10 A. M. yesterday, was not received until 2:15 P. M. The Atlantic mail due at 3 A. M. was not received until 9 A. M. The mail from Washington, Jersey City at 6 A. M. did not arrive until 8:20 A. M. The mails due at 10:00 P. M. Friday did not connect west of Pittsburgh. The outward bound trains from New York yesterday departed substantially on time.

The Cunard steamer Wyoming, of and of wheat and rye for Antwerp, went aground on Diamond Reef off South Ferry, Friday afternoon, and for five hours afterward, and towed north Brooklyn. Her hull was not seriously damaged, and it is thought she will have to be unloaded and put on the dry dock.

Owing to the ice blockade only two of the seven steamships destined to sail yesterday were enabled to start. They were the City of Berlin of the Inman line, and the Oder of the Lloyds North German line.

For the first time within the last twenty years the Hudson River was so firmly frozen over opposite Yonkers yesterday that persons could cross the other side. The river between Tarrytown and Nyack is bridged by ice five inches thick.

The thermometer at Hudson's indicated at 3 A. M. 8°; 6, 10°; 9, 17°; 12 M., 27°, 3½ P. M., 29°; 6, 26°; 9, 20°; Jan. 24.

FOUND DEAD AND FROZEN.

The Body of an Old Man in a Vacant Lot—A Peculiar Identification.

On Eighty-eighth street, between First and Second avenues, lives Patrick Banham, who has charge of that part of the Rhinelander real estate that lies all about his house. His is the only residence in the block, and directly across Eighty-eighth street from the house is a nest of barns, also in his care. The house and barns are such as may be found in any farming country, and the lands adjacent, were they not cut up into blocks and walled with stone, would be farming lands. For ten years or more Mr. Banham employed an old man, Thomas McCormick, as a laborer. But, two or three years ago, Thomas said that he was 77 years old, and felt that he could no longer work by the day, so he left Mr. Banham and did odd jobs in summer, and lived with his brother John McCormick at Ninety-ninth street and Second avenue in winter. His wife died, and he began a year or two ago to drink and peddle stories back and forth in the family, making many misunderstandings, and at length he was sent to the county poorhouse on Blackwell's Island because, as his brother John said yesterday, he made himself disagreeable.

Mr. Banham's son, a lad of 16, stood on the front piazza early yesterday morning, and thought, as he looked across the street that he saw what looked like a pair of boots projecting from behind a small boulder, fifty feet from the sidewalk in the direction of the barns. He said nothing; but after breakfast, when he went to the barn with his father, he went directly through the barn and threw open a door on the side looking toward the suspicious object.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Mr. Banham, as his son looked horrified from the doorway.

"Just look there, father," was all the lad could say. They were in a position to see the body of a man lying stretched at full length on the most exposed elevation in the block. The westerly wind had full sweep for two stories, and had left the ground bare of snow except in the shelter of the body where the body lay. There the snow had eddied down and covered the man like a shroud, except where the shoes protruded, and the white face was swept clean. It was a clean-shaven face, and, were it not for the wide-open, staring blue eyes, would have given the idea that one was peacefully sleeping. Mr. Banham thought that he saw in the face of Thomas McCormick. He did not touch the body, but called Officer Hughes when he came past on patrol.

The Eighty-eighth street police station was only a block distant, and the officer brought Officers Hanger, Riley, and Noonan with a stretcher to remove the frozen man to the police station. These officers, who had often in years past seen the old man, at once pronounced him to be Mr. McCormick. The snow was brushed from the body, and it was found to be frozen stiff as a post. The clothes were frozen to the ice. In the police station, $2.63 in money was found in the pockets. The dark coat, vest, and pantaloons, and the spotless shirt were of coarse material, but scrupulously clean. Dark woollen ribbed socks and Congress gaiters were on the feet. No hat could be found, but in the afternoon a man found in the alley at Eighty-ninth street would fit the old man. About noon the only son-in-law of Mr. McCormick, Robert Collins, who keeps a little liquor saloon at Second avenue and Ninety-ninth street, looked at the body and identified it, and a neighbor who accompanied him, not hesitating in recognizing it. Then Mr. Collins said that he thought he got it up to the island and see when the old man had crossed over to the city. He believed that Mr. McCormick, had come across to see his brother, John McCormick, who has been dangerously sick with malaria fever and is now convalescent, and had attempted to walk up to Ninety-ninth street from the ferry and ferry in the bitter cold of Friday night. He had probably been blinded by the snow, and in crossing Eighty-eighth street to turn up Second avenue been blinded by the biting westerly wind, and had turned into a gateway near the Banham barns, supposing it to be the street corner. Then he sequitted with cold and exhausted, he had seated himself on the pole and fallen into his death sleep. Mr. Collins went away and did not return to the police station. He was found at 6 P. M. in his saloon, and he said in answer to the question whether Mr. McCormick was found on the island:

"Yes, he was there safe and sound."

"What did he say when told that he was supposed to be dead?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Collins glibly, "he was astonished."

"But what did he say?"

"Why," Mr. Collins replied, as though wearied at the impertinity of the writer, "he was—he was astonished. Further he said not say, and Capt. Rogers of the Eighty-eighth street boat, and the reporter what Mr. Collins had to tell." Mr. Collins said that Mr. McCormick was "pretty much the same as usual, only that he seemed to be a little more quiet." The officers was not to be alarmed in the body. There are reasons, he added, why a pauper would not be claimed when found dead by his relatives in New York. But the case would be investigated, and it would be learned whether the old man lay in the poorhouse or not.

Mr. Collins said to Peter Patterson, that a colored woman who attempted to walk from Hoboken to Paterson on Thursday night perished of cold on the way, but no facts confirming the report could be ascertained yesterday.

FROZEN TO DEATH IN VIRGINIA.

The Last Survivor of the Expedition that Explored Louisiana Territory.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Jan. 4.—Capt. Tom Lewis, nearly 90 years old, was found frozen to death last night in the public road in Albemarle County. He was farming in a small way in the county, and it is supposed that he had gone out to cut some wood. Capt. Lewis had led an eventful life, and was famous as the last survivor of the Lewis and Clark expedition to explore the Missouri River.

Meriwether Lewis, the oldest son of Mrs. Marks of Locust Hill, by her former marriage with Col. Wm. Lewis of the Revolutionary army, was private secretary to President Jefferson shortly after the purchase of the Louisiana Territory, and was selected to explore that Territory. He had permission from the President of taking a sergeant and companion, and he selected Clark, a kinsman of his father's family, who was commissioned with about thirty private men and commanded to Capts Lewis and Clark. Capt. Lewis selected as companion of his slave, a mulatto named Tom. He was remarkable for his intelligence and faithfulness in every manner. Tom was Capt. Lewis's favorite body servant, and stuck to the master to the last. Capt. Lewis often told how Tom had saved his life after the expedition had crossed the Rocky Mountains and was about to descend the Columbia River. Lewis was in the Wilderness with two companions and Tom, when he was surprised by the Indians. Capt. Tom Lewis and which name stuck to him to the day of his death. The two were attacked by three Indian tribes, when in that country. Lewis was severely wounded in the thigh. He sent two men back with his wife through the Indian country to the sailors. The other two rushed on him and would have slain him had not Tom hurled one upon the other to the ground, and with the butt end of his gun the frontiers master brained the other. He was hurt down in strength. He went through an interesting adventure of that great expedition.

The Lewis and Clark expedition terminated in 1806. Capt. Lewis came to his mother's home, near Joy Depot, in Albemarle County, and went thence to St. Louis, the capital of Missouri Territory, of which he was then Governor. On his arrival he stopped for the night at a miller's house, a mile from Milton, on the James River. In the morning he was found dead in his room with his throat cut, whether by another traveller, assassination purposes or by himself remains a mystery to this day. Tom was his body servant then, and knew more about this mystery than any man living. He was a faithful fellow, and he died and said: "This is a death time for me to be about to die better." On the death of Lewis's mother, Tom returned to Albemarle county, and with savings bought a small farm, which he occupied on the day of his death. It is supposed that from his house and extensive farm he was robbed and killed, as he was seen to have gone to death. He death on a the list of survivors of that historic exploration.

Several tramps who had been committed in Tarrytown and Portchester to the Westchester County jail, were, for the want of proper protection, in those having charge of them, frozen stiff while on the way and also on the arrival there on Friday afternoon. They had received no attention as late as noon yesterday.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 4.—Four tramps were frozen to death at Gleason Junction, Ky., last night, and a tramp had his leg run over by a train at Mitchensville, Tenn., to-night.

Sails Frozen Stiff.

LONG BRANCH, Jan. 4.—A large Southern schooner and two schooners were anchored off Long Branch this morning. Their sails were completely covered with ice. They had evidently been there all night. The steamer Franconia and schooner southward at anchor which had anchored in the bay, were not seen on account of the snow. The schooners are supposed to be loaded with ice, and are stuck fast in the ice, and are in danger of being crushed by the ice, unless they can be raised.

Freezing to Death in Bed.

When Mrs. Kenny of 380 Hicks street, Brooklyn, awoke yesterday morning she found her two months old infant dead in her side. It had been deprived of its covering in the night and had frozen to death.

WARREN COUNTY STAMMANY

THAT ALLEGED CONSPIRACY OF JERSEY OFFICEHOLDERS.

Dr. Mattison Brought From his Cell to Testify That he Was Not Alone Guilty of Forgery and the Stealing of Public Money.

BELVIDERE, N. J., Jan. 4.—One of the defences relied upon by Charles S. Strader, the former director of the Warren County Board of Freeholders, now under many indictments for forgery, conspiracy, and other crimes alleged to have been committed by him in his official character, is a splendid reputation for good character. This defence will also be adopted by the other seventeen present and former officeholders of the same county, who, with Strader, are to answer before the Criminal Court now sitting to 76 accusations of robbing the county by forgery, conspiracy, and false pretences. Mr. Strader has been, it is said, a very pious man. No one in Washington, N. J., could exhort more fervently or pray more impressively. Yet, when cornered to-day on cross-examination, he was obliged to admit that he had given the County Collector two notes amounting to $600, so that he might get out of the Collector's hands some fraudulent vouchers which he feared might cause him trouble before a criminal court.

Mr. Strader was tried yesterday for forging a voucher and uttering it in 1877, while it had already been honestly paid in 1876. The forgery was plain enough on the face of the voucher. The money had been paid a second time on it. There was no doubt. Judge Beasley told the jury, of these facts, but the jury did not believe that there was evidence enough to show that Mr. Strader had altered and uttered the voucher, and so thus acquitted him the first thing this morning.

Prosecutor Harris at once began the trial of another of the indictments against Mr. Strader. He took a dingy voucher, which had originally been properly paid to William Allshouse for $21 in 1876 and which had been plainly altered, the date to 1877, the name to William Allstone, and the amount raised to $121. Like many other vouchers that Prosecutor Harris has, these forgeries are perfectly apparent. Ex-Collector Cummins, after fingering the voucher a good while, swore positively that he paid it to Mr. Strader, and said he was able to swear this because he had put a private mark upon it indicating such payment. Mr. Strader denied such payment on oath with much earnestness. He told the Court that he had never seen the voucher after its first and proper payment in 1876.

"But did you not give the then County Collector two notes?" asked Prosecutor Harris on cross-examination.

"Yes," replied Mr. Strader, nervously toying with a specimen.

"What were such notes given for?"

"I decline to answer that question," said Mr. Strader, turning very red and fidgetting in his seat, "because they have to do with certain transactions for which I am liable to prosecution."

"On the ground that you may criminate yourself you may refuse to answer," said Judge Beasley, without looking up from his notes.

Thereupon Mr. Strader's lawyers objected. They said they did not wish such an implication to go out, should Mr. Strader refuse to answer, and when Judge Beasley quietly said, "Then you must answer," there was no alternative for Mr. Strader. He was obliged to admit that he gave the note to the County Collector to take up certain fraudulent vouchers that the Collector held. Mr. Strader insisted, however, that the voucher for whose forgery he was now being tried was not one of these. He, himself, he said, was not responsible for the frauds even if he did give his note, neither could he tell what the nature of the fraudulent vouchers for which he gave his note was. When the singular nature of a transaction like this was suggested to Mr. Strader—that he should give his notes to take up fraudulent vouchers for which he was not responsible—Mr. Strader attempted no explanation. He simply waved his hand.

To prove Mr. Strader's denial, the Prosecutor called Dr. Mattison, the former clerk of the Freeholders, who had been convicted on Thursday of forgery and sentenced to four years of the same court. He came up from his cell, carrying a broad-brimmed felt hat. As he came down the aisle one of the jail guards, who, by a New Jersey antiquity, are placed upon the bench with such new judges as Beasley, cried out for order purposes. Attorney-General Stockton confessed that he was unable to say look down his article from the Judges desk where they had been resting close by the other jay Judge's note book. The jurer prepared to take vigorous notes. The Court Officer, who mounted upon a high stool, took a leisurely half hour to dust the seat with a handkerchief and newspaper and placed it between his head and the wall, withdrew the handkerchief, jumped from his high stool and became sternly dignified. Every one was prepared for a sensation.

Dr. Mattison stands convicted of charges that may give him twenty years in State prison. He is going to court by the grace of the Grand Jury, and he knows it. He said to Mr. Strader was in the habit of visiting his office in Washington after leaving off the old vouchers. He said this, he said, such to some extent, he had altered and presented a second time. Having made the selection, generally of bridge repair vouchers, they were placed in a little drawer. Sometimes I made the alterations," said the Doctor, "and sometimes some one else did. The particular voucher was one of those selected and I found in the drawer. I knew it, for could not say when Mr. Strader took it away. He could say that Mr. Strader had paid him a share of the money obtained on these fraudulent vouchers.

When asked by Mr. Strader's lawyer whether he had any previously about these vouchers, Dr. Mattison said that he had, that he was now telling the truth, because he had just learned that there was an attempt being made to make him the supposed of the villainies of the Warren County officials. I had my share in them, and have come into Court before and said by pleading guilty. I am willing to bear my part of the Lord, but don't want to carry more than my share.

Bitterness grew dark at this point. Judge Beasley was anxious to get to Trenton to stay over Sunday, and the jury wanted to go home. The jay Judges were hard at work, so the Court was adjourned until Monday morning.

The witness said to Dr. Mattison only a hint of what Prosecutor Harris expects to show. The larger the court wakes on, the more they will in the court room, the more the jail that adjoins the Court House may be crowded in yet. The jail has been overflowed, and pretty much every place in the town has been used for the last two years has been pressed into service. The jay-bird residents, the other time to the Ring. Warm and cold weather was not ready to alter and cast, and some of the offices were short, there are proofs that new ones will fortitious charges were made and cashed. Some of the officers said that they had to wait for days in court in the same hotel, or to have suppose have raised $3 in the way, and then there had a jury for said raised $63.

When the county authorities the issue of $20,000 in bonds to pay the arrears, raised the amount outstanding in the county to the $2,000 mark, it was said that were bonds to be a fair future and private use. Next week the jury will be tried in court of a meeting of Director Strader, Carle Mattison, Commissioner Cummins and other members of the board, in a hotel in Belvidere, which it was agreed between them that they should make up vouchers for bridge repairs to the amount of $5,000, and turn over to them $3,000 in these bank bonds. Each of the officers agreed to finish the bank shares in their official names, which was all that was necessary to make the bonds marketable. This was subsequently done, and the money shares where [illegible] were [illegible] and the money shares [illegible] the money shares [illegible] the money shares [illegible]