THE NEW RAINBOW TROUT.

A FISH THAT MR. SETH GREEN IS INTRODUCING IN EASTERN WATERS.

Wherein Superior to its Cousin, the Speckled Brook Trout—California's Valuable Contribution to Our Food and Game Fishes.

Seth Green, in a letter recently published in THE SUN, says that the California mountain trout is the coming game fish of the Eastern States. They are the gamiest fish alive, and they test the skill of the most experienced anglers to bring them to land. A large number of these trout are to be set free in the brooks and streams of New York this spring, and it is believed that Eastern waters contain all the requirements of their nature.

A SUN reporter asked New York State Fish Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford of Fulton Market yesterday for a description of the California mountain brook trout and its habits, as distinguished from the common brook trout of the Eastern States. Mr. Blackford said: "This California trout is called the rainbow trout, or *Iridium fontenalis*. We expect to display some large trout of this kind on our stand on April 1. some that will weigh five pounds apiece. As they run in the California streams they average about four pounds in weight. Ours will come from the United States hatching works on the St. Cloud River. Some trout will come, too, from Mr. F. N. Clark's fish hatching works at Northville, Mich. Of course they are native in California, and those in Mr. Clark's hatching works were produced from spawn brought from California.

"It is only two years since fish culturists in the East have received the eggs of the trout. This is to be the first year in which the United States Fish Commissioners are to turn loose small California trout in our streams. The culture of these fish has hitherto been carried on by private enterprise.

"The California mountain trout takes its name, rainbow trout, from the beautiful band of colors that runs along the side of the fish, and is about a fourth as wide as the fish. There are no red spots on the body, as in our brook trout, but there are a few black dots near the head. When the fish is first taken from the water this band has all of the tints of a rainbow. After it is dead it becomes a uniform red color, but shading to a lighter color underneath. We had a rainbow trout about a year ago, sent by B. B. Redding, Commissioner of Fisheries in California, that was a male, over 2¾ feet long, and that weighed 5¾ pounds. It was well shaped and plump, with large black dots thickly sprinkled on the shoulders and tail. The operculum was decorated with a bright red tint, blending into a greenish brown, or olive, toward the eye. A broad red dash, or strip, of color stretched from the tip of the tail to the cheek. It was a gaudy-looking fish.

"They are more gamy, and they fight far more than the common brook trout. At the fish hatching ponds in Caledonia, N. Y., last spring, I caught with a fly several rainbow trout weighing from a quarter to half a pound. Each time that the trout struck my hook I thought that I had a pound trout on my line. Why, they strike a hook like that." Mr. Blackford, to illustrate, brought the palms of his hands together with vigor. "Then they are off like a flash, with the line running out so rapidly that the reel fairly smokes with the friction. Although the average weight when full grown is about four pounds, yet they have been taken as large as six pounds, while in a lake near Bellingham Bay, on the Pacific slope, the trout are said to grow to be ten or twelve pounds in weight.

"As to their reproduction in New York State waters, the New York State Fish Commission in 1875 obtained 500 eggs from the St. Cloud River, from which in 1880 there were 16,000 trout two years old, and 34,000 one year old. They can be raised from the egg much more easily than the common brook trout, and experience shows that the rainbow trout is the hardiest fish in every way. Not half so many rainbow trout die in artificial life as their cousins in the East. They grow rapidly, too. In 1878, in the Caledonia Spring Creek, 2,000 young rainbow trout were set free, and last year a fisherman had no difficulty in landing a dozen with a fly inside of an hour. They remain in good condition for the table much longer than our brook trout, which spawn in the late fall or beginning of winter, and are lean, slabsided, and tasteless from September to February, while the California trout begins to spawn about two months later than the Eastern brook trout. The female produces about 1,500 eggs. The males are ferocious. They fight with one another all the time. It is this aggressiveness that makes them take the hook so savagely."

"Are they as handsome as the Eastern brook trout?"

"No," the Commissioner replied, "no fish is handsomer than a Long Island brook trout, unless it is the 'Dolly Varden' trout. They are also a California trout, and are frequently found in the same stream with the rainbow trout, and are of about the same shape, namely, round, and full. They differ from the rainbow trout in having all over their sides brilliant vermilion spots from one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The spots on the Eastern brook trout are only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. This season, I think, there will be distributed in New York streams from 75,000 to 100,000 small rainbow trout. They mingle amicably with the Eastern brook trout, but they will not be put in streams where these run in great numbers because we want to keep the species distinct from each other.

As to their habits, they are, unlike our trout fond of moderate currents of water or still places with the surface of the water shaded. The Eastern trout, on the other hand, love to hover under a waterfall or to sally from ripple to ripple in the most dashing manner. Fishermen who have killed thousands of the latter trout say that the rainbow trout is now plentiful along the western coast of California and northward. All of the true brook trout west of the Mississippi River have black spots. Fishing is very fine in nearly all of the rapid streams of the Coast Mountains and the Cascade Mountains in Oregon. At Fort Dalles trout fishing is good in April, May, June, and July. The rapid snow water streams that flow from Mt. Hood abound in these trout, but the innumerable rattlesnakes interfere with angling, to prevent angling. The fisherman has also another foe in the cottonwoods, willows, and squaw bushes, that make fly casting almost impossible. When a fly does touch the water, though, it is snapped up greedily. The fish is delicious eating. In that section most of the fishing is done with bait. The fish takes common raw meat, the tougher the better. Crow meat is generally used, and birds are shot for bait. This flesh combines a vivid redness with a rank smell and a powerful toughness. All of these qualities are desirable for bait that is most taking. Like their Eastern relations, the California trout are sometimes capricious, and then a piece of a red fox from a dead fish will often lure them to destruction.

SNOW-BOUND TRAINS.

Outdoor Work Suspended and Travel Obstructed in Northern New York.

OSWEGO, Feb. 5.—During the past two days this section has experienced one of the severest polar waves ever known here. The thermometer has ranged between 1° above and 5° below zero, with a steady northeast wind blowing from 18 to 24 miles an hour.

The cold has been so keen and piercing as to put a stop to all outdoor work. Many cases of frost bite are reported.

Owing to the severity of the weather travel by rail has been much retarded. Nearly all our roads are laid with steel rails. The danger of breaking rails and locomotive machinery in such frosty weather is so great that trains proceed slowly and with much caution. Moreover, the snow continually drifts in places where trains run between embankments, thus impeding the passage of trains. Last night a train on the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburgh Railroad due at 9 P. M., stuck fast in the snow within five miles of the city, where it remained until released by a snow plough at 5 A. M. The train which left Hopkins's Corners at 8 A. M. for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western got into a terrible snow storm on the Pocono Mountains, Pa. The train was brought to a standstill, and was four hours on the mountain, almost buried in snow.

From Oswego to the Delaware Water Gap there is an immense quantity of snow. It is forty inches deep where undisturbed by the wind. The month of January was the coldest known in ten years, the mean daily thermometer being 21.1. Lake Ontario is frozen over further than since the winter of 1856.

Gen. Logan Fighting the Claim Agents' Battle.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—A bill favored by the Commissioner of Pensions, and which provides for the establishment of local pension courts, has been offered as an amendment to the Pension Appropriation bill by Senator Williams of Virginia. The bill takes away the vexatious and costly fees with the Pension Office, and provides that no agent or attorney shall be allowed to prosecute any claim for a pension, or receive any compensation therefor, unless the application for such pension shall have been filed within one year after the passage of the act. The applicant must personally appear before the local pension court, which shall be composed of the Judge of the Circuit Court, the Clerk of the Court, and the Mayor of the city in which the court is held, and shall be a court of record. The applicant must personally prosecute his claim, and the examination of witnesses may be conducted by the applicant himself, or by any person he may have selected for that purpose, who shall have been constituted on the application that he was a friend. The bill went over without action on the amendment.

From Drink and Exposure.

Edward Crowley, a homeless wanderer, well known as such in the neighborhood of Oak street, died in the Oak street police station Friday afternoon, and his unclaimed body still lay there last night, awaiting the final search from the Morgue. On Friday morning he entered the butcher shop at 91 Oak street and said: "For God's sake let me sit a while by your stove." He had been several hours, and got warmed that he had been lounging in a hallway close by. He had been drinking heavily, and later in the afternoon he returned again to the shop in front of Mr. Fritz, the Butcher, and came by cold and sinking. He was taken to the police station at about 4½ o'clock, and expressed fears that he is on the verge of delirium tremens. An ambulance was called for, but before it arrived Crowley was beyond aid, and he died soon after, without medical examination or attendance.

THE STORY OF AN OLD CHURCH.

Where the Late Rev. Dr. Taylor was Pastor for More than Fifty Years.

The funeral services for the late Rev. Dr. Benjamin C. Taylor of Jersey City were performed yesterday in the old Bergen Reformed Church, of which he was pastor for more than fifty years. During the last ten years he was pastor emeritus. He was nearly 80 years old when he died. The interment was in the old Dutch Cemetery, near the church.

The Bergen Reformed Church has an interesting history. The date of its origin is unknown, the first volume of the minutes of the consistory having been lost. It is believed, however, that the church was founded under the jurisdiction of the Classis of Amsterdam, by the earliest emigrants from Holland or their immediate descendants. The loss of the old book of minutes is the more regretted as it is believed to have contained much valuable matter concerning the early history of New Jersey. The oldest minute book extant refers in an entry dated Dec. 6, 1708, to the loss of the preceding volume.

The registers of the church go back to 1664, from which date a record has been kept of baptisms, marriages and funerals, and a list of communicants, except between the years 1760 and 1763. In 1662 the people of Bergen raised 417 guilders (about $166) to build a church. This was a log church, and it stood on the ground now occupied by the Rev. John Cornelison's family vault in the old graveyard on the hill. It had no regular minister. Ministers occasionally visited it.

In 1680 an octagonal chapel was built in place of the old log church. Some of the most influential residents of Bergen helped build the chapel with their own hands, and their names were engraved on the stones they laid. They then made an arrangement to have the Rev. Henry Selyns of New York preach to them three times a year on Mondays. He was succeeded in 1699 by the Rev. Guilliherius Dubois.

The deacons collected money, by carrying around black velvet bags on the ends of long poles When some of the brethren got into the habit of falling asleep about collection times, little bells were fastened on the bottom of the bags to jingle in their ears and awaken them.

The first attempt of the church to obtain a permanent pastor had an abrupt ending. In 1750 the Bergen church, and the Staten Island church jointly called the Rev. Petrus De Wint. They had hardly settled down to listen to his teachings before the Classis of Amsterdam sent word that De Wint was an impostor. In 1757 the two churches obtained the Rev. William Jackson, whom they had helped to educate in Amsterdam, for their pastor.

The Reformed Dutch churches in America seceded from the Synod of North Holland in 1771, and the Bergen church was attached to the Classis of Hackensack. Two years later the octagonal chapel was pulled down, and a more pretentious edifice of stone was erected on its site. Dominie Jackson became insane in 1789, and was requested to resign. He was permitted, however, to occupy the parsonage until his death on April 25, 1813. The Rev. John Cornelison succeeded him. Under his administration the English language was first used in the services. He continued to occupy the pulpit until the 20th of March, 1828, when he died. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, who has just died, was the next pastor. In 1841 he and his congregation built the present church.

FROM SAND BAR TO DOCK.

The Story of the Roraima's Mishap—The Vessel Believed to be Unlipared.

The steamship Roraima, which ran ashore at the mouth of Shark River, on the New Jersey coast, on Wednesday morning, was got off by the Merritt wrecking organization at 11 o'clock on Friday evening, and she is now high and dry in a sectional dock at the foot of Pike street.

Capt. Trattles, who for the first time since he got aground found time to talk yesterday, said that he saw Barnegat light about 10 o'clock at night, and when afterward he saw the lights in the life-saving stations he concluded they must be Sandy Hook lights. He therefore stood off shore. It was subsequently, when he was feeling his way toward the shore again in a blinding snow storm, that he ran into the sand. He says he knew nothing about the life-saving service on the coast, and that when Capt. Kettle boarded the vessel he refused to let him take a line ashore because he had only Capt. Kettle's word that there would not be a claim put in for salvage. He did not think there was going to be a storm, and believed that he was perfectly safe in the vessel. Nevertheless he gave leave to each of his two passengers to go ashore with Capt. Kettle. They chose to remain.

The following is an account given by the first officer, John Edwin Peppers, from the log book of the Roraima: "We sighted Barnegat at 10½ o'clock on Tuesday night, when we set the log to see how fast we were going. It was snowing. We steered north northeast. At 3 A. M. we hauled in the log and found that we had traveled thirty-two miles. We then saw three distinct bright lights abreast of the vessel. The engine room bells were rung, and we stood for shore, but at intervals turned and stood in shore. At 5 o'clock there was a blinding snow storm, and it was blowing very heavy from the northeast. The snow was so thick that we couldn't see the vessel's head. We had been casting the lead since 3 o'clock. Just before we went ashore we found ten fathoms, and three minutes afterward we found shoal water. Then the vessel struck. The engine was reversed, and the screw was turned at full speed. After the snow squall the sea arose to such an extent that the vessel was lifted two-thirds over the bar on which we grounded. Her head sagged down. Her stern rose. The engines were kept going until 9 o'clock. At 11 P. M. on Friday we lay on the bar, the wind being north northeast, and there being a little swell on. The vessel was gradually working in her bed. We hove upon the cables that the wrecking company had mentioned, seaward as often as she lifted. Finally she gave three sudden lifts, and at each of them the taut cables pulled her about three feet ahead. After the last lift she slid forward off the bar, and we soon steamed up to New York."

So far as could be ascertained yesterday the vessel had not suffered any injury, but she was not lifted out of water until after dark.

A FAMILY FROZEN TO DEATH.

Destitution Among Minnesota Farmers—Railroads Blockaded by Snow.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 5.—On Wednesday Mr. Burke, roadmaster at Burns, on the Winona and St. Peter branch of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, discovered a whole family frozen to death. Mr. Burke, while at work with his men on the road under his charge saw a shanty close by from which no smoke issued, and seeing no evidence that the place was inhabited, the party visited the premises and forced open the door. On the couch and on the floor of the wretched hovel the father, mother, and children, evidently a whole family, lay frozen stiff.

Universal destitution is reported among the farmers of Stearns County. It is stated that no trains carrying fuel have passed Sisseys Eye since Dec. 24. It is impossible to reach many of the settlers, as the railroads are blockaded by snow drifts and the wagon roads are impassable, and it is feared that many will starve or be frozen to death before help can reach them.

Red Leary in Jail.

Detective Pinkerton telegraphed yesterday from Northampton, Mass., that "Red" Leary had been safely lodged in the jail there, and that the detectives had started for Boston to obtain a requisition from the Governor for William Connors, who was arrested in Philadelphia on Friday and confined in Moyamensing prison. Another is charged with having a giant accomplice in the Northampton bank robbery. He is known in this city as a sporting man. He escaped from Ludlow Street jail on Jan. 15, 1877, and Bernard Reilly, the sheriff, offered a reward of $1,000 for his recapture. He was discovered to be in Philadelphia some time ago, but was not molested. It is said, too, that Red Leary, the man who, it was thought, might take some of the bank bills to the Northampton bank, where Connors and James Dunlap are serving terms of imprisonment of twenty years each for complicity in the bank robbery.

Mrs. Deputy's Verdict Set Aside.

Judge Reynolds yesterday set aside the verdict for $7,000 damages obtained by Mrs. Henrietta Deputy in her suit for $25,000 damages against the City Works Commissioner William H. Hazard, for assault. "The only theory," says the Judge, in granting a new trial, "upon which the verdict can be upheld is that the plaintiff has established a malicious prosecution against the defendant. In the face of the evidence in this record, I do not think that the defendant ought to be held liable for the damages which the jury have assessed against him. Courts are reluctant to interfere with verdicts in actions of this kind, but they have frequently asserted the right and the obligation to do so in such cases where other ends would not be reached."

A Clergyman Murdered.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 5.—On Thursday last, at Mountain Home, Ark., near Mount Grove, Robert Lemon and Wm. Davidson and the Rev. J. M. Parkes, fitting for a lather yesterday. Lemon first assaulted Davidson on the public road. Mr. Parkes interposed to prevent further violence, but having no interest in the quarrel, before any shooting Davidson, to protect himself, struck Mr. Parkes. Davidson's mother is a sister of Judge Parkes. Mr. Parkes was a member of the Methodist Church, and a citizen of high character and standing. He was the Greenback candidate for Governor at the November election.

A Good Four Years' Work.

The Rev. Michael C. O'Farrell was appointed pastor of St Teresa's Catholic Church, in this city, four years ago, when there was a debt of $122,000 resting on the church. His financial report for the past year lately issued shows this debt to be now only $40,000, being a reduction of $82,000 in the four years. Towards the interest account further has also been paid. The parish is a very poor one, nearly made up of people, many of whom need pecuniary help themselves, but Father O'Farrell knows, in spite of this, to have the entire debt cut off in a short time.

THOMAS CARLYLE DEAD.

Passing Away Quietly After Long Sickness—His Most Noted Works.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—Thomas Carlyle died at 8¼ o'clock this morning, in his 86th year. He passed away without a struggle. From last evening until his death he was unconscious. His respiration was extremely feeble, and the heart's action barely perceptible. He suffered no pain during the last thirty-six hours. His niece was with him to the last.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* this evening says: "We understand that Mr. Carlyle will be buried in the churchyard of his birthplace, Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire."

Thomas Carlyle was a contributor to the *London Magazine* as long ago as 1824. He was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795. He was a fellow student with Edward Irving, who was three years older than himself, at Edinburgh. When 18 years old he became an assistant teacher at Kirkcaldy, where, he used to say, he and Irving "strove by virtue of birch and book to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning." Although destined by his parents for the ministry, and studying for a time with that design, he found that reading and study had led him away from the faith of his fathers, and he abandoned the notion of becoming a preacher. He was an ardent student always, and while acting as tutor in a private family made himself master of the German language and literature. He wrote an "Essay on Proportion," which was prefixed to a translation of Legendre's geometry. His "Life of Schiller" was published in the *London Magazine*. He translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" in 1824, "Specimens of German Romance" in 1827, and furnished many biographies from time to time to the *Edinburgh Cyclopædia*. His miscellanies were collected by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and published in this country in 1845.

In 1831 Carlyle took with him to London his friend "Sartor Resartus," and vainly endeavored to sell it. He at length got it published in *Fraser's Magazine*, but it was not until years afterward that it was fully appreciated. Carlyle's work, "The French Revolution," was published in 1837, and became noted for its novel method of presenting history. His essay on "Characteristics" was issued in 1831. He published a work on "Chartism" in 1839, on "Heroes and Hero Worship" in 1840, and "Past and Present" in 1843.

Mr. Carlyle's complete works comprise nearly forty volumes. He wrote voluminously for the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Foreign Quarterly*. His "Count Cagliostro" and "Diamond Necklace" were notable. He published "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" in 1845, a series of "Latter Day Pamphlets" in 1850, a "Life of John Sterling" in 1851, and a "History of Frederick the Great," the last volume of which was published in 1864. His inaugural address in 1866, when he was elected, in his 65th year, to the Presidency of his beloved Edinburgh University, was reprinted almost all over the world.

Carlyle was married in 1826 to Jane Welch of Craigenputtoch, where she owned a small estate, on which he lived for a time. There for six years, among granite hills and black morasses, fifteen miles from a town, he read and wrote in peace. His wife claimed to be a lineal descendant of John Knox. He lived many happy years with her, and to the last of his life never ceased his frequent pilgrimages to her grave.

CURLING IN CENTRAL PARK.

The Scotchmen Make Amends for Their Defeat by the Americans Last Year.

Not many years ago it would have been a novelty to see a rink of American players contending in a curling match against a quartet of Scotchmen; but of late curling has become very popular, and now the annual match between selected rinks of American curlers and Scotchmen has become second in importance of the meetings of the season in Central Park. In last season's meeting between the Americans and Scotchmen, the latter, taking things rather coolly, were surprised by a defeat at the hands of the Americans. This year the Scotchmen rallied in full force, and the result was the defeat of the Americans. The match was played in Central Park yesterday. The failure of the Park officials to have the ice planed for the curlers rendered scientific play on some of the rinks almost impossible. The contest began at half past 10 o'clock, with eight rinks of players on the ice, and play ended at a quarter past 5, with the score in favor of the Scotchmen by 191 to 139. S. McIntyre led the single rink score on the American side, and F. Henderson on the side of the Scotchmen. The closest contest was between the veteran J. Patterson and the skilful American player George Greaves. The score was as follows:

SCOTCH.

1—J. Smith,		5—W. Meikle,	
W. Houston,		H. Nelson,	
D. Bryce,		J. Brown,	
J. Patterson, skip	20	W. Carmichael, skip	11
2—J. Mitchell,		6—W. Richardson,	
A. Walker,		H. Henderson,	
J. Kane,		J. Kelly,	
D. Foulis, skip	31	J. Henderson, skip	38
3—J. Worth,		7—A. Anderson,	
W. Pyle,		J. Cornell,	
A. Pyle,		R. Russell,	
S. Stevens, skip	32	J. Dunlap, skip	16
4—W. Hutchison,		8—J. Moir,	
J. Blainyne,		S. McConchie,	
J. Kabb,		J. Stewart,	
J. Falconer, skip	22	W. Kelbock, skip	23
Total			191

AMERICAN.

1—W. B. Walters,		5—G. Underhill,	
H. McContock,		M. K. Cousens,	
A. N. Cuck,		H. Leech,	
Alex. Cameron, skip	18	A. M. Hawes, skip	21
2—J. McKnight,		6—F. Wheeler,	
H. D. McKnight,		J. F. Stewart,	
J. F. Parker,		R. Jones,	
M. Simmons, skip	12	I. Frazier, skip	17
3—C. Lorrimer,		7—A. Richardson,	
W. G. Crawford,		J. Frazier,	
J. H. Mathieu,		H. L. Harrison,	
C. J. Ogden, skip	11	Geo. Frazier, skip	29
4—W. W. Edwards,		8—J. J. Phaen,	
J. H. Edwards,		W. Wright,	
W. Simpson,		G. Crawford,	
W. D. Edwards, skip	11	W. Crawford, skip	20
Total			139

Referee, Mr. W. Lewis of the Yonkers Club; time of match, three hours and forty minutes; majority of shots for the Scotchmen, 52.

The next match of importance will be the contest next week between representatives of the north and south of Scotland.

Cruelty that the Spectators could not Stand.

For some time the residents along the Commonwealth avenue hill leading to the Jersey City Heights have complained of the cruelty to horses practised by some of the truck drivers in passing over the dangerous ice on the hill. A driver employed by Blake & Co., manufacturers of sewing machines in Newark, a day or two ago stopped at a saloon on the top of the hill, leaving the horse standing without any covering. When he started to go on again, the horse started off before the driver got his seat. Seizing a heavy whip, the driver began beating the horse over the head. The whip was soon reduced to splinters, and the horse's head was covered with blood. Not yet satisfied, the man took a large oaken cane from the truck and recommenced the attack. The horse was knocked down three times. A large crowd had gathered about the man, and an attempt was made to stop him, but he threatened to use the cane on any one who came within his reach. At last the spectators could stand it no longer, and several men ran down to the sick from nine to force. Word was at once sent to the firm, and the man was discharged from their employ.

Doubted Because of his Record.

Daniel McKealing was charged in the Special Sessions yesterday, by Adam Dehner, with stealing a horse blanket. "I am not guilty, said McKealing. "I have work and have no cause to steal. I never would steal, for I have not got it in me to steal. I was going through Division street, and I saw the blanket lying in the snow. I picked it up, when a policeman took hold of me. At the same moment the complainant came running and said it belonged to him. I returned it to him the blanket and told him how I had found it."

"What were you arrested for before?" asked Justice Wandell.

"For assault and battery, your Honor, and you sent to prison me for one month's imprisonment."

"Have you been arrested for since?" asked the magistrate.

"For intoxication, sir."

"How often?"

"Twice, sir, but I did not steal that blanket."

"You are guilty, and sentence you to imprisonment for six months."

He Practised Falling Down.

A few days ago a man fell down in the snow in front of the house of a well-known resident of East Orange. He seemed to be exhausted, and only half conscious. He was carried into the house, and after being revived he said he lived at Sixteenth avenue and Seventeenth street, Newark, and had a wife and four children. Being in need of food and fuel he had searched for work but had remained all day without food, and was suffering from weakness. He was given food for himself and family, and was taken home in a sleigh. A day or two afterward the lady living in the house where he had been befriended visited the man's house to inquire about him. She learned from the neighbors that he was a tailor and able to work, but that he preferred to live on charity. He made it a practice to fall down in front of the houses of wealthy persons, and some days he brought home two or three dollars in singles or fractions.

Justus Schwab Refuses to Swear.

Carl Selig, a cabinetmaker, was arraigned in the Special Sessions yesterday, charged with striking Louis Ackermann of 98 Allen street on the head with a chair last Sunday evening, at a meeting of the Socialistic Workingmen's Union in the Germania Assembly Rooms. Justus Schwab, who presided at the meeting, was called upon to testify. He was handed the Bible by Chief Clerk Shandley.

"I decline, sir," said Mr. Schwab, declining to touch the book.

Mr. Rickle bowed and began: "I do most solemnly affirm in the presence of the ever living God——"

"No, sir! no, sir," interrupted Mr. Schwab. "I promise to tell the truth, nothing more."

Mr. Rickle expressed his discouragement and from the magistrate, and Justus Schwab was allowed forthwith to testify.

A Murderer Lynched.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 5.—At Grantville, Nev., on Jan. 28, Matsa Salmon killed S. Nissel, a miner. Salmon was arrested and hidden by the officers to save him from being lynched. On Saturday, Salmon's hiding place was discovered, and he was taken out and hanged to the frame work of a windmill.

COL. PRJEVALSKY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

A Russian Account of the Experiences and Results of the Expedition.

From the St. Petersburg Gaz.

Our famous Asiatic traveller, Nicholas Michailovitch Prjevalsky, arrived at Orenburg on Dec. 31 (19), and was there received with indescribable enthusiasm. His looks have not changed much in the last two years. The same enthusiasm shines in his face; the same brilliancy is seen in his black, expressive eyes; only his rich black hair shows silver threads. In the circle of his brother officers he told, with an inimitable humor, numerous episodes of his travels, and explained the military armaments of our future enemies, the Chinamen.

At the request of the Governor of the Orenburg province, Mr. Prjevalsky, in his lecture, gave a short account of his late third expedition to Central Asia. His party included two learned officers (Ladorovsky and Eklaru), five Cossacks, four soldiers, and one Mongolian interpreter. They had thirty-five camels and several horses for the officers. Every one was provided with a Berdan gun, two Smith & Wesson six-shooters, and one hundred cartridges; besides, they had in the baggage ten thousand cartridges.

The principal task of the expedition was to investigate the table lands of Thibet and Mongolia, and the results surpassed the hopes of the travellers. But the hardships and dangers encountered by them baffle all description. They had to make long passages at 118° Fahr. in the shade, while the sandy ground became heated to 140° Fahr.; the winter the cold was so intense that mercury froze. The travellers often suffered from lack of water and food, from storms, and from the assaults of Asiatic tribes.

They started from the Zaisann Fort, passed Bulantaghn, Chami, Sayhan, H'Lasa, Zaitina, and ended their wanderings at the origin of the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River. They journeyed over 7,000 verstes (about 5,000 miles). They made surveys constantly, as also astronomical and meteorological observations. Three mountains were discovered, which are to be classed among the highest on the globe; these were named after Humboldt, Ritter, and Newton. The explorers made excellent geological, botanical, mineralogical, and astronomical collections, which will be given to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. Among the curiosities are some species of animals heretofore unknown.

Passing over the Thian-Schan chain, the explorers found themselves in a desert where there were no signs of life except a few wild yaks. The region was quite barren for hundreds of miles; there were no traces of vegetation; the sand and sharp pebbles extended to the horizon. Poor wild yaks, however, were found at intervals of from twenty to forty miles. In the summer the heat was so intense that they could travel only at night.

The Governor of Chami received the explorers with apparent kindness, but refused most decidedly to give them a guide to pilot them in the direction of Sutchou. It was said that the oasis was too dangerous, being covered with bones and the carcasses of camels and men. The situation of the travellers was critical. To go around the oasis was to travel 3,400 verstes, while this dangerous road was a matter of only 300 verstes. The bold explorer decided to go straight to the oasis. The journey was indeed horrible. The heat of the ground reached 151 Fahr. Here and there were seen the dead bodies of men and brutes. Still, these were not so numerous as the Chinamen had affirmed. The oasis was safely reached by the travellers, and it seemed to them a veritable paradise.

According to his instructions from Peking, the Governor of the place received them in an unfriendly manner, and refused to help them in any way. The explorers obtained a guide by sheer force. He led them into an impassable region. They dismissed him, and were about to return to the oasis, when happy they met a party of the Mongolians who, for pay, brought them to a good road. Passing over the Altynash ridge, the travellers entered a beautiful valley, rich in water and vegetation. They stopped for the winter, and some days prior to Christmas, which they named the Biagodatny (Gracious). Here Mr. Prjevalsky, with his two officers, worked hard on their maps. The glaciers explored on the Ritter and Newton Mountains were about 150 verstes long.

The latter part of the journey to Thibet was very tedious. It was necessary to double the night watch, and often to resort to guns. While passing over a ridge, a branch of Kuenlunn, Sergeant Egoroff left the party to pursue a wounded yak, and lost his way in the mountains. For five days the company searched for him, but in vain. At last it was decided that Egoroff had perished, and the party resumed their journey with heavy hearts. On the sixth day, while ascending a mountain, the Cossacks noticed in the far distance what they supposed to be a beast. But the Colonel with his field glass saw that it was a human being walking on his salvage. They approached it. What was their joy when they discovered that it was the poor animal their lost comrade! He was in a dreadful condition, so nearly starved that he could not walk upright. His shoes had been torn by the sharp pebbles, and he had covered his feet with his trousers, but these improvised shoes had not been long. For two days he did not eat at all. On the third day he killed some domestic cows, but he did not like to kill one of them. He tried only to milk them, but there was no milk, and so he ate the grass. In order to warm himself, he made a fire at night by firing at his gun. In this way he spent seven cartridges, saving, however, the last one for the Chinese frontier guards. In two weeks Egoroff was himself again.

In September the explorers crossed the Blue River (Yangtse-kiang) and entered the city of Thibet. The snow covered the ground. For two weeks they traveled over the table land of Thibet. The sharp grass wounded the feet of the animals and made them almost lame. Again they found themselves in a lifeless desert. They had no guide, and lost their way. Their reconnoitring was unsuccessful. At last they noticed slight traces, left by a caravan of pilgrims to H'Lassa. These saved the travellers. Going ahead for 150 versts, they reached the highest mountain range. The barometer showed 16,000 feet. The purity of the travellers was great. The Cossacks fired a volley, and the whole company gave three cheers.

Now there was only days or at most before they would reach H'Lassa. They began to despond; it was very hard work. In one place the Lamaists came to meet them, flying the white flag. Suddenly one of them cut a Cossack with his sabre, and another wounded a soldier with a pike. The Russian explorers fired a volley with their pistols, and four of the Lamaists fell dead on the spot. This time lesson taught the other semi-savages to keep at a respectful distance.

When they were within a few versts of the holy city of H'Lassa a deputation came to them and most earnestly entreated them not to go into the city, as to go in would be to run into a great danger. The trouble was that among the population a rumor had spread that the Prjevalsky expedition was a Buddhist pilgrimage. The natives believed that the athletic Russian Colonel, with his dozen men, armed to the teeth, was capable of regarding such an attempt, in the face of the several hundred thousands of Mongolians residing in the city. The appearance of thirteen ramrody devils, as the Chinese call all the Europeans, had caused a panic in H'Lassa. The deputation humbly offered to Mr. Prjevalsky any reward he wanted for complying with their request. The explorers thought it was more prudent to return in safety than to risk exciting the fanaticism of a superstitious people.

The travellers returned the same way they had come. Every road and every passage swarmed with the treacherous Mongolians; but the Russians easily cleared the way. Nevertheless the journey was very tedious. Of the thirty-five camels twenty-four fell on the road. The winter came on, and with it cold and furious storms. As usual, they had no guide. Except flour, they had no provisions left. The situation was critical. Happily they met two Mongolians, whom they forced to save them by showing the way to the Hoang-Ho.

Crossing the river, they soon fell on their former trail, and, following it, they reached the city of Sinin, situated not far from the lake of Kuku-Noor. The city authorities at first refused to help the explorers in searching for the origin of the Hoang-Ho, on the ground that several Chinese expeditions had perished in that attempt. The Governor declared also that at the head of Hoang Ho were savage marauders. "So much the better," answered the Colonel; "we should be very glad to make a acquaintance with such now rare people." The Governor agreed to give a guide.

Passing over a ridge 13,300 feet high, the travellers descended into the valley of the Yellow River. It was in March. Sinin was in its full virginal beauty. Here they saw woods, which they had not seen for a long time, since in Thibet there are no trees at all. The barley grew in great quantity, and nobody pulled it. They were surprised to see brilliant plumage, especially flocks of blue pheasants. The region was fairly populated, but everybody ran away at the approach of the yangcoo, and so the country looked like a wilderness. At night were seen in all directions blazing piles, warning the population of danger. The explorations were sometimes difficult by reason of precipices, sometimes one thousand feet high, down which tumbled the Hoang-Ho. These precipices, met in all directions, decided Mr. Prjevalsky to give up the task of searching for the source of the stream. He returned to Sinin, whence by the way of Lyra they reached Urga and entered Siberia. The journey was performed in two years. The fame of Col. Prjevalsky are doubled on account of the heavy snow storms.

Neglecting her School to Get Married.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The judgment in a rather queer case has just been given in the Superior Court. Some time last March Miss Sarah Smith, a young lady living in Norwood, left her home to go to school, as her parents supposed. After night she did not return, and they found that she had married Mr. Michael Joyce. On her return she was suspended from her school for the remainder of the term, and her parents brought a suit against the teacher to recover damages for the injury done to their daughter's reputation. The Common Pleas Court decided in her favor, but on appeal the case was tried in the Superior Court, in which an appeal was made, reversing the decision.

Almos 103 Years Old.

From the Springfield Republican.

Mrs. Rachel Allen, the oldest person in Chesterfield, died the 20th day of last month, aged 102 years, 9 months, and 20 days. She had been able to be up in her chair and in her room within the last four months, but had not been able to walk much for two years. Her mind was unusually good till the last, and she lived to see her great-great-grandchildren.

SPLENDID SLEIGHING.

Lively Brushes on the Road—Captain Jack and his Running Mate.

Never was the sleighing better on the up-town drives than it was yesterday. St. Nicholas, Seventh, and Jerome avenues were alive with turnouts. Some of the finest trotters in the city were out, and the hard snow gave them an excellent chance to show their speed.

Among the interesting brushes on the road was a match between Mr. William Dreesen's cross-team Black Hawk and mare and Mr. Alfred Brown's bay mare Ida. The race was close, the team coming in first by a length.

Mr. Hinchliffe's bay gelding Jolly Allsaly and Mr. John H. Weeks's brown stallion Sam Purdy had a match, which was won after a short tussle at John Brady.

Gen. Sayles's bay gelding Gary Owen and Fred Westover's gray mare Alice had a trial of speed for a mile down Seventh avenue. Alice had the best of the wind off, and kept in front for half a mile, when Gary Owen took the road and won a dead first by several lengths.

The old time match for seventy-five bushels of oats, in which five boats were trotted on Friday, on Jerome avenue, was finished yesterday. The trot was won by Billy, and Nellie came second.

John J. Quinn's black gelding Captain Jack and a running mate created considerable excitement by dashing past John Smith's at a furious pace, the mate running away and Captain Jack trotting quietly. The pair were brought to a standstill before reaching McCosker's Dam.

Starving to Death in its Stall.

Mr. Romaine, the President of the Passaic County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was informed a few days ago that a horse belonging to an aged colored woman was starving. He found the woman sick and starving herself, and the horse dead in the barn, the woman falling sick and having no help was unable to look after the horse. The horse had eaten all the straw from the bed of the bedding, and also the wood work of the manger, and even the halter. Four pigs in a pen were reduced almost to skeletons by hunger.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales Feb. 5.

UNITED STATES, STATE, AND CITY BONDS (IN $1,000's).

40 U. S. 6s, '81	100½	2 Ala., class B	96
11 U. S. 4s, c	112½	1 Ark., class 3	88
25 U. S. 4s, r	112½	10 Tenn. 6s, old	18¾
2 District 3.65s	102	10 La. consols	94½
3 Va. 6s, del	15	73 N. C. 6s, ap. tax 3[illegible]	8

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000'S).

120 B. & L. E. 7s, con	85½	6 Mor. & Ess 1st	131
5 C. R. I. P. A'