fought in the battle of Waterloo, fifty-eight years ago. In his youth he had offered his life to overthrow Napoleon I. In his old age he saluted Napoleon III. on his way to the tomb.

THE CHURCH.

The procession winds through the meadows into a narrow lane skirted by a row of laborers' cottages, and stops in front of the little Catholic Church of St. Mary's. As Kentish villages are not generally populous with Catholics, you will understand why this chapel only contains 200 seats. It is small, plainly built, uncomfortable, and was certainly not intended by its builders as the resting place of a Napoleon. We walked through it before the procession marched. In the front, within the chancel, were three chairs and praying desks. Here the imperial family always worshipped. The middle one (the Emperor's) was draped in black, the little church was hung in black and the floor covered with black cloth. As only two hundred could find seats, most of those who had tickets came before the procession started. On one side sat a large number of ladies, among them Princess Clothilde, Princess Mathilde, the wife of Marshal Canrobert, Princess Murat, Countess Palikao, Madame St. Arnaud, Duchess de Montmorency and others of the wit and beauty and splendor of the Empire. A few Sisters of Mercy, who had been praying over the remains, took seats near the altar. The correspondents came early, and had seats near the chancel.

THE MASS FOR THE DEAD.

About half-past eleven the procession of clergy left the altar and marched down the aisle. Napoleon was at the door of the tomb, and they stood awaiting. As the body was moved in the mourners and the Bishop of Southwark, who was to say the prayers, and the whole assembly arose; tears and articulate sobs burst from the ladies and many of the gentlemen. The coffin was placed in front of the altar. The Prince Imperial sat near it. Behind him were the Imperial Princes. There was a rush and a noise as the few who had tickets found their seats. But in time all were seated, and the Bishop, assisted by eight priests, knelt at the altar's foot and began the solemn mass for the dead. The music was sweet and simple, the mass being a Gregorian plain chant, and the choir composed of boys from St. George's Cathedral, London. The various rites of the Church were observed. Holy water was sprinkled upon the coffin, incense was wafted over it, and finally, when the service was over, the prayer for the dead had been recited and the benediction pronounced, it was quietly removed into a narrow alcove or resting place in the wall, and Napoleon III. was in his grave. There was a pause as the Prince Imperial advanced, knelt, made a prayer and sprinkled the tomb with holy water. Prince Napoleon followed his example, and they left the church together, entered a carriage and drove to Camden House. As they started off there was a loud, long continued, hearty English cheer, which the Prince gracefully acknowledged. At about half-past one the funeral was done.

THE PROCESSION.

Scenes—Incidents—First Levee of Napoleon IV.—Emotion of the Empress.

Slowly, as the morning broke, the fog which had settled down over Chiselhurst like a great, damp winding-sheet, lifted, disclosing the pleasant, rolling, wooded country, dotted with comfortable farm houses and snug little cottages, the fresh, rural beauty of an English landscape, the village of Chiselhurst itself, with its two little steeples, and, lastly, Camden House, where lay the mortal remains of Napoleon III.

The early morning was damp and cold, with that raw, disagreeable atmosphere which seems to penetrate to the very bones, betokening cold comfort and colder feet to the crowds that had already began to gather around the gates of Camden House to witness the funeral.

Towards nine o'clock, however, the sun broke through the mist, showing his face through a dim watery medium, as though

SMILING SADLY

on the scene below. Carriages full of people began to arrive and to dispose themselves along the road, from the house to the church, over which the funeral procession was to pass, and the country around resounded with the noise of trains arriving from London every fifteen minutes with their loads of passengers, who poured in a continual procession up the winding country road leading to Camden House.

On the east and south sides of St. Mary's chapel is a furze common, which soon began to be covered with carriages from the surrounding country. There were all kinds, from the heavy ox cart of the laborer, the old-fashioned tilbury of the farmer, to the elegant landau of the country gentleman. All arrived early, and all disposed themselves to wait patiently for the appearance of the funeral procession. The people who had arrived on foot from the country, consisting of farmers, laborers and many others, the inhabitants of the village of Chiselhurst and the people from London formed themselves in line, with the end of

TWO HUNDRED POLICEMEN,

lent down from London, on either side of the road along which the cortége was to pass, and waited patiently for the expected sight, regardless of the mud in which they were standing and the damp, raw air.

There are probably no greater sight-seers in the world than the English. Not only were the inferior and lower classes there in force, but the middling and upper classes were largely represented, and I observed many young ladies, elegantly dressed, whom I should never have suspected capable of such endurance, standing four hours in the mud for a passing glimpse at that most interesting mourner, the young Prince Imperial, Napoleon IV. The people were very decorous and talked quietly with each other or questioned the nearest policeman.

THE SPECULATORS.

A number of villanous looking individuals, with long drab overcoats, slouched hats and faces that bore a striking resemblance to raw beef, having brought out scaffolding from London and set up stands, kept bawling out, "A shilling, gentlemen, for a stand," "Fine view," "Procession coming in a moment," with the intention of inducing incautious persons to mount on their rickety platforms in order to obtain a better view. A number of other seedy looking individuals, trying to turn an honest penny, were selling what they termed memorial cards of the Emperor—a little card, edged with black, on which were printed the name of the Emperor, the date of his birth and of his death.

An old lady near me, who could scarcely talk for crying, informed me that the Emperor had given a marriage portion to her daughter, and she "didn't care who was against him, she was for him; which he was just the best man in the world, and smiled so sweet when he spoke to poor people and didn't put on any great airs like the English aristocracy; and that this New Year should come in in this way, and it wasn't for nothink that her little Johnny had brought her a bouquet of

WITHERED VIOLETS AND CAMELIAS

on New Year's day," which Johnny ran errands sometimes for Dr. Conneau, and found the bouquets under the windows of Camden House and picked them up and brought them to her on New Year's Day. "And I said, 'Johnny, what do you bring me withered violets and camelias for on New Year's day?' and he said, 'I found them, mother,' which it was an omen, and it's all come true so soon, and now he's dead." When she had somewhat recovered from a tearful outburst of grief, she and her nearest neighbors opened a discussion on the merits of the doctors who performed the operation on the Emperor, about which they seemed to be in some darkness, but agreed at last that if the calculus had been properly treated with goose grease and catnip tea things would have been different.

But now the carriages commence passing rapidly along between the long files of expectant human faces. They are the carriages of the ladies who are to assist at the ceremonies in the church. It is now half-past ten, and the procession will soon start from the house. A man on one of the aforementioned rickety platform, trying to see if they are coming, apparently walks quietly off the plank and falls to the ground, a distance of about eight feet, with a shriek that startles everybody. He is afterwards dragged out and carried off on a stretcher, though I am unable to learn whether he created the necessity for another (his own) funeral or not

The general appearance of the village and the common at this moment resembles somewhat an election day or a Fourth of July celebration in a country village in our own country, with the exception of the absence of the noise and turmoil usual upon such occasions. There are probably 20,000 people present, and carriages and vehicles to the number of hundreds distributed over the common.

But at last the procession is seen approaching. It is led by fifty French workmen in blouses, bareheaded, bearing the French tri-color flag, taken from the flagstaff surmounting the Camden House, and nailed upon an ash sapling cut from the garden. Then follow thirty or forty men in black, with crape around their hats. Then the hearse, tall, black and stately, with nodding plumes, drawn by eight black horses, the two leaders ridden and each of the others led by a man at the bridle, bearing a large bouquet of violets. Then came the young Prince Imperial, pale, sad and downcast in looks, walking alone, his eyes directed before him, to where lies all that remains of the man who sacrificed France to keep this boy a throne. Well may he look with sorrow on that coffin, for it enshrines one who loved him well, and whom he can never greet again.

Others follow; the Bonapartes, the Murats, Rouher, Gramont, Fleury, Benedetti and many more famous men of the Empire, but the crowd does not see them. All eyes are turned on that young, girlish face; that boyish form, on whose slight shoulders falls the mantle of Napoleon the Great, the conqueror of Europe.

And so the pageant passes slowly by, followed by the eager eyes of the people, who have respectfully uncovered, and the silence is almost painful. The procession, or a part of it at least, enters the church. The people still continue in their places in the mud, patiently waiting for it to reappear.

THE RETURN.

At the end of two hours there is a sudden commotion, exclamations of "They're going, but another way," and a rush across the common. The cortége returns to Camden House in nearly the same order in which it went out, the crowd following in a dense mass.

THE LEVEE.

Those who formed part of the procession were allowed to enter the grounds. After some time we were informed that the Prince would come out to thank his countrymen who had this day testified their sympathy, and we were arranged in two lines down the carriage drive leading to the gate. The people had congregated outside of the enclosure, in their carriages, and we could see their heads looking over the fence, watching our proceedings with great eagerness. Suddenly there was a crash, a number of shrieks, a confused noise of shouts and cries, and all the heads disappeared. A horse had broken loose, as it afterwards turned out, and ran through the crowd, dragging a carriage after him; but, fortunately, doing no serious damage.

Just then the Prince Imperial appeared, and our attention was directed from this exciting scene to the one now before us. The lad was advancing slowly along the line, followed by Rouher, Canrobert, the Duke de Gramont and several other noted imperialists. He bowed to each three or four persons as he passed along, and tried to smile his thanks, but his eyes were red with weeping, and the fresh, young, handsome face, little used to concealing emotions—a face which smiled so readily and so hastily but a week ago—made only a sorry attempt to do so now, which ended in a sad failure. He passed down one line to the gate and up the other back to the house, before the steps of which the Paris workmen were assembled with the tri-color flag. Women's faces were seen in all the windows, the Empress Eugénie on one of the upper balconies of the house watching the proceedings. The workmen set up a cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which was joined in heartily by the four or five hundred people present, amid the throwing up of hats and the waving of handkerchiefs. The Empress bowed her head on her hands for a moment, sobbing convulsively, then turned and went in. This was followed by cries of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" repeated several times; then of "*Vive Napoleon Quatre!*" likewise repeated. Having thus in some sort proclaimed the new Emperor and openly set up his claim to the throne of France, they cried "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" several times, concluding with "*Vive la Reine!*" then afterwards quietly dispersed.

And so ends the last act in this strange, eventful history.

FUNERAL DAY IN PARIS.

Apathy of the Population—A Dead Emperor without Mourners.

PARIS, Jan. 15, 1873.

From the aspect of Paris to-day no one could believe that the obsequies of Napoleon III. are transpiring in England. All here is tranquil. The city which he enlarged and beautified and in which he was the one imperial dweller for twenty years offers his memory no tears, his grave no flowers, his family no consolation. It might be said that on Thursday Napoleon III. died at Camden House and that on Friday his memory expired in Paris. To realize how completely he has perished it was only necessary to take the walk your correspondent took to-day at the very moment when his faithful followers were doing the last rites at Chiselhurst. Gayety ruled on the boulevards; the shops were open; the toilets were bright and cheerful, and almost every face was as radiant as the average physiognomy of the Paris crowd. In a promenade of several miles on foot through the city I did not observe one shop closed, unless it bore the inscription, "*Boutique à louer.*" Neither was there a solitary house in mourning, and thus, publicly, at least, there was an entire absence of grief. Reflection suggested, "How would it have been had Napoleon died in the purple?" "The end of December 2, and a long day at that!" "The fickleness of Frenchmen; the ingratitude of Paris!" Walk down the Champs Elysées. The footpath is very animated. It presents one stream of life, of mirth, of reckless enjoyment. On the pavement it is the same. Gorgeous equipages roll by; the cabs are even in more than usual demand, and that *demi-monde*, rendered affluent and buoyant by the imperial *régime*, is as gaudy and brazen as on the Jour de l'An. No class of people is sad. To observe sorrow in the out-door crowd to-day requires very melancholy perceptions. Thus that end which people were fond of styling "The greatest event of the century!" has made no impress upon that population which it concerns most. It is true that the government prohibited demonstrations of any character that could possibly be interpreted as political. Yet no order was given to prevent the ordinary expressions of mourning. The Ministry did a very silly thing in prohibiting the use of the name of Napoleon IV. in the journals. It was on the plea that the mention of Napoleon IV. tended to foment agitation. Paul de Cassagnac, in his paper, the *Pays*, very coolly rejoins that if there is offence in calling the Prince Imperial Napoleon IV. what is the argument which sanctions the currency of Henry V? The *Gaulois* is in deep mourning and so is the *Ordre*, and both bristle with gloomy but theatrical despatches from Chiselhurst recording the proceedings of each succeeding hour. The moderate journals ignore the funeral, and, taken all in all, it may be said that there is an extraordinary apathy concerning the last scene in the tragedy of the modern Cæsar among the phenomenal journalists. John Lemoinne, with that measured contempt which has made his reputation as a daily writer, deals with the religion of the deceased Emperor, and shows how in using the Church he abused and weakened it. Among Americans there has been more regret than among any other nationality, not excepting the Italian and English. They say here "Oh, he was a genius; we cannot help admiring his superb talents!" And a little later we hear a judicial personage declaring, "Yes, he had brains, but brains without head; he was the Jim Fisk of France!" Every American traveller who has been here knows how Napoleon III. flattered and caressed our countrymen, especially our countrywomen. Many of them were his spies, his tools, his toadies. So many of them as still exist here you may imagine are unhappy. They were waiting for the return of the Emperor, for the resurrection of a lost employment. They, and such as they, mourn to-day.

MIGHTY MOBILIER.

Wilson's Committee Unearthing the Frauds of the C. M.

The Disposition of the $126,000 Fund.

Frank Statement of C. M. Bushnell of the Way the Money Went.

GENERAL DIX IN A BAD LIGHT

The Lobby Blackmailing the Union Pacific—Appeal to Congress and the Nation.

FULLERTON PAID $50,000 BLACKMAIL

The True History of the Origin of the Monster Corporation.

HOW C. M. GOT ITS CHARTER.

Colonel Zeigler Tells How the "Wild Bill with the Dutch Title" Passed the Pennsylvania Legislature.

"FIXED WITHOUT A RED."

The First Company—Organization and Allotments—How the Giant First Collapsed and Then Developed to Huge Proportions.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1873.

The Wilson Committee met at eleven o'clock, when B. W. Spence, formerly Cashier and Assistant Treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, was recalled, and produced the original memorandum referred to in his testimony heretofore given, from which he made checks and drafts for certain parties for an aggregate amount of $126,000, the subsequent endorsement by the witness, including the names of James F. Wilson in connection with $19,000 and General G. M. Dodge with $24,500.

General Slocum asked whether witness did not give the check for $19,000 to C. W. Bushnell, instead of to James F. Wilson?

Witness replied in the negative.

General Slocum—Suppose Mr. Bushnell were to say the check passed into his hands, would you not then say you were mistaken?

The witness replied he would not.

General Slocum remarked, apart from the evidence, he had heard Mr. Bushnell say the check came into his hands.

Witness said the General Dodge check for $24,500 came back to him from the National Bank of the State of New York.

MR. BUSHNELL ON THE STAND.

C. W. Bushnell was recalled—Remembered being at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad Company on the 8th or 9th of March, 1871, when the item of $126,000 was under consideration; there were no vouchers; the money was paid on his own statement; in December, 1870, after the action of the Secretary of the Treasury; the bonds of the company went almost out of sight, and there was not money enough to pay the interest on the first mortgage bonds due January 1; witness then detailed the circumstances of his proposition to the company to receive certain securities on which to raise money to pay the interest due by the company; he went to Philadelphia and saw Colonel Thomas A. Scott and J. Edgar Thompson, who said they would assist in getting the company out of debt; he then returned to Boston and made his contract with the company; as soon as he secured his money he started for Washington; he came here mainly—almost entirely—to secure legislation of Congress in order that the Union Pacific Railroad Company should be authorized to give a mortgage on the bridge between Omaha and Council Bluffs so as to make the bonds better security; he while here undertook alone to present the case, as was his custom in such cases; he met the Iowa members, who would not move, as there was much jealousy about the bridge both at Omaha and Council Bluffs. Witness saw there was nothing to do but to address General Dodge, telling him to come on, promising to pay him for his trouble; witness told him what he wanted; Dodge at once said he had borrowed every dollar he could on his Union Pacific Railroad stock during the Summer and Fall in New York in order to carry on his business, and that

THE "DAMNED BOUTWELL RAID"

on the Union Pacific road has ruined him; witness said, "I cannot help that, but you go to work to carry this game through and I will give you all you lost, your expenses and for your time;" Dodge went to work, and in less than ten or fifteen days we had the bill through Congress just as we wanted it; all right; we settled all difficulties between Nebraska and Iowa at that time; I did take an interest in the legislation, principally to get up and have printed and distributed the opinions of the best lawyers and reports of committees; I had no fear the government would repudiate the contract with the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and I have no fear the government now will do so; we went home to Boston and had our annual election, but before we went we became satisfied we could not carry out our arrangements without the help of the company; a committee was appointed, when I said I promised General Dodge to make good his expenses for services, &c.; Dodge figured up and I agreed to pay him $24,500, and it is possible I gave him something more; Colonel Thomas A. Scott having loaned several hundred thousand dollars, wanted $19,000 on account; the balance of the $126,000 I handed to the secretary of the company in payment of the land grant bonds I had purchased from it.

WHAT DODGE WAS PAID FOR.

In answer to a question the witness said he paid General Dodge the money for aiding and securing the passage of the bill to mortgage the bridge over the Missouri River, and paid Colonel Scott $19,000 on account of money he had borrowed from him.

Q. In what way did the Union Pacific Railroad Company obtain compensation for this expenditure of money? A. The only compensation was to enable me to carry out my contract by taking one-half of their securities above the market price.

Q. In other words, they gave you a bonus of $126,000? A. It was to pay my expenses—legal and otherwise.

The Chairman—The charge on the books is for special legal expenses. Why was it charged in that way? A. It was an error; it ought to have read, "special and legal."

Q. Was General Dodge Chief Engineer of the road at that time? A. I think not, but was a director at that time.

Q. Who received the drafts and checks? A. I received them all; I do not remember any person being present at the time, excepting the clerks—Mr. Spence and Mr. Williams; I handed Mr. Dodge and Mr. Scott their checks; perhaps I handed Mr. Rollins his check, and the balance I handed over to Mr. Williams.

The committee took a recess until two o'clock.

On the reassembling the committee resumed the examination of Mr. Bushnell, who said he bought two millions and a half of the bridge bonds, and gave eighty cents on the dollar for them, when the outside price was only fifty cents on the dollar; for $2,136,000 of land grant bonds he gave seventy-two and a half, when in the New York Stock Exchange they were fifty-five; he had to make the arrangement with the company to pay the entire floating debt of the company, which at the time was $2,000,000, and to build the bridge; by the legislation he procured he reduced the interest on the bridge bonds from ten to eight per cent, and charged the company only the difference in the price he was to pay for the bonds less what the company saved in three years in the payment of interest. Witness gave additional information on this subject.

He was, in 1870 and 1871, a director of the company. In answer to a question asked by Mr. Shellabarger, the witness said he had no doubt the Union Pacific Railroad Company paid the parties interest under the Oakes Ames' contract five per cent additional to the contract price in consideration of the rapidity with which the road was built and for other causes. During further examination the witness said his impression was that when he received all the checks and drafts from Mr. Spence, heretofore referred to in the testimony, he handed the checks and drafts to the parties, including General Dodge and Colonel Scott, on the day of the transaction.

Mr. Spence, recalled, said he did not remember that Colonel Scott was in the office at the time he handled the checks, although he (Scott) was there during the day.

GENERAL DIX'S INTEREST.

The examination of Bushnell was resumed. General Slocum asked how much stock did General Dix hold in the Union Pacific Railroad Company? A. Five hundred shares.

Q. Do you know how he obtained them? A. Not sufficiently to swear, even to my own satisfaction.

Q. Do you not know they were presented to him by Credit Mobilier? A. If you call Dr. Durant he can tell you.

Q. I would prefer that you answer my question. A. The first or second instalment was paid for by Dr. Durant.

Q. Did this come out of Dr. Durant's personal means? A. I do not like to swear to that. In further interrogation witness said Dix's stock was bought by Credit Mobilier at par.

Q. Why did you give him $50,000 for 500 shares of stock of the Union Pacific Railroad? A. There was a variety of reasons; General Dix was represented to us as somewhat aggrieved by his having been turned out of the presidency of the company, and said he would rather remain President than have the office of Minister to France.

Q. Did he not write a letter to S. M. L. Barlow, which was read to your directors, which induced them to take the stock at par? A. I saw the letter purporting to have been written by General Dix.

Q. Was it of such a character as alarmed your company and compelled you to pay? A. We were led from the letter and the remarks of Mr. Barlow to think it advisable to buy the stock.

Q. And pay par for stock not worth it? A. I never discredited the stock, being more sanguine than others.

Q. Who was treasurer when the first mortgage bonds were issued? A. Mr. Cisco was treasurer and General Dix president of the company.

Q. What was paid to these parties for signing the bonds over their salaries? A. I never heard of anything being paid above their salaries.

Having been further interrogated, the witness said he never heard of a retainer of $10,000 given to a candidate for a seat in the United States Senate—M. H. Carpenter—on the ground that he was

A FRIENDLY OF THE COMPANY;

he did not know of a single dollar having been paid in 1864, 1867 or 1871 as a retainer to any member of Congress.

In answer to Mr. Swann the witness said Mr. Barlow read only a few lines of General Dix's letter, and showed his authority to settle the matter for Mr. Dix.

Q. Was the letter in a complaining or threatening spirit? A. I think in a complaining spirit.

The witness, on reflection, said he might be in error in stating General Dix's stock was given by Dr. Durant; it was barely possible it was given him by the Union Pacific Railroad Company as extra compensation; his impression was the stock was given to General Dix.

GENERAL DIX'S LETTER.

Mr. Slocum asked whether the letter was not threatening as to the success of the bonds in Europe unless his stock was taken at par; to which question the witness replied he was not prepared to say, but to the best of his recollection something like that was in the letter, or at least Mr. Barlow so stated; Mr. Barlow on that occasion did not show enough of the letter to gain a full understanding of its contents, but it was not thought advisable or for the interest of the company to quarrel with General Dix's counsel.

In the course of examination the witness remarked that President Lincoln, when he signed the Pacific Railroad bill, said it would be one of the proudest acts of his life if he could take a ride over the road to the Pacific; Mr. Lincoln could not then have anticipated that every year the lobby would attempt to levy

BLACKMAIL ON THE MANAGERS OF THE ROAD.

Having been asked to state what he knew the witness said that in 1869 the President was informed that a lobby was coming to Washington to induce such legislation as would reduce the price of the company's bonds; last year the same thing was tried on the company; being in the office the President said he had been informed that it was necessary to provide a fund to be spent at Washington to prevent the company from being damaged; the witness said to the President he would recommend that not a dollar be paid for such a purpose; this year the question came up as to the company employing counsel or the lobby, when the President said the company would give to Congress and the committee all the facts which were known by its management, and, if necessary, Mr. Poppleton, the counsel of the company, would be sent to Washington to assist in giving all necessary information and see whether the road and its property could be protected without a lobby and the employment of money, as it was determined not to give a dollar, but to furnish every fact and

TRUST CONGRESS AND THE NATION.

Mr. Slocum—Was not the sum of $50,000 paid to Fullerton as blackmail?

Witness—Of course; I ordered it to be paid myself; all knew the origin of the controversy.

General Slocum privately remarked that this was a matter of record on the impeachment trial of Judge Barnard, in New York.

The committee then adjourned until to-morrow at ten o'clock A. M.

THE ALPHA OF CREDIT MOBILIER.

How the Giant Corporation Sprung Into Existence in the Keystone State—Duff Green's Crude Idea Carried Out "Without a Cent"—How Colonel Zeigler Passed the Credit Bill Under an Alias—First Organization and Allotments—The Father of the Corporation Relates the Whole Story to a Herald Correspondent.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 1, 1873.

That I might pierce the mystery in which the statements and counter-statements flying around the newspapers have enshrouded the origin of the Crédit Mobilier Company I went up to Butler today, a village handy to this city, and sought out the man who obtained the charter for the company from the Pennsylvania Legislature. I wanted to hear the story from his own lips, and in this I succeeded. Colonel Jacob Ziegler, of Butler, Pa., whose many years spent in and about the State Capitol at Harrisburg never produced such famous fruit as when he gave legal form and substance to the mighty Crédit Mobilier snake, whose convolutions are now involving nearly every man of "influence" in the country who has ever been within the sweep of its tail or under the fatal fascination of its eye.

The story of the charter, which is herewith given, is in as nearly his own words as may be, and with as few interruptions as were necessary to bring out all the points of interest.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CHARTER.

It was in the Winter of 1858, said Colonel Zeigler, when I was Clerk of the Senate, that, happening to be stopping at the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, I was introduced to Duff Green of Washington city. He was of the magnificent type of fine old Southern gentlemen one used to see in those days. Tall, spare, white-headed and clean shaven, and with a peculiar, quick, nervous and vigorous movement, he was a man that would have been noticeable in any company. But his mind was much more remarkable than his body. He was an imperial imagination—an imperial imagination, sir; there is no other word for it—and this, combined with a temperament of unmistakable hopefulness, made him an exceeding fascinating man. If Train could be tamed down somewhat and his eccentricity modified with a strong element of method he would be such a man. This Duff Green had been the editor of a Washington newspaper for many years; but he failed at length, as such a man was pretty sure to do, But the failure did not disturb his hopefulness in the least. He plunged at once into various railroad schemes in the Southern States, all of which were very magnificent, most of which have since been realized, but out of none of which did Mr. Green make a cent. Poor Duff! he could predict things in the future in a remarkable way, as if by a sort of instinct, but it didn't do him much good.

DUFF GREEN'S PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Well, it was while manœuvring through the South and Southwest that Green conceived the feasibility of constructing a railroad through Texas to the Pacific Ocean. The idea once entered into him could never be exorcised. It took utter possession of him, like the devil did of the swine, and consumed him as the thirst for the Presidency did Henry Clay or Mr. Greeley. It was just about this time that the great French Mobilier Company, organized by and run under the patronage of the Emperor Napoleon, became known in this country, and Duff Green got hold of it. He came up to Philadelphia with a trunk full of statistics and documents, showing what wonderful things for France this company had done. This was the whole capital with which poor Duff invaded Pennsylvania with the intention of organizing a plan which would accomplish the then chimerical scheme of spanning the continent from ocean to ocean with the first Pacific Railroad, and which did accomplish it, too, but in a vastly different way from what Green ever thought of.

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE CREDIT MOBILIER.

REPORTER—Then Duff Green was the real originator of the Crédit Mobilier Company.

ZEIGLER—Oh yes—that is, he originated the idea; but Lord, he would have made a pretty mess of it if he had not fallen into the hands of practical men. He had a charter drawn up which was a curiosity I tell you. Talk about the powers the present Mobilier charter gives! why Duff Green's charter would have given the company power to run, not only a Pacific railroad but the government of the United States and all Europe besides. It was full of wild absurdities and irregularities, such has would have snagged it in a far more easy-going Legislature than that of Pennsylvania—if any such there be. I took it and pruned it and put it into shape—in fact got it all up pretty much new again.

REPORTER—Then you drafted the charter as it finally passed.

ZEIGLER—Yes, I and old Governor Porter. Duff Green got Porter and myself almost as excited as he was himself by his glowing pictures of the possibilities of his scheme as a grand measure of national improvement, and we entered into it warmly, and not only drafted the bill but got it through for him.

REPORTER—Were you, then, the only corporators?

ZEIGLER—Oh, no; we three and Charley Hall, of Philadelphia, were the only men who took any real interest in it. Then we put in the names of eight or ten other men, mostly politicians around Harrisburg—Asa Packer was one of them—and shoved it through

There wasn't any great difficulty, continued Zeigler. None of the legislators had any serious objection to it. In fact, they knew nothing of its powers, and we couldn't get them to examine it. That was the only difficulty. They regarded it

IN THE LIGHT OF A JOKE,

and we had hard work to convince them that it was not. They absolutely laughed us out of the name, for one thing.

REPORTER—How was that?

ZEIGLER—Why, when I proposed the Crédit Mobilier bill to them they first stared and then roared with laughter. It was such a funny name, they said. What did we tack such a Dutchy title to our bill for? The title was illegal, a clear attempt to cover up a snake inside with a name taken from a bill of fare, and so on. And, then, when I remonstrated with them and explained, they said they were suspicious of such a damned French name, anyhow. Their constituents would at once suspect a bill with such a ridiculous foreign name like that; and so we dropped the Crédit Mobilier, and called our company the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency. I had more trouble with Duff Green now than I had with the Assemblymen. They had no objection to the Fiscal Agency, but Duff got angry at their objections to the Crédit Mobilier and the jokes at his project. He wanted to abandon the whole thing.

"What is the use," he said to me, "of trifling with these ignoramuses? they can't see a thing when it's held right up before them, and they make a joke of what their children will think the most magnificent work of the century. It is casting pearls before swine to let these fellows act on this charter.

I succeeded in calming him, however. I asked him what difference whether these fellows understood the thing or not—what difference whether they laughed or not at our bill, so that they passed it? So the bill came up at last, and, amid a running fire of humorous observations on the part of the members, designed to show that, while they wouldn't stand in the way of a harmless project, they were not blinded as to its wildness, the charter of the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency was passed, and duly

SIGNED BY GOVERNOR PACKER, NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

REPORTER—From your sketch it is pretty evident no money was used to grease the way of this charter?

ZEIGLER—Not a cent. In the first place, we corporators were all poor and had no money to spend for it; and in the second place, there wasn't any money in the scheme then. It was too visionary, you see. I don't actually think that three men ever put through a legislative bill by better or purer means and with less thought of money than we three did that Fiscal Agency bill. I am sure Duff Green thought more of the glory and profit to the nation that might come from it than anything else.

REPORTER—What did you do with the charter when you had obtained it?

ZEIGLER—We organized immediately. We met in the office of Oliver Barnes, under the Pennsylvania Railroad office in Philadelphia, and elected officers. I was elected secretary. We commenced business on a grand scale. Big allotments of stock were made all around; $50,000 was assigned to me, but that was rather a farce, as I hadn't a cent to take it up with. However, in consideration of my distinguished services, they voted me thirty shares of paid-up stock, and that I thought meant business.

THE THING DON'T WORK WELL.

REPORTER—What did you do then?

ZEIGLER—Well, the thing came to nothing, notwithstanding an enthusiastic beginning. We opened books, but little stock was subscribed. In fact, the project was evidently premature. The public wasn't ready for such a big thing. The idea of asking Congress for help, you must understand, never occurred to any of us. The idea grew out of the increased powers of Congress during the war. Duff Green was a Southern and a State rights man. His idea was to get the States, especially those along the line of the proposed road, to aid the scheme. So he went to the Southwest in 1860 to work up Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, &c. There the war caught him and penned him up. He couldn't get back for over four years. I don't know whether he ever got back. I am afraid he is dead, as I have not seen or heard of him since. Poor fellow! if he is dead, I hope he lived long enough to see his great prediction realized in the completion of the Pacific Railroad, and not long enough to see into what a frightful slough of corruption his pet idea "taken from the French" has descended.

REPORTER—Did the rest of you drop the project when Green left?

ZEIGLER—No, not immediately. In fact, we went to work rather actively. Part of the plan was to "develop" the resources of Texas. Old Governor Porter moved to Corpus Christi right away, and figured around the various operations there. I invested $10,000 in Washington county sheep and sent them to Texas with a couple of shepherds. When the war came on, the "rebs" took all my sheep and conscripted my shepherds—one of them was killed in the battle before Richmond. I lost every split hoof of them. The war swallowed them and our magnificent scheme.

RAISES A STAKE ON HIS STOCK.

REPORTER—And so that is all you ever got out of the Crédit Mobilier?

ZEIGLER—Well, not quite. The scheme kind of died out at that time, and for four or five years I had pretty much given up all thought of it, till one day I was in Philadelphia, and Charley Hall, who was one of the corporators, came up to me, and, in the course of a conversation on other matters, said, "By the way, Jake, have you got that Fiscal stock yet?"

"Yes," said I, "I suppose I have it somewhere. What of it?"

"Why," said he, "I can make a little something for you out of it. I can get you $275 for it from a lot of fellows from the East."

"Well, Charley," said I, "I'll sell for that, and glad to get anything out of it, I am sure." So I sold my thirty shares and got my $275, and that's all I ever did get.

REPORTER—Are you not sorry now you didn't hold on to it?

ZEIGLER—Well, I rather guess I am, (candidly replied the old politician). I wouldn't object to some of these big dividends. I don't know exactly what my shares are worth now, or were worth two or three years ago before this investigation commenced, but Lew Hall, who was attorney for the State to recover the taxes due from the Crédit Mobilier corporation a year or two ago—you remember that $600,000 suit, don't you?—decided against the State by the way—Lew went to New York and examined the books. He told me that my shares were then worth $1,100,000. I think that was an exaggeration, but I know they were very valuable.

HOW IT WAS CHRISTENED "CREDIT MOBILIER."

REPORTER—You haven't told me how the company got back the name that it was laughed out of—Crédit Mobilier.

ZEIGLER—Oh, that was done in 1864. By that time the name was quite familiar in this country, and didn't sound so ridiculous. The name simply means a company for the "mobilization of credit," and the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature had got this through their hair. So during the session of 1864 they got me to go down to Harrisburg and get the name changed from the "Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency" to "Crédit Mobilier of America," which I did without trouble.

REPORTER—What do I infer when you say "they?"

ZEIGLER—Why, Barnes and Hall, I think.

REPORTER—Did you know what their object was?

ZEIGLER—No; I thought that it was in order to give the company less of a local and more of a national character.

REPORTER—In order to dispose of it out of the State?

ZEIGLER—That is what I was led to suppose.

REPORTER—Was this before or after you sold your shares to Hall.

ZEIGLER—Indeed, sir, I can't remember. My knowledge in that respect is on a par with some of those Congressmen before the investigating committee.

REPORTER—It was about this time, was it not, that the charter was taken to New York?

ZEIGLER—Yes; I think so. I don't know how that was done either. I suppose Barnes took the books over bodily and delivered them to the New Yorkers, who organized the Union Pacific Railroad; but what he got for it or how he got rid of the Pennsylvania stockholders is a mystery to me. The Supreme Court decision, declaring the Crédit Mobilier owed nothing to Pennsylvania for taxes, because it was "no longer a Pennsylvania corporation," puzzles me still more. If it was not a Pennsylvania corporation, under a Pennsylvania charter, what was it?

A STORY TOO THIN.

REPORTER—What about that $300,000 story?

ZEIGLER—Well, I guess I have told you all I know about the matter that anybody knows, except some of those deep fish which are dimly seen swimming around the Investigating Committee at Washington, but which no bait can tempt to the surface. That story which appeared in the NEW YORK HERALD about the New Jersey Legislature refusing to pass such a charter for $150,000 and the New York one refusing $300,000, while Pennsylvania did the job for $30,000, is not by any means correct. It is just as I tell you, and if the charter was bought it was when Barnes and Hall moved to New York, though whether they sold it I can't say. I know nothing about it after it left Philadelphia.

A NAME THAT SHOULD BE ON THE LIST.

"I hope to heavens," said the old gentleman, continuing, "that they'll make them produce the books at Washington and publish the stockholders' list. I think Jacobs' name ought to be among them. I have a notion at times to go on myself to Oakes Ames and strike him for something, on general principles as an original corporation; but I don't know; perhaps it is best not. My connection with the Mobilier has been an honorable one. I am proud of it, and guess I will not get myself into that bad mix at Washington, even to get some of those 1,500 per cent dividends that have been flying around."

Having received from the genial old gentleman all he knew of the origin of this never-to-be-forgotten company, which has worked such tremendous good and evil results for the country, we bade him good evening.

RESERVED SEATS AT ASSOCIATION HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

As I am from the country—consequently a "green one"—I write to ask if you know anything about the responsibilities of the ushers at Association Hall with regard to persons holding tickets for reserved seats. Wishing to hear Miss Emily Faithfull on "Glimpses of the Great Men and Women I have Known," and seeing reserved tickets advertised, one day when the mercury was three degrees below, myself and friend started out, and on returning thought ourselves fortunate in securing good seats. Upon presenting our tickets this afternoon for north side aisle, "D, Nos. 3, 4," we found two individuals (at first sight one might call them ladies) occupying said seats. We appealed to the usher, who, after showing our tickets to these persons, coolly replied, "Other parties are occupying these ladies' seats, so I can do nothing for you." Now, what I desire to ask you is this:—Cannot this be termed a swindle? The Association priding itself upon its strict principles of honesty and justice, I have always supposed its hall was the one place in this wicked city where one could not be cheated. I should like to hear Mrs. Scott-Siddons on Saturday next. Would you advise me, Mr. Editor, to invest again in a "reserved seat?"

IGNORAMUS.

SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 1, 1873.

NEWARK'S CITY HALL ON FIRE.

Through the alleged gross carelessness of a tin-roofer Newark came very near losing its City Hall last evening. About a quarter past five o'clock, finishing up his job on the roof, the roofer dumped his bucket of red hot coals on the tin sheathing. The result was that the woodwork underneath soon caught fire near the cupola, and in a few moments the whole roof was enveloped in flames. Fortunately Chief Carhuff, of the Fire Department, was in the building at the time. His men were soon on hand also, and the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. As it is, water did more hurt than the fire. The city officers and the janitor's family, resident in the building, were considerably frightened, and for a time a good deal of excitement prevailed.

HOBOKEN'S HORROR.

Light Breaking Upon the Hidden Homicide of the Elysian Fields.

A City Car Driver Arrested on Suspicion—His Clothes and Switch Hook Found To Be Stained with Blood—The Victim Still Unrecognized.

After a most patient and anxious research by the Hoboken authorities into the causes which brought about the untimely death of the unknown traveller at the Elysian Fields, circumstances have been brought to light of a strange and startling character. If these circumstances do not ultimately fasten guilt on the man susp