heroes he stands without a peer in the rapt earnestness of his desires and purposes to solve the mysteries of the frozen zone.

THE POLARIS IN 1871.

Further north than any vessel had ever wintered the stanch little Polaris found Thank God Harbor a welcome refuge from the turbulent and destructive floes. It could not protect her, however, from a mortal blow. In the latter part of November the storm driven icefields impinged upon the shore with mighty force. The huge Providence berg was borne from its moorings and crowded with deep groanings against the helpless ship. Its bow perched upon a sub-marine tongue, the helpless vessel lay, rough masses of the cruel ice piled high above its stern, until the winter's spell was broken and the warm sun of June unloosed the icy fetters. Twice each day at the lowering of the tides the vessel fell upon its side to rise again when the surrounding ice was lifted by the rising waters up the steep edge of the immovable berg. The timbers groaned and sprung at the unwonted strain. The discomforts of the situation were borne only from necessity. Cleats assisted in crossing the decks, chairs at the table could be used but on one side, compartments were made to prevent the dishes from sliding off, and the bunks were boarded up to keep the sleepers from rolling out. Living thus on an inclined plane, its angle varying with the changing moon, Christmas of 1871 found the Polaris party in excellent health, but with spirits clouded by the recent death of Captain Hall, their commander, friend and genius of the enterprise. The faint streak of light that for an hour each day could be seen low on the southern horizon—a harbinger of the fast returning sun—did not brighten the perpetual night; but the silver moon, shining in rare splendor with its full orbed radiance, hung in blessing over the lonely ship and for eleven days scattered the gloom of a starlit darkness by its continued presence.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

On Christmas Eve, although it was Sunday night, the men forward were invited to meet the officers in the cabin, which was gayly festooned with bunting. A substantial lunch was provided from the delicacies in store and a Christmas tree simulating the regulation evergreen, its boughs, twigs and leaves ingeniously formed by a skillful concealment of the skeleton with green paper, covered with gewgaws and wax candles, attracted great attention, mainly on account of a branch from which flowed a ruddy sap of delightful flavor. Presents of old toys and trinkets originally intended for the amusement of Innuit children were bestowed with due solemnity. A balloon ascension was attempted, and all gathered upon the ice to witness it, but after two unsuccessful attempts it was given up, the high wind tearing the frail structure before the cotton could be ignited.

The Christmas dinner was the just pride of both steward and cook. Musk-ox steaks, spare rib from a pig killed four months before, and genuine mince pies made of musk-ox meat, dried apples, raisins, &c., formed the *morceaux friands* of the repast. In the evening a fierce gale from the northeast, with a blinding snowdrift, rendered the outside temperature of 20 degrees below zero a formidable enemy. The wind rattling through the rigging sung wild requiems and awakened gratitude around the closely hugged cabin fires.

BUDINGTON IN 1872.

In a house built in five days from the abandoned and stranded Polaris the Budington party were comfortably housed on the mild, pleasant Christmas of 1872, the thermometer registering five degrees above zero. The building, with board sides and canvas roof, generously encased with snow, stood close to shore, on a low bank of shingle, with the rugged, bare and snow-encrusted coast range on one side and Smith's Strait on the other, with its ice-covered waters, its vapor-producing tide holes and the loud cannonading of its contending floes.

The life was quiet and pleasant, the provisions, such as they were, abundant, and the Etah tribe of Innuits in their frequent visits broke the monotony and furnished in their fresh meats a welcome change of diet. All looked hopefully forward to the spring, when they could build the boats that would take them, perhaps, to the Danish settlements in Greenland. A constant source of anxiety was the uncertain fate of their comrades on the drifting floes, and, while the most hopeful view was frequently taken, few had any real hopes of seeing them this side the grave.

A QUIET CHRISTMAS.

A Christmas dinner was provided, but the imagination was expected to assist in maintaining a suitable variety in the courses. Although located about midway between the winter quarters of Kane and Hayes the twilight was much more intense than appears to have been experienced by them, a decided light being observable for six hours each day, and during its height at noon one was able to walk with safety over the hummocks. Attracted by the refuse from the house a few little foxes fell a prey to the hunter's skill, but the cold, the shortness of the light and the tiresome country prevented more ambitious hunting, although the Innuits kept up their chase for bears and walrus with undiminished vigor. The house itself was warm enough, but the walls were so chilled by the outside air that the moisture condensed upon them and ran down, finding a lodgement under the mattresses of the bunks, where it froze, forming young glaciers, the pregnant cause of much rheumatic affliction. Often the floor, the seamen's chests before each bunk and the table were covered at night with the prostrate forms of Innuit visitors. The dirt and filth upon the persons of these aborigines did not contribute to the purity of the midnight atmosphere. Their unrestrained snorings, with the cries of their infants, at times disturbed the quiet and somewhat annoyed the cat, who, with the solitary observer, was wont to enjoy in peace the freedom of the night. The pleasure of seeing new faces and forming new acquaintances, however, more than compensated for any inconvenience their tribal peculiarities caused. When, however, they remained any length of time they were persuaded to build for themselves igloos near by.

TYSON ON THE ICE FLOE IN 1872.

Nineteen souls on an ice floe in the depth of winter—the darkness of an Arctic winter—huddled in snow houses; with meagre provisions, insufficient clothing and no fuel save blubber; hourly anticipating the breaking up of their homestead, with the dread of starvation constantly before them; exposed to the incursions of the hungry bear, with horrid suggestions of a possible cannibalism—such is the condition at the Christmas of 1872 of the ice floe party under Tyson. A drift of over six months, a distance of 1,600 miles, through the dark, cold months of the Arctic year, on the bosom of the Baffin's Bay ice, is by no means a pleasing prospect. Then, too, it should be remembered that on that terrible night of the 15th of October these men were left, without warning, in the midst of a driving storm to commence their long ice journey. A babe two months old was with them. How they endured their sufferings God knows, but the fact that all were rescued and brought to their homes without even a physical blemish furnishes a proof of the wondrous powers of endurance of the human frame and the magical sanitary influence of an Arctic sojourn rightly regulated.

A SCANTY CHRISTMAS FARE.

One of them writes thus:—"This is a day of jubilee at home and certainly here for us, for, besides the approaching daylight, which we feel thankful to God for sparing us to see, we had quite a feast to-day. One ounce of bread extra per man, which made our soup for breakfast a little thicker than for dinner. We had soup made from a pound of seal blood, which we had saved for a month; a few ounces of seal, which we saved with the blood, all cut up fine; a two-pound can of sausage meat, the last of the canned meats; last, our can of apples, which we had also saved for Christmas. The whole was boiled to a thick soup, which, I think, was the sweetest meat I ever ate. Half a pound of raw ham saved for the feast and two ounces of bread gave us our Christmas dinner. Then in the evening we had our usual thin soup. So ended Christmas Day." The temperature was only one degree below zero—remarkably high—but a strong wind prevented any enjoyment. In the evening a furious gale, sweeping the snow in ceaseless processions over the rugged surface of the ice fields—a mighty besom, howling with the fury of many blizzards—shook the foundations of their habitations and threatened to destroy them in its rage. In the morning they found their saviour in a complete covering of snow, which buried deep their igloos, and out of which they with difficulty cut their way. Daily, amid the darkness and the severity of the frigid winds, the faithful Innuits sought and watched the tidal holes and brought to their famishing mates the seal or the bear, the product of their labor. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Joe and Hans, for it is to their skill and industry that the party owe their lives. Another extract from one of the journals reads:—"Hans caught a seal to-day; thank God! for we were very weak. Our light would have been finished to-morrow and our cooking also; but God sent this seal to save us—thanks to His holy name. It has been so all the time. Just as we were played out something came along."

SCHWATKA AND DE LONG.

It is, of course, impossible to say under what circumstances the absent explorers are spending their Christmas. But one may be sure that they have done and are doing their duty. Whatever their condition, they are meeting it with fortitude and bravely undergoing all hardships. It is also reasonably certain that their pluck and fertility of resource will extricate them from all the difficulties of their noble work. Americans cannot be completely swallowed up by the cruelties of the Arctic elements as was Franklin and his unfortunate men. They will certainly return with their laurels to the hearts so anxiously thinking of them to-day. Lieutenant Schwatka, with his few brave men, and the faithful Ebierbing, are doubtless experiencing a Christmas in many respects parallel to those enjoyed by Hall in 1864 and in 1869. He is in the same locality, among the same Innuits and having the same object in view. His equipment and methods of operation are similar, and he seems to be fired with a like fervid enthusiasm. Lieutenant De Long in the Jeannette has passed through Behring Strait on his way to the Pole. He is in an unexplored, unknown region. He must, however, be on his ship, passing a quiet Christmas in a snug harbor, as Kane, Hayes and the Polaris party, or drifting with the uncertain ice, as De Haven. If he has been compelled to abandon his vessel he may have found a refuge on the land, as Budington did, or he is floating on some friendly floe experiencing the horrors that tried the nerve of Tyson and his men. However great the dangers and appalling the horrors of an Arctic experience, it should be borne in mind that the chances are decidedly in favor of life and safety. No navigation is so safe. Disease is unknown, and the strong, bracing air gives an unaccustomed power to nerve and muscle. Then, too, in escaping, with home and loved ones for the goal, the severest privations and exposures are gladly borne and overcome. With no uneasiness for their safety, but with many earnest desires for their success, let the friends of our Arctic heroes wish them to-day a right merry Christmas.

A MURDEROUS MULATTO.

Desperate Battle in the Basement of a Fashionable Mansion.

ROBBERY AND ALMOST MURDER.

A Servant Girl's Plucky but Unavailing Fight.

The insecurity of life and property, even when they are believed to be best protected, was taught anew yesterday morning in a brown stone mansion in West Forty-eighth street. Perhaps it was the fact that the offender in this instance is akin to the Hull murderer in color, or perhaps his entrance of a substantial private residence in spite of bolts and bars recalled certain circumstances connected with that lady's tragic end; but at all events the invasion of General John Hendrickson's house and the sensational events that occurred in it awoke in the minds of public and police a thought of the doomed negro's crime. The victim of yesterday is an humble domestic, whose silence, enforced by medical advice, leaves the most interesting part of the affair unexplained, but from her casual utterances and the statement of a fellow domestic, who suffered almost as severely as she did, the circumstances of the case take the following shape:—

When the family of General Hendrickson retired on Monday night the doors were all tried and the windows all fastened. It was at a later hour than usual that these precautions were taken, as there had been company at the house, and in consequence of the stir and bustle of the evening more care was taken than ordinarily to see everything adjusted. The inmates were not disturbed throughout the night and no suspicion entered their heads that the house harbored an intruder. The policeman on post was equally oblivious of anything being amiss, and when he passed at five o'clock in the morning and glanced down at the basement it seemed dark and quiet, as though no strange occupant were moving about in it and no unfamiliar hands were ransacking drawer and cupboard for the family plate.

THE DISCOVERY.

It was only a few minutes later when Mary Bedford, the cook, whose sixty-three years did not prevent her bustling about the kitchen as early as ever, came down stairs and made the discovery. It was quite dark in the basement. The faint glimmer of early morning hardly penetrated the windows, and as the woman lighted a candle its light was projected into the front dining room from the kitchen where she stood. It revealed that she was not alone there. Leaning over the table, with his hands groping among the articles of silverware that remained, there stood a man, who started up as the candlelight reached him, and turned upon the cook a dark face made all the more forbidding by its look of anger and alarm. For an instant the apparition struck the woman dumb; but then her terror found vent in a shriek of alarm that rang through the house, and, dropping the candle, she turned to fly. The cry aroused the intruder. He bounded after her, seized her before she reached the door, flung it to and forced her back. Old and infirm as she was, her very fright gave her strength, and in the frenzy of the moment she struggled to release herself and sent forth another desperate cry, which the robber could not smother, though he beat down his clenched fist upon her face with all his might. They were in the centre of the room now, and under his storm of blows she was quickly sinking. But her cry had been heard. There was a voice up stairs, a movement in the hallway and a stir throughout the house. The intruder turned to the dining room to make off, but the poor woman held on to him, though with swimming head and failing limbs. He had a weapon in his hand at the moment—a chisel, it seems to have been—and he brought down the handle again and again upon her bare head till the blood gushed out and the old woman, with a despairing cry, slipped to the floor unconscious. He turned about, hurried from the kitchen and just reached the dining room to find the door open and meet another domestic hurrying in half dressed and full of excitement. It was Kate Brady, the waitress, a slim but determined young woman of twenty-four, whom the cook had left in her room just as she came down stairs a few minutes before. The woman's first cry of terror had reached her ears, and, as she had heard the closing of the door and the half-smothered appeal for assistance, she came out upon the landing and called out to ask what was the matter. She was barefooted and had only her basque and skirt on, but the sounds were dreadfully significant and as she flew down stairs to answer them poor Mary Bedford's last scream hastened her. She cleared the basement stairs, flung open the kitchen door and there met a brawny, thickset mulatto, his eyes rolling with excitement, his complexion changed by extreme fright to a dull yellow, and with his clenched fist all swollen and blood-bespattered.

ANOTHER STRUGGLE.

This unexpected meeting aroused all the evil instincts of the man's nature. As much in despair as in anger he flung himself upon the girl, clutched her about the throat and struck at her with his bloody hand. But Kate Brady did not flinch. She freed her throat, broke loose from her assailant and sprang to the stairs. She had only mounted a couple of steps, however, when he was upon her and then began a struggle between them which the brave girl maintained in silence. But in the narrow space it could not be carried on long. The mulatto, furious at being detained and maddened by his victim's resistance, forced himself upon her and dashed her to the ground. He feared to mount the stairs though, and scarce knowing what he was doing he rushed back through the dining room into the kitchen, dragging the girl after him. For a moment fear overcame her and she called out to him to spare her and she would let him go. He flung her aside then and made for the front basement windows. They were barred. He turned about, but even then the girl, ashamed of having yielded, flew at him again and seized him by the coat. Again he plied his first, but it was only when his coat lappel gave way that the plucky girl loosened her hold of him. Then wrenching away the hand which had clutched and torn apart his cravat, he pushed the girl from him and dashed to the back entrance. There were two fastened doors to open and Kate could have overtaken him. But she was powerless now. The last struggle had brought them into the kitchen, and for the first time she noticed the old cook lying in her blood, with her head all crushed and bruised and her body rigid as if in death. That dreadful spectacle fairly overcame the brave girl, who stood speechless and horror stricken, while the mulatto forced back the door fastenings and dashed out into the yard. When she recovered herself sufficiently to run after him he was gone; but she could see him climbing over the fences and hear the ice crunching under him till he reached a yard three houses off. Then he disappeared.

THE HOUSEHOLD AROUSED.

By this time the house had been fairly roused. The first outcry had awakened General Hendrickson in his sleeping apartment on the second floor, and it had reached his son-in-law, William B. Leonard, who slept in a room above him. To both the General and his wife it seemed an alarm of fire, and the lady hurried up stairs to arouse her daughter. But the shrieks that followed had a different interpretation for General Hendrickson and when the others appeared they found him making his way down stairs with his revolver in his hands. Owing to infirmity the old gentleman is unable to move rapidly, so pressing the weapon into Mr. Leonard's hands he hurried the latter along while he himself followed as fast as he could. They were too late though. Kate Brady was standing over the blood-bedabbled body of Mary Bedford, with her own head and face bearing palpable marks of the violence to which she had been subject. They thought the old cook dead at first, and it was fully a quarter of an hour after restoratives were applied that she began to evince any signs of life. The cuts and bruises on her head were exceedingly painful, and the shock to one of her years was almost sufficient of itself to end her life. Dr. Ewing was called in and every effort was made to restore her, but it was evident that the injuries were of a character that made it dangerous to cause her the least disturbance, and those about her were instructed not to draw from her any narrative of the assault beyond what had been gleaned from her first coherent words.

THE HUE AND CRY.

Meantime the hue and cry had been raised after her assailant. Patrolman Gilligan, on post at Forty-eighth street, had been called in, and on hearing what had transpired he summoned Policemen Glenman and Black. The latter had posted themselves on Sixth avenue and Forty-eighth street respectively, and Gilligan himself had mounted to the roof to see if he could trace the flight of the fugitive from that eminence. Neither of them made any discovery, however, and the time wore on to half-past seven o'clock without a trace of the mulatto being found. At that hour Policeman Dalton, who had come on duty at six o'clock, was standing on the corner of Sixth avenue and Forty-seventh street, when he heard an outcry somewhere in the block, and he was moving in its direction when a colored man appeared on the stoop of No. 129 West Forty-seventh street. There was nothing remarkable about the fellow, who quietly descended to the street, threw a seemingly indifferent glance about him and then trudged off toward Seventh avenue. Policeman Soule had heard the uproar, and coming from that direction met the man face to face. He was not a bit disconcerted, though. In fact, he accosted the policeman himself and calmly observed:—

"I guess you're wanted up there. There's talk of a burglary or something."

He moved past as he said it, but at that very moment a woman swept out of the doorway of No. 129, and pointing after the retreating figure of the colored man called out:—

"Stop him! He is a thief!"

Soule turned at her words and Dalton quickening his steps at the same time, came up with the fellow and arrested him. The house he had left was in an uproar. Mr. Henry W. Bookstaver resided in it, and a few minutes before a domestic named Mary Jane Forbes had gone out to a closet in the yard only to utter a cry of alarm as she opened it. There was a forbidding looking mulatto standing in it, who brushed past her before she could recover her composure and slipped through the basement door. Thinking him bent on thieving she hurried after him, but the cunning rogue had turned the key in the door and bolted her out. Then she had called aloud to the girls in the adjoining house to alarm the inmates of her own, and it was her voice that had reached the ears of the policemen.

MET AT EVERY TURN.

The mulatto meantime had gone carefully forward toward the front door of the basement, but almost at his second step another servant had appeared before him. The stairway leading up into the house was near, though, and, without hesitating, he hurried up the steps and unfastened the front door. From the stoop he saw the police moving toward him and in that strait forced the cool composure that had all but insured his escape. At the house in Forty-seventh street Mary Jane Forbes identified him as the man who had been lurking in the yard, and the rent in his coat and the very set of his cravat completed the evidence which marked him as the assailant of Kate Brady and Mary Bedford, the burglar of General Hendrickson's house. When he was taken there Kate Brady positively identified him, and in the closet in Forty-seventh street, where he had hidden, was picked up a silver spoon, a plated one and a silver fork, which he had taken from the General's dining room. In the station house on his person were found a bunch of keys, three knives and the chisel he is thought to have wielded. In the afternoon he was taken to the Yorkville Police Court, where he said his name was John Robertson, that he was thirty-nine years old, was born in Bangor, Me., where he lived most of his life, and had been a fireman once. He lived at No. 153 East Sixty-first street, he said; but a woman, claiming to be his sister, appeared at the station house, who stated that he lived at No. 124 East Fortieth street and had a wife and two children there. Robertson is a middle sized, full faced mulatto, with short cut beard and mostache. He confessed on his way to the Central Office that he had injured the women, but he said it was done without malice and only because they prevented his escaping. How he got in the house is a mystery. The domestics say they never saw him before, either as a pedler or a beggar. In a seemingly jocular mood he stated that it was easy enough to enter the house when the inmates were engaged; that he had done so himself as early as ten o'clock in the morning; that he had been up for several nights and was so fatigued that in spite of himself he fell asleep. He intended to rob the house during the night, but his drowsiness had delayed him, and when he awoke in the morning and set about his work he was at once interrupted by the cook's entrance. He would not have knocked her down or assaulted Kate Brady had he not been almost frightened to death and desperately bent on escaping arrest. On getting into the yard he had scaled seven fences, and he laughingly said that the crackling of the ice on them put him in mind of the Fourth of July. When he got to Forty-seventh street he had hidden himself till chance would enable him to steal away, but Mary Jane Forbes had accidentally forced him from his hiding place.

General Hendrickson and Kate Brady made affidavit before Justice Murray of what they knew about the affair, but the complaint for assaulting Mary Bedford could not be drawn up. The poor woman's injuries are said to indicate concussion of the brain.

HELD IN HEAVY BAIL.

Before passing upon the case Justice Murray asked the prisoner if he would give an account of the affair, promising his case would not be prejudiced by it. He repeated what he had previously stated, and would give no other account of his mode of entering the house, although the one he adheres to is much doubted. Justice Murray then committed him for examination on the first complaint, fixing his bail at $10,000.

General Hendrickson appeared as complainant in court. He is a commission merchant at No. 368 Broadway. Both he and the inmates of the house are of opinion that the doors and windows were securely fastened, and the entrance to the cellar, where Robertson says he passed the night, was locked.

ERIE'S EARNINGS.

OVER A MILLION DOLLARS NET PROFIT REALIZED BY THE ROAD AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

The report of the Board of Directors of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1879, states that the earnings of the road, including all branches and leased lines, have been $15,942,022 58, and the operating expenses $11,174,698 95, making $4,767,323 63 the net earnings from traffic. Adding the earnings from other sources, which amounted to $437,445 97, including $24,133 44 net profit growing out of the transactions of the receiver of the Erie Railway, and deducting the interest on the funded debt, rentals of leased lines and other charges, a sum of $3,888,664 75, there remains a net profit from the operations of the year of $1,316,104 85. This amount, together with $2,036,109 22 received during the year from the assessments paid on the stock of the Erie Railway Company, has been applied to the improvement of the road and property as is set forth in detail in the auditor's report. The earnings and expenses of the year compared with those of 1878 show an increase in gross earnings of $297,044 49, and in working expenses of $538,835 28. The capital stock of the company is:—Common stock, $78,000,000; preferred stock, $8,536,900. Under the plan of reorganization forming part of its articles of association the capital stock of the company was to be issued in exchange at par for stock of the Erie Railway Company, provided that the holders of the latter stock should assent to this plan by paying an assessment on their shares. Up to September 30 assessments were paid on the following amounts of stock:—Common stock, $77,107,700, and preferred stock, $8,146,700. Of this there has been issued in exchange for stock of the Erie Railway Company $24,997,100 of common stock and $2,151,700 of preferred stock, and there is held awaiting exchange $52,110,600 of common stock and $5,995,000 of preferred stock. There are still outstanding 3,902 shares of preferred and 8,923 shares of common stock, the holders of which have failed to pay their assessment. The property of the Erie Railway was purchased by this company subject to all pre-existing mortgages or liens to that upon which the sale was made.

THE FUNDED DEBT.

The funded debt of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company, as now ascertained (upon the supposition that the entire issue of the second mortgage bonds will be extended), is as follows:—First mortgage bonds (New York and Erie Railroad), $2,482,000; second mortgage bonds (New York and Erie Railroad), $2,174,000; third mortgage bonds (New York and Erie Railroad), $4,852,000; fourth mortgage bonds (New York and Erie Railroad), $2,937,000; fifth mortgage bonds (New York and Erie Railroad), $709,500; Buffalo Branch, mortgage bonds (New York and Erie Railroad), $182,000; consolidated mortgage bonds (Erie Railway), $16,656,000; first consolidated mortgage funded coupon bonds (New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad), $3,688,001 10; new second consolidated mortgage bonds (New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad), $24,400,000, and second consolidated funded coupon bonds (New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad), $8,597,400. Total, as far as ascertained, to September 30, 1879, $66,678,501 10.

This does not include the income bonds, amounting to $508,008, issued to parties who have assented to the plan of reorganization by paying $6 per share on the common and $3 per share on the preferred stock of the Erie Railway Company, nor the prior lien bonds, amounting to $2,500,000, which have not yet been issued, and which, it is hoped, it will not be necessary to issue.

THE ASSESSMENT ON THE STOCK.

The assessment paid upon the stock, as stated in the last report, amounted to $3,416,578, the entire amount of which, less that retained by the London trustees for the payment of the expense attending the collection of and accounting for such assessment and otherwise conducting the reorganization plan, was deposited by the trustees with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company. Of this amount the New York, Lake Erie and Western Company received in 1878, $328,008 96, and this year $2,036,109 22; total, $2,364,118 18, and has applied to the payment for improvements to the road and its equipment $2,268,218 73. There have been laid sixty-five additional miles of second track, and forty miles more will soon be laid, making the road entirely double tracked from Jersey City to Buffalo, except seven miles on the Buffalo division, the track of which will be laid early next spring. The construction of the elevator at Jersey City is progressing satisfactorily and will be ready for business next year. An elevator, with a capacity of 700,000 bushels, has been erected at Buffalo and will be in operation the latter part of December.

An agreement with the Car Trust of New York and others for equipment provides that the title to the cars rests in the respective companies until the final payment. The amount which has been paid on this account up to September 30, 1879, is $160,645 35. Arrangements have been made to purchase 3,000 additional cars which are demanded by the increasing traffic of the road. The Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western road is in possession of the company and will be opened for business during the current year.

CRACKED CHINA.

Hop Sing, a Chinese laundryman, forty years of age, became insane last night through the use of too much opium and attempted to kill himself by cutting his throat at his laundry, No. 94 Middagh street, Brooklyn. He was taken to the Second precinct station house, corner of Jay and York streets, and locked up.

EDISON'S LIGHT.

PROFESSOR DOREMUS ON THE ADVANTAGES OF ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION.

Those who have given any degree of study to electricity and the electric light can best appreciate the labors and recent discoveries of Edison. They can understand the multiplicity of detail that had to be considered in the manipulation of so subtle an agent as electricity so as to render it as manageable for all purposes of illumination as the common coal gas. Among scientific men, however, are many doubting Thomases, who, until they see the electric light within their own dwellings, shedding its effulgent rays on their dinner and study tables, will not believe in the possibility of its being brought into universal use. Professor Doremus, who has given considerable thought to the subject of electricity, feels cheered at the prospect of the more general utilization of this great source of light and power. Speaking to a HERALD reporter yesterday in his laboratory at the New York College, where the electric light can be produced at a moment's notice, the Professor said he wished all success to those who were devoting their time and brains to the solution of the problem.

On being asked as to the advantages the electric light would be apt to confer, he said:—"Could the electric light be introduced into public buildings and private residences its sanitary benefit is apparent, for it would not consume the oxygen of the room so essential for respiration, nor would it discharge the unwholesome vapors which result from the burning of street gas. An ordinary six-foot burner consumes as much oxygen and produces as much carbonic acid gas as eight or ten people would do in the same time. Moreover, the heat from the electric light is much less than from the gas burners, so that the production of a cheap electric light is undoubtedly the great desideratum of the present age, and I hope to see it sooner or later fully realized, but as a matter of fact, the application of the light for private residences has not as yet been accomplished."

"You gave the electric light attention years ago, did you not?"

"I have been for years a strenuous advocate of the electric light, and have always considered it an outrage that the grandest port this side of God's globe should have lard oil lights at the entrance of its harbor when science has presented so many lights that vastly surpass them in brilliancy. When we consider the vast number of valuable lives and millions of property that enter this harbor in the course of a year it is provoking to think that no better method for illuminating the course of vessels should be in use at this late day than the old fashioned lard oil light. I have repeatedly stated this in public lectures during the last fifteen or twenty years and have urged the Chamber of Commerce of this city to make efforts for securing some of those brilliant lights that science has discovered, but especially the electric light. Our steamships, too, should be provided with electric lights, which could easily be accomplished by diverting three to five horse power from the engine for working the electric machine. It should also be adopted for lighting up the public squares. Our Fifth avenue, for a great and fashionable thoroughfare, is the poorest lighted street in the world, there being only three feet of gas to each lamp. No doubt the improvements will come in time, but the greatest of all will be the lighting of our homes by a cheap method in electricity.

NOT SCARED.

The Superintendent of the Manhattan Gas Works, at the foot of East Fourteenth street, said:—"The gasmen are not a bit scared at Edison's latest discovery. When he first started out with his electric experiments there was considerable of a flutter, but they are getting used to being agreeably disappointed and they don't think he is any nearer the thing he is after now than he was in the beginning. There was the phonograph that he was to make such improvements on and render highly useful, but it remains only a mere toy. Our opinion is that Edison has failed, and we think Professor Du Motay explains clearly how he cannot effect a success with his latest plan, because the carbon, whatever it may be, volatilizes by the prolonged action of the electric current, and because the glass globes of the lamps, even if they are hermetically sealed, will expand and contract by the cold of the surrounding atmosphere, and thus the air will be allowed to filter into the globe, and the incandescent carbon will be consumed."

A couple of electricians upon whom the reporter called declined to discuss the subject of Edison's latest discovery. They said substantially that it was not impossible to achieve what Edison had set his mind on, but they could not see their own way to it. The inventor of Menlo Park, they considered, was metaphorically cutting his way through a dense jungle with a little light to guide him and with no example or precedent to follow. That he should finally succeed would not altogether astonish them, but for the present they appeared to hesitate about accepting his latest discovery as the final solution of the great problem of universal electric lighting.

SAWYER ON EDISON AND THE HERALD.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Your interesting editorial of to-day advises me not to try conclusions with the Wizard of Menlo Park. I am quite anxious to try them, and not remarkably easy to alarm, and shall not at present accept your advice, however well intentioned. The HERALD is at perfect liberty to advocate Mr. Edison's claims and I am at perfect liberty to advocate my own. If you care to settle the question of priority of invention upon the horseshoe lamp as between Mr. Edison and myself you may inspect one of those lamps which broke down at No. 94 Walker street about a year ago, and, after many experiments, was so far condemned that Mr. Man and I concluded we would not waste enough money on it to pay for a patent. This lamp is at present just exactly as it was removed from the bracket, hermetically sealed in a glass globe filled with nitrogen gas and in just exactly the same condition it was in a year ago. To avoid any question I placed said abandoned institution in the hands of Messrs. Arnoux & Hochhausen, No. 2 Howard street, yesterday (Monday) morning at nine o'clock. So far as I am concerned the Wizard is welcome to patent it.

I fail to see what difference it can make to the HERALD whether Mr. Edison or somebody else invents the successful electric lamp.

Mr. Edison, over a year ago, began this controversy by an attack upon me. He has received one in return, and evidently does not like it. I expect he will have something to say himself in return for that, and I am prepared to meet him half way on any point whatever that he may bring up.

There is no occasion for personalities on the part of the HERALD that I can understand, or for threats. Next week I shall show my system of electric household illumination in this city in practical operation, and if I do not prove it superior to anything else I am much mistaken, and if I do show to those interested that it is superior, all the personalities in the HERALD or by Mr. Edison will not prevent capital putting it where it will do the most good.

W. E. SAWYER.

THAT "LABORATORY SECRET."

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I notice in the HERALD of this morning, in the concluding paragraph of an article over the signature of "E. J. Mallett, Jr.," in reference to Professor Edison's "profound laboratory secrets," something which, unexplained, might lead to wrong conclusions. I happen to be familiar with the subject referred to, and the simple fact is that, after many interesting experiments upon the sands and other débris left in the sluices of hydraulic mines, and hitherto wasted, containing gold, but which by reason of being impacted with base material cannot be amalgamated, Professor Edison has determined upon a simple and economical process by which such débris may be treated and yield the gold hitherto lost. What his process is is a matter of his own, and, like many other useful discoveries of his, will doubtless be given to the public within his own volition.

J. P. ROBINSON, C. E.

CHARGED WITH PASSING COUNTERFEITS.

Detective Shelly arraigned in the Tombs Court yesterday Samuel Swim, the young Englishman, formerly a clerk in the employ of Alexander Taylor & Son, who was given a check for $30 by the firm, which, it is charged, furnished a basis for five forged checks on the National Bank of the Republic, representing $11,000. Swim had been remanded on the previous day upon the detective's request. Yesterday Justice Otterbourg decided he had no authority to hold him any longer. When Swim was discharged John Lind, tailor, of No. 44 Clinton place, informed the magistrate that the young man, four weeks ago, gave him a counterfeit fifty dollar bill in payment of an eight dollar debt. Lind discovered the deceit shortly afterward, but could not find Swim. The magistrate said it was a case for the United States Commissioners. A marshal was present, and rearrested Swim on the charge of passing counterfeit money.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE TROUBLES OF A YOUNG AND MARRIAGEABLE JERSEY DIVINE.

Rev. W. M. Trunbrower, pastor of the Porter Methodist Episcopal Church, in West Hoboken, announced from the pulpit on last Sunday evening that an elderly lady and her daughter had caused remarks to be circulated about him which were not only insulting but positively injurious. Yesterday Mr. Trunbrower made public the names of some of the persons to whom he referred. This added fuel to the already kindled fire, and considerable indignation is felt by some of the parties over the pastor's statement. A HERALD reporter visited the pastor last evening at the residence of a lady on Kossuth street, Union Hill, where he is boarding. He is a beardless young man, of slim build, and fresh from college. He said that he was stationed at the Porter Methodist Episcopal Church in July last. It was his first charge and among the first people with whom he became acquainted were Mr. Eben De Bois, his wife and their daughter Margaret. He was invited to dine with them, and did so; but having heard that Mrs. De Bois had instructed her daughter to set her cap for him he discontinued his visits. When told by the reporter that it was reported that the entire trouble had been caused by a refusal of the De Bois family to accept him as a boarder he exclaimed, "That's a lie." He declared that his congregation would sustain him in his action. When asked if he was appointed at the church only as a "supply preacher" he replied, "No, sir; I am regularly stationed here and I will remain here, too." He denied that any one had written to him asking him to resign, but admitted that Presiding Elder Tunison had written to him a letter containing some friendly advice.

The reporter visited the residence of Mr. Eben De Bois, a pretty little cottage on Lewis street, Union Hill. Mr. De Bois recently caused the arrest of Alderman Buckley, of Hoboken, for assaulting him. The reporter found his wife, a middle aged lady, at home with her daughter, Miss Margaret. The latter is a petite brunette not more than eighteen, who appeared with her hair done up in frizzes, as she explained, for the purpose of making an appearance at the festival in the church last evening. Mrs. De Bois denied the pastor's story emphatically. She said that neither her husband nor herself was a member of the church, but that their daughter was. She once told Maggie that she could if she desired invite the pastor to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and Rev. Mr. Trunbower took dinner and supper with them. After that he made one pastoral call, and had never visited since, "nor shall he," she added, "if I can help it." She said that when Mr. Trunbower was first appointed to the church some of the trustees wanted her to take him as a boarder, but she refused. She indignantly denied ever having entertained any intention of marrying her daughter to the young clergyman. "Why, the idea is too ridiculous for anything," exclaimed Miss Margaret. "I never yet thought of marrying anyone, and if I did I wouldn't think of marrying a man who can make only eighty-three cents a day." As the reporter smiled she exclaimed again:—"You need not doubt it; that is all he makes." The young lady also said she had asked for letters of dismissal because Mr. Trunbower had insulted Mr. Westcott, an old gentleman, in her presence, and she thought that if a man and a clergyman had no respect for a gentleman old enough to be his father, he could not have much respect for anyone. Mrs. De Bois declined to say what action she intended taking in regard to the statements made by Mr. Trunbower against herself and daughter, but intimated that her first step would be to submit his conduct to the conference. The affair is creating much excitement in Methodist circles in Hudson county.

THE HEBREW SABBATH.

ORGANIZATION OF AN ASSOCIATION FOR ITS STRICTER OBSERVANCE.

A movement has been on foot for some time past among a number of the Jewish congregations in the city to devise a means for the better observance of the Jewish Sabbath. About two weeks ago a conference was held for the purpose in the rooms of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, No. 110 West Forty-second street, which was participated in by a number of prominent Jewish ministers and laymen. Dr. Blumenthal presided on that occasion, and in response to the suggestions then made by him it was thought advisable to form an association, the general object of which would be to check the public and private desecration of the Jewish Sabbath in this city, and to promote by all means, as far as lay in the power of the association, its strict observance. The second meeting was held last evening at the same place, with Dr. Blumenthal in the chair and Rev. A. S. Isaacs secretary. There was quite a large attendance present, and all seemed anxious to forward the movement. The suggestion of the chairman, that all who were in favor of permanent organization for the purposes above stated should come forward and sign their names, was responded to almost unanimously. It was moved that a committee of five be appointed on permanent organization, which motion was adopted, and this committee on a subsequent motion was increased to nine. The committee as appointed are as follows:—Rev. Henry S. Jacobs, Rev. F. De Sola Mendes, Messrs. L. Arch, H. Kahn, Julian Nathan, Joseph Honig, L. Lewengood and A. Wolff, Jr., Dr. Blumenthal being a member ex officio. Rev. Dr. Kohler, who was present, said he hoped that all who signed their names as members of this association would not only become supporters of the movement themselves but that they would keep the fourth commandment, and see that their man servant and their maid servant did no work on the Sabbath day. The violation of the fourth commandment was, he said, a sore wound on the body of Judaism, and he hoped to see the day when the idea with which this association was started would assume tangible shape. It was decided to hold another meeting within two weeks at the same place, subject to the call of the committee.

NEW YORK CHRISTIAN HOME.

The second anniversary of the New York Christian Home for intemperate men was celebrated last evening at the Broadway Tabernacle. The order of exercises included a number of addresses and music. The addresses were of an exceedingly interesting character, and were listened to by an appreciative audience. The president, Mr. William T. Booth, made a statement of the methods and needs of the institution. He was followed by Dr. Taylor, who made an address of welcome, and John B. Gough, who made an appeal for the home.

THE FIVE CENT FARE.

WHAT A CONDUCTOR THINKS WOULD HAPPEN THE THIRD AVENUE STREET CAR RAILROAD WITH FIVE CENT RAPID TRANSIT FARES.

Riding uptown yesterday afternoon on the rear platform of a Third avenue short car a HERALD reporter, noticing that every seat was occupied, observed to the conductor, a shrewd and intelligent man of middle age, "The road appears to be doing well notwithstanding rapid transit."

"Yes, sir," said he, "it's surprising, but I suppose people think more of five cents now than ever they did before."

"Suppose the 'L' road reduced the fare to five cents throughout the day, what effect do you think it would have on this road?"

"Bedad, sir," exclaimed the conductor with Hibernian fervor, "they'd have to call an auction and sell out horses and cars,