A NIGHT

With Edison—The Great Inventor in his Happiest Mood—Free as a Bird and Childlike in the Simplicity of his Habits —A Symposium

In the Laboratory—Views of a Bold Inquirer—Music and Matter—Science and Supper — Carbon and Crackers — Herrings and Horseshoes.

New York *Herald:* Now, let me tell the story of a night with Edison. The last visitors had departed, and Menlo park was in its normal solitude. The two grey-bearded old men who had stood conversing—it seemed to me all day and all evening—at the head of the steps leading down the bank to the railroad track were gone away. Great clouds swept across the sky, and the light from the hotel and grocery of Deacon Davis was the dim glare of the random kerosene lamp. All the electricity seemed to have died out of the place, and I looked about for possible occupation. Edison had gone to his house below an hour before; the boys up at the laboratory had told me that he would scarcely come back before morning, but still, as I walked in the direction of the shops, there was assurance of life there in the lights at the windows. Some people are at work, I thought; for as I drew nearer I could see shadows flitting upon the panes. Then I heard the notes of an organ, and who would believe it in these days of progress, and above all Menlo Park? the notes that came were those of "Pinafore." The little outer office where they tested the telephones was tenantless. In the distance a solitary, aproned figure stood before the small furnace, where they bake the little carbon horseshoes, so I ascended the stairs. At the far end of the long apartment, which had exchanged its electric brilliancy for the light of an occasional gas-jet, were scattered about eight or nine of the assistants, lounging on stools and benches, and at the extreme end, seated before the organ, was one of them rolling out the too familiar melody. Then this is what came to my ears:

MacGregor—
I am the Wizard of electric light,
Chorus—
And a wide-awake Wizard, too.
MacGregor—
I see you're rather bright and appreciate the might
Of what I daily do.
Quadruplex telegraph or funny phonograph,
It's all the same to me;
With ideas I evolve and problems that I solve
I'm never, never stumped, you see.
Chorus—
What, never?
MacGregor—
No, never!
Chorus—
What, never?
MacGregor—
Well, hard— — —.

A groan escaped from my bosom, and the line was left uncompleted. It is evident, I thought, that Edison is not coming back to-night. They called out to me, and I came forward shocked, positively shocked. And there was no trace of apology for this desecration of the fame of science in the tones of Mr. Batchelor when he said:

"We're having a little music. Sit down and join us."

MacGregor, at the organ, was still rolling off *Pinafore*, then "switching off" into Strauss, and "letting her have a full current" of Offenbach.

"We're going to have a grand piano here for the boys shortly. That organ is very frightfully out of tune."

So it was, and the sturdy Mac was like the organ; but the boys listened to him as intently as Joseffy's audiences. Van Cleef came down the shop, holding a black piece of iron in a tongs. He laid it on a bench to cool, for it was not long out of the furnace. Then he took one like it, and began to unscrew it to place the cardboard horseshoes in it that were to be carbonized. Bohm, the glassblower, came up in his best attire.

"Say, Bohm, bring up your zither," said George Crosby, who all day long had been working the delicate vacuum pumps and now rested for a space.

"Up here?" said Bohm, blushing; "play here, now?" looking over doubtfully at me.

"Go ahead!" said Batchelor; "that organ's in a terrible state."

MUSIC AND MATTER.

Bohm brought up the zither from the glass house and laid it on the bench before him. Crosby forced MacGregor away from the organ. The German lad sat down and tuned the strings.

"I had a good teacher at Bonn," he said, slowly, "but I forget much."

He began to play, and all the grimy faces bent forward to listen. It was a quaint German serenade, that sounded as though far away from the focal point of materialism we occupied. There was something of dreamy moonlight on the Rhine in the tinkling treble and moaning bass strings.

"That's lovely music," said MacGregor.

"Bohm," said Batchelor, "play something else with those shake notes in it; they go right down my back."

"Shek notes? What is that?

"Tremolo," I suggested. He played again an exquisite melody, and Bachelor bent forward, as he put it in his material way, that would reduce every emotion to the stimulation of a particular ganglion, so he might feel the music going "right down his back."

But during the playing a man with a crumpled felt hat, a white silk handkerchief at his throat, his coat hanging carelessly and his vest half buttoned, came silently in, and, with his hand to his ear, sat close by the glass blower, who, wrapped up in his music, was back perhaps in his native Thuringia again.

"That's nice," said he, looking round. It was Edison.

The glassblower played on, and the scene was curious. Standing by a blazing gas furnace he had lighted, Van Cleef, with bare folded arms, listened or else shifted the hot irons with his pincers, but he did it gently. Edison sat bent forward. The others who had taken up one pool or another moved them slowly. Far back through the half-darkened shop young Jehl might be seen lifting the heavy bottles of gleaming quicksilver at the vacuum pumps, and the soft music was delicately thrilling through it all. It was the wedding of spirit and matter, and impressed me strangely.

EDISON AND THE BOWED DOWN HEART.

"Can you play *The Heart Bowed Down*?" said Edison suddenly.

"No, I cannot."

"Here, whistle it some of you." Five or six whistled, and Bohm shook his head.

"Can't play it? Well, Crosby, what's that other tune?"

"*My Poor Heart is Sad with its Dreaming*," said Crosby.

"Yes, play that?"

"I cannot."

"Play anything," said Crosby, "it's all the same to him and us." Bohm played. Edison seemed to be fidgeting about *The Heart Bowed Down*. He took a writing pad from his pocket and scratched rapidly with a pencil on it for some minutes. He beckoned to Bohm.

"Can you blow that?" he handed him a rough drawing.

"Yes," said the boy, "you mean that for a circle? Yes; that will be better."

In a minute zither and glass blower were gone, and they took all the dreamy spirit of fatherland with them. The concert was over. It was about half-past ten. Conversation turned on scientific topics, roaming over wide fields, the boyish assistants breaking in here and there like young colts, Batchelor turning around now and then from his minute study of finished carbons to declaim with more than ordinary emphasis on particular points. Owing to Edison's slight defect of hearing we naturally spoke rather loud, and that conversation would have sounded oddly in any stranger's ear. The acuteness of Edison's perceptions was what struck me most, and often desultory as our talk seemed, he struck off keen observations that surprised me. I felt rather in doubt whether I ought to go down to my sleeping place or remain, and about eleven o'clock I asked Edison if he was going to work or going home.

"WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."

"That's just as it strikes him," said one near me in an ordinary voice.

"Are you in a hurry?" said Edison. "I'm not."

"I'd like to see some of your platinum lamps," I said, "if it's not troublesome."

"Come over here," and he led the way to a glass case in the corner, where a medley of contorted glass globes and tubing lay upon cotton-wool. He took some of them out and explained them—how low the resistance of platinum was compared with carbon, and so on; how he coated the fine wire with almost infusible oxides to insulate it, so that in nine feet of it reeled around a bobbin the electric fluid would have to run along the entire length of it.

"I ransacked the world," said he, "for scarce metals, and spent lots of money in reducing ores. I have little bottles here that cost me a couple of hundred dollars."

EDISON ON SHAM SCIENCE.

"Didn't you find the text-books and authorities save you a great deal of time in these matters?"

"They're mostly misleading," said he sturdily. "I get mad with myself when I think I have believed what was so learnedly set out in them."

"What," I said, aghast, "are the books wrong?"

"I'll tell you what I mean; there are more frauds in science than anywhere else. There are two classes of them—first, the pure scientists without practical knowledge, and next, the practical men without any science. You take the pure scientist—mind you, I don't speak of such men as Faraday, Regnault or Munsen, nor such men as Maxwell, or Sir William Thompson; what they say is so is so, because they proved it before they said so; but take a whole pile of them that I can name and you will find uncertainty if not imposition in half of what they state as scientific truth. These men do not work for money, and they had only reputation to work for. They have time and again set down experiments as done by them, curious out of the way experiments that they never did and upon which they founded so-called scientific truths. I have been thrown off the track often by them, and for months at a time. You see a great name and you believe in it. Try the experiment yourself and you find the result altogether different."

"Can you name some of these so-called truths?"

"Yes, plenty. I tell you, to an earnest inquirer books are a detriment. Say, Van Cleef," said the bold young man raising his voice, "bring me the *Dictionary of Solubilities*."

HOW DOCTORS DISAGREE.

It was brought up from some recesses down stairs.

"Look here," he continued, "with common things that nobody wants to test they'll serve you well enough. Ah, here," he pointed to an oxide of baryta; "look: one says 'insoluble in water,' another 'sparingly soluble in water.' So it goes. You will find here sometimes fifty authorities, all giving different statements about one thing. Do you see that name, there, given as an authority? That man wrote a book on the art of scientific discovery, and he never made but two or three little bits of discovery in his life. Now, you'd think platinum was pretty well known, but the books say it is infusible except in an oxyhydrogen flame. Why," and he laughed, "I can melt it in the flame of a candle. Come here; I'll melt some in the gas jet."

HOW THE EXPERIMENTER DECIDES.

We crossed the laboratory and he took up a spool of very fine platinum wire, broke off about nine inches of it and held it in the gas jet. It shriveled up, but held together. I looked at him incredulously.

"Hey, Francis, bring me that microscope."

Francis in due time appeared with a large instrument, green with verdigris. Edison laughed as I looked at it.

"Oh," said he, "we keep things here for use. That cost three hundred dollars, but I've had ten times its value out of it. Haeckel, Evolutionist Haeckel, you know, never uttered a truer thing than when, talking about laboratories with costly instruments kept shut up in glass cases, he said the quantity of work done was in inverse proportion to the quantity of apparatus." Adjusting the microscope, he continued: "Look in here now. You see along the magnified wire a number of little globules, that is where the platinum has fused, and I can do it in a candle. They talk without much thinking. They found a thick wire wouldn't melt in a gas flame, so they said platinum couldn't be melted there. If they were the first to discover water they'd say you couldn't boil it, because they tried burning a tallow candle under a cask of it."

MOONLIGHT AND MAGNETISM.

"Are you an evolutionist?"

"Oh, yes; I believe in that. This is magnesium; of course you've seen it burn," and he tore off a piece of the ribbon and lighted it. It flamed out. "The peculiar moonlight color in the voltaic arc light is due to the impurities in the carbon, magnesium among the rest. 'What's the matter with you, Francis?'" he said, turning to young Jehl, who was sitting moodily by.

"I'm hungry," blurted out Francis.

"Where's the lunch?" said Edison.

"There was none ordered," said Francis, more despondently; "we didn't think you were coming back to work all night, and now we're here and there's nothing."

"Get us something to eat," said Edison. "You see, the carbon used is made out of powder held together by various substances. If they were to use chemically pure carbon, they would place the light away out of reach, it would cost so much; and pure or not, they must use a foreign substance to make it hold together. George, bring me a stick of carbon and a filament."

He put the little filament under the microscope and it looked like a cake of coal. Then he broke off a piece of the carbon stick and heated it with a blow-pipe to show the impurities under the microscope.

A GIANT WRESTLER IN PHYSICS.

"You said awhile ago that books and authorities were a detriment; that seems very strong to me."

"Remember how I qualified it. But I tell you I'd rather know nothing about a thing in science nine times out of ten than what the books would tell me—for practical purposes, for applied science, the best science, the only science. I'd rather take the thing up and go through with it myself. I'd find out more about it than anyone could tell me, and I'd be sure of what I knew. That's the thing. Professor this or that will controvert you out of the books, and prove out of the books that it can't be so, though you have it right in the hollow of your hand all the time and could break his spectacles with it. I never take anybody's word that anything can't be done, if I as much as suspect it can. I showed you in that book over there how they trip each other up."

"BASIC."

"One day some professors came here and one said a certain oxide could not be treated in a certain way; another said it could. One of my boys, a raw Vermont lad, said it couldn't because it was a basic oxide, and he was right. We call him 'Basic' ever since. That is a hard-working young fellow. He wrote to me from Vermont that he wanted to be a chemist and that he would come and work without pay, and he was so persistent that I told him to come right along. He came and worked like a Green mountain boy. He lives here in the laboratory, you may say, altogether."

"Where is he?"

"He's off now spending the Christmas holidays with his folks. It was he helped Batch there to get out the iridium I told you I wanted one night, and he was a fresh hand then. He's not afraid to burn his fingers. Where's that lunch, Francis?"

THE INQUIRING NOSE.

"It's coming, I hope," said Francis, very gloomily.

We had to take phosphoric anhydride for the vacuum pumps, and that's a job. We light the phosphorus and run. The vapor of it is terrible, but it is nothing to osmic acid. You remember a great Parisian scientist once held up a vial of it and said there was enough to suffocate the entire population of Paris if they were passed through in a file. I thought that was too strong. I took just a little sniff of it once, and I tell you it was terrible—the worst I ever came near. It stung my nose, caught me in the throat and made me spit blood."

"The book was right that time."

"That was the right kind of scientist."

CARBON AND RED HERRINGS.

It was well after midnight now, and I heard some of the boys tramping upstairs, while Edison now, with the peculiar nocturnal brightening of the human owl, talked in an unbroken string about the strange metals with unfamiliar names he had such apparent fun in reducing, so gleefully did he talk about zirconium, osmium, rodium, the platinum group and I know not what. We got back to the electric light, and said he:

"I think the Almighty made carbon for the electric light. What's this for?"

George held something in a brown paper out before him.

"Herrings," said George; "smoked herrings."

Edison looked around glumly. "Is this the best you can do?" His eye lighted on the bench where was another brown paper full of crackers, while Van Cleef was taking bottles of lager out of a basket. Francis was sitting on a stool, a herring in one hand, a cracker in the other, his mouth full of cracker and herring, and his whole face beaming with satisfaction.

"He's happy," said Edison, as he took a herring. "Help yourself; we don't entertain in this way."

"Pot luck," said the *Herald* correspondent, as cheerfully as circumstances would permit. "Bring me some water," said Edison, and somebody brought up a tin cup and a glass full of the clear fluid. And then and there began a repast which shall be memorable to at least one humble participant. He was hungry, perhaps not quite so hungry as Francis, but hospitality imposes obligations on the guest, and when he has the best within reach, let him munch his herring with Edison as he would were he sharing with Socrates his philosophy and pottage; aye, even with the scolding Xantippe thrown in. Immortal prog! I shall place those smoked herrings, biscuit and water on a high shelf, a very high shelf, in my memory; my stomach may never forget them.

A MERRY SUPPER.

"Everything agrees with me," said Edison. So the repast went on. We were a merry crowd of seven there at one in the morning. The inventor's face beamed with good humor, and he joked with the boys who are on such a pleasant footing with him, intimate in expression, but it was always a pleasure to see the respectful alacrity with which they looked after him at all times; just now they were looking for tender herrings for him. Francis, from smiles and laughter gradually assumed a more settled expression, indicating that the process of digestion was rapidly taking place, and in a very short time he was asleep on the edge of one of the benches, with the *Dictionary of Solubilities* for a pillow. One by one they dropped off. George actually went to have a look at his vacuum pump before curling up on a bench, and Edison and the *Herald* man, with just one other who, however, took three sleeps meantime sat talking till four o'clock. What did he talk of? Well, who could tell. Like a fresh-hearted city boy out in the fields for a holiday, he ran through the gardens of science in a way at once fascinating and surprising. Reminiscences of old times when he was a telegraph operator jogged elbows with dissertations on chemistry, electricity, light, heat, dynamics, statics. He told, for instance, how, in his search for platinum, he had come across more hidden gold than Monte Cristo or Plutus himself ever dreamed of. From his reminiscences let me tell one story, not concerning himself, which is too good to be lost.

FAIR WARNING.

"During the war," said he, "telegraph operators were the most independent men in the world. They were indispensable; they knew it, and it demoralized them. The companies wanted them and the army wanted them. Turned out of one place they were sure of another, and hence they were very seldom turned out. Just to show you. Down in a certain southern city, a fellow—a first class—got under the weather one night. He was a terrible fellow, and got crazy when he meddled with liquor. He came into the office one night, knocked over the stove, pulled down the wires from the board, went into the battery, knocked over the cells, so that the acid trickled through the floor and spoiled a lot of books. The wreck was something dreadful. Next morning the chief operator sent for him and said: 'Look here,' said he to the culprit, 'I give you fair warning, if you do that again I'll discharge you.'"

SOMEBODY STILL AWAKE.

As I was leaving the laboratory I saw the inventor, with his coat over his arm, looking for a soft spot upon the benches. Everything was asleep outside. No; as I walked down the hill, a bright light flashed before me, and a long freight train, winding like a black snake, went past with a roar and a rumble.

Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clark, in *Independent*.

THE POWER OF HUMAN LOVE.

What Happened in a New England Town a Hundred Years Ago.

She was a matron wise and good,
He was half-witted, coarse and rude—
A lonely outcast in the wood.

Her husband, children, neighbors saw
Her life without a spot or flaw,
Moulded by Puritanic law.

To him there came no influence wise,
Which to our weakness strength supplies—
No church, school, home, no human ties.

What could there be between the two?
What could she have with him to do?
His very name she never knew.

Nothing, if they are right who claim
Self-happiness man's only aim,
And Christ a myth, and God a name.

But in the poorest christian creed
Lies hid, of love, some generous seed
To help a brother in his need.

"We see," men said, "the fellow lurk
Behind a bush, to steal and shirk.
The rascal, if he chose, could work.

"Don't give him, Dame, another meal;
And if he comes our fowls to steal
The lazy brute the jail shall feel."

She heard them talk and went her way;
Said nothing, but at break of day
Some food upon the shelf there lay.

Soon down the lonely road he came,
Half conscious of the village blame,
His hunger struggling with his shame.

He stopped, he saw the bread and meat,
Looked quickly up and down the street,
Seized it, and fled with hasty feet.

Next day again he left the wood,
And lo! upon the shelf there stood
Once more more a dish of savory food.

And every day he came to find
His daily bread, till on his mind
Dawned some faint thought that men were kind.

And, though no word between them passed,
He knew he had a friend at last,
And sunshine on his path was cast.

With power some shadows to dispel,
To him it was a miracle,
As though each day from Heaven it fell;

A miracle his soul to move,
True manna dropping from above—
For the true Bread from Heaven is Love.

Unmarked, continuous movements go;
The Earth's swift flight. Time's steady flow,
We scarcely feel, or see, or know.

Thus steadfast goodness, moving on
Without a pause, is scarcely known;
Yet all men men miss it when 'tis gone.

So to this town there came one day
A sense of something passed away.
Some influence, guidance, help and stay.

And when the people of the place
Came in, and looked upon her face,
Transfigured by death's solemn grace,

There, with the rest, amazed, they find
Him, to whom she alone was kind,
Well clothed and in his proper mind.

And when a curious stranger read
Her name upon the plate, he said:
"She is my friend, and she is dead.

"But now I'll try to work a bit,
For if my lazy ways I quit
'Twill please her when she hears of it."

We all through Love or Life receive,
Since only while we love we live,
And life cannot in death believe.

Thus, to a mind in darkness sealed,
Love showed the truth from Thought concealed,
And immortality revealed.

General Grant in Augusta.

Augusta *Chronicle and Constitutionalist:* The people of Augusta were gratified yesterday to learn that General Grant and his party had so arranged his plans as to be able to accept the invitation to stop here that was tendered them by a unanimous vote of the city council. The distinguished visitor, his family and friends arrived last night, and will remain until to-day at noon, when they will resume their journey to the West Indies. They will have no reason to regret this, their first stoppage in a purely southern city. They will be with us only a short while, but our citizens will do everything in their power to make the time pass pleasantly. There is nothing political in the welcome extended. The people of Augusta, without respect to party, desire to show their respect for the famous general of the Union and for the man who was twice chosen President of the United States. They desire him to see a southern city in time of peace, and to know southern men, who once battled fearlessly for what they deemed the right, but who frankly and in good faith accept the results of defeat, and yield to none in their attachment to the constitution and their devotion to the Union. The wounds of war have healed, the feelings of bitterness have passed away, and to-day the representatives of the new south extend cordial greeting to the conqueror of the old.

The Grocers Bank Failure.

MILWAUKEE, January 3.—The excitement over the suspension of the Grocers bank continues. Mr. Stephen V. White, receiver, and counsel, were present since early this morning, collecting assets. Mr. White says he has already deposited one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and that the remaining assets would more than cover the claims of the creditors and depositors. The only losers will be the stockholders. He believed the bank was suffering largely from forged paper, in connection with J. Lloyd Haigh's indebtedness.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The *Evening Post* says: "Reports that the bank held a large quantity of forged paper as security for loans were repeated this morning with greater emphasis, and were not denied by persons who naturally would deny them, if unfounded. It is alleged that the bank not only lent nearly one hundred thousand dollars upon acceptances which prove to have been forged by one of its principal customers, but that it has obtained money from other banks by rediscounting this paper. The receiver has had all the cash in the bank removed to the vaults of the Bank of North America for greater security. Counsel for the receiver said there had been some talk of the shareholders reorganizing the bank and assuming its liabilities. In case this movement should take definite shape, the receiver will gladly relinquish his responsibilities."

MURDERED

With Rum for the Sake of Her Large Fortune—That was the Fate of a Deformed Woman who Fell a Victim to an Unmitigated Fiend

Named Paine—A Story that is Anything but Creditable to English Civilization — A Startling Revelation of Brutality and Cupidity.

London letter to the New York *Herald:* Another sad tragedy has taken place here, again startling the inhabitants of London into a consciousness of the fact that within its vast bounds and amid the labyrinths of its multitudinous life there are sad mysteries and dark secrets constantly taking place, as it were, under people's eyes and in their very presence, and yet the terribleness of which are unknown to them. About the middle of November a lady in an almost prostrate condition was taken by a gentleman and a young woman to a coffeehouse and dining-room in Seymour place, Marylebone. She was so ill that she had to be carried up into a bed-room by the owner, Edward Powell. This lady was Miss Annie Jane Fanny M'Lean, aged thirty-four, daughter of the late Colonel M'Lean, C. B., of Broadway, Worcestershire, and the gentleman who brought her to this obscure coffeehouse was Lewis James Paine, a man of about fifty years of age, and a remarkable personage in his way, as will be seen. The third person of the party—and in the tragedy, as it appears—was the young woman, Fanny Matthews, whose age is variously given from eighteen to twenty-two. Miss M'Lean was left pretty much in the charge of the coffeehouse keeper and his wife, who appear to be of a more human and considerate sort than London coffeehouse people generally are. Paine came and went, and Matthews did the same, though it was said at first that she was lady's maid to the invalid. They always left her at night, but left her well provided with what appeared to be the only thing not begrudged her—raw spirits. The poor lady lingered on until the seventeenth of November, and then died. The Powells had, however, communicated with Miss M'Lean's relatives, and the funeral Paine had ordered was stopped by them while *en route*, and an investigation demanded. A coroner's inquest accordingly took place, and such were the mysterious circumstances surrounding the case that every warrant was given for the initial suspicions.

THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

At the opening of the inquest—held by Dr. Hardwicke, coroner for Central Middlesex, at the Buffalo's Head, Marylebone road—medical evidence was adduced to the effect that death resulted from exhaustion consequent upon diseased liver, with a weak heart, accelerated by drinking habits. Subsequent proceedings pointed more and more strongly to the suspicion that this state of the deceased was due to foul play, and as Payne and Matthews were the persons last having the care of her, and as they therefore fell under suspicion, it was necessary that the inquest should, if possible, lay bare the motive, if motive there were, for a crime. Miss M'Lean's father, who was a retired Indian officer, died many years ago. She lived for some years with her mother and her brother, Dr. Norman Collyer McLean, at Eastbourne terrace. Her mother had made arrangements last April for returning to her native place, Broadway, in Worcestershire, and she had actually taken a lease of a house called the Shrubbery, and furnished it. She, however, died, and her son and his wife went to live for a short time at this house. Mrs. M'Lean had made her daughter sole executrix of her will, and had left her some property which, together with an annuity payable as long as she remained single, yielded her an income of upward of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Miss M'Lean had made the acquaintance of Payne several years previous to her mother's death. This gentleman had been married three times, and according to the one who still calls him husband he has always been noted for his fondness for the gentler sex. In his appearance he has something of the "gay Lothario." He has gray hair, dark piercing eyes, a prominent nose, grayish mustache and long whiskers, the chin being close shaven. At the inquest he wore a velvet coat under his overcoat, and used a double eyeglass. His manner before the coroner was off hand and careless in the extreme, and his answers provoked frequent laughter from those present. His replies to his own solicitor, Mr. Sampson, about his various marriages will do as a specimen of his *sangfroid*.

Mr. Sampson—You are said to have three wives. When were you first married? A. When I was nineteen years of age.

Q. What became of that? A. Of that lady? After we lived some years together we disagreed; I took up with another lady, and my wife got a divorce from me; she is still alive.

Q. What became of the second lady? A. She was a daughter of a Mr. Harris.

Q. Is she alive or dead? A. No, she is dead, poor thing; I will tell you how she died. [Laughter.]

Q. No, no. The third lady is present in court? A. Yes.

This latter marriage took place in 1874, but Paine seems to have concealed it from Miss M'Lean's friends, and to have persuaded them that he was married to her.

A FRESH VICTIM.

The two were invited as husband and wife to the Shrubbery; they passed as such, and cards were issued for the use of Miss M'Lean bearing the name of Mrs. L. J. Paine. Her brother soon afterward left England for America. Paine and she seemed to have lived on Broadway; and according to his own account, he was the ostensible owner of everything in the house. In one of his journeys with her, he got into trouble at Stratford and was locked up. His own account of the affair was as follows:

The Coroner—You say that the falling off in her conduct came about when she was at the Shrubbery. How did it come about? Well, first of all she lost her mother. Then her brother Norman went away in a very uncomfortable manner, and then something happened to me. I took her for a drive to Stratford-on-Avon, and, unfortunately, I had a little bit of a popgun in my pocket. Two men stopped me and asked me my name and address because the horse was very tired and I had driven it a long way. I unfortunately used some bad language to them and they endeavored to drag me from the cart, when my little revolver fell out of my pocket. I was locked up the whole of the night, the next day, and part of the next night. I came up to London to see if I could get counsel. I saw very little of the lady at that particular time, but I believe the mischief was done then by those three events.

This was how Paine accounted for Miss M'Lean's alleged drinking habits. At the end of last August they came to London, as he stated, for the purpose of getting medical advice for her, and lived until the tenth of September in Alexandra street, Westbourne park. The landlady, who gave evidence at the inquest, stated that Paine attended to her and that her chief food was fish dried and shell fish, but often she had nothing at all. Prior to her appearance at the inquest the second time Paine called on her and put her on her guard against something she had said, and made an offer of something that appeared tantamount to a bribe. About the date of the visit to London a will which Miss M'Lean executed was drawn up in favor of Paine. A deed of gift in his favor was also executed by her, and about the same time Paine endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to effect an insurance for two hundred and fifty pounds on her life. It is fair to say that he also made a will in her favor, leaving to her all his property, which consisted of a policy of insurance—but no premium had been paid—on his life.

BECOMES POSSESSED OF ALL HER PROPERTY.

There is no doubt Paine succeeded in so ingratiating himself with the deceased that shortly previous to her death he had possessed himself of her entire property, both by will and by deed of gift, which is a fact that cannot be ignored in considering his conduct in regard to Miss M'Lean. While in London he paid frequent visits to the deceased's solicitors, and also to another solicitor, with regard to certain transactions that ultimately gave him the control of her property spoken of. Having thus secured her property, the allegation against Paine is that he failed to procure proper nourishment for her, and plied her with spirits until she died. This alleged neglect began at Broadway, when but little food ever appeared in the house, but a great deal of spirits. Paine, too, dismissed the servants there, and put her under the sole charge of a certain Fanny Matthews. A certain Mrs. Powell and other witnesses swore to having seen Paine not only refuse to let the deceased have proper food, but to having seen him pour neat spirits down her throat against her will.

PAINE'S INFLUENCE OVER DECEASED.

Mrs. Powell also gave the following evidence:

On Thursday (they arrived at the house on the Monday) Paine brought a gentleman, a medical man, and said to him, "I will show you where her weakness is;" addressing the deceased, he said, "Look here, my dear, I have some nice rum here;" she answered, "No; I don't want it, Lewis;" upon which he said to her, "You are an artful devil; if the doctor was not present you would have it;" being pressed by him she took a little, but did not finish it; the doctor continued to attend, but he never ordered her anything; I was not satisfied, and my husband called in Dr. Walker, who saw her, but declined to attend the case without Mr. Paine's permission. He said she was suffering from the effects of drink. On the Friday night I had got her in a chair by the fire while I made the bed. Paine and the doctor came in. Paine brought a bottle of whisky and sent me for a corkscrew. He asked me to remain in the room, saying, "I want to get at her." I understood him to mean he wanted information from her. He said to her, "Annie, dear, I have got a drop of good whisky here. Now, I want to know what you gave Norman (deceased's brother) for his share." She replied, "six thousand pounds," upon which he said, "You are a little humbug," and began bothering her again. I said, "Leave her alone; she is very bad." He answered, "She is all right, and the doctor says she may live a hundred years." Dr. Thornam was the doctor who came with Paine. I left the room, and when I returned they were gone. On the following Sunday deceased was wandering in her mind. I heard her ask about her check-book, and Paine said, "I have got that all right." She also asked after Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, and I went to fetch him. He came subsequently with the deceased's aunt and other relatives. Paine came on the Monday week before the deceased's death and said he proposed to take the little lady to Brighton. I said, "Why, man, she would die on the journey." He replied, "I will go to Brighton, and send you a telegram to say the lady and I have arrived all right and have got apartments. You can show the telegram to anybody who inquires after her." My husband said he would have nothing to do with such a deception. Paine said we were not to let any strangers see the deceased, and were not to let her sign any paper. On the Monday immediately preceding her death Paine and Dr. Thornam came. I told them the deceased was very much worse, and that on the previous day she had turned blue. Thereupon Paine rushed out of the room, and the doctor followed him into the passage and spoke to him. The doctor went away, and Paine reappeared with Fanny Matthews's sister, saying, "I have brought this young woman. She will be able to be a witness." I asked, "Witness to what?" But he made no answer, and the girl did not speak. They went away. In the evening he brought her again, saying she was a friend of the druggist down at Broadway. I said Mrs. Paine, deceased, told me she was Fanny Matthews's sister, and that she did not want to see any more of the Matthewses, for they were a bad set. Subsequently Paine introduced two other ladies, one of whom, he said, was his daughter. The latter asked who the doctor was, and why deceased had no maid, adding: "There is something wrong going on." Paine's wife saw the deceased. I took her up to the room and she saw on deceased's boxes the directions, "Mr. and Mrs. Paine." She said, "I knew there was something wrong. He told me he had got a good house for me if I only waited and trusted him; but how can I trust him?" On the Sunday before she died deceased asked me if I thought she was going to die, and when I said "yes," she said she wished to live till Monday to see her solicitor and do justice to her brother. I told her not to trouble about earthly things, as Paine said she had made everything over to him. She replied, "He bothered me so that I did not know, but if I did I must alter it." She said Paine had got her deeds and she did not know how to get them—could she have a detective? On the morning after deceased's death Paine came in. I said, "Oh, Mr. Paine, she died very happy;" but he did not want to hear anything about it, saying, "Oh, she was so deceitful."

THE VERDICT.

The above are the chief features of the evidence—it may be in many respects partial and inadequate—which has been given before the coroner's jury, and which has induced them to return a verdict of wilful murder against Lewis James Paine, and Fanny Matthews as an accomplice. A scene occurred in the court on the delivery of this verdict. The father of the girl Matthews attempted to say something, but was advised not by the coroner. He was a respectable-looking man, and was under feelings of strong emotion. He was understood to say that his daughter had been drawn into it. Suddenly catching sight of Paine, who was sitting near the jury, he pressed through the crowd of persons standing about toward him, with the apparent intention of inflicting bodily chastisement. He was frustrated, however, by Curtis, the beadle, who took him, not without some difficulty, from the room. As he was leaving, his daughter, who had occupied a seat near the jury, and who had listened to the verdict with much composure, sprang to her feet to hasten after him. Being stopped by the policeman who was guarding her, she exclaimed angrily, "Let me go to him. What do you mean? I am not going to run away." She was then allowed to go with him into another room, and it was said that on the way she "vowed she would tell all she knew, for she was not going to be hanged without speaking." Paine and Matthews were then committed to Newgate on the capital charge.

THE DECEASED.

It should be said, although the evidence did not come out fully as it might, that Miss Annie M'Lean was a woman of considerable intelligence and culture, and of a very affectionate disposition. She was, however, exceedingly low of stature—indeed, as it would appear, deformed. When the case comes before a proper legal tribunal it is probable that considerable importance will be given to this point, and it will, no doubt, be urged that such a person as she was physically was not the one to attract a man of Paine's disposition without there was some ulterior motive. I cannot do better than close this sketch by quoting the words of the *Times* with reference to it. "The bare outlines of the story," it says, "whether guilt is blended with it or not, are inexpressibly sad. This poor deformed woman left friendless is led astray by Paine, who is all the time married. She loses health and friends. Voluntarily or involuntarily she daily consumes enormous quantities of spirits, and she dies by as miserable a death as could be conceived. Fate sometimes reserves its cruelest blows for the weakest, and it is not often that human beings are smitten more sharply than this woman, whose physical deformity and misfortunes seems to entitle her to compassion."

Good Words.]

IN THE LAST PEW.

She sits bent o'er, with wrinkled face,
Poor and forlornly old; no grace
Smooths the sharp angle of her form,
Long buffeted by life's slow storm.
All else around is fine and fair;
The stained light falls, a golden glare,
In seeming mockery on her loose gray hair.

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed,
Tells how our hearts afar have strayed,
And how all souls should be content
With those good blessings God has sent,
And one, of all that self-poised throng,
Hangs on his words nor deems them long,
And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn,
Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim;
What can the gay world hold for her—
This worn and weary worshiper?
Now, rustling down the aisles in pride,
They toss bright smiles on every side,
Nor does she know the hurts such fair looks hide.

And still she sits, with tear-wet face,
As loth to leave that sacred place;
The organ, with quick thunders riven,
Lifts her sad, trembling soul to heaven;
She feels a sense of blissful rest,
Her bony hands across her breast
She clasps, and slowly sighs, "God knoweth best!"

One day, within some grander gate
Where kings and ministers must wait,
While she hopes humbly for low place
Far from the dear Lord's shining face,
Above the chant of heavenly choir
These words may sound with gracious fire:
"Well done, good, faithful servant, come up higher!"

Three Thousand Bales Cotton in a Burning Warehouse.

BALTIMORE, January 3.—At noon five steamers were throwing water on cotton stowed in the warehouse of Thurston, Harris & Co., Buchanan's wharf, which took fire last night. There are over three thousand bales in the warehouse, of which John Merryman & Co. owned twenty-six hundred bales; fully insured. The estimated loss on the cotton is fully sixty per cent. The warehouse belongs to the Lemmon heirs and is a total loss. Insured for twenty thousand dollars. Randolph & Jenks, a Philadelphia firm of cotton brokers, had eleven hundred bales stored; insured for one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars. William E. Hooper & Sons lose about one hundred and forty bales; insured for fifty-four hundred dollars. Grain, flour and other produce in adjoining warehouses was damaged somewhat by water, but the owners, David Dows, Trail & Gambrill, Harvey & Bros. are insured.

Suspicions of a Foul Murder.

MONTREAL, January 3.—The body of a man named Mulligan was found burned to a crisp in his shanty, near Sherbrooke, a few days ago. The coroner's jury came to the conclusion that he had been murdered, and William Gray, from the United States, and his wife were arrested for the crime. Some money and clothing which belonged to Mulligan were found in their possession.

Another Episode in a Scandal Case.

NEW YORK, January 3.—A dispatch from Providence, Rhode Island, says that Kate Fitzgerald, who attempted to shoot Postmaster Pierce, of Bristol, some months ago, yesterday failed in an attempt to shoot herself. Mrs. Pierce, it may be remembered, jealous of Miss Fitzgerald, attempted to kill her husband, and eventually succeeded in taking her own life by saturating her bed with kerosene and setting it on fire.

A Couple of Fires.

ATCHISON, KS., January 3.—About half-past ten o'clock last night a fire broke out in a saloon in Winthrop, Missouri, destroying six buildings. Loss not ascertained.

The large elevator of F. P. Halsey was discovered on fire about half-past ten o'clock last night and totally destroyed. Insurance, twenty thousand dollars on grain and building.

Dishonorably Dismissed.

NEW YORK, January 3.—Corporal Nicholson, discharged from arrest by failure of the grand jury to indict him for causing the death of Private Kopp at Fort Adams, by throwing him, as alleged, into a cistern, has been dishonorably dismissed from the army. Prior to his discharge he was reduced to the ranks.

CHILDREN RUINED

By the Stage—Very Bad Effects of Juvenile Performances—Little Ones Every Day Rescued From the Vilest Slums of New York City.

A Pungent Letter From Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, Giving Some Significant Facts — Theatrical Performances a Permanent and Cruel Injury to Children.

New York *Times:* The society for the prevention of cruelty to children has come in for its share of blame for interfering at different times with representations of *Pinafore* and other performances by children. But the ground taken by the society and the facts by which the society is guided have never been fully presented. On last Saturday, however, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, the president of the society, sent the following explanatory letter to Mr. B. F. Brayton, the secretary of the Cleveland humane society, in response to a missive calling for the information conveyed:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of December 13th to our secretary, in reference to a "miniature opera company" performing in your city, has been handed to me by our secretary. In it you state that your agent does not think that the spirit of the law is violated by such performances, although he concedes that its letter reaches the case, the children being under the age of fourteen years. I am compelled to differ entirely with these views. Day after day children are rescued by the officers of our society from the vilest slums in this city, where they eke out a precarious livelihood by singing and dancing, often long after midnight, before audiences composed of the worst classes of the community, and in places constantly the subject of police interference. A critical personal examination of these children shows that the majority of them first learned to perform in these so-called "miniature opera" and "Pinafore troupes." Having imbibed a taste for this easy and indolent life, on the disbanding of the company they soon graduate in the school of vice. Only recently a complaint was made to us by the mother of a little girl performing in such a company that the morals of her child were being corrupted by one of the older girls. On investigation of the case I found that the girl complained of had figured in a police court not long previous, in a case best characterized by the adjective "nasty." I personally visited the performance complained of. It was simply meretricious. Little girls, clearly within the prohibited age, painted and bedizened with tawdry finery, were engaged in a rendition of the opera in a manner that was painfully suggestive of their ultimate moral degradation, and I insisted that the performances should cease. Since then hardly a day passes without some case occurring in this city where the health of children is prematurely wrecked by the unhealthy physical excitement to which they are subjected in these performances. As you concede that the case is within the letter of the law, it remains for me only to show that it comes clearly within its spirit, and, upon the merits, ought to be suppressed.

First—The law treats as infants all persons under a certain age, without distinction. It is intended to protect those who are unable to protect themselves. The State, as the sovereign in this country, protects each individual member of its future constituency in the enjoyment of health and vitality, with the physical end in view that when boys become of age they shall be capable of bearing arms and defending the State, and that girls shall be capable of so discharging the functions of maternity that the physical material of the body politic will not be impaired or enervated. Hence it fixes an age as a limit within which it declares children not proper to be used for these purposes, and the selection of that age is the result of a long and careful medical investigation into the relative physical strength of children. The universal testimony of the medical profession concurs in indorsing as wise the age so fixed. That this conclusion is right and proper the following facts should be sufficient to satisfy every person whose sympathies are enlisted in the protection of children, and if any doubt exists on the subject that doubt should be cast in their favor, and not against them.

Second—These theatrical performances by children work a permanent injury to them, because, in the first place, they deprive them of their natural rest, and subject them to unnecessary physical efforts which engender disease. Thus, a child of tender years is forced to sing and dance at night, half clad, in a theater where the draughts are incessant. *Encores* frequently compel additional exertions, until, at the close of the performance, tired and worn out, the child goes from the theater, late at night, through the cold and wet of the streets to its home, to gain the little sleep which the late hour and its exhausted system will permit.

Third—Where these performances take place in the daytime another wrong is done the children. Apart from physical exhaustion they lose their education, which the policy of the State has provided as well for the poor as for the wealthy; and which, after all, is the best capital in the country to insure success in life. Children of this tender age have a natural disinclination to study. Hence the law in this, and many other States, makes education compulsory. It is no answer to say that these children do study while not actually performing. When they attempt to do so their minds are not in a fit condition for instruction, but are absorbed with the theatrical business, which to them is more palatable. Of course, they cry when not permitted to perform. Children proverbially cry when deprived of that which is hurtful to them. You would be amazed to hear the complaints repeatedly made to this society by teachers in our public schools, that where any of their scholars are excused to attend rehearsals of day performances of these opera troupes, the fact is soon known to their classmates and excites and unfits the latter for their studies, so that a whole class soon becomes demoralized. The children themselves, besides losing their proper education, gain nothing in the way of musical education by the performance itself. In many cases a really fine voice is prematurely cracked and ruined—notably so in one of these recent Pinafore companies.

Fourth—The associations are bad. The public and press are too apt to view the performance only from the external side of the footlights. The troupe usually consists of fifteen or twenty children of both sexes, who are thrown together promiscuously by day and night, and loss of all modesty and reserve follows as of course. One or two corrupt children will contaminate the entire troupe. The result is as might be expected. Many of the girls become prostitutes at an early age, and finally end in low dance-houses and concert-saloons. Very recently this society rescued one such waif, who had been previously in a Pinafore troupe, from just such a place. The boys usually become idlers, performers in the song and dance variety business, and ultimately end by being thieves or tramps. Neither ever attain any positions in the legitimate theatrical profession, which requires a very different preliminary education and training.

Fifth—It is idle to say that these children are lawfully earning their livelihood by this business; a specious plea, and the usual one advanced by thoughtless and selfish parents. They are wretchedly paid, their health is early shattered, and not one case can be pointed to where any permanent benefit has resulted to either parent or child from the employment of the latter in this business. Very frequently parents of children who have gone west with an agent of one of these Pinafore troupes, come to this society and implore it to procure, through its officers, the return of their children to their homes, the agent having carried them far out west, and then absconded with the results of the exhibition. Now, the law contemplates that parents shall support their children during these tender years of the latter, and nowhere sanctions the reversal of this rule. On the contrary, by specific statutes like the one alluded to, it emphatically forbids it. No parent has any property in the services of a child within the age prohibited, for the reason that within that age the law asserts the child to be incapable of rendering any services. This perverted view of supposed property in children is frequently the only plea on which our societies are asked to countenance these illegal performances, or rather to wink at them. If the law is erroneous, it is for the legislature to amend it. Until amended or repealed, it seems to me that our societies ought to enforce its provisions and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of theatrical agents and managers, whose only object is to reap a pecuniary benefit from exhibitions which they concede to be illegal. I can assure you that the New York society for the prevention of cruelty to children, of which I have the honor to be president, intends to act with promptness and vigor in these cases. I have the honor to remain, with great respect,

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, President.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

Eighteen of the seventy-four counties in Arkansas have no newspapers.

Natchez has done more business this season than for several years past.

Cannel coal has been discovered on Sabine river, near Longview, Texas.

Five boys were fined five dollars each at Macon, Georgia, for firing off pistols Christmas day.

The San Antonio river is nearly dry at San Antonio. Other streams in that region are completely dry.

People in Tom Green county, Texas, are so healthy a newspaper advises the doctors to go cattle-driving.

The Tennessee poultry association will hold its next annual exhibition at Nashville, commencing February 10, 1880.

The negroes of Rusk county, Texas, the other day, held a meeting, and, by a vote of five to one, resolved to exodus.

North Carolina has one hundred and ninety Methodist ministers. The Methodist church property in the State is valued at $702,385.

Hon. Robert Toombs has been invited to deliver the next annual address by the young men of the Mississippi State University.

On Saturday morning the furniture factory and a large lot of lumber of Mr. D. P. Shoffner, of Union City, this State, was destroyed by fire.

It is estimated that Arkansas will this year produce six hundred thousand bales of cotton, which, at a low figure, will yield thirty million dollars.

A man named M'Ginn was so badly stabbed at Sherman that his bowels protruded from the wound. But the doctors say he will recover.

Sparta, Georgia, girls eat oranges on the street, and the Ishmaelite very truthfully remarks that this is better than gnawing away on chewing-gum.

The Pontotoc *Democrat* of December 20th says that two men, Des Cailens and a negro, were drowned in Cain creek, in that county, on the 10th instant.

Hogs are said to be dying of cholera by the hundred in Colorado county, Texas. Mr. George H. Little has lost nearly eighty head during the past month.

Maclin and Hamner, of the Mason (Tenn. *Weekly Call*, are sad because the story that Dan Rice had been converted and turned evangelist turns out to be a hoax.

Frank Jackson, colored, has been arrested, charged with shooting the freedman at Austin, Texas. The latter, before dying, described Jackson as one of the assassins.

Milan (Tenn.) *Exchange*, 1st: "Estelle, the daughter of Dr. J. Bledsoe, fell with both arms into a pot of boiling lard yesterday, causing a very distressing and painful injury."

Tramps are doing devilish work daily and nightly in Houston, Texas. Housebreaking, robbery, insulting, alarming and assaulting defenseless women are among the many grievances.

The Savannah (Ga.) *News* says a curious sight was presented in Lagrange last week. In the midst of a snow-storm might have been seen green grass, and peach and pear trees in bloom.

An Austin special to the Galveston *News* says the report that the governor intended to call an extra session of the Texas legislature to repeal the Sunday law and the bell-punch law, is without foundation.

On Monday of last week the boiler of a steam mill belonging to Captain Ben Taylor, on Calf creek, in Searcy county, Arkansas, exploded, killing Wade Campbell, Wade Griffin, Kennedy and Burt Woodard.

At Dallas, Texas, the other night, M. Greenbaum, who had just married and starting out on the tour, was robbed of a gold watch and two hundred and fifty dollars by his rival for the hand of the young lady.

Little Rock *Gazette:* "Mr. W. Jasper Blackburn, we understand, has made arrangements for the establishment of a weekly Republican paper in Little Rock. Mr. Blackburn is one of the most polished writers in the State."

Chattanooga *Times*, 1st: "Last night at about nine o'clock a destructive fire broke out in the eastern end of the Wason car-works, which ended in the almost total destruction of the largest car-works in the south. Loss estimated at fifty thousand dollars."

A darky who has just returned from Kansas: "The whole truth is, if you don't tell them the bloodiest stories you can get up, you can't raise a red cent. But just work up a big tale—the worse the better—and you are all right and can get anything you want."

Lieutenant Oglesby, of Hall's command, arrived at Brownsville, Texas, with Joseph M'Campbell, of Goliad, a wealthy stockraiser, as a prisoner, charged with stealing fifty head of horses from a Mexican. The horses and two negroes implicated were also captured.

On Christmas day, at Clemens's stillhouse, situated on Calf creek, in Searcy county, Arkansas, a quarrel arose between Joseph Clemens and Louis Brewer, which resulted in Clemens shooting Brewer and killing him on the spot. Whisky and an old grudge has been assigned as the cause.

Booneville (Miss.) *Pleader*, December 18th: "Mrs. Grisham, wife of Mr. I. G. Grisham, living six miles from here, committed suicide on Wednesday last by hanging herself to a rafter in the gearhouse. When found life was extinct. Grief for the loss of a child is supposed to have been the cause."

George F. Leak killed a negro named Stokes at Montgomery, Alabama, a few days ago. The negro's wife appealed to Mr. Leak for protection from her husband, who threatened to kill her. Stokes threatened to kill Leak, but the latter stabbed the negro with a knife, inflicting an instantly fatal wound in his neck.

Mr. Sadler, the county surveyor, and ex-representative of Franklin county, Arkansas, was assassinated at his home on Sunday night by two men named Burchard and Valentine. The guilty parties having fled, the sheriff has gone after them in hot pursuit. The trouble, we understand, grew out of some land matters.

Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle:* "It would be well for southern planters to keep their heads clear, notwithstanding the boom in the cotton market. There is no reason to believe that the present prices will be realized next winter. If cotton is raised the coming year, to the exclusion of provisions, the crop will sell for six or seven cents per pound, and the planter will be bankrupted."

THE LISTENING OAK.

She found the old familiar spot,
Beneath the green oak tree;
She sighed—she sighed—"He loves me not,
And I'm alone—ah me!"
I watched her there—the fond old oak—
For trees have eyes like other folk;
It whispered, whispered, *"Hearts may roam,*
But late or early Love comes home."

He stood where they so oft had met,
He flung away her flower;
"Ah me!" he cried, "Coquette, coquette!
To love me but an hour!"
But loudly sang the angry oak,
For trees have hearts like other folk;
And chiding, chiding was the song,
"The heart that loves believes no wrong!"

There's some one stealing on apace,
And some one's arms thrown wide,
And some one's heart is some one's place
At happy even-tide.
The tears, the doubts, are gone, are gone,
And gaily now the oak looks on,
And sings to them of joy and rest,
"The love that's tried is happiest!"

COLONEL TOM SCOTT.

The Early Life and Training of the Great Railroad King of Pennsylvania — Young Tom as a Clerk, Canal Collector and Station Agent.

Columbus correspondence Cleveland *Leader:* "I met a gentleman to-day from London, Pennsylvania, and had a short talk with him about Colonel Tom Scott, the great railroad king, who was born and raised in that vicinity. The gentleman said, in substance: 'Colonel Scott is the son of a once noted landlord, who kept a wagon tavern on the old Limestone pike, running from Pittsburg to Philadelphia. Before the day of railroads this line carried all the goods sent from Philadelphia to the west, and hundreds of six-horse wagons of the large Pennsylvania kind might have been daily seen traversing upon it. These wagons, immense affairs, carrying from five to eight thousand pounds, made only about twenty miles per day, stopping at night at taverns built along the road. One of the most popular of these houses was, as the sign read:

TOM SCOTT'S TAVERN,

situated on the pike, a short distance from the little village of London, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. It was a good-sized building, and, like all such buildings, boasted an immense bar-room, in which, after an evening's carouse, the teamsters, unrolling their beds—they all in those days carried their beds with them—laid down to sleep on the floor. Often around this house have been seen a hundred wagons, and more than that number of teamsters were often accommodated within. The good nature of the host, who was known, probably from his wildness, as 'Devil Tom Scott,' and the quality of his accommodations made the hotel one of the chief points along the line.

"Here it was that Tom Scott, the railroad president, was born, and it was here that he received his earliest training. Like all boys of that region, he probably went to school in the winter and worked in the summer. When quite young he worked in a country store at Loudon, and his old employer once told me that Scott made one of

THE BEST COUNTER-JUMPERS

he had ever had. He was very attentive to business, and was both polite and honest. He was always very popular in Loudon, and at this time was known there as Young Aleck Scott, being nicknamed from the Alexander part rather than the Thomas part of his name, which, it will be remembered, is Thomas Alexander Scott.

"After Tom Scott left the store he was employed for a time as a clerk in the canal collector's office at Columbia, Pennsylvania, and it was from here that he went to railroading, serving first as station agent at Hollidaysburg. Here he was in partnership with a young fellow named Graham, and the firm was Scott & Graham. At this time (1852) General Scott was the Whig candidate for President, with Graham, Vice-President. This fact made much sport among the friends of young Scott and Graham, who, though bearing the same names, were not related to the general and his partner. But," the gentleman continued, "Tom Scott remained as station agent but short time. His natural adaptation for railroading was soon seen by his employers, and he steadily rose, step by step, until he became vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad company, and finally its president. But his railroad history is known to all."

"Was Colonel Scott an only child?" I remarked.

"Oh, no," he replied; "old Tom Scott had quite a family, and several of them are still living. The family was a very respectable one. I do not remember how many there were in it. His sisters were lively girls and were very popular; they have, I understand, married well. As to his brothers I know but little. One of them, James Scott, is still living in Franklin county, and is a man of wealth and standing, but all of them sink into insignificance when Colonel Tom is spoken of."

THE NEW BISHOP

Of Chicago Will be Received Loyally and Respectfully—But at the Same Time the Priests, Being Men, Feel Themselves, by this Appointment,

Insulted, Yes, Outraged, Because Not One of the Three Men They Had Selected for the Honor was Selected—The Bishop to Blame.

Chicago *Times*, December 31: About two weeks ago a reporter for the *Times*, in an interview with a Catholic priest, learned who would probably be the successor of Bishop Foley in the episcopacy of this diocese. It was then published for the first time that Bishop Feehan, of Nashville, had been nominated *dignissimus* by the bishops of the archdiocese, and it was thought that the nomination would be confirmed by Rome.

On yesterday the rumor was again started that Rome had confirmed the nomination made by the bishops, and that Bishop Feehan, of Nashville, was the chosen one. The friends of Dr. M'Mullen, who had been nominated by the priesthood, had hoped that he might yet receive the miter, and heard the rumor with regret, and none more keenly regret it, if it be true, than the Catholic priests.

A reporter, yesterday, met a distinguished priest, a man whose many years of service in the ministry entitle him to speak with some authority, and asked him if there were any truth in the rumor of the appointment of Bishop Feehan to his diocese.

"Yes," said he, "there is. You may state officially that Bishop Feehan is now *de jure* the Catholic bishop of Chicago."

"Has information to that effect been received direct from Rome?"

"Inquire not too minutely, but rest assured that what I tell you is true."

"How will the new bishop be received by the priesthood?"

"Loyally and respectfully. There is not in the world to day a more loyal body of men to the Catholic church than the Chicago clergy, and as such we bow to the decision of Rome. But at the same time, we are men, and feel that we have been

INSULTED, YES, OUTRAGED,

by this appointment."

"How so?"

"Well, soon after Bishop Foley died the archbishop summoned the clergy of this diocese to a meeting for the purpose of nominating a successor to the dead prelate. This was the first time in the history of the church in this country that the priests were called together for the purpose of nominating candidates for the bishopric. The clergy did not want the power thus thrust on them, and they, or their proper representatives for them, declined to assemble and nominate three ecclesiastics from whom a bishop might be chosen. Archbishop Kendrick insisted that the meeting should be called, and responsive to his commands the priests assembled and nominated Dr. M'Mullen *dignissimus;* Father Riordan *dignior*, and Father Conway *dignus*. I need not tell you nor the Catholic people of Chicago who Dr. M'Mullen is. He is a man whose work for the church is well known, a man whose splendid intellectual attainments have spread his fame far beyond the bounds of this diocese, and from whom the miter would gain additional luster. Soon after our meeting the bishops assembled. They knew the men whom we had selected. Their meeting, as far as secrecy was concerned, would do credit to a Freemasons' lodge. Instead of gracefully indorsing our selections, they nominated three other men, and sent on their names to Rome, and used every influence to have one of their nominees selected. They have succeeded. This is why I say the Catholic clergy of this diocese have been insulted and outraged—have, in fact, been made a laughing-stock for all other religious denominations."

"Who were the bishops at the meeting you speak of?"

"There were present Archbishop Kendrick, Bishop Ryan, St. Louis; Bishop Hennessy, Dubuque; Bishop Hogan, St. Joseph; Bishop Baites, Alton; Bishop Feehan, Nashville; Bishop Spalding of Peoria, and perhaps one or two others whom I don't now remember."

"Do you think the bishops had any

OBJECTION TO YOUR NOMINEES?"

"Yes. For personal reasons, which are known in Chicago, they opposed Dr. M'Mullen with all their might. But Dr. M'Mullen is a man the buckle of whose shoe they are unworthy to unloose, while Father Riordan is the peer of any of them."

"Are those the sentiments of the majority of the Catholic clergy?

"Yes, sir, with scarcely an exception. When Bishop Foley took charge of the diocese he was likewise imbued with a deep prejudice against Dr. M'Mullen. After a time he came to know and value the the doctor. He found Dr. M'Mullen down at Wilmington. What did he do? Why, he brought him up here, placed him in charge of the cathedral, and made him a vicar-general, the highest honor he could confer on him. And then after years of intercourse, during which time the bishop was deeply impressed with the stern integrity, the administrative abilities and self-sacrificing spirit of his vicar-general, when he who had worn the miter so worthily for a few short years was passing away to his reward, his last words on earth were: 'Dr. M'Mullen, since I came to this diocese you have been a source of joy and consolation to me, and now I appoint you administrator of this diocese.' For nearly a year Dr. M'Mullen has administered the affairs of this diocese, and never has it been done more successfully by any of his predecessors.

THIS IS THE MAN

whom a conclave of bishops have sought to crush, and have partially succeeded. But when they will have sunk into the grave, and their names covered with oblivion, the name and fame of Dr. M'Mullen and his works will be fresh and green in the memory of the people of this diocese."

"You said that the meeting of priests at which Dr. M'Mullen was nominated was the first meeting with that object ever held in this country. Why did the archbishop take such a departure from the established custom?"

"When the late Dr. Conroy, the papal ablegate, visited here some ago, he suggested to Archbishop Kendrick that the best means for selecting a bishop would be by calling a meeting of the clergy of the diocese to which the bishop was to be appointed, and have them make the nominations."

"May not Dr. M'Mullen be appointed successor to Bishop Feehan in Nashville?"

"No. While the present bishops are in existence Dr. M'Mullen will never receive a miter."

"It is stated Bishop Feehan will soon be created an archbishop. Is that true?"

"I don't know, but if it is true that is a little consolation in our cup of misery, as then we will no longer be ruled by St. Louis. You may state that the majority of ecclesiastics are of the opinion that Chicago is too large and important a diocese to be ruled any longer from St. Louis."

"Why was it the bishops kept the names of

THEIR NOMINEES A SECRET?"

"Simply because they were ashamed of their action, and they were fearful, should it become known, the clergy would adopt some measures that would thwart them in their purposes. As I said before, the priests will receive the new bishop gracefully, but they cannot forget that the most solemn action of their lives has been overruled by his brothers in the episcopacy."

"You nor the other clergymen have no greater objection to Dr. Feehan than you would have to any man appointed from outside this diocese?"

"No. As long as none of our nominees were confirmed, we are simply indifferent as to who may be the successor of the lamented Bishop Foley."

The speaker assured the writer that all the candidates nominated by the clergy, especially Dr. M'Mullen, were pleased with the result and would extend a cordial welcome to Dr. Feehan.

NOT CONFIRMED AS YET.

At a late hour last night a reporter called at the residence of Dr. M'Mullen to procure either a confirmation or a denial of the statement made that news had been received from Rome of the appointment of Bishop Feehan to this diocese. The reverend gentleman was not found, but an assistant priest informed the reporter that up to six o'clock last evening no authoritative news of the appointment had been received from Rome. It was not probable that it would be received last night, but may reach here to-day or to-morrow. In fact, they were hourly expecting it.

Lisbon, January 2: Heavy storms at Azores did much damage to the shipping.