

**A RARE PHOTOGRAPH**

THE REPRODUCTION OF THE OLD DE WITT CLINTON DUE TO IT.

A Unique Bit of History Which Deals With the Old Anti-Masonic Feeling in New York State Over Sixty Years Ago. A Clever Artist With Scissors.

The New York Central Railroad company's reproduction of the first railroad train and locomotive ever run in New York state, a most interesting and valuable exhibit at the Chicago fair, said an old resident of Albany, "causes me to wonder how many of the officers of that company know that if the disappearance of Morgan from Batavia 65 years ago had not been attributed to murderous machinations of the Masonic fraternity, which resulted in the great anti-Masonic excitement that spread throughout the country and became a sensational political factor, they would not have been able to make the reproduction, and the appearance of that curious railroad train and engine would never have been known in accurate and pictorial representation."

"It was years before the discovery and practical introduction of that crude predecessor of photography, the daguerrotype, when the pioneer railroad train in this state was run, and as the future importance to history of the appearance of that train never occurred to those interested in bringing it into existence the skill of no artist with his pencil was brought into use to perpetuate it on paper. It happened that a young man named Brown—William H. Brown of Philadelphia—was in Albany on the day the train was run, Aug. 9, 1831, and had been in the place several days.

"He had a marvelous talent for cutting with a pair of scissors out of black paper lifelike profile portraits and accurate representations of buildings, machinery and even landscapes.

"The remarkable part of this talent of his was his power to make a perfectly exact portrait of persons days and even weeks after having seen them but once, and that only casually on the street.

"He had for some time made a good living by the exercise of his peculiar art. Thaddeus Stevens was at that time just beginning to make a reputation in politics and had seized upon the anti-Masonic idea for use in Pennsylvania, as it had been so successfully worked by Thurlow Weed and his lieutenants in New York state. The feeling was growing in Pennsylvania, and young Brown thought it would be a good stroke of business for him to go to Albany, have a look at Thurlow Weed and others, and see their likenesses out in silhouette, and besides getting a fee from them for the work duplicate the pictures for sale among the anti-Masonic enthusiasts in Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

"He went to Albany early in August, 1831, and did a great deal more than get the portraits of Thurlow Weed. His wonderful work took the town by storm, and he was kept busy from morning until night cutting the silhouette likenesses of people of all kinds, sexes and ages that flocked to his rooms.

"His greatest artistic feat was the cutting in one large picture of the famous Burgess corps entire, with staff and band in full parade, each member's portrait being of surprising accuracy. This picture is among the most precious relics in the state library.

"And so it happened that this unique young artist was in Albany on the day the quaint locomotive De Witt Clinton, with its equally quaint coaches, was to be run on its first trip over the Mohawk and Hudson railroad.

"He was one of the passengers on the train, and when it returned to Albany he cut with his scissors an exact picture of the locomotive and two of the coaches, making the portrait of David Matthew, the engineer, and John T. Clark, the conductor, on his seat on the outside of the front coach.

"In that picture appear the likenesses of Thurlow Weed, ex-Governor Yates and other distinguished Albanians of that day, but neither Mr. Weed nor the ex-governor was on the train. Without a thought of the future of that picture as a valuable contribution to history, the artist cut those portraits merely as an exercise of his skill in depicting a subject from memory. He told me so himself 40 years afterward.

"While Artist Brown was in Albany he concluded to go to Boston and Hartford to make some portraits and other cuttings with his marvelous scissors. While in Hartford he showed the picture he had made of the railroad train and locomotive to a member of the Connecticut Historical society, who at once saw what a treasure it must necessarily become, and the artist presented it to the society, where it is today a relic beyond price.

"Some 30 years after cutting that picture Brown became interested in the railroad business himself, having long ceased to exercise his artistic skill professionally, and one day, having almost forgotten the Albany picture, he read in a newspaper an account of a lithograph that had just been published from a photograph of the silhouette picture he had presented to the Connecticut Historical society.

"He sent to the publisher of the lithograph and procured a copy of it and was rejoiced to see an exact reproduction of his scissors cutting of more than 30 years before. But the joy he felt over a sight of the picture was scarcely as great as the inscription beneath it gave him.

"The date of the running of the train was given as some time in 1832, the name of the locomotive being the John Bull instead of the De Witt Clinton and the name of the engineer John Hampson instead of David Matthew.

"Brown at once set about the task of correcting the lithograph publisher's history, a task at which he worked for more than 30 years, for the lithograph copy of his picture, with its incorrect inscription, had been widely circulated."

"A woman's mind is like the wind on a winter's night," repeats an old French saying, and a Basque adage runs, "South wind, woman's thoughts."

**CINCHING UP FOR TROUBLE.**

A Curious Impulse That Soldiers Feel In Moments of Danger.

There were two men lowering a heavy cask of wine into a cellar the other day, and one of them asked his comrade to stand by a moment. The man stood by and the first speaker took an extra hitch in the belt of his overalls.

"That's queer," said Perry Ingram, who was passing at the time. "I saw 10 men do that in the face of certain death, and of the other 250 who were with us I guess nine in every 10 did the same. I know I did anyhow. Can't tell why, because I never thought the matter over, but I'll swear that if I ever got into another fix like that again I'll do the same thing over."

"It was during the Basutu war of 1880. I was a trooper there, and was one of the 500 and odd that composed the Kimberley Horse. If there ever was a set of not-a-care-a-continental-scalawags in Queen Victoria's uniform, it was that same gang of rough riders.

"We fought all right, of course, but that all were good for. Honestly, I think half the troop was made up of ex-convicts and the balance of that class of adventurers who had pioneered the road to the South African diamond fields.

"We were in fort on Thlotse heights. The Basutus, about 5,000 strong, were amusing themselves plotting at us from the other side of the Thlotse river, and one day they took it into their heads to send 1,200 warriors across the stream, over fords above and below us, to do us up."

"As it happened that morning about 250 of us were detailed to escort a couple of 6-pounders up the hill to the fort from below, and on our return trip the Basutus got between us and the encampment. "We threw out in open file while they rode down on us—they were well mounted, were those Basutus—and we had orders to hold fire until they were about 100 yards away.

"Well, when they came within the given distance we fired, but instead of scaring them by killing off a hundred or so the beggars still came on. Dismounting from their horses, they seized their assegais. The hill was black with them, and they rushed on us like the hounds of hell.

"It's all up now, boys," thought I, for when those chaps take it into their heads to go the whole hog and charge they do it.

"While I was thrusting another cartridge into my rifle I felt a bit queer about the throat, and somehow, I can't tell how, it seemed as though my stomach was empty.

"Now, I know what it is to be scared, but I was not frightened then. There was no time to get frightened. It was just stand and fight till you dropped dead full of spear holes.

"I laid down my rifle for a second to loosen my revolver in its case, and then from some involuntary instinct that I cannot explain I drew in my belt a couple of inches around my waist. As I did so I looked at the fellows nearest me. Every one of them was cinching up just the same as myself.

"Just for a moment everything on our side was silence, and the Basutus were not 70 yards away. Then we all began blazing away again and yelling as men do in battle.

"The fire frightened the blacks. They came within 50 yards of us, then turned tail and fled. We kept blazing away at the beggars as long as they were in range, and then suddenly ceased.

"The strain was gone, the peril of death over. Only a moment before it had seemed as though our little band was to be wiped off the earth. It was a suffocating day, so I laid down my gun to wipe the sweat and powder from my forehead.

"Then I set about loosening my belt. As I did so I turned to the 10 fellows nearest me. Every one of them was doing the same.

"Queer, isn't it that a fellow wants to cinch himself up in the face of certain death?"—San Francisco Examiner.

**Character In Nicknames.**

When Austria was only a dukedom, there were three rulers who won for themselves the respective titles, "Catholic," "Glorious" and "Warlike." The first was perhaps a religious man, like Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain. The second may have been like Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the third a great warrior. And so from these titles or nicknames we have likewise some idea of the conditions of the people while these dukes ruled.

France has had a most wonderful assortment of kings. One was the Little and another the Bold. One was the Stammerer, another Simple, while a third and fourth were Indolent and Fair. These names are descriptive of the kings themselves, but it is hardly to be supposed that a king who was indolent or simple did much to further the interests of his subjects. But when we find Robert II called the Sage we realize that he ruled wisely, and that the people were better off for it.—Chicago Tribune.

**Taine's Seat In the Academy.**

The particular seat in the French academy made vacant by the death of M. Taine is No. 17. It is said to be one of those whose occupant usually lives but a comparatively short time after he attains to the dignity of membership, but it has been held by some of the most distinguished of the immortals. Among them may be mentioned L'Estolle, historian, 1684; Coislin, bishop, 1710; Sarian, also bishop, 1733; D'Alembert, founder of the French encyclopedia, 1754; Portalis, one of the editors of the civil code, 1803; Nodier, litterateur, 1833, and Merimee, romancier, 1844.—Chicago Herald.

**A Story of Robespierre.**

The story is told of Robespierre that at one time, when at the height of his power, a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her, "Madame, have you no humanity?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

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