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Janney declined to cross-examine. A man testified that at half-past eight Canton entered a saloon and bought a cigar which he lighted. The conversation turned on forgeries while he was there. Canton said nothing would be easier. He showed that he could write several quite different styles. The man had some of Canton's work of that evening. He had saved it at the time merely to show to his wife. After the forgery and murder had been discovered he had mentioned the fact to the authorities and had retained the evidence at their request. No names were imputed. The differences in style were quite marked, however.

Janney declined to cross-examine. The prosecution called Mr. Wint. They asked him only one question of any importance, and that was one relating to the fact that Mr. Black had no enemies.

Janney said he would cross-examine Mr. Wint.

"Your name is Samuel Wint?"

"It is."

"You were the partner of Mr. Thomas Black?"

"I was."

"You had been his partner for a long time?"

"For ten years."

"What was the nature of your business?"

"An insurance, real estate and money-lending business."

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"I do."

"Had you ever had any business transactions with him?"

"Yes."

"Did the firm of Black & Wint ever lend William Canton any money?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About a year before the murder."

(It must not be supposed that any lawyer was allowed to ask the questions and get the answers in the easy way which the above would seem to indicate. But to save time and space we will leave out "objections" and "rulings" and "exceptions," and deal with results merely.)

"Who lent it to him?"

"I did."

"Did you take security?"

"No."

"At that time, then, you believed him honest and responsible, did you?"

"I scarcely know."

"You scarcely know? Had you any reason for wishing that he might not be?"

"I believed he was responsible. I believed it then. I don't—"

"Never mind that. I don't ask that. How much did you lend him?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Very well—very well, indeed. Had Mr. Canton received a receipt for this money from the firm of Black & Wint up to the 9th of June?"

"No."

"Did he pay you one thousand dollars on the 10th of June?"

"No, sir, he did not."

"We shall see about that. Did you ever ask him for the money?"

"I never did."

"Why?"

"Because—because—well, it's rather hard to assign a reason."

"Would a business man be likely to ask for money if he felt any doubt about the party having it being responsible—good for it, as the saying is? An average business man, I mean."

"I think he would. But in my case—"

"Never mind that. But in your case you never asked him for it?"

"No; I never did."

"Did you ever ask any one for it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Let me help you. I had hard work to get Miss Emma Canton to give me a certain insulting note last evening. I will read it;

"MISS CANTON—William Canton will suffer unless you will marry me."

"June 10th. SAMUEL WINT."

"Did you write that?"

"Suppose I did."

"Did you write it?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Never mind now. Did William Canton pay you one thousand dollars at about six o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th of June?"

"No."

"Be very careful of your answers. You are on oath, remember. Did he tell you that he had borrowed fifteen hundred dollars of a pawnbroker?"

"Did he give you one thousand dollars in money? Did you see a check for five hundred more in his possession?"

"No—most emphatically no, to all those questions."

"Did Mr. Canton call upon you at about six o'clock?"

"Yes, but—"

"Did he step to the door to speak to a man who was passing?"

"Yes."

"Did he leave his pocketbook on your table for ten minutes?"

"No, he didn't leave his pocketbook there at all."

"You swear to that."

"I do."

"Where was Mr. Black at this time?"

"At supper."

"Was there any witness to your interview with Mr. Canton?"

"No."

"At what time did Mr. Canton leave?"

"A few minutes after six."

"Did he come back again?"

"Yes, to see Mr. Black."

"When did you leave?"

"While he was there."

"Did you go back again that evening?"

"I did not."

"Were you there the next day?"

"No, sir; I was away when the murder was discovered. The doctors have said that any sudden excitement might be fatal to me. I dared not go. I was nearly sick at home."

"You were away on business the next day. Did you write anything?"

"No, sir."

"You will swear to that?"

"I will."

Janney turned to the Judge:

"Pardon this irregularity, your honor, if you will. I only seek justice. I was in this man's office yesterday. He is an insurance agent. Blotters are plenty there. But as I sat at his desk to sign some papers there were none handy. My eye caught the end of one sticking out from under a drawer. I pulled it loose. I took the liberty of keeping it, after one glance at it. It makes everything clear. With the aid of this hand mirror I shall ask the jury and your honor to read the letter which Mr. Wint sent to Miss Canton on this blotter: and then to read 'June 11th,' the year is printed in the checkbooks: at the left, '\$500;' below that 'Five hundred dollars' in words; and, last of all, the signature of 'Thomas Black.' This blotter has been used for only these two things. I demand the release of William Canton."

Then turning to Wint:

"One last question—or two, rather. Who has systematically robbed his partner for ten years? Who plotted to cover that crime and to find his revenge on another at once?"

"I did it," shouted Wint, and the next moment his head fell forward on his hands as they rested on the stand before him.

Of his evidence, a mingled tissue of truth and falsehood, the statements which the doctors had made of the danger to him of sudden excitement was as he had said.

And the doctors were correct—*fairly correct*.

Dead men tell no tales, and, therefore, much is conjecture. That Wint wrote the forged check under a sudden impulse and placed it in Canton's pocketbook while the latter was at the door is doubtless true. Whether the murder of his partner was a part of his plan then, or whether he determined on that later, is a matter for doubt. Whether the blow that struck down Mr. Black was struck to kill him only, or more to kill Canton at the hand of the law, will never be known.

"Janney always says: 'Murder will out.' And Clail admits it."

FAMOUS POPULAR SONGS.

THEIR AUTHORSHIP AND COMPOSITION—BEAUTIFUL BLENDING OF FACT AND FICTION.

"Auld Lang Syne" is popularly supposed to be the composition of Burns, but, in fact, he wrote only the second and third verses of the ballad as commonly sung, retouching the others from an older and less familiar song. "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Woodworth in New York city during the hot summer of 1817. He came into the house and drank a glass of water, and then said: "How much more refreshing it would be to take a good long drink from the old oaken bucket that used to hang in my father's well." His wife suggested that it was a happy thought for a poem. He sat down and wrote the song as we have it. "Woodman, Spare that Tree" was the result of an incident that happened to George P. Morris. A friend's mother had owned a little place in the country which she was obliged, from poverty, to sell. On the property grew a huge oak which had been planted by his grandfather. The purchaser of the house and land proposed to cut down the tree, and Morris's friend paid him \$10 for a bond that the oak should be spared. Morris heard the story, saw the tree, and wrote the song. "Oft in the Stilly Night" was produced by Moore, after his family had undergone apparently every painful misfortune. One of his children died young, another went astray, and a third was accidentally killed. "The Light of Other Days" was written to be introduced into Balfe's opera "The Maid of Artois." The opera is forgotten, but the song still lives, and is as popular as ever.

Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," to help fill up an opera he was preparing, and at first it had four stanzas. The author never received anything for it, but though the opera was a failure when played in the Covent Garden Theatre, the song took, and over 100,000 copies were sold the first year. In two years the publishers cleared over \$10,000 by the publication; and the variations, transcriptions and imitations have been innumerable. The melody is believed to be a Sicilian air, and Donizetti has a variation of it in his opera "Anna Bolena." Payne was afterward appointed American Consul at Tunis, where he died, and whence his remains the other day were sent to America. Some of his miseries may be guessed from his own words: "I have often been in the heat of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons signing or hand

organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literary sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and, in my old age, have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

Foster's "Old Folks at Home" was the best song he ever wrote. Over 400,000 copies were sold by the firm that first published it, and the author is said to have received \$15,000 for his share of the sale. Christy, the noted minstrel, paid \$100 for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of "Old Folks at Home," as the author and composer. The song is thus often erroneously attributed to him. "Rock Me to Sleep" was written by Mrs. Allen of Maine. She was paid \$5 for it, and Russen & Co., of Boston, who had it three years, gained \$4,000 by its sale, offered her \$5 apiece for any songs she might write. Some years after, when a poor widow and in need of money, she sent them a song which was promptly rejected. "A Life on the Ocean Wave," by Epes Sargent, was pronounced a failure by his friends. The copyright of this song became very valuable, though Sargent never got anything from it himself. "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" was suggested to Dr. Carpenter by a scene from Dickens' novel "Dombey & Son," and the music was by Glover. "Poor Jack" was from the pen of Charles Dibdin, the author of the "Lamplighter." "Poor Jack" netted \$25,000 for its publisher, and almost nothing for the author.

"Stars of the Summer Night" was written by Alfred H. Pease, the noted pianist, whose death in St. Louis a few months ago was so greatly deplored by his friends. "Love's Young Dream" was one of Moore's best, but the tune to which it is commonly sung is from an Irish ballad called "The Old Woman." Moore sang his own songs so well that both the auditors and himself were often moved to tears. Once when he was singing this song a lady who heard him implored him to stop. "For heaven's sake, stop; this is not good for my soul."

"Auld Robin Gray" was the work of Lady Anne Lindsay, who tells a curious story of the circumstances of its composition: "I called to my little sister, the only person near, and said, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to the sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing.' 'Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed."

"Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by Crouch, the author, for \$25, and brought the publishers as many thousands.

"Bunnie Doon" was the only English song that the Emperor Napoleon liked. "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is said to have been written by a young English nobleman in love with the princess (now Queen) Victoria. "Annie Laurie" is 100 years old, and was the production of a man named Douglass to celebrate the praise of a girl named Laurie. The lady afterward deserted the man who made her famous, and married a man named Ferguson. "Sally in Our Alley" was written by Carey the dramatist.

THE AUTHOR OF A FAMOUS SONG.

A TALK WITH THE COMPOSER OF KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—IN NEED OF HELP.

Yesterday afternoon, in a scantily furnished room at No. 82 Parkin street, sat an old, gray-haired man, fingering an ancient piano. It was Frederick Nicholls Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." His personal appearance is striking. Of a short, compact figure, his movements are astonishingly quick and active. He has a lanky growth of hair and beard, his complexion is ruddy, and from under rugged brows shine bright hazel eyes. His dress consisted of an old soldier's coat, dark blue flannel shirt and well-worn pantaloons.

He has been composer, musician, author, poet, journalist, soldier and labourer, and is now very poor. He was in a cynical mood yesterday. Speaking of the bringing of the remains of John Howard Payne to this country, he remarked: "Is it not strange that philanthropists prefer to honour a dead poet rather than extend a helping hand to the living? I am old and helpless now, and need bread more than Payne's bones need a new resting place." Professor Crouch spoke very kindly, however, of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, to whose liberality the removal of Payne's remains to this country is due, and mentioned that he had been a professor in Mr. Corcoran's family. Professor Crouch says he knew Payne, and led the music at Drury Lane Theatre when Payne's opera of "Clara, the Maid of Milan," was produced. Sir Henry Bishop was the composer. Payne wrote the words. Both men were in the wings and in full view of Professor Crouch during the performance. The song of "Home, Sweet Home" was written for this opera.

Prof. Crouch told how his own famous song "Kathleen Mavourneen," was composed. He said the words had been sent to him from London by Mrs. Crawford. He was riding one day along the banks of the Tamar, in West England, when the melody came to him. "I was

so infatuated with it," said Prof. Crouch, "that I sang the song to large audiences in the Plymouth Assembly Rooms, Plymouth, Devonshire, and within a week it began to spread. Thus was my offspring begotten, and so became the child of the world." He also composed the songs, "Would I were with Thee," "The Widower," "We Parted in Silence," "Sing to Me, Nora," "The Widow to Her Child," and many others that used to be popular. But it was principally "Kathleen Mavourneen" that made his reputation.

Prof. Crouch spoke freely of his career. He was born in England, July 31, 1808, of good family. At nine years of age he played the bass at the Royal Coburg Theatre, which was erected in honour of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, only daughter of George IV. Working his way among the minor theatres, he at last became attached to his Majesty's Theatre, where he played a solo on the violoncello before Rossini. The conductor was Bochsa, then in the height of his glory, and he made young Crouch his pupil. As his voice indicated singing qualities, he was installed as one of the Chapel Royal boys in Westminster Abbey, and when the Royal Academy of Music was established in 1822, under the patronage of George IV., he was admitted as a student. After his graduation he was made principal violoncellist at Drury Lane Theatre.

Prof. Crouch described his musical, mercantile and literary life in England. He became musical reviewer of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, of which Capt. Marryat, the novelist, was editor, and for nine consecutive years was a writer of musical works and contributor to various periodicals. In addition to his songs he wrote the operas of "The Fifth of November," and "Sir Roger de Coverly." His companions were the leading literary men of the day, including Thackeray. In 1849 he came to America with Max Maretzek. They had previously been engaged in her Majesty's Opera House, Haymarket, London. Maretzek's operatic venture proved a failure, and the company was disbanded, after performing in New York and Boston.

Crouch went to Maine, lectured on music, directed several concerts, and then taught in that State for seven years. He then moved to Philadelphia, with the intention of coming to Baltimore and going hence to California to try his luck at gold-digging, but his wife got sick and he went to Washington instead. He was organist at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, during Buchanan's administration, and went thence to Richmond to lead a church choir. When the war broke out he was one of the first to shoulder a musket, enlisting in the Richmond Grays and afterwards in the Richmond Howitzers. He served all through the war. At its close he made his way to Buckingham Court House, Virginia, and worked as a farm labourer and gardener. Then he came to Baltimore, and has remained here ever since. Finding that he could not make a living for himself and family by teaching music, he accepted a position in a furniture store as a varnisher. He is now out of employment and too old to help himself. He has a wife and five children. He tries to smile cheerily at fate, but the smile is full of pathos. Several attempts have been made in different cities to raise a sum of money for him, but they have ended in mere talk. He has written an autobiography and thinks that if he had enough money to have it published his last days could be passed in comfort.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A DRUMMER.

A Chicago drummer having hired a horse and taken a ride of ten miles over a horrible highway in Wisconsin, to work up a trade with a new dealer, reached the four corners to find the store closed. The proprietor was outside the door with an ax, and his wife on the inside with an old shotgun. "I represent the wholesale grocery firm of Sugar, Starch & Co., Chicago," said the traveler as he drove up.

"Yes," replied the merchant, as he leaned on his ax.

"And I'd like to show some samples and take your order."

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Well, no."

"Then you'd better hitch to the fence over there and wait around a spell."

"What's the row here?"

"Nothing very much. The old woman's inside and I'm out here. It's been that way for the last three hours, but the climax is coming. Sue ain't got morn'n enuff powder for one more shot, and as soon as she fires that we'll find out who runs this business. If I do, I'll give you an order; if she does, you'd better be ready to skip, for she's determined to go out of the mercantile business, and make a trip in Europe with a lightning rod man."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.