

## THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Vanderbilt and Others Want to Buy it—A Republican Paper Needed—Anecdotes of Mr. Raymond.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

The *Times* and what shall be its future, is one of the most interesting topics of journalistic discussion. There appears to be great doubt about the future management. Mrs. Raymond is understood to be very anxious to sell her husband's stock—in all about one-third. Dr. George Jones, the business manager, is said to be seriously considering the idea of selling also. His health is exceedingly poor, and has been for a long time. The difficulty of selecting a proper managing editor troubles the *Times* Company. There are several propositions to buy now pending—at least that is the *sub rosa* gossip. Among them is one in which it is understood John Russell Young is interested, or parties are for him. Another offer comes, it is said, from the Vanderbilts, and a third is from a St. Louis party. The first is the only *bona fide* one which would be considered. To a large extent if it is carried, the latest plan of Henry J. Raymond would be carried out. The parties interested propose to make of the *Times* a strict Republican paper, a purpose Mr. Raymond was understood to have in contemplation just before his untimely death. The argument is that there is not in New York City a single paper distinctly devoted to the interests of the Republican party as such. The *Post* is mostly free-trade; the *Tribune* is Horace Greely, supplemented now by Whitelaw Reid and his well understood devotion to Chief Justice Chase. The *Commercial*, *Herald*, the *Sun*, are all what they are, which is certainly not Republican in any positive sense. Just before Mr. Raymond died, he set to work to obtain and restore to the *Times* that position. Ed. Webster, formerly connected with Mr. Seward, at one time connected with the *Omaha Republican*, later still an Assessor in the Empire city, who distinguished himself by assessing a tax on brokers, is now employed by the *Times* in doing what the *Tribune* did quite extensively three years ago—canvassing the State thoroughly for the purpose of obtaining all the local Republican support and credit possible. The *Tribune* once sent Mr. Lincoln here, formerly postmaster of Brooklyn, to procure copies of franking lists members of Congress make up of their constituents. The *Times* intends to do the same thing this coming session of Congress. Taking it all in all, those who are well-informed deem it not improbable that the sale I have referred to may be made.

### ANECDOTES OF MR. RAYMOND.

A correspondent of the *Hartford Post* tells the following pleasant anecdotes of the late Henry J. Raymond:

"You say your readers will remember the old affair of the *Wanderer*, a vessel which belonged to Lamar of Georgia, and brought a cargo of slaves, in the 'misty, far away days before the war.' It was, perhaps, the last freight of the sort ever brought to our coast, and, as it caused a deal of talk then, is probably not yet forgotten. There appeared in the *Times* a thundering leader, written by a well known journalist of our day, calling the transaction piracy, and those engaged in it pirates. It was righteously severe, and those affected by it demanded from Mr. Raymond full and instant retraction of the offending article.

To this he replied that if there had been any misstatement of facts, corrections forwarded under the signatures of the writers should be published as prominently as the *Times* had displayed its error. The reply to this was a challenge from Lamar, and one from Capt. Farnum of the *Wanderer*, couched in the good old fashioned southern style with which we are all somewhat acquainted. Mr. Raymond's only rejoinder was that he must decline meeting persons who refused to deny that they were pirates. The strong logic of this I believe settled Lamar, but Capt. Farnum notified Mr. Raymond that he should shoot him at sight.

I think Mr. Raymond went armed for some time after this, but in spite of the entreaties of his friends, who were somewhat alarmed and nervous about him, he refused to take any further precautions, and came and went, in and out of the *Times* office, at all hours, according to his well known usual custom, declining the repeated offers of companionship from Park Row, in the deadest hours of the night.

The threatened danger never came, but the war did, and Capt. Farnum, strange to say, enlisted on the northern side. I believe he bore himself manfully, and he came home, at one time, wounded or otherwise invalided.

He had recovered health, and was ready to return to the front, when one day, as Mr. Raymond sat talking with a friend in the *Times* office, a gentleman came to plead Captain Farnum's cause, and ask Mr. Raymond's influence for the deserving officer to whom promotion came but slowly. It was a fair case for kindly ail of the *Times* and its editor, and the latter listened patiently, and at the end promised the desired aid, without making the faintest allusion to any previous knowledge of Capt. Farnum. Even after the applicant had departed, the only comment was, "I call that putting it rather strong—asking me to give a lift to a man who stands bound to shoot me at sight."

But he did it, and did it freely and willingly, both in his newspaper and out of it, I fancy, and so effectively, that very soon Capt. Farnum was Brigadier General Farnum. I don't know anything in modern life finer than this.

Mr. Raymond's benefactions of money and service were without stint and without record, and beyond the knowledge of any of his friends. He was continually lending money to needy persons—*giving*, his friends called it, and used to chide him for it, somewhat, but he called it lending, with a cheery confidence that he should somehow be repaid. Once he came into his office, laughing, and saying that one of his loans had come back to him. And he told the story, how, one day, busily writing in his room, there appeared to him a man saying, "Is this Mr. Raymond?" Being assured of this he continued, "Can I speak with you a few minutes, sir?" The MSS. was shoved aside. "I have just come from Sing Sing," he stated the man. "Not from the prison, I hope," said the editor, by way of putting the caller at ease with a joke. "Yes, sir," said the visitor, "I got my discharge a few days ago." "Well my man," said Mr. Raymond, "I hope you were innocent." "No, sir," returned the convict, "I was guilty. You see, sir, I'm an engineer and a machinist, by trade, and I want to lead an honest life, and when I got out I got a place and was to work all very well when some kind friend came along and told my boss I was a prison bird and had to be out of that. Then I got another place and got well to work and the same thing happened there. Now, I am looking for another job, and I'm going to begin by telling what I am, and when I do not get anything to do, I shan't lose it in the same way." "How much is it, my man," said Mr. Raymond. "Well, sir, replied the man, "I haven't got the price of a dinner about me, now, and I don't know where I am to sleep to-night. I think if I had ten dollars I could get on till I found somebody to take me for what I'm worth and give me some honest work to do. I don't want to go down hill sir."

The ten dollars closed that conversation on the instant.

Perhaps a year afterward, Mr. Raymond was at a fair of the American Institute, and while looking at some machinery, on exhibition, a decent man in charge of it approached him, and said

"Is this Mr. Raymond?" "Yes," he replied, "but I don't remember you." "Don't you remember the man from Sing Sing?" "No," said Mr. Raymond, "I don't remember any man from Sing Sing." "Why," said "the man from Sing Sing," "don't you recollect?"—and then he rehearsed the story I have here set down, and said he subsisted on Mr. Raymond's loan until he found employment in his own line, with a good man, who knew his story, and was well pleased with him, giving him good wages and steady work, in a place of honorable trust and responsibility. Taking a bank note from his pocket, the engineer repaid the borrowed money, saying that he had carried it for months without finding an opportunity to leave his work and come to town for the purpose, "It's a good ten dollars, Mr. Raymond," said he, "for it's just the cost of saving me from ruin."

When he told the story, afterward, Mr. Raymond said he thought it was cheap, and that he had charged all his other "loans" to the account of the engineer and balanced it.