PENNSYLVANIA'S SHAME.

THE MEN WHO CONTROL THE KEYSTONE STATE.

The Most Corrupt Session of the Legislature on Record—The State Given up to Corporations and Politicians—The Members Dread the Constitutional Convention.

Correspondence of The Sun.

HARRISBURG, March 20.—The Pennsylvania Senate is a very able one, and has until within a few days seemed disposed to be honest. The terms of service of many Senators expire this fall. They want either to be reelected or advanced to higher positions, and are much more careful in their actions than the members of the House. Since Senator Buckalew's retirement there is no one to dispute the leadership of the Democratic side of the House with Senator Wm. A. Wallace. Alexander McClure, elected as an anti-Republican, has no entangling alliances with either side. He has chosen this year a conservative middle ground that has extorted praises even from Cameron's sturdiest henchmen. McClure has given almost his entire attention to legislation affecting Philadelphia. The two

MOST IMPORTANT MEASURES

of the session were introduced by him. They were to affect reform in the system of selecting jurors and in the management of elections. The first measure provides that Commissioners appointed by the Judges of the Courts, instead of the Sheriff, draw the jurors. The latter is generally the most partisan of all the political officials elected in Philadelphia, and an honest jury, whenever a political friend of the Philadelphia Ring is to be tried or shielded, is the exception, not the rule. We have had in that city within two months many conclusive proofs of this. The jury that tried Cuthbert Taylor, city editor of the Press, for libel on David H. Lane, one of the loudest crowing of the political roosters of that city, was packed. It was composed exclusively of Union House officials and ex-office-holders, willing to do anything to regain their places. The case was brought before a Judge (Paxson) who is ambitious of higher honors, and who ruled out every particle of evidence favorable to the prisoner, although much of the evidence that was admitted by the defense was similar in principle to what he had admitted in a previous trial, in which the owners of the *Evening Bulletin*, one of the most subservient servants of the Ring, were interested. Of course Mr. Taylor was convicted, but sentence was magnanimously suspended, as a warning that "the liberty of the press" should not hereafter be abused.

ANOTHER CASE

is that of Siner and Kaas, arrested for keeping a gambling-house, or keno bank. These two men are Republicans. Siner was a councilman, and Kaas a kind-hearted ruffian. They were bailed by the Republican Register of Wills of Philadelphia, but were not forthcoming when their case was called in court. The jury then in session had not been "set up." Suddenly, one Sunday, these two men delivered themselves up and were placed in the dock the day following. People wondered at the promptness of our officials, and were almost ready to believe that the Millennium had come. But, lo! these good hopes disappeared when it became known that one of the jurors, and by the way the foreman of the twelve, was the boon companion of the prisoners; that he had shared their friendship and their hospitality, and that he had told them over the last to send them to jail. Then it was that the people saw the reasons why the two prisoners had surrendered, and why it was that knowing politicians in the court were offering to bet $100 to $10 that the jury would never agree. It will be remembered that they remained out some ten days—a case unprecedented in the annals when the friends of the prisoner, two in number, thought they had a verdict favorable to their client. But, as luck would have it, these two men blundered, for in their ignorance of the law they forged heavier chains on their friends than they had worn themselves.

It is to prevent this kind of rascality, this tampering with justice, and reducing the courts to the level of the ward caucus, that Senator McClure introduced the bill. The Senate passed the measure, but the House killed it.

THE OTHER PROJECT

is to take the control of the elections out of the hands of a corrupt and ignorant Board of Aldermen, and give it to the Judges and a board of reputable citizens. If it passes it will still remain in the machinery in the hands of the Republicans, but it will throw safeguards around the ballot box, and to a great extent prevent its pollution. This bill will pass the Senate, but its success in the House is problematical.

The Republican leader in the Senate is Mr. Strang of Tioga, although he is quieter than McClure and Wallace.

But if the majority of the Senate are free from all suspicion of direct corruption, they are not exempt from the charges that they take two much interest in promoting the jobs of the Pennsylvania Railroad. That mammoth corporation has business connections in almost every county in the State. Its ramifications and connections are numerous law suits, and many a rich plum in the shape of legal pickings fall into the lap of Senators and members while the Legislature is not in session. To get the support of an able and influential man in the Legislature it is not necessary to bribe him here in Harrisburg.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

has enough men in certain districts of the State to control the election, and these men are marshalled on election day to vote on the side of their employers. The railroad is often liberal in its contributions toward the election expenses of certain members, and these men are not loth to pay back on the floor in votes and influence what they received when on the stump.

A lower body was under the influence of corporations it is this Pennsylvania Legislature. It is owned body and soul by these people. They say what shall and what shall not pass. Their agents have free access to the floors of both branches, and they come and go as if they were the purchased and not the purchasers. Some of the best members of both Houses have felt this with mortification, but they dare not say a word about it lest the members owned by these men take revenge by killing every bill which interests their constituents. Senator Wm. A. Wallace, however, a few days ago saw that that huge corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad, was crippling the lumber men of his district by making laws oppressive and uncalled for. He honestly expressed his indignation, stating that he fully understood the weighty arguments of these great corporations, and that reason and justice had little chance when pitted against such convincing proofs.

Other lesser corporations feel as Mr. Wallace does, but few have the boldness of the distinguished Senator from Clearfield.

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE BARGAINS.

These lobbyists are the first men here and the last ones to leave. Sam Moon and Daddy Burns of the Pennsylvania Central, Foy of the Reading road, and Pete Herdic of anything that turns up and promises to pay, not only go back and forth with perfect freedom in the Senate and House but receive the marked civilities of nine-tenths of the members. If there is a bill up in which their employers are interested, they flit from member to member "fixing things" with all the agility of page boys. Hat and coat racks in front of the bars of the chamber are placed at their disposal, and the Legislative box of tobacco is as free to them as to the members who make the people pay for it by the subterfuge of voting money to keep the State archives. This is no fancy picture. Even Congress makes a show of excluding members of the third house from the floor, but here they are the most welcome guests. The Pennsylvania Legislature would be a nonentity without the keen face and nervous form of Moon and the old and burly Daddy Burns. Daddy has been here about ninety-nine years, but he has as keen an eye, as sharp an ear and as soft a heart as he had when he commenced the business. Sam Moon is director-in-chief of the Pennsylvania Railroad forces, and Burns acts as his adjutant. They are a very strong team.

GOING FOR THE SPOILS.

The Legislature does a great deal of work for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and report says the members get poor pay for doing it. The rate to be paid this year has not been definitely fixed yet, but the "Roosters," especially those from Philadelphia, are hoping the compensation will be more liberal than last year. After the session of 1872 was over, the boys were told to go to the Pennsylvania office and have their session passes extended to the end of the year. They did so, and each found in addition to the piece of pasteboard a couple of one hundred dollar bills. This was the manner of remuneration of the great Pennsylvania Railroad to those who had for three months perjured their souls, crawled in the dust on their bellies, and done the dirty work of that corporation. It cost more than that to buy one Jerseyman in Trenton. The majority of the members of this Legislature, it is said, got this year $100 apiece to pass a supplement to the charter of the Union Railway Company of Philadelphia.

The competition for bribes has become so brisk during the past five years that the prices are fearfully low—so low, indeed, that the contempt of the briber is only equalled by the avidity with which the corruptionists seize the bribe. A trip pass for a constituent goes sometimes further than a $50 bill, and an annual pass in January is oftentimes as efficient as $200 in an envelope at the end of the session.

FEAR OF LOSING THEIR PLACES.

It was expected that the members would this year insist on larger bones, as the new Constitution, if adopted, would henceforth take from the Legislature the class of bills out of which corruption flows most freely. But from all I can learn they are to be had as cheap as ever. The old stereotyped sentence, "There is no change in the price of cattle since our last report," might very well and truthfully be made to read, "There is no change in the price of a Pennsylvania legislator." Whether it is intended to defeat the Constitution by those who rule the Legislature, or whether it arises from timidity on the part of members, or whether the competition for "boses" is even more lively than usual, I cannot say. Probably all three causes influence the market and make it much cheaper for those who want to buy.

The fear that the Constitution will be radically changed and then adopted by the people has made the corporations and the politicians come here and boldly ask this session for all they desire. As usual, the Pennsylvania Railroad was the first in the market asking for an increase of capital stock which they modestly requested they be allowed to fix at any figure they thought proper. This was granted by the Legislature, but the Governor privately said he would not consent; so the bill was recalled, and the company were allowed to double their capital—that is, made it $150,000,000. This Gov. Hartranft agreed to, and it became a law. Then the railroads, canal and express companies combined and asked for the repeal of the tax on gross receipts. This, too, was acceded to, and the State will receive $1,000,000 a year less revenue than it has been collecting. Then the Pennsylvania and Reading road must get possession of the whole Delaware river front of Philadelphia to use for their cars, and this, too, will be given to them.

THE PHILADELPHIA RING.

The politicians and placeholders, especially those from Philadelphia, have been not a whit more modest. First and foremost we had State Treasurer Mackey jumping into the breach seeking to be retained until his successor is elected next fall. He should go out this spring, but he convinced the Legislature that he should stick. Then we had the Philadelphia Ring here defeating all amendments to the Registry law, so they could use the present law next fall to either adopt or kill the new Constitution, just as it suits their private interests. They have so far held the bill in the Senate, and if it passes there it will be smothered in the House. The officeholders of Philadelphia to beat, which they did, the bill abolishing the fee system. It would give the District Attorney, Register of Wills, Recorder of Deeds, and Sheriff good salaries in lieu of enormous fees, sometimes amounting to $70,000 and $80,000 to each a year. The present outrageous and indefensible Jury law must remain as it is, for it is of more service to the officeholders and office-seekers than to the public. The next project is to give the cleaning of the streets of Philadelphia to a set of obsequious tools of the Ring, and that, too, will probably go through. There was no better time, also, to requite the services of such hermaphrodite Democratic politicians like Wm. V. McGrath for selling out their party to Grant. McGrath is President of the Union Passenger Railway, in which Bill Kemble is the principal stockholder. He wanted to run his cars on Market street, now occupied by a railway line, and although three-fourths of the newspapers, city capitalists, and business men of the city protested, he got the privilege. Selling out Greeley was profitable to him, but his company were modest in their generosity, only going a hundred dollars a vote.

THRATING CONGRESS.

Last but not least both Houses have agreed to raise their salaries from $1,000 to $1,500. The House wants the increase to take effect the present session. Probably the Senate does also.

Another important measure which has passed one branch and will go through the other is the Apportionment bill. Gerrymandering is reduced to a science in this bill. The Republicans have used their power to benefit themselves without showing the least timidity. At the last election the Republican vote was 55 per cent. of the whole vote cast. Under this bill the same party will elect, in the next decade, provided their machinery is in as good working order as now, elect 75 per cent. of the Congressmen. The First District is fixed up for Speaker Elliott, Charley O'Neill takes in the best of Leonard Myers's wards, and will have an opportunity to represent the Second District. The Third District is composed of Democratic and Republican wards, with a slight preponderance of votes on the Democratic side. Some hungry Republicans will take even that away and let Sam Randall retire to private life. Senator Davis has a district carved out that will make him Judge Kelly's successor, and Senator Grubb will be provided for in Allegheny and Butan in the Beaver district. There may be others in the Legislature who have their claws fixed on Congressional districts, but the cases I have cited will show how well the Pennsylvania legislator looks out for number one.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Some wise things have been done by this Legislature. The voice of morality and temperance has been heeded by the banishment of liquors from the legislative halls. Strange as it may appear, it has been the custom until this session to have a supply of liquors in the cloak room of each house, free to the members, their friends, and the employees. The expense has always been voted under the guise of an appropriation "to keep the State archives in a state of preservation." To keep these "archives" cool during the last session twelve hundred dollars. This year the appropriation will not be so great, as only the cost of Michigan fine-cut bought and the wages of a barber for the Senate are to be taken into account.

The expenses of the Legislature have been increased this year fully $200,000, most of which goes to subordinates, who never show their faces here from the time the session opens to its close. All efforts to investigate this abuse have been futile, simply because every prominent member in either House has some friend whose head may be hit.

It will be seen by the facts I have recited how shameless has been this Legislature, how lost to decency the majority of its members, and how obsequiously they bend the knee, that thrift may follow fawning.

THE CAMERON RING.

Yet how could it be otherwise when the members are placed between two millstones, either of which will crush them to death politically, if they do not obey the behests of those who turn the stones.

First and foremost we have the great corporations. Then we have the great Cameron Ring, with its headquarters in the Northern Central Railroad and the United States Senate, and its devision generals in every county from the Ohio to the Delaware. These generals are bold, shrewd, and unscrupulous men. They represent the State Treasurer's office in the person of Mackey, the Federal Revenue office in the person of Russell Errett, (who, by the way, holds, in direct violation of President Grant's order, a Federal assessorship in Pittsburgh and the clerkship of the Senate committee on Finance,) the Treasurer in the person of M. S. Quay, Secretary of the Commonwealth; the Philadelphia placeholders in the persons of District Attorney Mann, Sheriff Leeds, Receiver of Taxes John L. Hill; and the political soldiers of fortune—the Thenadiers—in the person of Wm. H. Kemble. These men control the Union House. Their ready tools, such as Lamon, Handy Smith, Ash, McCullough, Sam Josephs (elected as a Democrat) have the direction of legislation. Lamon and Smith are ex-detectives, and it is not a very old tradition which states that the noted thief Dutch Annie lived in both of them in sight of the Mayor's office, that they sported their fine clothes and their diamonds and handsome pictures through the generosity of the men whom it was their duty to consign to prison. McCullough is Mayor Stokely's ex-clerk, who has fixed up for himself the position of committing magistrate for the City of Philadelphia. He was terribly frightened at an amendment offered to his bill requiring the person to be appointed to that position to be conversant with the law, and his piteous appeals to have the amendment stricken out were complied with by his associates.

WILL BACKED UP.

These men should be strong. They have the National and State Administrations at their back. When an honest United States Attorney (Aubrey H. Smith) sends a repeater to jail, the repeater is pardoned by President Grant, and the District Attorney is dismissed to make way for a McMullen, the type of one of the most inveterate office seekers the world ever saw. The election officers count as the Ring desires, the jury wheel does its bidding, the police protect its repeaters, the gamblers contribute what has been denominated by Mayor Stokely their protection fund; the Gas Trust, the Public Building Commission, the Park Commission, the Highway, Water, and Health Departments marshal their employees by divisions on election day, and cast solid votes for the Grant ticket; the State Treasurer deposits the State's funds in Kemble's bank, and the Executive registers the Ring's decrees.

Such is the position of Pennsylvania to-day. Bound and shackled, with its press not as free as that of Cuba, its State works turned over to corporations, who also are allowed to go scot free of paying their legitimate taxes, its ballot box controlled by gangs of men who should, if they got their deserts, rot in the States prison, and its offices filled by a set of leeches who should never have been allowed to emerge from the dark, muddy streams in which they legitimately belong. Is it any wonder that the people are looking to the Constitutional Convention for relief? Unfortunately that body is also too much under the control of corporations.

A FAMILY OF OUTLAWS.

Hunting for the Underwood Gang in Kentucky—The Father and one Son Wounded and Captured—Another Son Escapes.

From the Maysville (Ky.) Bulletin, March 20.

Jesse Underwood, the outlaw, who murdered Thomas Trumbo some years ago, and for whom the Governor has offered a large reward, was known to be in his old neighborhood last week on a visit to his wife. Two young men of Carter county named Tyree, with another named Savage, resolved they would capture him. Arming themselves with shot guns and navy revolvers, they went to the vicinity of the place where Underwood was supposed to be lurking, and for several days amused themselves apparently with the innocent enjoyment of hunting small game, but intent on the purpose of bagging game of another character.

Old George Underwood, the father of the outlaw, and another son named David, hearing these young men were in the neighborhood, and suspecting their purpose, determined to drive them off. Taking their rifles they went in pursuit of the young men, and coming up with the Tyrees, immediately began firing. One of the young men was shot and slightly wounded in the wrist, but they bravely returned the fire, and shot two balls in the leg of old George Underwood above the knee, shivering the bone into small fragments. Dr. Steels, who attended him, thinks he cannot live. David Underwood received a slight flesh wound.

The young Tyrees, after the fight was over, went to Grayson, the county seat of Carter, and surrendered themselves to the authorities. After a trial, which lasted two or more days, they were acquitted.

Jesse Underwood escaped to Ohio; but we understand parties are in pursuit and determined to take him dead or alive. Old George Underwood, who was so severely wounded in this rencontre, is the father of the desperate gang of Underwood brothers, and is said to be the master mind in the organization and carrying out of all the villainy which has been perpetrated in that part of the State by his sons.

JOHN STILL TRAVELLING.

HIS GATHERS MUCH INTERESTING INFORMATION.

The Characteristics of Jackson—Tennessee's Queer Productions—A Woman's Devotion—Sliding Down the Rocky Mountains—The Hermitage, where Andrew Jackson Abode.

Correspondence of The Sun.

NASHVILLE, March, 1873.—I left Memphis at night, but a man in the service of THE SUN is never in the dark. I passed through Jackson. Next to Memphis, it's the biggest town in Western Tennessee. Its main distinguishing feature is its Jackson. The first time I ever was in Jackson was a good many years ago. I wasn't as good then as I am now, and I rode there on a horse from Lexington to see a man hanged. Lexington has a tin Court House with a cupola. It's twenty-three miles from the Tennessee river and sixteen from Jack's creek, and it's made out of folks and citizens. That ride was hard on the horse, and it was hard on me, too. I didn't feel like dancing for some days after it. I wore a pair of green leggings, and one side of my saddle bags was filled with pones of corn bread and the other side with bacon. That bacon was cured before I was cured of that ride. Saddle bags are used on horseback instead of trunks. Trunks don't hitch onto horses worth a cent. They hitch to elephants better.

SOMETHING OF A STORM.

It is twenty-eight miles from Lexington to Jackson. They had a man shut up in prison in Jackson. His name was Riley. He got riley one day and killed a man, and as they had no other use for him they concluded to hang him, and I concluded to go and see how they did it, and hence that ride. They took him in a wagon to the outskirts of the town; he had an outskirt too; and just as they were about hitching him by the throat to the limb of a tree, there came up a tornado that twisted off the top of that tree as if it had been a pipe stem. Jimmmy Crix, didn't I cut sticks? Every tree in that forest seemed to be possessed with an irrepressible desire to lie down on somebody, and everybody left. The minister, who only the Sunday previous told his congregation "how ready and willing he was to die," bent his whole crowd and came out ahead. The storm lasted half an hour, and blew down lots of trees, but I didn't stay to count 'em. Your worthy correspondent was scared, and he slid. They took Mr. Riley back after the storm was over and hung him, but John didn't see them do it. It was a regular hurricane that prevented him from seeing the finale, and he hurried his cane home, you bet. A great many people in Western Tennessee will remember that terrible June 6. I rode twenty-eight miles back, all for nothing; twice twenty-eight are fifty-six, that's mathematics; and it reminds me of a chap out here who thinks he is some, and couldn't do a sum.

GOOD AT FIGURING.

Says I, "Bright wart upon the body politic, you've got a nice figure. Can you figure figures?"

Says he, "Yes, sir, I can."

Says I, "Well, sir, what would a whole boiled cold cow and two bushels of apples made into mince pies bring?"

Says he, "Stranger, you've got me there. I don't know."

Says I, "You don't?"

Says he, "No."

Says I, "My sweet travelling porous plaster, they'd bring money."

Says he, "Stranger, you're pisen smart; tell me why them apples for mince pies are like the birds."

Says I, "Because they are round now."

Says he, "No, sir; because they are pared off."

There ain't eleven dollars of custard pie between Memphis and Nashville. The cows down here ain't the curled darlings of Washington; dogwood and catfish in Tennessee. Dogwood blossoms and has bark, and catfish has rose, but doesn't blossom, and salt fish is ripe all the year round.

A LOVELY FEMALE.

I saw a scene in the cars yesterday—it was such an example of woman's undying love and devotion that I must relate it. A man was conversing with a female. She conversed pretty loud.

Says he, "Hush; do hush; everybody will hear you."

Says she, "I wont hush. I will make a noise. I will let the people know how you treat me."

Says he, "For heaven's sake do keep still."

Says she, "I wont keep still. I will yell. I will let 'em know what a brute you are."

Says he, "D——n it, shut up."

Says she, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, you wretch, you'd like to strike me. Wouldn't you like to strike me, you brute?"

That woman did yell, and if that man hadn't gone into his pockets for money she'd have gone into his-terics. Come to find out, she was his wife and wanted a dollar to buy a camel's hair shawl with, and she got it, too. Then she became as quiet as possible.

And such are the ways of women, some women, but not all. But this is Nashville. I don't like to prune my brains for dates—prunes and dates make good preserves—so I won't tell you the year the Indians left here to make room for the pale faces. Niggers ain't pale faces, not very pale, but when they empty slops they turn pail. There are lots of 'em here, and nine out of ten of 'em ought to be mined. Bless they are so ignorant. The Indians are red men, not well read men, but well red men, and they gnashed their teeth with rage when they were driven away from this lovely spot, hence gnashville, which subsequently was named Nashville, after old man Nash, who is dead now.

THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION.

Nashville is a splendid city. It is a port of entry, too, and the capital of Davids in county and the State of Tennesee all at once. It's on the Cumberland river. It's exactly on it, but on the side of it, 120 miles up stream from its mouth and the Ohio river. It's at the head of steamboat navigation. This head has never been shampooed since the barbarian races left. I saw one steamboat there that there never will be any head of navigation to, and I'll give you a pint of bug juice so small that the captain takes it home rainy nights under his arm. Nashville is built on a bluff of sandstone. It was laid out in the latter part of the last century, by and by the latter part of next century will be laid out, too. It was originally laid out on a plot 120 in length and 60 in breadth, now—bigger than Guy Fawkes's plot. Coffee was settled with codfish skins. Coffee was settled by Abe Lincoln. Bills are settled with spondulix, and Nashville was settled by people and women.

SOMETHING YOU CAN SEE.

The first thing the stranger sees on approaching the city, if it isn't dark, is the first thing he looks at, and that is the State House. It is built on an eminence, and people of eminence go there. It is a splendid building, and stands high in the estimation of the citizens—away up high. No town in the great valley of the West enjoys better health. It possesses a temperate climate. Ned Buntline used to live here, and he has become temperate, too.

About fourteen miles northeast from the city is the Hermitage, the homestead of Jackson. Here he passed his last days, and died June 8, 1845, aged 79, an illustrious statesman and a warrior.

In some parts of Tennessee they swear in a pot of hot water, add a handful of salt, and call it cussed good soup. I don't like it; it's too thin. The folks who put up the State House built a castle in the air.

A LIVELY AUTHOR.

There is a man lives in Nashville who wrote a story. The hero was a scout worse than ten Buffalo Williams. One day he sat down in a keg of lard; then slid down the Rocky Mountains with a cannon in his mouth, right in among ten thousand Indians. That scout was chock full of whiskey, and the Indians took him for the great spirit and all fled, and that scout took their horses to Chicago and Omaha and sold 'em, and got rich and married the author's daughter, who owned a first mortgage on $13 worth of red hair that adorned her head, and now they live in affluence and a hack two. They use mahogany kindling wood and gilt-edged coal, and they've got a cow that shines so a block away you'd think it was a white satin cow, and they wash the parlor windows with white poodle dogs instead of rags; and that crowd do revel in the lap of luxury, you bet, and it all came from a pen.

One tubful of paregoric mixed with half a pint of laudanum, taken in one dose, will keep a child quiet.

They use hoe cake in Tennessee. Nashville rakes eat it.

The merchants say things are looking dubious.

John Smith is betrothed. This makes twice he has been betrothed. JOHN.

Contents of the Weekly Sun.

THE WEEKLY SUN for March 26 contains the following:

The Hanging of William Foster—How the Condemned Passed His Last Night on Earth—Scenes at the Gallows; The Gibbet in Boston—Execution of McElhaney, the Wife Murderer; Eloquent Sermon of Henry Ward Beecher on Capital Punishment; American Criminals Abroad; What the Methodist Preachers Say about the Daily Papers; Alexander Caldwell's Escape—The Kansas Senator Resigning to Avoid Expulsion; Decency in the Senate—Sharp Passage of Arms Between Senators Conkling and Schurz; Plundering the People—The Manger in which the Public Money was Squandered by the Forty-second Congress; Usurpation in Louisiana—Letter from Governor McDaniel; Reviewing the Political Situation; All About Petroleum—The Oil Trade—Its Present Condition and Its Famous Men; Termination of the Cabinet Crisis in England—Mr. Gladstone and His Colleagues Resume Office; The Great Bank of England Forgery—Arrest of One of the Forgers in New York; The Grange Groves of Florida—Their Number and Value—Hints to Farmers; European Opinion of Grant's Inaugural; The Great Wrestling Match; Shooting its Playmate—Trial of a Boy for Homicide; Plundering the Blacks—Another Record of Carpet-Bag Abuses in the South; Emancipation in Porto Rico—Congratulations from Washington; Good News from Cuba; John's Visit to Memphis; Book Notices—A New Volume of Poems; Rural Felicity in England; Hints on Fashion and Dress; Notes on Science and Industry; Many Collateral and Editorial Articles and Agricultural Matter; Life in the Metropolis—Interesting Sketches of City News; Stories—Bessie and I, and Dame Cumberbach and the Little Market Gardeners; Financial Intelligence, and Markets.

The WEEKLY SUN contains a complete epitome of the news of the week from all parts of the United States and the American continent. Copies in wrappers ready for mailing to the old country may be had at the desk of our publication office. Price four cents. For sale by all newsdealers in city and country.

A FIGHTING DAY IN TRENTON.

Gus Canfield Opens the Ball in the House—McPherson goes Gunning after the Press in the Senate—The House Committee on the Free Railroad Bill.

TRENTON, March 26.—This has been a fighting day in the House. With the exception of Brother Dorrell, Brother Smith, Brother Barnes, and a few others, every man has been shaking up his muscle for the past ten hours. And the Senate has not been much better. The grave and reverend seigneurs who compose that honorable body are but seldom moved from the proprieties of the occasion. There are too many old soldiers there for that. Sewell, the man who captured twenty-seven battle flags in one glorious day down near Fredericksburg, is not the boy to be frightened in his place by the swivel guns of a persistent lobby. Always as calm, cool, and imperturbable as the man of Marengo, whom he so much resembles, he will not fly until some new Waterloo gathers him and his party in its vast shadow, and I much doubt whether even then he will run.

WHY GUS CANFIELD WAS FULL OF FIGHT.

But they all, with few exceptions, shook their muscle up this morning previous to taking the usual ante-prandial cocktail. Gus Canfield came down to the House full of fight, having discovered that a few days ago somebody had been here while Stonewall Jackson was away, and had gone and had passed a little bill allowing one of the State officers to purchase all the old law and equity reports left on the shelves of impecunious bullspokes at the vile sum of $5 a volume. Already $8,500 had been spent in this noble purpose, and before the week was out $20,000 odd of the State's money would have gone away in the twilight with Monsieur Monte Christo. But Gus had his little 'pealer put through in an hour and a half, and so earned the gratitude of those who call themselves Jerseymen and taxpayers by stopping a mean little drain upon a more than exhausted treasury.

A SHAKING UP IN THE SENATE.

Over in the Senate, the worthy gentleman who seems to have been selected as the target for the small scorn of all the newspapers except THE SUN arose to a question of privilege, and proceeded to except to the treatment made of his speech yesterday by some of your contemporaries. THE SUN makes no mistakes of this kind. It sends just what a man says, and then holds him to his record faithfully and fearlessly. It will never misrepresent the Senator from Hudson. Fame is too dear, reputation too valuable, even to those who have lago as their quondam friend, to do anything of this kind.

Senator Sewell, also, rose and called attention to a statement made in a Trenton paper that the engrossed copy of bill No. 8, free railroads, had been taken out of the Statehouse for examination by interested parties, and moved the appointment of a committee to send for the usual "persons and papers." But it is too late in the session to effect anything in this line, and the resolution will in all probability amount to nothing.

HUDSON COUNTY ON ITS NERVE.

Then in the House Hudson county got upon its nerve and went for and against what is called the Boulevard bill, giving immense power to a commission as to the opening, laying out, changing, grading, making, and everything else of avenues in Jersey City. Peter Henderson is perhaps the best known name in the bill, and if they all are as honest, sensible, and competent as he is, they may make a good thing for Jersey City. If they are not, Peter will do well to resign and go back to his mammoth squashes.

THE WORK OF WORTHINGTON'S COMMITTEE.

Some injustice was done to the committee appointed by the House on bill No. 8 in my SUN of yesterday, which stated that Worthington and his committee have been in session all of two whole nights on this great subject. Yesterday morning the cocks of Trenton had long ceased to crow for daylight when Worthington and his friends sought their couches, and this morning Jersey farmers were taking their coffee in messages over the same parties sought to steal an hour of nature's sweet restorer. At noon to-day Worthington sent up his report on the Senate amendment to House bill No. 8. The amendment, it may be as well to say, consists in the simple and wholesale substitution of the Senate bill after the enacting clause of the House. In this bill as amended the committee has been laboring for two nights with a persistent fidelity rare anywhere and unexampled in the history of New Jersey. As the bill came from the Senate, as before intimated in this correspondence, it was comparatively worthless—a bill drawn up by the people's friends to please the whale's amusement. Under the bill a railroad might indeed be built if a man could get the money, but unfortunately he couldn't get the money even on a *post obit*. Worthington had the amendments printed at his own expense and laid upon the desks of members, himself taking care to see that the press had copies.

THE AMENDMENTS TO THE FREE RAILROAD BILL.

A remarkable exhibition of the committee's fairness is also shown in the fact that accompanying the amendments printed a short paper containing the reasons for their amendments. These latter are 34 in number, some of them improvements in the verbiology of the bill, others an addition to it. Four of them may be considered particularly vital to the construction of any railroad.

No. 31 prevents the gobbling up of "any franchise, lands, or located route of any bridge, railroad, canal, turnpike, or other corporation chartered for the purpose of facilitating transportation, except for the purpose of crossing said lands or route of said company." &c.

No. 31 makes provision that "no railroad shall be located under this act, or elsewhere than in the counties of Essex, Hudson, and Camden, for more than five miles within fifteen (1,500) hundred feet of the route of any other railroad previously located or constructed, unless with the consent of such other railroad company previously obtained therefor; provided that a railroad may be located or constructed under this act on the surveyed route or location of any other railroad with the consent of such corporation, and not otherwise."

THE COLORED GENTLEMAN UNMASKED.

But No. 32, which follows, it may as well be here stated is the peculiar colored gentleman, unmasked, to whose uncovering the attention of THE SUN readers was last week directed:

No. 32.—No franchise heretofore granted to construct a railroad, or to lay down rails upon a road, or to operate any line of travel and take tolls therefor, shall hereafter continue to be or be construed to remain exclusive unless in such grant heretofore made or hereafter to be made it be so expressly provided.

Pertinent to this clause is the "reason" given by the committee:

The courts have recently held that a grant of a franchise is exclusive by implication against every one but the State, which the state may at any moment extinguish, the object of this amendment is that hereafter no such monopoly shall continue, and that henceforth none shall be created, unless the representatives of the people shall declare their design to so bind the citizens by an express and unmistakable indication of their intention.

A road constructed under the bill as it came from the Senate was like Aladdin without his lamp, because the Senate omitted to give any express right to collect either tolls, fares or freights, and the prospect of dividends was as remote as that of the millenium.

THE AMENDMENTS AGREED TO.

The Clerk read through the whole bill and then presented Worthington's amendments. The amendments were then taken up and passed, not even that old Latin gentleman, Nemini, contradicting. And so now it goes back to the Senate. Make none but small beer bets on what its fate will be in that body. We are getting into the short corn rows and the fellow who gets out first shall have the biggest piece of pie.

THE SADDLE RIVER RAILROAD BILL.

The Senate passed the supplement to the Saddle River Railroad bill, which revives an act of last year. It was taken up in the House, and the House passed it and sent it to the committee to take it to the Governor. At this point the Senate reconsidered its vote, and sent a message to the House requesting a return of the bill. In the mean time the Governor's private secretary having got the bill, a resolution was introduced requesting the Governor to return it to the House. This was debated, and it was said that the Midland road and other monopolists wanted to kill the bill, and had induced its reconsideration in the Senate because the people of Bergen wanted it. The House refused to request the Governor to return the bill by a vote of 16 to 39.

MUNICIPAL TAX ON RAILROADS.

A bill was introduced requiring railroad companies, in addition to the tax of the half of one per cent. on the cost of the bed of their roads and buildings and grounds for depots, to pay a municipal tax of one per cent. upon a valuation to be made by a State Commissioner of Railroad Taxation, to be appointed; ten acres at the terminals, with the buildings, to be free from municipal tax.

The bill to provide Summary Jurisdiction Courts in Jersey City was passed in the Senate. Also, the supplement to the Jersey City and Bergen Point Railroad; the supplement to the Jersey City Fire Department; and to authorize the Morris and Essex Railroad to build a spur to the city of Paterson.

VALIDATING THE RAILROAD LEASES.

The bill to validate the lease between the United Railroad Companies and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company passed the House, and only awaits the signature of the Governor.

A bill was introduced in the Senate to authorize the assessors of the several counties in the State to select for each county five hundred persons for jurors, and the requisite number are to be drawn therefrom.

The House passed the supplement to the Jersey City and Bergen Point Railroad Company's bill. Also, the resolution to appoint a Commissioner to select jurors in Hudson County. Also, the Hoboken City Comptroller's bill. Also, the Pequest and Walkill Railroad bill. A motion to reconsider the vote by which the Railroad lease bill was passed this afternoon was lost.

JOHN SANDS.

The Newest thing in Challenges.

Mr. Schell Fairchilds of Pittsburgh, says:

"I am prepared to match a gentleman, whose name I do not propose to make public, a game of poker, $1,000 or $2,500, "freeze out;" eleven games of casino from $1,000 to $2,500 each a game; or games of whist or cribbage at from $2,500 to $20,000 each game. These contests are to be played at a time and place to be mutually agreed upon."

THE MARTYR IN THE TOMBS.

MR. TRAIN TO BE HEARD AT LAST BEFORE A HIGH TRIBUNAL.

Gen. Levi S. Chatfield Demanding Train's Release—Warden Johnson Assisting, his only Fear being that he cannot Drag him Out even with a Yoke of Oxen.

Many flocked to the sepulchre in Centre street yesterday to see the elephant, but few, however, were allowed that privilege. A Sun reporter, through the courtesy of Warden Johnson, was permitted to wend his way to cell 56 in Murderers' Row, and in a few moments the inner door was swung back, and the sparkling eyes of the lightning Train peered through the bars. He seemed to feel much better than on the day previous, and said that he had been besieged by many who thought they might do something toward preventing the authorities from sending him to an asylum for the insane.

"Only a few moments ago," said he, "I received this letter:"

MY DEAR TRAIN: May I get a *habeas corpus* for you to-morrow and bring you before the Court to be discharged or bailed? You must not go to the asylum. It will ruin you utterly. I cannot stand by and see you sacrificed, but can do nothing without your consent. Shall I proceed? It is life or death for you. Truly, &c.,

L. S. CHATFIELD.

"I told Mrs. Chatfield, the bearer of this note,' said Mr. Train, "to tell the General that I would consent to nothing of the kind. I remain here on principle," he added, "and the authorities must

DO ME JUSTICE.

I feel that my mission here is ended. The Tombs must come down! If they send me to an asylum I will start the ball a rolling, and that institution will fall, also. Oh, how the authorities would like to murder me, but they cannot do it. I have them in my grasp. Only yesterday something was given me in my food which made me deathly sick. I do not doubt but that the food was poisoned. Stokes came to me as I was fainting, and shortly afterward we bursted the glass in the window up there (pointing to the little window at the rear of the cell) and the fresh air revived me. I do not think the officials of this prison would do me harm, and therefore exonerate them. Good Mrs. Eleanor Fletcher Bishop was here just before you came in. She is going to get a body of competent physicians to examine into my sanity. Dr. Nedis, the prison physician, will tell you that I am not insane. So will many others who are equally competent to judge me as Dr. Hammond or Dr. Cross. But let the authorities go on with their work if they will. I can stand it. Hammond signed his

DEATH WARRANT

when he certified to my insanity, and he knows it."

Mr. Train grew eloquent as he spoke of the new outrage which he thinks the authorities intend to impose upon him, and assured the reporter that he would abide by the decision of the people. He extended his hand to the reporter, whom he bade a hearty good bye, drew back the heavy iron door, and shut himself out from the gaze of the curious.

When the reporter, a few moments later, met the warden in the office, that official asked, "Well, what does he say? What is he going to do about it?" The reporter replied, "Nothing."

The Warden stroked his beard and smiled. Then he chuckled to himself and sat in his comfortable arm chair. Pointing to a document on his desk he said, "That is a writ of *habeas corpus* commanding me to produce Mr. Train's body in court to-morrow. Then the Warden chuckled again and added, "So he does out of sight."

The reporter next called upon Gen. L. S. Chatfield, who was in his office talking to a lady and gentleman who seemed very anxious about Mr. Train's fate. The General, an elderly gentleman of admirable address, said that he went before Judge Barnard in the morning and obtained writs of *habeas corpus* and *certiorari* so as to have Mr. Train taken into court and the indictment examined.

"To tell the truth," added the General, "the indictment is

NOT WORTH A STRAW,

and Mr. Train has been unjustly detained in prison. The authorities are afraid of him, as he is so unlike any man like him in this New-an elephant on their hands. Train is no more insane than I am, and I have yet to hear of any one calling me insane."

The lady here interrupted the General by saying, "Mr. Train knows that we are all friendly toward him, and appreciates our kindness; but he wants us to do something. It is the duty of the authorities to set him right."

The venerable gentleman accompanying the lady said that he thought Mr. Train was very foolish not to allow his friends to intercede for him.

"Oh," said the General, "but I have had the writs served, and Train must be taken into court to-morrow."

The venerable gentleman smiled. "Warden Johnson told me," said he, "that he had tried every means to persuade Mr. Train to step out of his cell, but that George invariably declined. You know Train can go on his own recognizance. Well, said the Warden Mrs. Train to her husband, the Warden said to George, 'Why don't you go home with your wife? You know you can leave here. Go with her.' George wouldn't stir.

WARDEN JOHNS