THE FLORIDA ALLIGATORS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN OLD ALLIGATOR HUNTER.

How Frank Kerns Killed a Monster Judge Emmons's Good Shot Taming a Young Alligator—The Largest Alligator in Florida—An Enormous Alligator Hole.

Correspondence of The Sun.

ENTERPRISE, Fla., March 4.—About a week ago I got aboard the little steamer Volusia, in Sand Lake. This lake is forty miles above here, and is one of the thousand little lakes or ponds that hitch themselves on to the St. John's river, through innumerable creeks or bayous. The Volusia runs from Sand Lake to Jacksonville. It takes a week to make the trip, running night and day. Formerly the lagoons and lakes, as well as the river itself, above Enterprise, were filled with alligators. They are thicker there now than on any other part of the St. John's. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while running through what is known as Snake Creek, the steamboat was overhauled by a row boat. It contained two men. They tied their boat to the stern of the steamboat and came aboard. The row boat was provided with a small sail which was used when the wind permitted. One of the men tossed a dozen alligator hides upon the deck, consigned to a firm in Jacksonville. He wore a pair of dirty pantaloons, a butternut colored woollen shirt, an old fashioned coat, and a black slouched hat. His face was much bronzed, but he had a pair of blue eyes brimfull of good nature. He was about six feet high, and he carried a double barrelled rifle proportioned to his height. I asked Capt. Lund of the Volusia who he was.

"Cone, the 'gator hunter," was the reply.

THE OLD ALLIGATOR HUNTER.

I told the Captain that I had some whiskey down in my stateroom, and if he would ask Mr. Cone to join us, I would bring it up to the Captain's room. The whiskey was brought and introduced to Mr. Cone. The alligator hunter took about four fingers, smacked his lips and "reckoned that it was right smart whiskey." I learned that Cone was in the habit of boarding the Volusia and going upon the Captain's deck where he watched the passengers, who invariably spend the day in shooting at alligators which sun themselves in the maiden cane and other marshy places surrounding the lakes and lagoons. If a passenger killed an alligator, Capt. Cone marked the spot. Occasionally three or four alligators would be killed inside of three miles. Capt. Cone would then cast off his little boat, retrace his course and skin the animals. He gets seventy-five cents a piece for the hides delivered in Jacksonville. At this time he was filling an order from a London firm, through a Jacksonville merchant, for 500 hides.

After taking a second drink he came out on the side of the pilot house and spoke enough his old rifle to see that "she was ketched jest right," as he called it, and the night rolled in conversation with your correspondent. We were running far up in a creek, as crooked as a ram's horn, and at twenty miles an hour. The reason far is the eye could reach on either side, there was nothing but marshes covered with grass and rushes. Some of the rushes were over thirty feet high. Millions upon millions of coots with red and white caps on their bills, marsh hens, herons, water-turkeys and bluepeters were feeding in these marshes.

A TALK WITH THE OLD PROFESSIONAL.

"Now," said Capt. Cone, pointing to a spot where the coarse grass was beaten down into the mud at the side of the creek, "that's a gator belongs to lie right thar, but he aint thar. I done made up my mind I'd ketch him this here trip."

"How large a one was he?" I asked.

"Well, right smart of twelve feet long, I reckon. He's liable to be taken for twelve feet sure," Cone replied.

Correspondent—How long have you been hunting gators?

Capt. Cone—Since the 1st of November.

Correspondent—How many have you killed?

Capt. Cone—Well, these here skins make three hundred and forty odd 'gators, I reckon. You see fourteen hundred 'gators killed was. There haint the number o' 'gators in the first place, and the big 'gators is more skeery. I reckon they know more than they knowed onceat. Now, I can remember three or four year ago when 'gator hides was worth from two to four dollars apiece in Jacksonville. Now they hain't worth a quarter as much.

Correspondent—How large was the biggest 'gator killed by you this season?

Capt. Cone—Not over ten feet. The 'gators is little this season. I reckon, on the big uns is two things skeery. Bullets is one, and it's all the same to the hides. One hide's worth as much as t'other.

Correspondent—How long does it take you to skin an alligator?

Capt. Cone—Well, I done peeled the bark from a 'gator in twenty minits. I'll averedge fifteen minits, I reckon.

THE DIE-HARDS OPEN FIRE.

At this point two passengers saw an alligator on the right of the boat, and opened fire. The old 'gator hunter straightened himself up, grabbed his rifle and rushed on the other side of the pilot house just in time to see the slimy black animal slide into the water.

"Now, said Capt. Cone, coming back to return, "the heap o' bad that is thrown away on 'gators by these here die-hards who come down to Florida every winter, is more than any man 'ud reckon on. Yesterday a die-hard signified to me that he thought he saw a 'gator with a head out of the water, and he went to pitchin' bullets into that here gator. He had one of these rifles that shoots eighteen times one after another without stopin', and I'll be dog-goned if he didn't put eighteen bullets into the 'gator, and the 'gator jest kept a-floatin' right along, a sunken log sticking out of the water after all."

"How far up the river have you been looking for 'gators?" I asked.

"Clean up into Lake Washington," he replied.

CAPTURING A YOUNG ALLIGATOR.

Lake Washington is about 250 miles south of Jacksonville. It is opposite Cape Malabar, on the east shore of Indian River, being the Indian river. The old 'gator hunter said that he had killed a few alligators by moonlight. Occasionally he found them in the night time away from the river, prowling for food in the pine woods. I always thought alligators plentiful, and rivers filled with alligators. I found them the ker there than in any other spot. The woods are frequently cut up into swamps and savannas, and water stands in these places all the year round. The alligator makes large holes in these swamps and savannas. He excavates holes with dried cane, grass, and what ever he can find of a similar nature. This covering is raised like a cone, and is two or three feet in height. There is a hole in one side of the covering, through which the 'gator goes in and in. In these holes the female alligator raises her family. In Turnbull swamp, near New Smyrna, I saw an alligator hole which seemed to be filled with young ones about eight inches long. I was talking over this with Alexander of Woodburn farm, Kentucky, and Capt. Frank Sams, a prominent Indian river hunter. Sams was about to put his hand in the hole to pick up one of the little gators when Mr. Alexander shouted, "Hold on, Sams, there's an old she one in that hole, and she's watching you. I can see her head." Mr. Alexander then drew a bead on the old she one, and fired. There was a thrashing in the water as the old tiger had fallen into a cistern. Mr. Alexander had hit the old 'gator, but had not killed her. In her agony she had thrown one of the little fellows near the mouth of her nest. Sams snatched it up and put it in his pocket. The little fellow was very lively, and his eyes were as bright as diamonds. We took him to Lowd's Hotel at Smyrna and tied him on the mantelpiece. He became quite tame and would amuse himself by catching flies. He was very pugnacious and would croak and snap at little sticks on the slightest provocation. About Smyrna there are thousands of alligators. The people there say that it does not pay to kill them for their hides, as Smyrna is too far from a market.

THE ALLIGATOR FEVER.

It was sundown when Capt. Cone prepared to leave the boat. He said he knew where there were two gators in a marsh near an old Indian mound and he was going after them. As he entered his boat I asked him what was the length of the largest 'gator he had ever killed.

"Fifteen feet and two inches, I reckon," he shouted back. He then hoisted his sail, and we soon lost sight of him in the tall maiden cane.

Crowds of Northern men flock to Enterprise during the winter, and many of them employ their time in hunting alligators. The guests sit upon the verandas of the hotel hour after hour polishing alligator teeth with sandpaper and buckskin. Every day somebody brings in an alligator which has been shot in the vicinity. After killing the alligator, the men hitch him to the stern of their boat with a chain and tow him to the beach in front of the hotel. They then hire a negro to cut off his head and skin him. After the head is cut off it is buried for two weeks. This is necessary to secure the monster's teeth. It is amusing to see emin ent bankers, ministers, judges, and others watching a spot in the ground, near the hotel, where they have buried an alligator's head. Occasionally some gentleman gets hold of the wrong head, and then there is a row. Everybody seems crazy on the subject of alligator teeth. They sell from two dollars apiece up to five dollars. I saw one tooth five inches long sold to Capt. Tom Reeves for twenty dollars. Some negroes make a fair living by carving flowers and curious figures on the teeth.

FRANK KERNS'S ALLIGATOR.

The largest alligator brought in since I have been at this place was eleven feet in length. Two or three days ago a man named Kinney went up the river at the head of Lake Monroe. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day. About noon he saw a 'gator stretched in the sun, on the edge of a marsh. He was lucky enough to send a ball crashing through its brain. He rode up to the body and measured it. It was thirteen feet and one inch in length. After measuring it, Mr. Kinney rode to a little clump of Palmetto trees some distance from the spot, for the purpose of cooking a cup of coffee and taking dinner. Meantime a little steamer called the Pannasoffkee approached the spot where the 'gator lay. She was freighted with Frank Kerns, a well-known New York minstrel, and a party of his friends and acquaintances, who were going up the St. John's river on a hunting expedition. They sighted the 'gator, and great excitement followed. "My God, what a big one he is!" shouted Kerns. Every man rushed for his rifle, and all began firing at the 'gator. Three or four balls went into him, and about one hundred balls glanced from his back as though he had been an iron boiler. The steamer stopped, and the party went for the 'gator. Of course, every man claimed to have killed him. With great difficulty they got him on board and drew lots for him. It took four gallons of carbolic acid to cure him. The party stuffed him and sent him as a present to the proprietor of a museum in Indianapolis. When Kinney had finished his dinner and returned he was astonished to find that his 'gator had disappeared. It was not until to-day that he learned what had become of him. He now threatens to sue the party for the value of the 'gator. He claims that the teeth alone are worth $100, and the injury to his feelings on estimates at double that sum. It will be a queer suit if it is ever brought to trial.

CAPT. TOM REEVES'S ALLIGATOR.

This morning Capt. Tom Reeves went 'gator hunting. He returned about an hour ago in very bad humor. It seems that about two weeks since, Capt. Tom discovered a very large alligator on a marsh fronting Mr. de Bary's boat house. The old captain kept his discovery to himself. Every morning he has risen with the sun, taken his rifle, and sneaked off alone in his little boat in hopes of securing the big alligator. He tells his story as follows:

"Well, this morning I got down opposite de Bary's boat house just after the sun popped up. I laid down in the marsh flat on my belly and waited for the 'gator. I laid there about two hours. Then I heard a noise, and the big cuss began crawling up out of the water. He was only about twenty feet from me. When he got his shoulders up on the mash he began to sniff around and growl to himself as if somebody had told him that old Tom Reeves was there looking for him. By and by he got out of the water, turned around two or three times like a dog just before he lays down, and stretched himself out in the hot sun with his tail toward me. He opened his mouth as though yawning two or three times, and then shut his eyes and went to sleep as though he had a nice soft thing all to himself. I let him lay there about five minutes and then I raised up and made up my mind to give it to him. I aimed at his left eye and pulled the trigger. Just my luck. The cap didn't go off. But the old cuss didn't stir and I pasted another cap on the tube and went for him again. The cursed cap was good for nothing. I tried four caps on him and all were bad. Then the 'gator shook himself, looked at me as much as to say, 'Well, you're the worst I ever saw,' and wriggled himself into the water."

Then he filled the perfumed Florida air with a choice selection of oaths, and said that he had discovered that the lock of his gun was broken and that she didn't have power to snap a cap. As it is known that Tom has at least six 'gator heads buried in the garden fronting the hotel, nobody has much sympathy for him.

JUDGE EMMONS'S ALLIGATOR.

While I was at Lake Jessup I went 'gator hunting with Judge Emmons of Jacksonville. We found a twelve foot alligator sleeping on top of the water about twenty feet from the shore, near a small grove of palmettos. The Judge put a rifle ball directly through the alligator's skull. The ball made a terrible hole. The 'gator was as dead as a mackerel. We slipped a rope around his shoulders and towed him ashore. While the monster lay in the water and we were debating as to how we would get his head off, I jabbed a stick through the bullet hole down into his brain. A colored man who was passing by said: "Boss, you done be careful with dat ab gatch. He no done gone dead yet. You better stick you knife in he fore paw to see if he dead. He done do you some mis hief, Boss, suah, if he no dead." I took my knife out of its sheath and ran it into the alligator's fore paw. The monster lashed the water with his tail, almost knocking the Judge into the lake, and nearly putting out my eyes. When I recovered my eyesight, I saw the Judge, but not the alligator. The coloured man had sneaked off, stick and all, and left no track behind him.

THE LARGEST ALLIGATOR IN FLORIDA.

The largest alligator in the State of Florida can be found near Pepper Hammock on Banana creek, at the head of Merritt's Island. This animal is known all along the Indian river. Capt. Dummitt told me that this alligator is certainly over twenty feet long. Dummitt says that he has seen him in his present quarters off and on over twenty-five years. The Captain thinks him is at least 100 years old, and probably more. Over a dozen hunters have spent days in trying to kill him, but though some have got shots at him none have been successful. His hide turns the bullets as a duck sheds rain. His hole is under a high bank and covered with a growth of moss and rushes. I camped four days at Pepper Hammock, and this alligator's roar kept me awake at night. It sounded like distant thunder. One morning Dummitt and his companion ran a wounded deer into the shallow bay fronting the alligator's hole. A large yellow dog called Buster was on the trail of the deer, and ran into the water after him. When the alligator heard the baying of the dog he gave chase. The doctor reached the bank and took in the situation. As he had wounded the deer, and was chasing it, and expecting it every moment to drop, his rifle was not loaded. He began to shout loudly at the dog, and then ran into the woods to shoot the alligator. The monster heard the Doctor coming, dropped the chase, and fled to his hole. The Doctor was much excited. He thought the world of his dog, and said that he had almost rather have lost a leg than have lost Buster.

WHAT AN ALLIGATOR LOVES.

If there is one thing in the world that an alligator loves more than any other one thing it is a dog. The bark of a dog will frequently bring a dozen alligators to the surface of the water. Hunters occasionally tie their dogs on horses and ride cross-legged shallow waters very swappy places. When an alligator hears the baying of a hound he always puts for a ford, if there is one in the vicinity, hoping to catch the dog when he comes that way. Young colored children are also said to be rare dainties for alligators.

The greatest alligator hole in Florida is on the ocean side of the Indian River, about twenty miles above Fort Capron. It is situated in a fresh water swamp, back of a dense growth of mangroves. This hole is about sixty feet wide at the mouth, but it extends a great distance under the ground, and appears to be a paradise for alligators. It is about a mile from a little Palmetto hut, where a Georgian, named Bates, has lived alone for fifteen years. Bates prefers these alligators and will allow no one to shoot them.

OLD MR. WATSON'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Some years ago the father of Capt. Watson of this place visited a marsh at the lower end of Lake Monroe to hunt stray hogs. The captain is a little man, with sharp gray eyes and quick of foot. While roaming about over the marsh and hallooing for the hogs he was suddenly seized by an enormous alligator and hurled in the mud. The alligator caught him by the leg and upped with the poor fellow to the horse. The old man was terribly wrenched, and for a long time his recovery was doubtful. It was six months before he left his bed. This is the only well authenticated case that came to my notice in which an alligator attacked a man. Some people think that while Watson was walking over the marsh he took the alligator for a log and jumped on him. It is certain that the alligator seized Watson by the leg and nearly broke the old man's back by a blow from his tail.

HOW ALLIGATORS GET THEIR LIVING.

Alligators frequently fill their stomachs with ducks. They find the spots in the marshes where the ducks huddle together at night and make a descent upon them. Frequently, while flocks of great fat raft ducks are swimming in the deep water far out of a river or lake, an alligator will glide under the ducks and select those that suit him best. They are drawn under the water so quietly that the flock is not startled for some time, and the alligator manages to secure a square meal before he is suspected.

On summer nights the alligator crawls to a chosen spot in the marshes. The air is filled with millions of mosquitoes. The monster opens his enormous mouth and keeps his jaws apart until the inside of his mouth is black with the insects. Then he brings his jaws together with a snap, runs his tongue about the inside of his mouth and swallows his winged visitors. He will keep this up until his appetite is satiated.

Danger on the Delaware—A Land Slide and a Boy Drowned.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., April 7.—The Delaware river has risen rapidly since Saturday. It is now twenty-five feet above low watermark. The breaking up of the ice has been very quiet and gradual. All danger from that source is past. The water is still rapidly rising.

Great quantities of snow are still in the woods. It is thought that the melting of this even gradually will raise the river several feet yet. In case of a warm rain for a day this entire valley will be swept by a most destructive flood. The Delaware is full of running ice and lumber washed from the banks.

The Neversink river at this place, and other streams emptying in the Delaware above and below, are very high.

Saturday night a heavy land slide occurred on the Delaware division of the Erie Railway at Stairway, seven miles above here. The locomotive of a freight train was buried beneath it. A great jam of trains going east and west was the result. No. 3, the night express from New York, was detained until 4 o'clock this morning. The track is now clear.

Since the river commenced rising, there was swept ashore at Middleagh's, twelve miles above here, the body of a boy 8 or 10 years old. One arm had been torn off by the ice, and the flesh was all worn from the face. The body could not be recognized. An inquest was held, but nothing further was elicited. Yesterday a report came from Deposit that a boy named Chester Lakin had fallen from a raft on Wednesday last into the river. His father jumped in after him. The current was so swift that the boy was carried out of sight before his father could reach him. Mr. Lakin, although an expert swimmer, was so chilled that it was with difficulty he reached the shore.

There is 60,000,000 feet of lumber up the river awaiting a spurt, as soon as the river is low enough.

Abrensberg's Rival.

Edmund C. Hubbell, a compositor lately employed on the *Signal*, Babylon, Long Island, scarcely out of his teens, recently composed in ten hours' working time 1,250 ems. The matter was solid brevier and bourgeois. The hour before he set up 1,040 ems.

THE ALBANY LAW-MAKERS.

CHARACTER OF THE MEN WHO CONTROL OUR LEGISLATURE.

Official Villainy at Albany—The Lobby—Its False Pretences—Its Purchase of Members—Good Men in Bad Company.

Correspondence of The Sun.

ALBANY, April 7.—Recent revelations have thrown a vivid light upon the general scheme of operations conducted here year after year by the harpies who hang about the Capitol and pretend to control legislation. The people, through the representations of the press and the disjointed and unsatisfactory disclosures of reluctant witnesses summoned before investigating committees, have obtained a faint glimmer of the state of things which actually prevail here. But the notion is only a vague and imperfect one. They are told that legislation is often the result of corrupt appliances, and that the vote of the average legislator can be procured at a sum regulated by the magnitude of the interest which it is to affect, but which is as well known in the Capitol as the price of Pacific Mail in Wall street. And yet they are incredulous in regard to specific cases of bribery, and still more so respecting the allegations of general corruption promulgated through the papers. But their eyes have been opened by the reluctant admissions extorted from the men whose profession it is to corrupt legislation, by the committee on the doings of the Erie Railway Company. It is established clearly enough by the testimony of the lobbymen themselves, that they are perjured knaves in denying that they paid the large sums which they confess to have received from their employers to members of the Legislature, or that they were guilty of false pretences, and put the bulk of this money into their own pockets.

A LOBBYIST DISSECTED.

Undoubtedly there has been legislative corruption, more or less, ever since the charter of the Bank of America was bought through, half a century ago, in which transaction Elisha Williams, William W. Van Ness, and other eminent men were disgracefully implicated. A few years later the votes of the anti-Masonic members were sold to the Farmers' Trust and Loan Company, but most of the purchase money was divided between two party hacks, one of whom lived in Rochester and the other in Lockport. And isolated cases of a similar character occurred from time to time; but it was not until within the last quarter of a century that the practice of influencing legislation by money has become a regular business. The vocation of the Legislature, bad as it has always been, has always been made worse by the sinister representations of the scoundrels who infest this city during the winter, and inculcate the notion that every Legislative enactment is capable of being effected by money, and that nearly every member has his price. Untold thousands have gone into the pockets of these people, which they procured from persons or corporations interested in legislation, on the pretence of buying the votes of members whom they never dared approach with a corrupt proposition. A more unprincipled, worthless, and degraded creature lives not than your thoroughbred lobbyist. His business is a felony by the statute. If he fulfils the conditions of his employment he employs him he is in danger of the penitentiary, and if he is faithless to his undertaking he is guilty of obtaining money under false pretences. Generally his office is a compound one. He personates a lawyer and the agent of a political or local legislator, thus bringing himself, if detected, within the scope of the penal law, and then he defrauds his employer, misrepresenting the amount of money he has paid for legislation. Then he is always ready for another piece of dirty work. He will take money from the friends and opponents of every measure that comes before the Legislature with cutting impartiality, and cheat both parties without hesitation or compunction. One discriminating in favor of the one who pays the most liberally.

HONEST MEN TARNISHED.

Honest men, of elevated character, known among their friends to be above the suspicion of acting from mercenary motives, have had their reputations seriously and permanently damnified by the calumnious representations of these villains, and some to their bosoms stained with imputations which they would have repelled with indignation and scorn had the knowledge of the accusation reached their ears.

It is not intended to say one word in extenuation or excuse of the corrupt and venal rascal who betrays his trust and shamelessly pockets the reward of his corruption. But it is due to the men of integrity and uprightness in the Legislature that the practices of the knaves in the lobby should be exposed. The pursuit is one in which no honest man can be engaged, and how can fidelity be expected from one whose profession presupposes an infraction of a penal statute. From the nature of the case it is almost impossible to bring public opinion to bear against these people. Members and officers of the Legislature, to whom they are the purveyors of jobs, afford them countenance necessarily, and as a matter of course; and following this example, men of character and standing give them a reluctant, half-contemptuous toleration.

The consequence is that they are much seen in the company of respectable people who really know their demerits, and have no best action in saying that their only ill associates are people of the lowest character. Which, however, their fellows prospered in their illegal pursuits, and are now allowed to stand up before a committee of the Legislature and give utterance with impunity to statements known to every gentleman in the room to be false as the oath of a Credit Mobilier member of Congress. And so long as unworthy and dishonest men are sent to the Legislature, so long will parties of loose notions of morality who go to Albany for beneficial legislation employ these agents to do their work, and then cheat them if they are overreached and cheated in every transaction.

YESTERDAY IN ALBANY.

The Seventh Regiment's Armory—A Pill for the Life Insurance Men—Rifle Practice in the National Guard.

ALBANY, April 7.—There was barely a quorum present this evening, and the House went into Committee of the Whole and advanced many bills to a third reading. Among them was the one reported by the Assembly Committee on Cities authorizing the Common Council of New York to set aside a portion of Reservoir square for the erection of an armory for the Seventh Regiment. If this is not done within three months the Supervisors are to purchase a site and erect an armory for the regiment in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street.

The Ann Street Widening bill was recommitted to give the property owners interested a hearing. They will be here to-morrow.

The bill relative to the non-forfeiture of life insurance policies, a substitute for the famous Hendee bill, was discussed.

The Senate bill was so amended as to apply to policies hereafter issued as well as those heretofore issued.

Messrs. Husted and Weed opposed it on the ground that it would be unconstitutional, impairing contracts already made.

Mr. Hendee's amendment was adopted, and the bill was ordered to a third reading.

In the Senate a bill was introduced providing for the regulation of gas companies and for the office of gas inspector. A bill was also introduced to permit the Pavilion Car Company of New York to run palace cars on street railroads and charge double fare.

Senator James Wood introduced a bill to encourage rifle practice among the militia men. It provides for an inspector of rifle practice to be attached to the Governor's staff, and for the formation of rifle associations in each brigade.

The new registry law, extending the provisions of the act now in force in cities of the State, except New York and Brooklyn, to cities and towns of a population of 10,000 was ordered to a third reading.

Most of the session was spent in discussing a bill to appropriate $500,000 to enlarge the Champlain Canal. The bill was amended so that one-half of the amount shall be collected this year, and one-half next year, and ordered to a third reading.

Four Days in Rendering a Verdict.

BALTIMORE, April 7.—In the Criminal Court this morning, in case of Thomas Hughes, aged 17, on trial for killing Joseph Miller in November last, the jury, after being locked up since Thursday last, came into court with a verdict of guilty. Hughes killed Miller at a place where a rolling mill by striking him on the head with a wrench.

A Freshet in Southwestern New York.

BUFFALO, April 7.—The freshet caused by the late rains has covered Ischua Valley on the line of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railway to a depth of four feet, and carrying away the south abutments of the bridges on either side of Ischua. Large bodies of men are repairing the damages, and travel will be resumed on the road beyond Ischua in a few days.

Another Talk with the Modocs.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Gen. Sherman to-day received a telegram from Gen. Canby, stating that Col. Gillem has established a camp at Tule Lake, near the Lava Beds, in Oregon, and the Peace Commissioners had a conversation with the Modocs on the 5th inst. The prospects of peace are represented as encouraging.

The Bank of England Forgeries.

George McDonnell's counsel having applied yesterday for his release from Ludlow street jail on the ground that the affidavits against him recited no offence recognized by the extradition treaty, the British Consul asked time to consider what course he should pursue, and Judge Woodruff granted an adjournment.

A few, 'tis true, have drawn the line so fine, and wilne to see Pain Paint is free, and free;
All show for pain or woe Pain Paint is all the go.—*Ade.*

Weekly and monthly payments for furniture and carpets at B. M. Cowperthwait & Co.'s, 159 Chatham street.—*Adv.*

SAVE.—You will find Stewart's new Patent Steam Carpet Cleaning Works now at 326 5th av.—*Adv.*

THE GOODRICH MURDER MYSTERY.

The Brooklyn Police Pretending to do One Thing while doing Another—Why Lucette Myers is Held in Custody.

Yesterday Mr. James D. McClennand, Mrs. Armstrong-Meyer's lawyer, applied for her release from Raymond street jail. The motion is to be argued to-day. She was committed to the jail by the Coroner as a witness. Mr. McClennand says that as her testimony has been taken there is no longer any necessity for her detention. To those unacquainted with the secrets of the detective office of the Police Department of Brooklyn her imprisonment is considered an outrage. Those, however, who are cognizant of them readily understand why she is still confined. When Goodrich was found dead every one, judging from the appearance of the body, surmised that a woman witnessed his death. Yet it was not known, except to two friends, that he was acquainted or intimate with women. The discovery of the letter signed Amy Grace—convinced the police that the surmises were well founded. At once they searched for this woman. Becoming satisfied after two days' hunt that she had nothing to do with his sudden death they took up another clue. In the meantime they tried to divert the attention of the public from the real facts of the murder. When they worked the second clue to the capture of the woman Meyers they had obtained, and they knew it, a most important witness. Mrs. Meyers when arrested said, "I will give you no information, for I am parrot that never talks." For once Chief Campbell was discomfited. She had told him enough to give him the impression that she knew more. Anything relating to the history of this woman the police refused to make known. When, however, her whole life and her relations to Goodrich and others was made public, the police could not conceal their chagrin. They openly said that if the newspapers had not published all they had and not given the murder such a prominence, they would have had the man before this.

When the name of Roscoe and the story of Mrs. Meyers declaring him to be the murderer was published, the police determinedly refused to say anything. On consultation, it was resolved in order to check the further publication of the true facts to bring out at the inquest all that would throw suspicion from Meyers and the Spaniard Roscoe. They have succeeded to a degree. They do not care what may be the result of the inquest. All they now wish is that it may allay suspicion in the mind of the public. Two medical experts are to be examined in case Roscoe is not arrested before Friday. These gentlemen will show that it is possible that Goodrich committed suicide. If their testimony results in a verdict of death by his own hand, the police will be better pleased with it than with any other. They want the woman Meyers and the Spaniard to feel that they are safe from punishment, and that the murderer of Charles Goodrich, The name Roscoe given by her they know to be false and given to mislead them.

A Hint for the Brooklyn Police.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: From the testimony at the inquest into the death of Mr. Charles Goodrich it appears that certain persons visited the house before the police were notified of the crime which had been committed. One of these persons testified that he looked through the window and saw the body lying on the floor. The other says that he entered the house, felt the corpse, and discovered that Mr. Goodrich had died by violence. If Mr. Goodrich had last been seen alive in the company of either of these men they would without doubt have been held and required to give an account of their whereabouts after having parted from him. Both of these witnesses knew the dead man and had access to the house where he resided. Would it be unreasonable to demand from them an account of themselves from the previous evening up to the time when they discovered the corpse? G. W.

BROOKLYN, April 7.

WALL STREET IRREGULARITIES.

Curious Complications in the Sheriff's Office—Charges Against a Respectable Broker—The Certificate Forgeries.

Yesterday afternoon Special Deputy Sheriff Erb arrested Mr. James Julian, a broker of 9 New street, on a warrant granted by Judge Daly. The complainant is James M. Dixon, who says in his affidavit, that on the 14th of March, by request of Mr. Julian, he deposited in his hands $10,000, to be returned to him (Dixon) on demand. He adds that on the 31st of March he called upon Mr. Julian and asked him for $2,500, and that Mr. Julian not only declined to pay over that amount but denied that he had ever received any money from Mr. Dixon, and though requested to pay over the money several times, Mr. Julian has failed to do so, and Mr. Dixon accuses Mr. Julian of "fraudulently converting the money to his own use." There are no receipts or vouchers of any kind attached to Mr. Dixon's affidavit; nothing but the sworn testimony of Phil Stanley, alias Daniel D. Wright, who swears that he is acquainted with both Dixon and Julian, and that he saw Mr. Dixon deposit with Mr. Julian the $10,000 mentioned above, and that he heard a conversation between them.

This case astonished Judson Jarvis, for the Notary Public, Mr. Thomas Sadler of 5 Broad street, before whom Mr. Dixon made his affidavit, subsequently appeared at the Sheriff's office as counsel for the defendant. Another thing that astonished the Sheriff officers was, the facts was that Mr. Dixon's only witness to the transaction was a man who had signed an assumed name, and is under an indictment for forging certificates of Toledo, Wabash and Western, and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad bonds, and for counterfeiting United States revenue stamps. This witness had signed the name Daniel D. Wright to his affidavit, but his real name is Philip Stanley.

An officer of the Stock Exchange told a SUN reporter yesterday that this identical same Stanley, alias Wright, had tried to induce Mr. Julian to become an accomplice with him in flooding the street with forged certificates of railroad stocks, but that Mr. Julian had firmly refused to do so. Then it was alleged that Stanley induced Julian to become the accomplice, and Austin contrived to defraud the Continental Bank of $20,000, and Mr. John B. Murray of $11,500 by means of the forged certificates. It was subsequently ascertained that had not been for the detection of the forged certificates by the clerk in the banking house of Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., on Saturday, the 15th of March, Wall street would on the following Monday have been flooded with forged certificates representing the shares of both Erie and St. Paul Railroad stock. At the time of the arrest of Stanley, March 19, both of Stanley's sons were employed in Mr. Julian's office. The following Saturday Mr. Julian, by the advice of the officers of the Stock Exchange, told Stanley's boys to stay away from his office until they were sent for. Mr. Julian went to the Sheriff's office with Mr. Alvin Higgins and Mr. John Wild, wealthy carpet men, who gave bonds for him in $10,000. Mr. Julian then returned to his family in Brooklyn.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN VAN SYCKLE.

Testimony which Shows that his Wife Died from the Effects of Poison.

The trial of John Van Syckle on charge of poisoning his wife was begun in the Kings county Over and Terminer yesterday. On the 10th of last October Mrs. Van Syckle went to her home in Henry street and directed the servant to bring her some tea. She drank it, was taken sick, and died on the following day. Quantities of arsenic were found in the teacup and in her stomach. At the inquest the servant testified that Van Syckle had often said that he wished his wife was dead. He was in the kitchen while she prepared the tea, and she saw him bending over the stove. As he went away he told her not to tell any one that he had been there.

Dr. Coulton testified yesterday that he was called to attend the woman.

Found her vomiting and exhibiting symptoms of poisoning. Saw a cup from which she had drunk tea in pantel. Agreed with the family physician, Dr. Crane. We concluded that she had been poisoned.

Dr. Crane testified that he attended the woman until she died.

She had every symptom of arsenical poisoning. She was pulseless and collapsed. Saw the cup of tea from which she drank, and gave it to a chemist. Was at the post mortem. The stomach was inflamed; the other organs were natural. Did not see the prisoner at the house while attending Mrs. Van Sycke.

Dr. Fred Moore and Dr. D. A. Robbins substantiated Dr. Crane's testimony relative to the post mortem.

Mr. W. Roellion, druggist, testified that part of the tea was given him to analyze. He was about to give the result when Col. Charles S. Spencer, the prisoner's lawyer, objected to all testimony about the result of the analysis. He cited the case of Andrews, who was convicted and sentenced to be hanged twenty years ago for murdering his wife. "At that time," said the Colonel, "I objected to the testimony of the result of analyzing the poison, because the cup from which the dead woman drank remained in the Sixth Ward police station more than three days, accessible to all. I obtained a writ of error, my objection was sustained, and I had the pleasure of seeing my client a free man. I offer the same objection now."

The objection was sustained, and the druggist was questioned no more.

Prof. Asa Eaton testified that he made an examination of the stomach and discovered large quantities of arsenic.

The testimony of Mary Ellen Van Sycke, daughter of the prisoner, taken at the Coroner's inquest, was read. The testimony showed that her mother was in good health before being taken sick.

Prof. Eaton was recalled, and testified that he analyzed the tea and found arsenic in it. The trial was adjourned until to-day.

QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

CHEERING WORDS FOR FREE CUBA FROM EARNEST MEN.

The Patriots Filling Irving Hall to Overflowing—An Eloquent Address by Señor Antonio Zambrana—There is no such Word as Fail—Assurances of Success.

There was an immense gathering of Cuban patriots in Irving Hall last night, the occasion being an address from Señor Antonio Zambrana, one of Cuba's most brilliant orators. Every seat in the hall was filled, and in the private boxes were fashionably attired ladies. Among these were Señora Cespedes, wife of Señor Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, President of the Cuban Republic. The entrance upon the platform of several Cuban gentlemen, among whom was Señor Zambrana, was the signal for an outbreak of enthusiasm which lasted several minutes.

Señor Penevro in a few appropriate words introduced the speaker of the evening, the announcement of whose name was received with another burst of applause. Señor Zambrana is a young man, not yet thirty years of age, with a fine, intellectual countenance, perfectly impassive under ordinary circumstances, but flashing with enthusiasm as he pours out his thoughts in a flood of burning eloquence. He began slowly in an exquisitely modulated voice, carefully choosing his words, but as his subject took full hold of him he spoke more and more rapidly, but never indistinctly, holding his audience spellbound as he told them of the glorious future which awaited their native land.

Cuba, said the orator, must be free at no far distant period. Surrounded by difficulties at home and abroad, Spain had no choice but to relinquish her hold upon the island she had held in her iron grip so long. The bitter struggle for life and liberty in which the Cuban patriots had been engaged for four long years was at last drawing to a close, and throughout the length and breadth of an independent island the flag of free Cuba would ere long be unfurled to the breeze. Alone and unaided, her people had fought for their freedom. In their darkest hour, when the struggle was at its most desperate extremity, they had never wavered, never for one moment permitted themselves to despair; and now that light was at length breaking in upon them, they could look back upon the terrible ordeal through which they had passed with the proud consciousness of having achieved their own independence. But though much had been done, much still remained to be done, and the sons of Cuba must never rest until the island of the lone star took her place among the nations of the world, a free republic.

All could not participate in the struggle against the Spaniard, though the speaker little doubted that all yearned to do so, but those in America and elsewhere who were debarred from participating in the glorious conflict need not look idly on, and something more than sympathy could be given. In the large audience before him he beheld such evidence of Cuban patriotism as filled him with hope for the future, and this immense gathering of the sons and daughters of Cuba bore proof of their absorbing sympathy in the cause of their native land.

It would be impossible to describe the effect of the orator's eloquence upon his hearers. Again and again he was interrupted by thunders of applause, and when he concluded a frenzied one among you who doubts the speedy achievement of our independence?" the entire audience arose to their feet as one man; the women waving their handkerchiefs, and the men, in a few instances, tossing their hats into the air, and shouting until the hall fairly trembled. It was some time before the uproar subsided. At the close of the address numbers pressed forward to touch the orator's hand, and he retired amid a storm of cheers.

A Letter from the Hon. Gerrit Smith.

The Hon. Gerrit Smith has written the following letter to the Cuban Anti-Slavery Committee of this city:

MY DEAR FRIENDS: The pamphlet entitled "Slavery in Cuba," which you have sent me, has not yet come. I have read it with interest. You ask me to write an article in behalf of the Cuban cause. But I am getting too old to write for the press. Moreover, it is enough for me to say that I am still the friend of that cause as much so as I was when, a few years ago, I gave largely and repeatedly to the Cuban Aid Association in New York, and as much so as I was when an article from my pen in behalf of that cause was published in The New York Sun.

I view it, our government should, long ago, have recognized Cuba as free, due to her long struggling for freedom from the yoke of Spain and from the yoke of slavery. Then, too, if this concession had not required such sacrifices, our government should have joined with other Governments to put an end to that infernal type of slavery which Spanish power upholds in Cuba, and to the horrible murders which this power perpetrates there.

The world is too far advanced in a rational civilization, and in an all comprehending fraternal religion, for any Government to be allowed for long to stand still while one of the world continues to indulge in the horrid crimes of which, if they were ever guilty, they are guilty of Spanish power. Spain should cease from her singular and superlative wickedness, and other nations should make common cause against her, and stay her murderous hand.

The Spanish power is the enemy of the whole world in the place of the whole world, the whole human family in the place of the whole human family. The conscience of the world, the conscience of humanity, should be left to govern itself, is wise; but it does not exempt the nation from the world's supervision. If such nation, instead of governing its subjects wisely, should go into the madness of enslaving and slaughtering them, then must the other nations fall back upon their original right of self-preservation, and of the duty of Cuba to rescue this outraged portion of their fellowmen.

Our, however, has subsequently Cuba been, for years, but a succession of a slaughter-house? It is emphatically high time that the nations should spread over her the wing of mercy, even if, in doing so, they should take a little from the sacred right of self-government. Intervention in such a case is backed by the higher law of the great God and of aggrieved mankind.

Cuba, I hope, will soon be free. Sp