ALVORD'S HISTORY.

"Old Salt" Training for Speaker of the Assembly.

HIS POLITICAL CAREER.

The Onondaga Statesman Makes His Own Biography.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 27, 1878.

It has come to pass that a Legislature without Mr. Thomas G. Alvord in either branch of it is something like the play of "Hamlet" with the melancholy Dane left out. Winter after winter "Old Salt," as the veteran has been called by the press, has appeared at Albany as regularly, almost, as the beautiful snow. His legislative career dates its beginning back over a quarter of a century, and his presence at the State Capitol in one capacity or another has had hardly an interruption in all that time. The electors of his district—the Third, of Onondaga—recognize that Tom Alvord holds a mortgage on his seat in the Assembly, and it will be an event in history when some other man than he warms the cushion he has sat upon. In the last canvass he came out the winner against the strongest democrat in the district, a man who carried his ward, usually 300 republican, by over 100 majority. The rural districts, however, came nobly to Mr. Alvord's rescue, and he is returned by a majority of about 500.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Mr. Alvord has just enough ambition to be a candidate for the Speakership of the incoming Assembly. No man can lay greater claims to the honor than he. Oldest in point of service in the Legislature, he is a parliamentarian not even second to Cushing, and withal a perfect encyclopædia of legislative knowledge. It would seem the correct thing to place in his grasp the gavel whose stroke upon the desk will call to order the first Assembly session in the new Capitol Building.

The other day the HERALD correspondent found the Governor at his pleasant home in the suburbs of the city. He had just returned from an electioneering tour up West, where he found much favor as a candidate for the Speakership. The subject of relating his legislative reminiscences being broached was kindly received, as follows:—

Mr. ALVORD—My dear sir, the demand you make on my memory is almost startling, but the reminiscences of the old Capitol, now about to be abandoned for the new, crowd so thick to one's mind that perhaps I may be able to give you something that will be of interest to the HERALD. It's a long story, however, and may possibly test your patience.

CORRESPONDENT—I will take my chances, Governor, on that score. First of all, when did you first go to the Legislature?

ASSEMBLY HISTORY.

Mr. ALVORD—I was first elected to represent Onondaga county in the fall of 1843. The old Capitol building was then just half its present size. I was one of the House in 1844. At that time members of the Assembly were elected on the county ticket and I ran with Elisha Litchfield, of Pompey, our Speaker that year; Warren Abbott, of Otisco, and Seth Hutchinson, of Onondaga, on the democratic ticket. Of the four I am the only one in the land of the living. Hutchinson was about my own age; the others were older men. I was not new to the methods and ways of the Legislature when first sent there, having had the benefit of the experience obtained while at Albany, as early as 1838, while advocating and urging different measures affecting the salt interest, particularly the reduction of salt duties. The duty then was six cents per bushel, by drawback or bounty laws, for all salt delivered at certain points. It might be well to say right here that later, after the adoption of the constitution of 1846, our present able Senator (Hon. D. P. McCarthy) and myself were employed by the salt people to secure a permanent lowering of the duties. Our efforts were successful, resulting in the reduction to the present point of one cent per bushel.

STORMY TIMES.

CORRESPONDENT—Was the Legislature of 1844, in which you made your début, a brainy body, and who were some of your compeers?

Mr. ALVORD—Indeed it was. There were many strong men in the Assembly of 1844, among whom were Michael Hoffman, afterward the leading spirit of the Constitutional Convention of 1846, an old war horse of the so-called "Barn Burners," a man who could draw on an unlimited fund of eloquence, but at the same time a very bigot in his opinions. Samuel Stevens, of Albany, was another prominent member. At that time Stevens was the leader of the whigs. Judge Sampson, of Monroe, who stood in the foremost rank among the lawyers of the State, also occupied a seat in the lower House. Then there were A. L. Sinn, one of the most scholarly gentlemen of his day; Horatio Seymour, whose fame, name and career need no laudation from me; William F. Allen, afterward Judge of the Court of Appeals, whose recent death after long and faithful service on the bench has called forth so many sorrowful expressions from all parties; Joseph S. Bosworth, of New York, who is now in the evening of a life spent in the service of his fellow citizens, as Judge, Police and Park Commissioner; Hulburd, of St. Lawrence, a public man of much prominence at that time; my old friend, Major Auguste Davezac, a French creole, born in Louisiana, whose great distinction and boast was that he was aid to General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. Major Davezac was a loquacious member, who had an eloquence of his own which he was not loath to use, no matter what was before the house. His failing, however, was General Jackson and the battle of New Orleans, and in all his speeches they came in for at least a reference, if not a glowing panegyric. I remember once winning a small wager from my friend Judge Allen on one of the Major's speeches. The canal claim was before the House. My bet was that I could secure the Major's vote and voice for the claim, and that he would in advocating it speak of Jackson and New Orleans. I sought out the gallant Frenchman, and by informing him that there were in the gallery several ladies who had heard of his famous gift of speech and flights of eloquence, and who were in Albany for a day only for the purpose of hearing him, succeeded in getting him to advocate the claim of a poor widow whose garden, it was alleged, had been sadly damaged by the enlargement of the canal. The Major took the floor and urged the widow's wrongs with all his force. Before closing, sure enough, he convinced the House that the glorious victory achieved by Jackson at New Orleans would have been in vain if the great Empire State was allowed to recklessly destroy a lone woman's potato patch with impunity. I won the bet, and Judge Allen promptly paid it.

NEW YORK'S ABLE SULKERS.

CORRESPONDENT—Who was then Governor of the State?

Mr. ALVORD—Pardon my digression. Oh! yes; William C. Bouck was Governor and Daniel S. Dickinson Lieutenant Governor. The Senate, too, in those days held some of the greatest men in the State, and, indeed, in public life. Onondaga's Senator that year was Elijah Rhoades. Among his colleagues was D. R. F. Jones, Judge Scott, Comptroller Dennison, Erastus Corning, Comptroller John C. Wright, General Orville Clark, Judge Foster, John Porter and a long line of others, all men of general intellectual weight.

CORRESPONDENT—At the next election, Governor, were you returned to the Assembly?

Mr. ALVORD—No; not until 1856 was I sent back to Albany as the people's representative. I was there, however, nearly every winter up to that time in the interest of our salt manufacture. In that manner I kept unbroken my knowledge of and acquaintance with all the prominent men in the State, and remained posted pretty thoroughly on legislative matters. In that year I became the democratic candidate for Speaker, and was chosen for that position by a plurality vote on the 21st day of the session, receiving 56 out of 112 votes cast. My opponents in this canvass were Judge Van Valkenburg—since Minister to Japan and now Supreme Court Judge, in Florida—and Samuel A. Law, the "Know Nothing" or American candidate. Van Valkenburg received 54 votes and Law only 2. The House was divided into 57 democrats, 51 republicans and 10 Americans. Judge Fullerton and A. P. Laning were members of this body. In the fall of 1856 I ran for the Assembly again, but was defeated by Major General H. N. Siqeum. At the breaking out of the rebellion I was nominated for the Assembly by the union party, as it was called, and received the indorsement of the republicans. The democrats put no regular nominee in the field against me, my only opponent being Mayor C. F. Williston, a democratic stump candidate, who received only a small vote. That House was presided over by H. J. Raymond, the journalist. Among the members who are recalled as particularly prominent, were Mayor Banks, of Albany; Halsey, of Cayuga, by the way a member of the incoming Assembly; Stetson, of Clinton; Judge Pringle, of Genesee; Judge Benedict, of Kings; Royal Phelps, of New York; General Porter, of Niagara, afterward killed at the battle of Petersburg; my colleagues, Frank H. Lyman and R. Nelson Gue; Hulburd, of St. Lawrence; B. F. Tracy, then of Tioga, since United States District Attorney at Brooklyn; Ezra Cornell and Chauncey M. Depew. Hon. Allen Munroe represented Onondaga county in the Senate in that year. In the same branch of the Legislature were Judges Folger and Hardin, the notorious Dick Connelly, of Tweed Ring fame, Chancellor Pruyn, Auditor Bell, Charles Cook, John Ganson and others. Horatio Seymour was Governor and D. R. F. Jones Lieutenant Governor. In the absence of Speaker Raymond I was unanimously chosen temporary Speaker, and thereafter presided most of the session.

CORRESPONDENT—When were you next elected?

Mr. ALVORD—My next election to the Assembly was in 1864 as a republican, when I presided, there being no opposing candidate in the party caucus. The House this year had in its seats men of the calibre of General Crook, of Kings; Senator O'Donnell, present Senator Lippit, Canal Commissioner Jackson, C. Shoemaker, E. S. Pitts, who afterward became Speaker; Senator Parker, Judge Matthews, Lord, of Tompkins; Judge Healy, of Wyoming, and Erastus C. Benedict, of New York.

ALVORD'S "GOVERNORSHIP."

CORRESPONDENT—What year was it that you were elected Lieutenant Governor?

Mr. ALVORD—In 1864, with Governor Fenton. In the Senate over which I presided there were a host of able men. This district was represented by President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University. My colleagues in the Canal Board were Comptroller Robinson, now Governor; General Hillhouse, now United States Assistant Treasurer at New York; Secretaries of State Depew and Barlow; Attorneys General Cochrane and Martindale. General Barlow was not as well posted on canal administration as he might have been. One day, at a meeting of the Canal Board, the General inquired, with the utmost gravity, of Commissioner Dorn, "What is the difference, Commissioner, between a berme bank and a mitre sill?"

CORRESPONDENT—Were you not a member of a constitutional convention, Governor?

Mr. ALVORD—Yes, sir, in the years 1867-68, and it was a body to which any man would be proud of membership in. I'll prove it to you. I recollect that one day, during its session, an outsider remarked to William M. Evarts, who was a member, that the Convention embraced many of the ablest men in New York State, and, added the speaker, "Take them all, they are a body of great men." "Yes," said Mr. Evarts, in his curt and positive way, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Yes, that must be a fact; I heartily agree with you, as every member of the Convention says so."

AMONG ALL SORTS OF MEN.

CORRESPONDENT—Governor, you kept up your companionship with the Assembly pretty much all the time since, have you not?

Mr. ALVORD—Well, yes. I was a member of the House in 1870, '71, '72, '74, '75, '77 and '78, and you may well believe that in all this experience I have been associated with all sorts of men elected to seats in that body. For instance, there is the Bald Eagle, of Westchester, and Tom Field and a Winans. I have been a co-member with Smith M. Weed and seven hundred others, including the bounding Beebe. I have enjoyed the rule of Jimmy Hitchman, Henry Smith, Jimmy Husted, Jerry McGuire and George B. Sloan, the raps of whose gavels still din in my ears. Now, my dear sir, I have gone as far into details as I dare, for you must know that I mean to publish a book of Legislative reminiscences some of these days, and it would be bad policy to give goods away which I intend selling.

CORRESPONDENT—Can you say when and how you were dubbed "Old Salt?"

Mr. ALVORD—The inquiry has sometimes occurred to myself, but I have never been able to answer it. The sobriquet was, I believe, given me by some clever newspaper correspondent at Albany, and was suggested, probably, by my vigilance in the salt interest. I don't mind it.

FIRE ON THE ZEELAND.

THE VESSEL OBLIGED TO PUT BACK TO PORT—DISCHARGING THE DAMAGED CARGO YESTERDAY.

The steamship Zeeland, of the Red Star line, which left this port on Tuesday morning last, bound for Antwerp, was compelled to put back when about 120 miles out from Sandy Hook, owing to fire breaking out in the main hold. She reached her dock, beside the Cortlandt street ferry, Jersey City, about eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon. At about seven o'clock Tuesday evening, the day the Zeeland sailed, the chief engineer discovered that fire had broken out at the back of the boilers, but the flames were soon extinguished, and the vessel went on her course, feeling secure that all was right. In about an hour afterward Captain Flaherty, commander of the Zeeland, found that smoke was coming from the main hold and at once had the hatchways removed. It was then ascertained that the flames of the fire had reached the bulkhead and spread to a quantity of bag grain stowed in the main hold. The cargo on board the vessel was a mixed one, and in the hold adjoining that in which the grain was a number of sheep were penned up. The captain at once set to work with all hands on board to stay the progress of the fire, but his efforts were unavailing. No flames arose from the fire, which was steadily eating its way among the bags of grain, but the volume of smoke continued to increase, and on Wednesday morning at five o'clock the captain resolved to return to port. As soon as the vessel reached her dock yesterday arrangements were made for the clearing of the main hold, and gangs of men were put to work with all the usual appliances for unloading. As the bags containing the grain were raised and heaped on the deck it was seen that nearly all of them were more or less scorched. After a couple of hours' work a number of layers of bags had been taken up from the hold, and it was then found that the fire had centred near the bulkhead. Some half dozen lengths of hose were turned on and the powerful streams soon placed the vessel out of all danger. There were 2,800 bushels of grain in the main hold, but except the damage to this very little loss to the cargo will be sustained. It was not determined yesterday when the Zeeland will sail again.

BOLD CAR ROBBERIES.

John New, of No. 236 East Sixty-first street, while intoxicated early yesterday morning, got on a Third avenue car at Bleecker street and fell asleep at Eighth street. There were then five other persons on the car. A young man who sat next to New put an arm about his neck and with the disengaged hand tore off a ring from the sleeper's finger. He tried to snatch his gold watch, but the chain, a gold plated one, broke. A confederate in the meantime attempted to shield his comrade from view. New awoke and was asked by one of the passengers if he missed anything. He searched and found the ring and part of the chain gone. The robbers then ran out of the car. The one who had stolen the property rushed to a lager beer saloon near Thirty-third street, and was there arrested. The confederate was seized, but broke away and escaped. In the Fifty-seventh Street Court yesterday the prisoner said his name was Francis Watson, twenty-three years of age, a painter, of No. 214 East Twenty-sixth street. He denied being in the car at all, but was positively identified by Allan Law and James Fitzgibbons, two of the car passengers, and the Judge committed him for trial in default of $2,500 bail.

George Anderson, alias William Bradley, of No. 341 East Fortieth street, and Michael Garry, of No. 345 East Forty-ninth street, on Wednesday night boarded car No. 150 at Third avenue and 109th street. A number of ladies were in the car, and the new comers began paying them marked attention. The ladies remonstrated, and John A. Dougherty, the conductor, threatened, but no regard for their rights was manifested and they speedily left the car. Their assailants then went for the conductor, telling him they would show him "what was what." Dougherty stopped the car and summoned Officer McGuire, who arrested Garry, while his companion ran down 127th street. Conductor Dougherty, who is a small man, chased Anderson, who is a giant in size, and soon caught up with him. Anderson, notwithstanding the disparity in physical build, pleaded for mercy, but Dougherty showed none and marched the giant to the 126th street station. Anderson and Garry were both arraigned yesterday before Judge Smith in the Harlem Police Court. Said the Judge to Anderson, "You being a giant and a dangerous character must go to the Island for one year. There being mitigating circumstances in your case, Garry, I will commit you for ten days."

HOW THE POOR ARE STARVED.

[From the London Globe.]

The evidence given in a case of manslaughter just tried at Manchester Assizes would have fully justified the appearance in the dock of another person besides the accused. In the middle of last August a deserted woman named Riley suddenly found herself and her infant brought face to face with starvation, and with every probability of being immediately turned out of her lodgings into the streets. She accordingly applied to the relieving officer, who, however, replied that "they only took fresh cases on Mondays and Fridays." Two days afterward she went to him again, and was this time put off with the excuse that he was about to go out and could not attend to her. Being urgently in want of food she visited him for a third time the same afternoon, and was told to come next morning. Perhaps she may have deemed that the relieving officer's "next morning" was in the ides of March. At all events, hope deferred made her heart so sick that she determined to give the official no more trouble, but went off, there and then, to a pond, where she tried to drown herself, her child, and her cares. In this purpose she only partially succeeded; when the unhappy mother and infant were discovered the latter was dead, but the demented woman had not succumbed to her sufferings. Accordingly she was brought to trial for manslaughter, and a verdict of guilty has just been returned. But the jury accompanied it by a rider with which the public will agree as heartily as did the judge. They emphatically condemned "the utter want of careful and speedy inquiry into the case by the relieving officer and authorities at Bury," and the Judge responded, "You are quite right, gentlemen." There seems no question that the woman was perfectly willing to work for a living, and had she only been afforded a temporary asylum at the workhouse until she could get her scattered wits about her, the chances are that she would have found some employment. But what was she to do but drown herself and her child as quickly as might be when she found even the workhouse doors shut in her face? The question that presented itself to her confused mind was, probably, whether a lingering death through starvation and cold or swift suffocation by drowning had the greater terrors. She chose the latter; who can blame her? For had she adopted the other alternative, the starving process would have first begun to tell upon her infant, and she herself would have been a helpless witness of its prolonged agonies. But what is to be said for the official through whose carelessness and apathy matters came to this pass? Certainly some one else ought to have stood by the side of Ann Riley when she was being tried for killing her child.

DIRTY STREETS.

LOCALITIES IN WHICH THE BROOM BRIGADE WILL FIND PLENTY OF WORK—ACRES OF FILTH AND RUBBISH—THE AIR POISONED BY EXHALATIONS FROM DECAYING VEGETABLE MATTER.

The west appears to be the favored part of town with the Street Cleaning Department. They had a dozen or so of men in half a dozen streets on that side the other day scraping the mud into heaps for the cartmen to take away. It was no superfluous work they were engaged in, for the streets were full of filth and the job of sweeping them had not begun a moment too soon. Many of the streets on the west side are laid down with trapblock pavement, which makes the work of the scavenger as easy as sweeping a kitchen floor.

Among the dirty streets on the west side noticed yesterday were Jay street, where, in front of Nos. 3, 9, 17 and 21, were patches of mud and refuse. Staple street, between Jay and Harrison, needs a thorough cleaning, and though there are only a few residents in it a populous neighborhood is not far distant. On Hudson street, before Nos. 273 and 275, garbage was observed strewn from the curb to the middle of the street. On Spring street, before Nos. 290, 286, 274 and 272, a like state of affairs was remarked.

A SLOW AND SOLITARY SCAVENGER.

At Nos. 145 and 161 Varick street several boxes of ashes and garbage were spilled over the curbstone. On King street a solitary scavenger was at work raking into heaps the ancient mud deposited in the ruts between the cobblestones.

"This must be very gratifying to you," observed the HERALD reporter to a man who was standing in a doorway with a pipe in his mouth, watching with apparent interest the operations of the scavenger.

"Well, now, it is," he replied; "but I was just thinking if all the streets in the city were like this how many men like that it would take to clean the whole of them."

"Is it long since the street was swept before?"

"Well, the last man I saw here, about a month ago, swept the mud and dirt on the other side over to this, and left it there. I don't know what became of it, but I guess it was carried away somehow by the wind and the rain, and only for them sort of scavengers I don't know what we'd do."

LOTS OF BUSINESS FOR THE BROOM.

If the solitary scavenger be on King street to-day he should look after the filth in front of Nos. 74, 82, 84, 86 and 98. On West Houston street, facing Nos. 257 and 259, were several offensive collections of domestic sweepings. On Downing street, at No. 67, was an overturned barrel of refuse, and at No. 53 was a huge bin running over with ashes. At No. 47 stood half a dozen barrels and boxes piled on top of each other and containing all kinds of household rubbish, including a plentiful and foul smelling lot of boiled and decayed cabbage, turnips and tomatoes.

Charles Voss, a baker in the neighborhood, observed on this exhibition, "Those boxes and barrels are a great eyesore to the whole street. They stand there sometimes for a whole week, until the sidewalk and the street is covered with rubbish. The people, I suppose, can't help it. They must put such stuff somewhere out of the house, and it ought to be the duty of the ash cartmen to come round every night without fail and take it away; but they never come when they are most wanted."

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

The intersection of Downing and Bedford streets was in a very filthy condition. Pools of black mud dotted the space all over and the mouth of the sewer on the southwest corner appeared to be choked with dirt. At Nos. 39, 44, 76 and 86 Bedford street the broom of the scavenger was badly needed, and it was sadly wanted, too, in front of Nos. 30, 32, 34, 36, 50, 57, 62, 68, 70 and 76 Grove street. A heap of refuse was scattered across the roadway at No. 214 Fourth street, and ruts filled with mud were observed before Nos. 45, 41, 37 and 25 Perry street, between Waverley place and West Fourth street. That old time resort of respectable residents of the city—Greenwich avenue—had a neglected appearance in spots along the roadway at Nos. 57, 74, 77, 84, 91, 115, 118, 125 and 127. A heap of dirt before No. 4 Bank street is waiting for removal. At the intersection of Greenwich avenue and West Twelfth street the roadway was in an offensive state, caused chiefly by the irregularity of the street pavement. Filthy spots were remarked in Jane street, opposite Nos. 7, 13 and 17, and in Horatio street before Nos. 2 and 4, and more particularly in front of Nos. 6, 8, 10 and 18.

THE DIRTIEST STREET YET.

Gansevoort street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, appeared the filthiest street in that whole section of the city. It was black with mud from end to end of an entire block, one side lined with crowded tenement houses and the other with coal yards and stables. The dirt had so encroached on the sidewalks that the women were out with their brooms sweeping it off. All along by the curbstone household refuse was steeping in the black and noxious slime of the street, from which a sickening odor arose and filled the air. Opposite Nos. 4, 8, 12 and 16 the street was horribly dirty, and imagination can only realize what a place it must be under such circumstances in the torrid heat of July.

An Irish resident of the block on being asked if the street was ever swept replied:—"Not since the deluge, sir, and we're waiting for another deluge to see it clane and decent. When they come to sweep here it makes 'em sick, so they pass it by and lave it to the will of God."

"But isn't it unhealthy?"

"The divil a bit unhealthy, but its onconvanient, especially when a man's comin' home at night with the intintion of goin' to bed with his boots on. It makes trouble for the women in the matter of washing the sheets; but it's a free counthry, sir, and I s'pose they can sweep the street whenever it plazes them."

Collections of ashes and garbage were noticeable on West Twelfth street, opposite Nos. 325, 324, 313, 311, 307 and 303.

DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND.

Among those who arrived from Germany at Castle Garden on Tuesday last were a young married woman and her three months' old babe. Upon landing she hastened to Newark, N. J., to trace up her husband, who, she alleged, had not only deserted herself and babe, but had carried off to the New World a considerable sum of money belonging to her. She found the husband, but he spurned her and her babe, saying, "Who are you? I don't know you. Get away." The poor young wife returned to this city and put her case before the authorities. The result was she went again to Newark yesterday and caused her husband's arrest. He was taken before Judge Paulin, and, in default of bail, was sent to the County Jail.

MORE INDIANA BRUTALITY.

TWO WOMEN DRAGGED FROM BED AND WHIPPED AT NIGHT.

[From the New Albany (Ind.) Ledger-Standard.]

Rumors of an outrageous affair which happened near Scottsville, in this county, were in circulation for several days past, but could be traced to no reliable issue. The *Evening News* published a statement of the rumors Saturday and the morning papers contradicted it yesterday.

The facts are that Letitia Broeck, aged about seventy-five or eighty years, lives in a little house situated about half way between Scottsville and Galena. Some time ago Maggie Wilson, a relative, herself a widow with six children—Rhoda, nearly grown; Jasper, aged fourteen, and four smaller, came to live with the old woman. Maggie does not bear a very good character, having lived in adultery and eloped with a man named Bill Brock, who lived in the neighborhood, but they had both returned. The women were also accused of harboring several characters of ill repute, among them Bud Davis, who served a term in the Penitentiary. The neighbors, and especially the female portion, had become incensed at the whole gang and threatened to burn the house down over their heads and do divers other terrible things if they did not leave the place. About nine o'clock on the night of October 23 they proceeded to put some of their threats into execution. They went to the house and tore down the old kitchen, threw the things out into the yard, took the two women out in their night clothes and whipped them severely. Then they warned them to leave or they would return and kill them. The leader of the gang called the roll by numbers from one to thirty, and they then dispersed. Some of the gang kept watch over the children during the whipping, but they did not harm any of them. Next day the old woman went to the house of Matt. Wolf, who resides in the neighborhood, and showed the stripes on her body and said she would "have the law on the scoundrels." The same night a man named Cunningham met about thirty men on horseback, near the Bald Knob, going in the direction of where the outrage took place. On Friday last old Mrs. Broeck came to the city for the purpose of commencing a prosecution. She went to Squire Huckeby and detailed the circumstances given above, and also told him that she recognized the following named persons by their voices, and that there was no doubt that they were present and participated in the lawless and barbarous whipping:—Samuel Farrell, Jack Farrell, George Holloway, John Holloway, James Holloway, Walter Scott, George Brock (no kin to the women), Charles Clark, Alexander McFall, Wesley Scott, Herman Scott, Robert Scott, jr., and Henry Todd. There are others she thinks she knew and will be able to identify. Squire Huckeby thought it would be best to let the grand jury investigate the matter and not to investigate before a magistrate.

It is understood that counsel will be employed and the matter sifted to the bottom, and the grand jurors and all the officers of the court owe it to the community and themselves to ferret out the perpetrators of the crime and punish them when found to the full extent of the law. It is a disgrace to the county, a disgrace to the State and a disgrace to civilization to permit the spirit of such violence to ride rough-shod over all law and right in our very midst. No matter how bad the characters of the women were, what is there to justify the cruel beating with hickory withes of an old gray-haired and sorrow-bent woman? No man who has a mother can think of it without a shudder. Think of it! Two women, the one with a family of helpless children about her, the other with her bent form and her gray hairs, torn rudely from their beds in the darkness, stripped almost naked and scourged with switches of hickory wood in the hands of strong men—no, not men, but brutes.

LITERATURE.

SCENES IN EL DORADO.

Samuel C. Upham has published a book of 594 pages, in twenty-two chapters, of "Notes of a Voyage to California, via Cape Horn, together with Scenes in El Dorado, in the years 1849-50," with an appendix containing Reminiscences of Pioneer Journalism in California; California Day at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, September 9, 1876; Reunions and Banquets of the Associated Pioneers of California in New York, January, 18, 1877 and 1878; Celebration of Admission Day at Long Branch, N. J., September 8, 1877; also Reception of General John C. Fremont, August 1, 1878, and to Hon. Philip A. Roach, June 19, 1876; Dedication of the Lick Monument at Fredericksburg, Pa., April 22, 1878; Extracts from the Manuscript Journal of the "King's Orphan," in the year 1843; Pioneer and Kindred Organizations; together with the Articles of Association and Roll of Members of "The Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California." Forty-five illustrations are interspersed throughout the work, as the author says, "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." The work throughout—from the departure from the port of New York, the cruise in the tropics, the stoppage at the city of Rio Janeiro, the passage around Cape Horn, with the accounts of various stopping places, and the queer and comic incidents that took place on the way until the pass through the Golden Gate was made and the anchor cast at San Francisco—is highly entertaining. Then Mr. Upham's perambulations through the diggings are graphically related, besides his account of his return to the East. The author gives an interesting account of pioneer journalism in the land of gold. The illustrations to the work comprise a portrait of the author, portrait of General Sutter, harbor of Rio Janeiro, mode of nursing children in Rio, general view of Rio Janeiro, portrait of Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil; the Osceola in a gale off Cape Horn, portrait and autograph of Henry Meiggs; entrance to the Golden Gate; beach of Yerba Buena Cove, 1849; the "Hounds" on the rampage; Parker House and Dennison's Exchange, 1849; interior of El Dorado saloon, 1850; Sutter's sawmill, Coloma, 1849; City of Stockton, fall of 1849, and on the road to the mines. From the title-page to the finis the book is highly interesting, and will do to append to all that has previously been written of El Dorado. The work is dedicated "To the Pioneers of California, who encountered dangers by flood and field, and whose brave hearts and willing hands have caused the arid plain and the wilderness to 'blossom as the rose.'"

"A CENTURY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE."

Following close upon the heels of Professor Tyler's "History of American Literature" comes "A Century of American Literature" by H. A. Beers, which forms the hundredth volume of Henry Holt & Co.'s "Leisure Hour" series. Mr. Beers begins where Professor Tyler leaves off and gives a series of selections from some forty or fifty authors no longer living, illustrative of the growth of American literature from 1776 to 1876. The design of the volume is to represent only polite literature in the narrow sense—poetry, fiction, humor, satire and sketches of life and character. In the introduction he gives a *résumé* of the colonial period, elaborated in Professor Tyler's book. In speaking of the Puritans he says that their "witch killings, Quaker ear slittings and suppressing of Maypoles" have "become picturesque at this distance of time, and the tough Puritan stock has put forth a late blossom in the genius of Hawthorne." This is a new way of looking at the question. The century of American literature begins in this volume with Philip French, who was born in New York in 1752, and ends with Robert Kelley Weeks, born in the same city in 1840, who died at Harlem in 1876. The range of the book is somewhat limited, but it is good as far as it goes and is an excellent continuation of earlier works on the same subject.

"JEAN TETEROL'S IDEA."

D. Appleton & Co. publish, in their collection of foreign authors, "Jean Têterol's Idea," by Victor Cherbuliez. This author may be said to be a purist among the French writers of fiction. His "Samuel Brohl & Co.," his "Romance of An Honest Woman," had not a smirch of the conventional immorality of his contemporaries, and his latest effort is equally free from taint. Like his "Samuel Brohl & Co.," it is a psychological study, whose purpose is to depict the growth and consequences of an idea implanted in the brain of a strong-willed boy, and developed to its consummation through an entire lifetime. Jean Têterol, a foundling, by his independence and reserve draws upon himself the displeasure of his benefactor and employer, the Baron de Saligneux. They have a dispute, which ends in the kicking of the boy Têterol by the Baron, and, in a passion of rage and mortification, the boy goes out into the world, determined to seek his fortune, in order that he may return and humiliate his persecutor, the Baron. He succeeds beyond his most sanguine expectations, marries and becomes a millionnaire. His wife dies, leaving him a son, whom he educates as a gentleman. At the age of fifty-two he decides that his idea has waited long enough, and he returns to his native place to wreak his revenge upon the Baron. The latter he finds is dead, but accepts the new Baron, his son, as his representative. He gradually weaves his vindictive meshes about the nobleman, and succeeds in buying up half of the baronial estate. He builds a great stone house that completely obstructs all view from the castle, and after torturing the new Baron for a year or two, finally secures the castle itself. He then compels the Baron to sign an agreement of marriage between young Têterol and the Baron's only daughter. The couple, who are both proud and high spirited, refuse to carry out the compact, and Jean Têterol, in a tempest of rage, drives his son from his door. He is seized with a severe illness but recovers, and is about to marry, to vex his son; but the Baron's daughter, who really loves young Têterol, having fallen heiress to a deceased uncle's property, seeks out the proud young man. An explanation takes place with the happiest results. The couple go to Jean Têterol on the eve of his marriage, but not too late, and he resigns his idea finally, to give them his benediction.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

"To My Lady and Other Poems," by Pakenham Beatty (Provost & Co., London), is a neat little volume of fugitive verses which seem to be all attuned to a minor key and breathe only doleful thoughts. In a few of the selections the influence of Tennyson on the poet's muse is very strongly marked, but sighs, complaints, weary yearnings and abundant weeping form the burden of her song. Even the fragments from "The Two Queens," an unfinished history of Mary Tudor and Lady Jane Grey, represent these noble ladies as faithful exponents of human woe, and Victor Hugo is apostrophized in the most plaintive accents. A perusal of this little volume is not calculated to benefit one suffering from depression of spirits and melancholia.

"Poems," by Sarah Helen Whitman (Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston). The true spirit of poetry is found here, and the writer's soul seems like an Æolian harp whose strings murmur the most delicate and beautiful thoughts, the inspired utterances of a pure and noble woman. Mrs. Whitman's life, although a secluded one during the seventy-five years that formed its span, was not without its romance. Betrothed to Edgar Allan Poe in 1848, a few months before his death, the engagement was broken on the eve of marriage by the interference of friends. At that period she had been fifteen years a widow. Her devotion to the memory of the gifted but ill fated poet is shown in this volume in some of her most touching and passionate verses. The spirit of poetry shone with undiminished lustre in her soul until the close of her long life, as her last tribute to her beloved sister, "In Memoriam," written last April, a short time before her own death, exhibits all the tenderness, delicacy and freshness of her early poems. In her descriptions of nature Mrs. Whitman shows not only the careful student and keen observer, but breathes into them life and warmth almost Oriental and seldom attained by any other American poet. The translations from the French and German literature—notably from the works of Victor Hugo, Uhland and Bürger—retain with astonishing fidelity the best and most characteristic features of the great originals. There is so much of the artificial and abstruse in the poetry of the present day that it is a positive surprise as well as pleasure to take up this little collection of thoughts that come undefiled from the well spring of nature. Mrs. Whitman left the materials for a complete volume of her prose writings and correspondence, largely autobiographical, to be published hereafter. One of her most noted works of this kind excited much attention and admiration when it appeared some years ago. It was a defence of the memory of the poet who won her heart, and was entitled, "Edgar Poe and His Critics."

The admirers of Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose numbers are daily increasing, will welcome with pleasure Mr. John Addington Symonds' life of that great and gifted poet published in Harpers' series of "English Men of Letters." A poet himself, Mr. Symonds enters upon his work with a sympathetic pen, and, although he gives us no new facts in regard to Shelley, he gives a lucid narrative, interspersed with intelligent criticism. There are one or two errors of dates in the book, but on the whole it is generally correct in its statements. In the matter of his separation from Harriet Mr. Symonds believes that the time will come when the poet's course will be vindicated. He says, however, "that Shelley must bear the responsibility of this separation seems quite clear."

One of the gift books of the season is Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The School Boy," dedicated to the students of Phillips Academy, at Andover, Mass., read at the centennial celebration of that institution and now published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., with numerous illustrations. The draughtsmen, whose work is good, but of a not very important character, are D. C. Hitchcock, J. Appleton Brown, F. T. Merrill, W. L. Sheppard and A. R. Waud.

In continuation of the series edited by William J. Rolfe the Harper Brothers have just published Shakespeare's comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing," with illustrations. The frontispiece is an excellent cut of Ward's statue of Shakespeare.

"Drift Weed," by Celia Thaxter, is a collection of this lady's sweet, graceful and exquisitely finished poems, most of which have appeared in the magazines. Houghton, Osgood & Co., publishers, Cambridge.

The same firm have just issued, in continuation of their series of "Artist Biography," one of Sir Edwin Landseer, which is a readable, well digested story of the life and works of that great animal painter. The list of the artist's works, with the dates of their execution and the names of their present owners, will be found useful.

"Personal Reminiscences," by R. B. Forbes, of Boston (Little, Brown & Co.), is a book sent out by the writer, a well known merchant of the modern Athens, "in the hope and expectation," as the author writes in his preface, "that it will be the means of inducing some of those youths who have an aptitude for a sailor's life to make seamanship their profession, and in the belief that it can do no harm." The interest of this volume, so far as it possesses any for the general public, is in the accounts it gives of the shipping trade in the bygone generation of supercargoes. The style is somewhat garrulous.

To Appleton's Handy Volume Series "English Literature," by T. Arnold, has just been added. The brochure garners much that is interesting of the progress of English literature from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and covers the notable features from A. D. 596 to 1836. It is a useful book for the young student of literature.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

M. Henri Gay, colonel of cavalry in the French army, has written an interesting book in the French tongue, entitled "Observations on the Instincts of Man and the Intelligence of Animals; or, The Souvenir of Voyages." Sandoz & Fitchbacher, of Paris, are the publishers.

"Old Actors" will be the subject of an early volume from the press of Henry Holt & Co.

T. W. Higginson is writing the review of "Moses Coit Tyler's American Literature" for the *Nation*. An English edition of the work is in press.

There exists an album which contains an autographic entry of John Milton in the library of the Swiss village of St. Gall.

"Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period" is announced in London.

"Die Geschwister," a new novel by Gustav Freitag, is in course of publication.

Havi Szemle is the name of a new monthly periodical in Hungarian, modelled after the *Révue des Deux Mondes*.

"Stories from Virgil," by Rev. Alfred J. Church; "Modern England," by Oscar Browning, and "A Dark Entrance," by Mary Cecil Hay, are the latest additions to the Harper's "Half Hour" series.

The *Bankers' Magazine* office will reprint "Economics for Beginners," by Henry D. Macleod, author of what is reputed to be the best book on banking.

Harper & Brothers have in press, "Cyprus: Its History, Present Resources and Future Prospects," by R. Hamilton Lang.

Six thousand copies of the Rev. Phillips Brooks' new volume of sermons have been printed.

A new translation of Homer's "Odyssey," by Andrew Lang and S. H. Butcher, is in the press of Macmillan, to appear at Christmas.

Mrs. Oliphant's book on "Dress" will shortly appear in the Art at Home series.

S. W. Partridge & Co., of London, have printed a new book on "Coffee Houses, Cocoa Houses and Coffee Palaces, their Rise, Progress and Prospects," by E. H. Hall.

Minister Bayard Taylor's "Life of Goethe," so long on the anvil, is now near publication, and will contain material gathered about Weimar heretofore unpublished.

Dr. F. Ratzel has published the first instalment of a "Geography of the United States," at Munich, in 650 pages octavo. The book is done with true German thoroughness.

The London *Publishers' Circular* says there is a revival af activity in the publishing houses of that city.

A new life of Dean Hook (including his letters) by that capable biographical writer, W. R. W. Stevens, is in press in London.

Bentley's London press will shortly issue Balzac's correspondence, two volumes, "Old Paris and Its Literary Salons," by Lady Jackson, and the second volume of Max Ducker's "History of Antiquity."

J. H. Burton, the distinguished historian of Scotland, has in Blackwood's press a "History of the British Empire During the Reign of Queen Anne," in three volumes.

A new history of the English Army, including its present condition and prospects, by Major A. Griffiths, is in Cassell's press.

A new translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," from the original Arabic, has been undertaken by Mr.