

Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING DEC. 19, 1882.

Expenses of the Senate.

The Democratic members of the next State Senate are not likely to be responsible for the organization of that body. The combined Republican factions constitute a majority of it and show no disposition as yet to divide over the matter of selecting officers. None the less the Democrats have a rare chance to put themselves and the Independents on the record with regard to some vicious practices which have long prevailed in the Senate, and which were emphatically condemned by the people in the late elections. It needs no demonstration to prove that if the Independents lent their votes to the retention of the Cochran and Delaneys, who have in times past officiated in the Senate, they approve their practices and become responsible for their continuance.

It has been from time to time pointed out in these columns what waste and fraud attach to the service of the House, by the employment of supernumeraries and the mysterious dispensation of "contingent" and "extra" funds. But, if possible, it is worse in the State Senate, where for fifty members are required nearly as many officers, and, in some instances, larger contingents than for the House with over four times as many members. According to the report of the auditor general for the past year, the expenses of the State on account of the Senate were \$11,526.01, and for the year before \$11,119.65, making a total of \$158,645.06 for a single session of the Senate. As previously noted Auditor General Leason does not set forth in detail in his reports where the money goes and how the contingents and the pay for the minor officials are distributed around. Of the \$14,528.01 paid out during the past year some \$25,999 was owing to members on account of their salaries—the remainder must have gone to the minor officers and the multitude of mysterious payments covered by contingents. Of the \$11,119.65 paid out for the previous year there was allowed \$8,792.20 for clerks and assistants; \$1,277.70 for speaker's clerk; \$8,773 for door keepers, sergeant-at-arms, etc.; \$6,811.70 for posters and folders; \$2,910.60 for janitors; \$3,136 for pages; \$2,654.20 for firemen; \$1,283 for postmasters; \$1,365.50 for engineers. The irrepressible Delaney doubles up beautifully, drawing \$1,283 for "services as librarian" and \$1,200 additional for services during the recess, ending December 31, 1881. The impudence of this rogue is illustrated by the fact that though an officer of the Senate he takes double pay, charging one salary for his services "during the session" and an almost equal amount for his services during the recess. For the year 1880, in which there was no session of the Senate at all, the scamp drew \$1,500 "salary," while in the succeeding year, when there was a session, beside \$2,483 for services, he drew \$2,643 for postage and other alleged expenditures.

In 1881 when the Senate expenses ran up to \$11,119.65, being about two-thirds of the cost of the session, Chief Clerk Cochran drew \$7,500 for "contingent expenses" of the session, \$300 during the recess, \$300 for indexing the journal and \$25 for taking care of the electric clock. There are \$1,185 paid to D. K. Burkholder and Jno. H. Leonard, of this city, for "forwarding documents to senators."

To get a proper idea of what details make up these vast expenditures we need to turn back to Auditor General Schell's report of 1879, wherein they are more fully accounted for, and as the expenses of the two sessions, 1879-'80 and 1880-'81, aggregate nearly the same, it is a fair inference that they were on the same scale in their parts. In 1879 the pay of the fifty senators, mileage, stationery and postage allowance amounted to \$81,565.40, but, besides Librarian Delaney, referred to before, the chief clerk got \$8,882.21, a journal clerk \$2,315, reading clerk \$2,339.80, two transcribing clerks \$1,233 and \$1,270, message clerk \$1,510, speaker's clerk \$1,208, sergeant-at-arms \$1,229 and two assistants each the same; postmaster \$1,229, two messengers \$927 and \$956, three doorkeepers \$633.90, \$976 and \$923.80; seven postmen and folders about \$90 each, three janitors about the same, two firemen, an engineer and two watchmen from \$925 to \$950 each, a chaplain \$425 and ten pages \$302 per session. The Senate, with fifty members, had within one of as many clerks as the House with two hundred members, and about two-thirds as many attaches, though having only one-fourth the members.

Any reasonable man knows that the entire pasting and folding and forwarding of documents at Harrisburg, which have afforded places for about 25 men and cost the State some \$30,000, can be done by contract, for, at the most, \$5,000; one postmaster would suffice for both Houses; the clerical force can be reduced one-third; the pages one-half; the "firemen" whose duty it is to lay hickory logs on the ornamental fireplaces can be entirely dispensed with; two engineers can run the heating apparatus of the whole Capitol, and the force of sergeants-at-arms and door keepers can be cut down fully one-half. The Democrats can lay down a programme for the efficient officering of both Houses and provide ample salaries, which will save from \$50,000 to \$60,000, improve political morals and not cripple the public service in the slightest.

Of the \$7,478.10 contingent fund drawn by Cochran in 1879—when there were three janitors for the Senate—we find that there was paid out \$2,472.25 alone for "cleaning Senate chamber and committee rooms." This would pay fifty women 50 cents each for 100 nights' work, at the rates allowed in this report. As the Senate has three janitors, and the chamber is not as big as our court room, will anybody believe that fifty scrub women are necessary to clean it and the committee rooms every night of a senatorial session? And this is a sample of the whole system!

The New York World, owned by Jay Gould, who owns the Western Union

telegraph company, delightedly prints in its financial article the opinion of the Philadelphia Record that the attorney general of Pennsylvania's effort to cause the Western Union company to obey the State constitution will be little better than a farce until the Legislature enacts a penalty for its offense. But Mr. Gould knows better than to place any reliance upon the Record's opinion of the law, which is a very poor opinion, indeed. It will do well enough to pretend that it is a sound opinion, while the Western Union shares are being disposed of. Mr. Gould has been for a long time trying to evade the load of inflated stock which he is unlucky enough to have on hand; but his success has not been great. The intrinsic value of Western Union stock is so manifestly below its quoted value as to make it unsealable. And as all who purchase it hereafter do it with full notice that it will be confiscated in Pennsylvania by the State, the number of those who want it is not likely to be very great.

The supreme court of the United States has affirmed the constitutionality of the act of Congress which forbids all executive officers, who are not appointed by the president and confirmed by the Senate, to collect political contributions from other officers of the government. Newton M. Curtis, a special agent of the treasury, was convicted of this offense, and the supreme court affirms the legality of the conviction. The law does not seem to be of much consequence. Only a portion of the United States officials come under its prohibition, and it would not amount to much more if all of them did. The only difference would be that the political assessment would be made in the name of some one who was not an officer of the government, with the moral support of an officer who would make a refusal to contribute dangerous; just as it ought to be dangerous so long as party officers are held to be the spoils of party victory. Men who do not contribute to the expenses of the election which is to save them their berths ought to be hoisted out of them unceremoniously.

The useless "firemen" on the State Capitol hill must be "fired."

In the auditor general's report of 1880 Chief Clerk Cochran is set down as being paid \$1,000 for "taking care of a state property in 1880." Quo warranto?

The House of Representatives never showed its fear of adverse public criticism more plainly than it did yesterday, when by a vote of 123 to 105 it refused to pass a resolution for adjournment over the holidays.

GOVERNOR HOYT has issued a proclamation announcing a net reduction of the State debt during the past year of \$915,184.77. The constitution requires that \$250,000 of the State revenues at least be applied to the extinguishment of the debt, but this sum has been for more than quadrupled, taking the average, for years.

GOING the rounds of the press is an account of a man in Troy, N. Y., who is now serving out a sentence in jail for passing a counterfeit dollar, which was afterwards found to be genuine. This is no stranger than a fact that occurred in this county a short time ago. A man named Chambers served a term in jail for forgery, when he could neither read nor write.

The Hazleton Plain Speaker has changed from an evening to a morning paper and reduced its price to one cent. We wish the new venture success. The editor, after dwelling upon the annoyance suffered by people who attend the theatre on account of the going-out-between-the-acts young man, adds in desperation: "If you do go out, for heaven's sake, don't bang the door!"

CRIME AND DISASTER.

WEARY WAY OF THE WICKED WORLD.

Some Calamitous Events of a Day—Knocked Down in the Street With a Sand-Bag and Stood.

William H. Orr, a clerk at N. K. Fairbank & Co.'s large refinery 349 North Main street, St. Louis, while carrying a package containing \$1,800 from their office to his manufactory, a distance of but half a block, for the purpose of paying off the hands, was suddenly seized by three men. Before he could divine their intentions he was hit on the head with a sand-bag and knocked down. When he regained his feet the three men disappeared, taking the money with them. The culprits have not been caught, and it is not at all likely they will be. Orr does not think he could identify them.

A Husband Seeking Revenge.

While George Hardiman, a real estate dealer of Utica, N. Y., and an ex-convict of the Utica insane asylum, was waiting in the railroad depot there he met with Mr. Wright B. Warner, of Rome, for whom he has apparently been searching some time. Warner endeavored to elude his pursuer by running to the rear of Hogg's hotel opposite. Hardiman followed him, however, and drawing a revolver fired several shots, hitting Warner twice in the right leg, though not seriously wounding him. Hardiman alleges that an improper intimacy has existed between his wife and Warner for some time past, and that his incarceration in the asylum was the result of the trouble which has been caused by the same. His allegations are denied by both his wife and Warner, but it is said that proof he says can be substituted by writ. Civil trials are now under way.

A CINCINNATI BOLLER CRASH.

One Man Killed, Two Seriously Wounded.

By the explosion of a boiler at the Globe rolling mills, on the river bank at the foot of Park street, Cincinnati, one man was killed outright, two others wounded beyond recovery, and sixteen badly wounded. The boiler, which was in the process of being repaired, suddenly burst with a loud report, and tearing through the web of machinery above it crashed into the iron roof of the mill. Just beyond the point where it made its exit into the open air was a wooden trestle used for a track for the coal car bringing fuel to the furnaces. It is built of great wooden beams, and is apparently strong enough to support a rail road train, yet, at the point where it was struck, it crushed it away as if it had been glass. On it at the time were three men shoveling a car. These were thrown to the ground or hit by the flying fragments, falling worse than anyone else. Going on the boiler called the attention of the men to the explosion, and they were thrown from the river. Here it hit the side of the coal float belonging to the mills, crushing the thick wooden side to splinters, and completely wrecking the tool house on the boat. All of the men employed at the immediate vicinity of the boiler were more or less, while the men who had been thrown from the trestle were lying unconscious under the splintered beams and scattered coal.

BLOWS BY POWDER.

Three Men Killed Just Before Getting Work.

A terrific explosion occurred at Ladlin & Rao's powder works in Sugar, five miles from Paterson, N. J. The corning mill, in which powder was separated into grains and a press in which it was pressed into cakes were damaged. The explosion was of great light material, and the loss to property is not heavy. Three workmen were instantly killed, the bodies being shockingly mangled. Their names were Bryan Haney, Henry Keil, (a recent emigrant, who had just been in the States), White, an old hand at the works, who leaves a wife and children. The men were just about to quit work. The buildings for miles around were shaken, and not a pane of glass was left whole in the vicinity. An explosion of this kind in these works in 1877, when one man was killed, and another in 1880, when two men were killed.

FATAL RAILROAD COLLISION.

Several Lives Lost, Including Kralitz's Work.

The east-bound passenger express train on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis road collided with the limited express on a high curve near King's station, 30 miles from Cincinnati. Engineer Peter Peters, of the east-bound train, with his head cut entirely off. Postal Clerk W. Wharton, living in Urbana, was also instantly killed. W. H. Hlawer, H. Hollingshead, Harry Madison and A. C. Goble, postal clerks, were seriously injured. The train was running at from forty to forty-five miles an hour. The engines were interlocked and the postal cars piled upon them.

Poisoned by Trichina in Pork.

The people of Greese, Howard county, Iowa, are excited over a case of trichina, a German, from trichinosis, caused by eating diseased pork. His wife, three children and Betty Gerhard, a girl stopping with the family, were all sick last week from the same cause. Next died 21 days after eating the meat. He is now uncertain of the recovery of the children—two boys, 11 and 2 years old respectively, and a girl, aged 8 years. Mrs. Nast is thought, too, may recover, but there is little or no hope of the recovery of Betty Gerhard.

DIPSOMANIA.

DRUNKENNESS NOT A DISEASE.

The Subject Sensitively and Jeopardy Treated by a Convalescent—His Eclogues the Following Blow.

"'Tis but the fool who loves excess. Hast thou a drunken soul, The best is in thy shallow skull, 'Not in thy brain now!'"

Let me approach the subject before me in the manner you will all expect—Christians dinners next week, with light hearts and good digestion; only a pleasant foaming with Amontillado, a suspicion of soup and a glance and a taste of the decorated salmon, then a business-like slashing right and left the seats of the feast. Will you through the turkey wings and legs dip into ladies' laps and the cranberry sauce pales as it passes redder lips? What though an adroit twist of the carver's wrist sends the gravy flying over several of the holiday clothes? Because George William Curtis is a poet and Senator George Hoar jangled shall there be no more cakes and ale? Go! Ode to a punch bowl! Well, I should smile—at least I should if it were nearer the twenty-fifth. But what does not a lot of us owe to a punch bowl? Headaches, blisters, lost games and umbrellas, "soaked" watches, soiled clothes and government places. It will be noticed by the analytical reader, and those of the Republic are analytical, that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his last issue of the splendid silver bowl presented by his friends on one of the good (and hearty, honest, healthy-tongued, "not high toned") old poet's birthdays, said the fools loved excess. Just so! Only a fool could love excess. It's the pleasure starting in, the transition from bile to bubbling good humor, the quickening of the faculties, the flash of repartee and rattle of retort, the forgetfulness of debts, and corns, and Potomac flats, and the prevalent biped flat that is the pleasure of the punch bowl, the social circle. But, for the sake of the good (and hearty, honest, healthy-tongued, "not high toned") old poet's birthdays, said the fools loved excess. Just so! Only a fool could love excess. 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