The Somerset Herald

WEDNESDAY . . . January 9, 1878.

THE Western people are much rejoiced over the fact that the present cold snap has restored them their roads. For the last few weeks they have been travelling over a pathless sea of mud.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding at the White House on New Year eve. The Washington correspondents have filled the papers of the country with multitudinous columns of gush over the affair.

THE Democratic Legislatures of Ohio and Kentucky elect U. S. Senators this week, and the preliminary fight among the candidates and their friends, is progressing at a lively rate. Meantime Republican members in both bodies look on as unconcernedly as the fellow on the rafters did at the struggle between his wife and the bear.

HAMPTON and Butler having no present work for the "rifle clubs" of South Carolina, those purely Democratic organizations are about ready to regulate National affairs. Last week one of them consisting of two hundred men fully armed with the latest pattern of government breech-loaders, surrounded a small party of U. S. Revenue officers, who had captured and were taking to prison a violater of the law, and compelled them to release their prisoner.

HENRY WARD BEECHER and a number of other progressive Christians have lately avowed their unbelief in future endless punishment, whereat many gay and festive sinners have felt much comforted, but the Ministerial Union of Philadelphia the other day issued a counter-blast in behalf of the good old orthodox doctrine, as follows:

Resolved.—That we put on record, as the sense of this body, that the old orthodox doctrine of future and endless punishment of the finally impenitent is firmly held by all Evangelical churches of this day within our limits.

THE gossip from Washington announces that when Congress re-convenes on the 10th the President will again send to the Senate the appointments of the rejected New York officials, and that the Democratic Senators will vote solidly to sustain the President. If this proves correct, they will, with the aid of one or two Republicans, be confirmed, and much bad blood will be stirred up, eventuating in a probable break in Republican lines and a hot contest between the President and a majority of the Senators of the party that elected him. We trust that in this matter the gossips are badly mistaken.

Senator NEWMEYER of Pittsburgh has introduced a resolution in the Senate looking to an amendment of the Constitution providing for a reduction of the members of the Senate from 50 to 23, and of the House from 200 to 100. When the present Constitution was pending before the people, we strongly opposed the increase of the members of the Legislature as useless, cumbrous and burdensome to the tax payers. Experience has shown that no practical benefit has been derived from the change, but that legislation has been retarded by it, and we are glad to see a move looking to a return to the old number.

ACCORDING to the report of Superintendant Wickersham, the estimated value of School property in this State is $25,460,761.75.

The whole number of schools in the State is 17,783, teachers 20,652, scholars 907,412, cost of tuition $4,817,563.25, cost of fuel and contingencies $2,389,237.54, cost of new buildings $1,735,148 87, total expenditures $8,483,379 44; average monthly salary of male teachers $36 34, female $28 90; average school term in months 6.77; cost of tuition per month for each pupil 88 cents.

The re-election of a Republican member of the Legislature from Sumpter county, South Carolina, who was turned out by the Democratic majority in the House, because he refused to say he was sorry for voting for the Republican candidates, has so thoroughly disgusted the rifle-club democracy, that they talk of a convention to remodel the Constitution in such a way as to prevent the negro vote from inflicting any further such indignities upon Democratic sensibilities.

HON. WM. E. CHANDLER, a member of the National Republican Committee from New Hampshire, has published an open letter to the Republicans of that State, sharply attacking the President's Southern policy as the fruits of a bargain made with leading Democrats during the struggle over the count of the Electoral votes, and denouncing the abandonment of South Carolina and Louisiana to the Democratic conspirators, as a betrayal of the Republican party that made him President. It is thought that the gravity of the charges made by Mr. CHANDLER will lead to an investigation, and the scandal-mongers are a tip-toe with glee in anticipation of unsavory developments.

MUCH of our space in this issue is given up to the admirable message of Governor HARTRANFT.

It is devoted entirely to State affairs, and will commend itself to every reflecting citizen of the Commonwealth. We are compelled to omit the array of figures and tables showing the financial affairs of the State in detail, but our brief condensation sufficiently exhibits their healthy condition. A large portion of the message is devoted to a simple but compendious narrative of the July riots, and the facts are set forth in such a way as to impress the reader with their truth, while vividly [illegible] of the outbreak. The Executive view of the causes and results of the "strike" should attract the careful study and attention of our legislators, and they should address themselves to the prevention of recurring scenes. The conduct of the local civil authorities is somewhat sharply, but plainly and justly criticised and the censured conduct of the military is justified and commended. This portion of the message will attract much attention both at home and abroad, and will doubtless receive the merited commendation it deserves for its masterly and comprehensive discussion. Subjects of lesser importance are then dealt with, and a concluding appeal is made to the Legislature to give Pennsylvania a strong, just government which can protect the good citizen in all his rights, and open to the ignorant, the prejudiced and even the criminal, the way to refinement and self supporting industry.

The entire document is a model state paper, and no right thinking citizen can arise from the perusal of it, without feeling proud of the Keystone's present able and efficient Governor.

From the Boston Traveller.

The Mexican Warriors.

The persons who want a war with Mexico are the Wall street speculators and the ex-Confederates who can't find any more stalwart Republicans in the South to conquer.

From the New York Times.

What the Democrats Desire.

The Democracy yearns to hold the President in a close embrace just long enough to pick his coat-tail pockets.

From the Augusta (Me) Journal.

The Coming Question.

If the Democrats obtain control of the National Government the question of paying pensions to the rebel soldiers will have to be met. There will be no escaping it. It is silently working its way to the front already.

From the New York Tribune.

Why the Bloody Shirt?

The Solid South votes steadily for repudiation, and charges every person who calls attention to the fact with shaking the bloody shirt. Why "bloody?" Southern design at present seems to be a black flag.

The President's Approved Friends.

From the New Orleans Times.

When the bitterest fight which was ever made against a President occurred a few days ago, upon whom did Mr. Hayes depend? Not upon the old-time leaders nor the Republican Senators. They were all against him. But the only friends he had were the Southern men, led by perhaps the most dashing soldier of the late Confederacy.

The Efforts of Democrats.

From the New York Tribune.

There is a palpable Democratic effort to encourage the President to continue his contest with the Senate. The hint is given out that if he will send in again the same names of the New York offices, the Democrats will vote solidly for confirmation. Even so serene a man as the President must perceive that the old spider's hospitality is too profuse to be genuine.

They would Like the Plunder.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hayes can hold his own easy if he comes down with the spoils. I asked a Democrat to-night, and no novice in political management, if the Democrats would be willing to take Hayes into their confidence with his tainted record if he is read out of the Republican party? "Yes," said he, "we will take him if he gives us the plunder." This is no doubt true.

Result of a Fight.

POTTSTOWN, PA., Jan. 5.—On Wednesday, Dec 26, 1877, four young men were engaged in a game of cards at New Hannover, a small village about seven miles from this place, when two of them got into an altercation and resorted to fisticuffs to settle the matter. Monroe Gresh, a third party, was about to join in the conflict when Henry Maxter, another young man, stepped up and struck Gresh with a twelve pound iron clock weight on the temple bone. Gresh fell to the ground and was supposed to be little injured, but the stroke caused a fatal wound and Gresh died from its effects this morning. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Maxter. Prior to the disturbance the young men were the best of friends, and the death of Gresh has caused quite a sensation in this locality.

How a Mollie Maguire Escaped.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 3.—Clarence Boyle, who was one of the first Mollie Maguires convicted in the State, has escaped from the Eastern Penitentiary here. He concealed himself in an empty hogshead, which was driven out of the Penitentiary yard. His escape was effected on Monday. He was serving out a ten years' sentence, and had about six years to serve.

Battle Between Indians.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 6.—A special from the west says a bloody fight took place some days ago on the south side of the Red river, in the Pan-Handle of Texas, between hunting parties of Cheyenne, Pawnee and Arrapahoe Indians. Thirty Cheyennes and twelve Pawnees are said to have been killed. The loss of the Arrapahoes is not stated. The cause of the fight was the trespass of Pawnees on the hunting grounds of the Cheyennes.

Murder in Chester County.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., January 4.—Upland, a little hamlet in West Malboro township, was the scene of a murder on Wednesday night last, the victim being John Irons and the murderer George Peach, both colored men. The murderer was brought to this place yesterday, and before being placed in jail a reporter had an interview with him. He confesses to the crime and claims whisky to have been the cause. Both men were out until late at night at Mortonville hotel, and on arriving home a dispute arose over a violin, when they clinched and fell to the floor. After some fighting they arose. Irons was about to renew the assault when Peach drew a razor and cut his victim's throat from ear to ear. He died in a very short time. The affair was witnessed by two colored women, Lizzie Halton and Charlotte Taylor, who say that both of them were very drunk and full of fight. Peach is [illegible] about thirty two years of age.

OAKLAND, CAL.

EDITOR HERALD.—Although Oakland has been immortalized by Ross Browne in his inimitable papers for Harper's Magazine, I feel that from my deep love for the charming city, that it is my Oakland, too, and with your kind permission I would like to lift my voice in praise of it, and with my feeble pen paint a bird's eye view of its many beauties, and tell of the renowned terminus of the Central Pacific railroad, the child of San Francisco, which is rapidly out-growing the mother city.

I went to Oakland to live in 1852, with my parents, my father being one of the original four "squatters" and my mother being the first white woman who settled there.

There was but three houses there and from that nucleus in twenty-five years has arisen a city that will in another ten vie with the largest in America. Well do I remember the pretty town when you could get lost in high lupin bushes and other flowering shrubs in going one tenth of the distance that is now built up closely with elegant stores. Well do I remember the squatter riots and well, too, do I understand the true invaders of the great Corporation Steal of the water front and also many other little things too numerous to mention.

But, of these things I do not wish to speak, but only recount the beauties of Oakland, the place where all are charmed and delighted and where travelers always wish to return, and I will speak only of her as she is in summer the glorious season when all is gold, in all California, where grass, hills, rivers, sunset, sky and flowers are all of that rich color indicative of the golden treasures that run in her views.

When you leave San Francisco for this side of the bay, you just see a long, low range of hills, symmetrical and graceful; a long, dark line of oak trees and a long plain as level as a table for miles to the north and south, and a wharf that extends over two miles out into the bay. On one end of this wharf are clustered cars and locomotives without numbers, piles of wheat sacks, as if another Joseph was there, collecting grain for fear of another famine; lumber enough to almost build a city, and ships unloading railroad ties and iron, while others are swallowing down their dusty throats sack after sack of wheat, and busy men bustle to and fro in their hurry, while others sit along the edge of the wharf, with fishing poles in their hands, fish in their baskets and pretty girls by their sides. So you see, one's first view of Oakland from the San Francisco side reveals industry and contentment; but there is one great misery, one hidden grief in the bosoms of all Oaklanders and that is—the Point.

Some twenty three years ago Dr. Ed Gibbons took into his head that a wharf from the western shore, outside the San Antonio creek would certainly move the new born city two miles from its original location, and cause a city to spring up in less time than it took to build Rome; and so he started to build a wharf, and the melancholy remains of that premature venture remains there yet; but now, close to it is the long railroad wharf and the city is rapidly progressing toward that ultimatum—the Point. Not that there is a "point" there, or if there is I have failed to see it—but that name was given it and so it remains, and the people up in Oakland proper fear that much business will eventually settle there and so they feel like being consoled. As I said, there is no point of land there, and until the last six or seven years there were but few dwellings, but now it is closely built up with hotels, dwelling houses and manufactories.

One day some seven years ago an Englishman who had been living in San Francisco for some time came to Oakland intending to look at building lots with a view of settling there. Having never been that side of the bay before, he did not know that Oakland proper was some two miles beyond and got off the train hurriedly, at the "Point". He looked around the desert scrub oaks and lupin bushes where there were no end of signs of "Homestead lots for sale" and concluded that he didn't sigh for a cage in this vast wilderness, this boundless contiguity of shade and finally wandered down to the beach to make a collection of clam shells and got stuck fast in the mud, and after floundering and flopping about there for a while like a stranded "lummox" he got to the shore just as the train came down again. He got on board the baggage car and returned to San Francisco in a state of advanced discontent and said "he wouldn't live in Oakland for anything; that it was a perfect bloody swindle and he'd be blamed if he could see the point, all the passengers "saw it" though, and laughed some.

After leaving the renowned point of interest, the cars roll along through pleasant groves of evergreen oaks and handsome residences—many of them costing over a hundred thousand dollars each—until they reach the Broadway station where most of the passengers disembarked. Broadway is a handsome street one hundred and twenty feet wide, clean, hard, smooth and is some four miles long and more than one mile is built up closely with fine three and four story fire proof stores that will vie with some of the finest in Philadelphia. Then comes a more scattering population for the next three miles, though there are never less than six or seven fine houses on every block of the whole length. From the upper end of Broadway the view is unsurpassed and you have an unobstructed sight of the bay of San Francisco.

The bay of San Francisco is very beautiful, and is studded with tiny islands toward the north, and bounded by gracefully curved shores which are sometimes smooth plains, spreading into the water, and sometimes hills descending abruptly, with rocky shores, but beautiful whichever way it is. To the southward the long peninsula of Alameda, stretches out into the bay, in the vain endavour to meet Hunter's Point on the opposite shore, and the delicately tinted, rosy purple coast line of hills show in the far distance behind Point San Bruno, and dear old San Bruno mountain lifts its bare head to look down on the Pacific ocean on the other side. The town or city of Oakland spreads out over an area of over six miles space, and as every street or block contains more or less evergreen live-oak trees it gives a very charming and refreshing effect. Horse cars and other modern improvements combine to make it not only a convenient but delightfully pleasant place to live, the climate being so perfectly delicious and health-giving. The air is so pure and bracing without being either too hot or too cold, that all love to live in Oakland, and you never hear a murmur about the weather being bad. There, too, flowers of all kinds climb the walls and decorate the gardens summer and winter alike. The most beautiful portion of Oakland though, is around the shores of Lake Merritt or Lake Como, as the aristocratic, traveled portion of the community have it.

It is a mere bay of salt water some four miles in extent which rises and falls with the ebb and flow of the tides, but a good supply of water is kept in by the flood gates and it is ever a delightful drive around the lake. It lies between Oakland and the Brooklyn of the past (which is now incorporated with Oakland) and is spanned by three bridges, and the golden brown cliffs on the Brooklyn or San Antonio side show in such beautiful contrast to the blue water beneath; the grassy crown at the top and the smooth yellow road that leads along, winding in and out the curves of the graceful shore has been made the theme of a study by one of our most renowned painters of the continent. On the northern shore the hills form their highest outlines slope down with their rich, free undulations to the water, luxuriant with grass and flowers to the very bottom, while the western shore is bordered with elegant residences and a delightfully cool fringe of willows that droop into the washing waves of the bay, and with every other beauty, natural or artificial, calculated to please the human eye.

Looking southward the most perfect view of the lake is to be seen, with all the adjuncts necessary to complete a picture of perfection. The two bridges, though not by any means handsome specimens of architectural achievments, receive a misty glamour from the intervening water that makes them seem like marvels, while beyond you can look over Alameda, with her evergreen forests, to the dim, indistinct Coast Range whose tops bristle with red-wood trees, like prickels on a green gooseberry, or the few remaining hairs on an old bachelor's head, worn so by the constant habit of carrying "bricks in his hat."

Oakland is acknowledged to be the centre of scholarship on the Pacific coast, and here are some of the finest schools and colleges in the world, and the finest building for such schools, the State University in particular. Convents, and churches and beautiful buildings glint through the deep green of the trees like flowers from their foliage.

Society is very aristocratic and refined, and it is on the whole a religious community, as a large number of churches are well supported, and no theatre is kept up for the destruction of good morals. A skating rink, however, answers the same purpose. Probably for the population, there is no city in the Union which can count so many almost palatial dwellings, nor such a population in so few years. Much of this is due to the very salubrious, mild climate, together with the natural beauty and facility of access, by which means hundreds of wealthy men have their dwellings in Oakland while earning the money that keeps them up in San Francisco.

Take Oakland all in all, what with her beautiful groves of trees, her wide, level streets, her handsome houses and happy faces, the healthy and merry air of all her inhabitants, and I believe there is no city in the Union which is so favored and pleasing, and besides, is it not the great Termini? Yes, it is there or at the Point that the great Cormorant settled down, looked around and saw that it was good, and so made the termini for his great corporation here. We ought to be thankful, and sing his praises every Sabbath and give thanks with our Matutinal "hash" every day. But whether it is that kindness is so seldom appreciated we don't feel so, for we know that it has never benefited any body half as much as himself, therefore our refrain is "git out of the wilderness."

California Summer would be autumn anywhere else, but with us it is nothing but dust on the trees instead of the glorious crowns of burning colors on the eastern trees at this season, and there is no way totell of the change there except by the fruit that hangs russet on the boughs; great, red apples, magnificent in their proportions, and enormous pears that look like incipient bell squashes, and flaming tokay grapes that are a big mouthful each, sweet, rich and luscious enough to make Pomona proud of her possessions and her pumpkins. Yes, indeed, pumpkins that are big enough in good sooth to shut Peter's wife in without damaging the puff of her bustle.

One day I was riding with a party, and among them was one lady from Boston, and she noticed a field of monstrous pumpkins glistening golden in the sun and with leaves as big as ordinary sized parasols spreading over the ground. "What are those?" said she to the driver. "California Bellflower apples," was the reply. "Goodness me! I have always believed those stories about the fruit here mature. I suppose that it comes from dwarfing the trees, doesn't it."

"I expect so ma'am, you see the trees are no more than mere vines, don't you?"

"Yes, I see. But how in the world do people do to buy apples like that to eat?"

"Oh, they always keep one cut and sell slices. Get up Jake!"

OLIVE HARPER.

A Wronged Husband Shoots Himself on his First Wife's Grave.

WHEELING, January 4.—A singular case of suicide occurred here last night. Henry Doub, a well known citizen of this place, who was once very wealthy, shot himself through the heart. He had been married twice, and had quarrelled with his second wife, who turned him out of the house, and is said to have commenced leading a dissolute life. Late yesterday he showed a revolver to a friend and said he intended to kill himself on his first wife's grave. As he could not be found this morning the friends went out to Mount Calvary Cemetery, and there, upon his wife's grave, covered with snow nearly a foot in depth, his body was found, and beside him lay the revolver with which he had shot himself. This is the third suicide among Germans in this town in three weeks.

Disasters in Collieries.

POTTSVILLE, PA., Jan 6.—The fire in the mines at Summit Hill still burns fiercely. The ground continues to give way, and in addition to the engine house, with its valuable machinery, that went down yesterday, it is now found that the fan house, used for purifying the air in the mines, will soon fall in. Five men working at the burning mines were overcome by the sulphur, but it is thought they will recover. The loss thus far will probably reach $50,000.

The breaker at Ellen Gowan colliery, Lanahan's Patch, near Shenandoah, was destroyed by fire last night. The colliery is a very large one, shipping about 100 car loads of coal daily. The loss is about $75,000, and 400 men and boys are thrown out of work by the fire.

OUR NEW-YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 5, 1878.

ANOTHER HOLOCAUST

Thursday night another horror shocked New York from centre to circumference. At five o'clock, just before the employees had left the place, a boiler exploded at No. 63 Barclay St., in the factory of Green field & Son, the largest manufacturers of confectionery in the world and blew out the entire front of the building. Immediately the whole structure was wrapped in flames, and a scene of the wildest horror ensued. There were over two hundred persons in the building, in the upper stories mostly girls, and, as a matter of course, there was a frightful scene. The fire, as it always does, cut off the means of escape, smoke added its horrors to flame, and a frightful loss of life ensued. The number is not yet known, but it cannot be less than fifty, and the ghastly list may reach a hundred. One man was killed in the street, with his horse, by the wall falling on him, and buildings in the neighborhood were more or less wrecked. Why was this catastrophe? Simple enough. It was not a worn-out boiler, for the force of the explosion demonstrated its strength, but it was in charge of an entirely incompetent person. It was a cheap man who knew nothing whatever of steam, or its management, who had under his control the lives of two hundred persons. From ignorance or neglect, or both, it exploded, and a hundred homes are desolated. It is the old story, repeated over and over again. When such accidents are of daily occurrence, one almost wishes for a monarchy with power to make men sensible.

THE LIQUOR POWER

There is no question that the rum power ruled New York completely. There are eight thousand rum-shops in the city subject to license. The excise board which has the power to grant licenses, commenced eight months ago to take their money but did not issue licenses, giving instead a receipt for their money and directed them to go on selling just the same, as the receipt would protect them. The grand jury was not satisfied with this, for every gin-mill had his receipt and was selling, whether he was a proper person or not, and the police commissioners were directed to arrest everyone not having a license, and shut up his shop. 800 were arrested in one day, and the good work was carried on remorselessly. There was no favor shown. The gilded bars of the big hotels were served exactly as were the cheap bucket-shops in Water street, and there was consternation. Tammany Hall howled. There were several niggers in this wood-pile. In the first place the excise board, which is Tammany, is not compelled to pay over the money collected for licenses till the licenses are granted, and as receipts are not licenses, Tammany had the use of a million of dollars. Secondly, Tammany never intended to collect the money at all. At the end of the year the favored rum sellers would come in and demand their money on the score of not having had a license, so they would get the privilege of selling a year for nothing. Then again Tammany dare not touch the rum interest at all, for it depends upon it to maintain its power. A levy of $25 each produces $200,000, and as each rum-shop can be depended upon for four votes, at least, it keeps an army of 32,000 voters always ready to vote as many times as are needed. Therefore the action of the police board must not be allowed. Unfortunately the Mayor has the power of removal, and Tammany demanded of him their heads. He made a faint show of resistance, but finally yielded, and they must go, unless the Governor interferes, of which there is not much hope. The raid has demonstrated two things. First, that there is no hope of anything like law and order so long as Tammany exists, and, second, that a law regulating the sale of liquor can be enforced in New York, if the authorities are left alone. It is an encouraging fact that while the police board were doing their duty, the arrests for drunkenness were decreased a half, and the brutal crimes growing out of excess in liquor almost entirely ceased. So strict was the surveillance of the police, that for some weeks it was difficult to get a drink anywhere. The doors were closed, and only regulars could get in by the side door. It was a most encouraging experiment, but the action of the Mayor finished it, and the old river of death will roll on as before.

AUCTIONS.

It is occupation and almost diversion enough for one's whole time to attend the auctions of the better class, happening every day and night of the week. The beautiful devices of Japanese wares, the china and bronze cups shaped like a lily or a lotos leaf, or carved with gold and silver figures, mimicing every conceivable shape of frog or lizard, enchant the lady audiences, and gentlemen take the ladies of their families to share in the excitement of a book auction, or autograph sale. Gentlemen about town, with more time and taste than money, occasionally make something in an agreeable way by bidding off for persons at a distance who are very ready to pay commission for the sake of securing a choice piece of bric a brac. The wit of the auctioneer rarely makes a book auction rival a comedy theatre in attraction, as it used in the time of the famous auctioneer, John Keese, who was one of the readiest men in New York at a joke, and of whom a thousand stories are told. Twenty-five cents was bid for a narrative of the battle of Waterloo. "There was no quarter at the battle of Waterloo, my dear sir," cried the auctioneer. Selling a volume of flat Scotch poems, he assured his audience that it was the banks and braes of Bonny Doon,—at all events the braes. He likened a ledger to Austria, because it "was backed and cornered by Russia." Alluding to the leather with which it was finished, and when it was sold to Mr. Owen Phelan, he didn't "know about selling it to a man who was always owin' and failin'." Once, selling gravestones, an Irishman interrupted him with, "are they in English?" Quick as gunpowder the answer came, "Of course they are; do you suppose a man is going to pray in Irish?"

THE VANDERBILT CASE

The Vanderbilt case is still dragging along. The proceedings have been enlivened this week by the presence of Cornelius, Jr. on the stand. He swears in the most direct manner to a conspiracy organized and engineered by his brother William, to destroy the confidence of the old man in him, and to break him down. He swears that William conspired to get him into a lunatic asylum, and to do it, represented to his father that he had forged his name to a cheque, besides other acts of a similar nature. The counsel for William squirmed terribly, and William was much agitated while Cornelius was on the stand, for it was evident to them that there was some foundation at least in the charges made by Scott Lord at the opening of the case, and that the public would be made to believe them. And then they dread what is to follow. If Cornelius can substantiate the fact that William employed a man to personate him in disreputable places, there is no question as to the fate of the will. It will be broken certainly. I hope it may be; for $100,000,000 is too much for one man to hold.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE

The trial of Dr. Lambert, the president of the swindling American Popular Life Insurance Company, is over, and the doctor, thank heaven, was found guilty, and will, doubtless, wear stripes in a few weeks. He will of course move for a new trial and things of that sort, and delay justice a little while, but there is a cell for him at Sing-Sing, sure. This is especially encouraging, for a more rotten concern never was permitted to exist. It was rotten with fraud, honey-combed with perjury and worm eaten with imbecility and mismanagement. It was a sink into which the people's money went, the president and directors each holding his sack at the outlet. It will teach those swindlers a lesson that will be remembered. There are others to follow, and justice cannot get on their tracks too soon.

BUSINESS

is very brisk now, just before the holidays, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue after the festive season is over. The city is very lively. PIETRO.

Defying Revenue Officers.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has received the following letter:

SPARTENSBURG, S. C. DEC 28.

Sir: On yesterday Messrs. Moore, Keane, and Dominick, Special Deputy Collectors, and Wm. Durham, Special Deputy Marshal, went on a tour of inspection through Union County from this place, and to day at the residence of Jasper Gibbs, a trial justice, they arrested a peddler and his driver for selling tobacco improperly stamped, and confiscated the wagon, team, tobacco and stamps. The officers succeeded in handcuffing the prisoners, and returned towards Spartanburg. When they had proceeded about four miles and were at West's store, they came suddenly upon a rifle company, who were armed with Winchesters and pistols and were partly mounted. There were about 200 men in this company, and about twenty-five of them were uniformed. They shouted: "Release them, release them," and surrounded the United States officers, and a long wrangle ensued, in which the officers endeavored to retain their prisoners and captured property, but were compelled by threats and other demonstrations to remove the handcuffs and release the prisoners, property and stamps. Jasper Gibbs, the trial justice, and B. A. Gregory, his constable, and the captain of the company, seemed to be the principal persons in authority, and they demanded the release and restoration of the property and prisoners. Gregory, by direction of Gibbs, searched the wagon of the revenue officers for whiskey, and threatened to send them to jail. It was only by the total surrender of the revenue officers that bloodshed was averted. There is not force here sufficient to affect the arrest of persons concerned in this outrage, and I respectfully suggest that measures be taken to muster a force for the purpose. The offenders are persons of means and influence, and, I have no doubt, will make a determined resistance to arrest, backed as they are by a community hostile to the revenue laws of the United States. Respectfully

G. P. KIRKLAND,
Deputy Collector.

OUR HARRISBURG LETTER.

HARRISBURG Jan 5, 1878.

Pursuant to the resolution adopted at the close of the last session the Pennsylvania Legislature met in adjourned annual session at 12 o'clock M on January 1, as there were no new officers to elect or employees to appoint there was but little preliminary caucussing and a notable absence of the excitement, bustle and confusion which usually attend the organization of this body. The only change of officers was in the Senate where Hon. T. V. Cooper takes the place of Senator Newmyer as President *pro tem*. A long session is predicted on account of the bill for the Government of the cities of the State, a draft of which has been submitted to the Legislature by the Municipal Commission. If the usual routine business of the session should occupy more than 100 days, the usual length of a session, an effort will probably be made to have the Governor call an extra session to consider the above bill, to commence the day after the regular session expires. This plan would insure the pay of members, the new constitution providing that members of the Legislature shall receive no pay for services rendered after 100 days of a regular session have expired unless called together again in regular session.

The terms of all the members of the House and one half the members of the Senate expiring in December next, various schemes to deplete the treasury of the State may be confidently expected. J. Murray Moorehead is already on hand with his ubiquitous claim and button holing members in the cent room and lobby. He says he is an honest man who has been shamefully defrauded. Perhaps he is.

The scheme to make the State pay for the damage done by the rioters in Pittsburg during the great railroad strike last summer will be pushed vigorously. The Allegheny delegation had a conference the other night to compare notes and plan the campaign. No one questions the fact that the county of Allegheny is legally responsible in dollars and cents for all the property destroyed during that reign of terror. But then the good people of Allegheny would much prefer to saddle the bill upon the broad shoulders of the State, and if they can only get enough Honorable Senators and Representatives to look at the matter through Pittsburg smoke-glasses specimens your readers will have a chance to contribute their quota toward liquidating the damages. That portion of the Governor's Message which refers to the riots does not seem to please the gentlemen from Allegheny. They have an idea that it rather equints against the justice of their claim and the position that they have taken upon the subject.

The question of the order of business seems to be looming up as a disturbing element between the two Houses. When the Legislature adjourned last March it left as unfinished business between two and three hundred bills upon the calendar in various stages of progress, the understanding then being that when the Legislature met this winter they were to take up the business of the session just where it was left off—as if they had only adjourned over for a day. It was discovered, however, by some of the city members that this plan would interfere with the early consideration of some pet measures which had been hatched in the interim and a strong combined effort of all parties interested is being made to have all the old bills thrown into the waste paper basket and begin legislation anew—to consider no bills upon the old calendar unless reintroduced, thus giving them a chance to place their new bills first upon the new calendar. In the Senate the scheme was successful, but in the House the country members rallied under the lead of Jackson of Mercer, James, Spangler and others and decided to take up the old calendar and dispose of the unfinished business of last session by a vote of 110 to 71. The Senate seems disposed to be obstinate about the matter and the House shows no sign of yielding. What the upshot will be, time only can tell.

The friends of a free pipe line for the transportation of oil seems encouraged to think that they can obtain the necessary Legislation during the present session. The indications appear favorable but they have powerful and hitherto potent interests opposed to them and should not be lulled into a false security by anticipations of an easy victory.

The local optionists have not yet appeared upon the field but are understood to be mustering their forces preparatory to another grand raid upon the capital.

Stirring events are expected in our Legislative halls this winter and I will keep you posted on all that occurs. B.

Accounts of the Fighting at El Paso.

NEW YORK January 1.—A special from San Antonio, Texas, says: "The following is an extract from a private letter from El Paso under date of December 19: The rangers fought nobly until Tuesday when they were sent word that if they would surrender and Howard leave the country they would not hurt him. Lieutenant Tays went with Howard to the Mexican quarters, and while negotiating with them, thinking all was right, a dozen men picked up Howard in their arms and carried him away. While this was going on John A. Kinson, a man who had been with the rangers, who had also been treating with the Mexicans, came and told the rangers to surrender by order of Lieutenant Tays, which they did. They were then disarmed. It turned out afterwards that the alleged order to surrender from Lieutenant Tays was a lie.

"Atkinson, Howard and McBride were put in front of their graves, and nine shots were fired at them. Howard stood perfectly defiant, with his hands in his pockets. Just before Lieutenant Tays went to treat with the Mexicans they sent him word that his quarters were undermined and would be blown up.

"As Howard left the quarters to treat with the Mexicans, he said, "good bye, boys." After the shots were fired Howard was not quite dead, and an old Mexican ran his sword through Howard's body, which afterwards was literally cut to pieces. The Mexicans threw the bodies into holes and covered them with sand.

Loss of the Steamer Atacama.

PANAMA, December 25.—The *Star and Herald* has a letter from Lima, giving the particulars of the loss of the steamer Atacama, which went to pieces on a rock known as Quiebra Olas, a short distance south of Calderas, on the Chillian coast, on the night of the 30th. The Captain, all of the officers and many of the crew and passengers were lost. In all it is estimated that one hundred and one persons were drowned and twenty-nine saved. The ship was on a trip from Valparaiso to Callao. She struck at eight p. m., when a majority of the passengers were below, and so instantaneous was the breaking up of the ship that no time was given to gain the deck. The cargo lost was not of great value, and the passengers were mostly Chillians journeying between the ports.

Mr Kennedy, agent for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company at Chanarel, was returning from Valparaiso on his wedding trip. He managed to fasten a life belt on his bride, and threw himself with her into the water, but before they could extricate themselves from the floating debris a spar fell, striking the lady on the neck, causing instant death. The husband afterwards reached the shore, and the body of the bride was washed upon the beach. The bodies of Captain Lambert and of the purser were recovered.

Later information says the passengers numbered fifty four, and the crew seventy, a total of one hundred and twenty-four. It appears the shock burst certain pipes connected with the boiler, and the escape of steam, mixed with cinders, prevented anybody getting on deck to lower the boats, with the aid of which and life buoys all on board might have been saved. The total number saved is thirty.

Explosion.

CHICAGO, Jan 2.—An Inter Ocean special from Marquette, Michigan, says: While a Chicago and Northwestern car was being loaded with nitro glycerine at the Jackson mine, near Negaunee, at ten o'clock this morning, the mass exploded instantly killing seven men and demolishing the car. The locomotive was hurled into the air and thrown fifty feet, and landed a confused heap of wood and iron. Among the killed were S. A. Wheeler and his son Walter and Ira Kenckley, employed at the nitro glycerine works. Kenckley, being superintendent. These three were blown to atoms, no piece larger than two pounds being discoverable. The other four were railroad employees and were in the cab of the engine when the explosion occurred. Their blackened and mangled remains were found with the flesh stripped from their faces and limbs and their bones broken. The people of Ishpeming, three miles away, plainly felt the shock, and some persons in Negaunee are reported seriously injured by the concussion.

Awful Massacre.

LONDON, January 5.—The *Advertiser* learns on reliable authority that official information has been received in St. Petersburg that the Chinese have massacred 15,000 men, women and children at the Kasbgarian town of Manas, committing the most frightful atrocities.

Dead-Lock.

HARRISBURG Jan 3.—The House of Representatives to day unexpectedly decided to consider all the old bills which were left unfinished at the adjournment of 1877.

As the Senate has positively refused to enter upon any legislation unless *de novo*, a dead lock is almost certain upon the meeting of the two bodies next week.

Frozen to Death.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 3.—James Mahan, aged 60 years, was found frozen to death this morning in the road three miles from Antwerp.

Last night was the coldest of the season. The thermometer to day is 14° below zero, and the snow is about one inch deep.

Pennsylvania Honorary Commissioners.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Commissions will be issued to Daniel J. Morrell, as assistant, and George W. Childs, as honorary commissioner, from Pennsylvania to the Paris exposition. Mr. Hayes is now considering whether he can give another honorary post to Pennsylvania; if so he will commission ex-Governor Bigler. The only remaining appointments due to Pennsylvania are two honorary commissioners to be nominated by Gov. Hartranft.

An Insurance President Punished.

NEW YORK Jan. 2.—T. G. Lambert, ex president of the American Popular life insurance company, convicted of swearing to a false annual report, was arraigned this morning in the court of oyer and terminer. He spoke for about two hours and a-half, claiming that he had been hounded down by the press and that the witnesses against him were interested, and he asked for the lightest sentence possible. Judge Brady said the prisoner deserved to be punished, and the court without sympathy or regret sentenced him to five years in the state prison.

Officers Compelled to Release Prisoners.

NEW YORK, January 1.—A Columbia, South Carolina, special says: On the 27th inst., special Deputy marshal William Durham and three subordinates arrested a tobacco peddler named Hall, from North Carolina, and his wagon driver, for having in their posession eight boxes of tobacco improperly stamped, besides several revenue stamps concealed. A local rifle company, over 100 strong, surrounded the revenue squad and compelled the officers to remove the handcuffs from the prisoners and to release them.

Fire in a Coal Mine.

POTTSVILLE, January 4.—Fire was discovered yesterday in No. 4 slope, operated by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre coal company, at Pancher Creek valley. Up to noon to day the fire was still raging and a large amount of coal has already been consumed.

POTTSVILLE, January 4.—During the afternoon an immense quantity of water was turned into the burning mine. The fire continues to spread, as the men are unable to reach it, being kept back by a dense smoke. The latest reports estimate that 300 feet of coal has been ignited, and it is feared that it will be necessary to flood the mine with water.

Work or Bread.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 3.—A large body of unemployed workingmen today marched to the Mayor's office and demanded work or bread, suggesting that they should be set at work on the streets or other public improvements. The Mayor stated his inability to take such action and counselled application, when necessary, to various benevolent organizations. The speech was received in sullen silence. A crowd, to the number of several thousand, then marched to the new city hall lot, where they were addressed by the agitators, Kearney, Walker and others to the effect that our relief must be sought by force of arms, if other means failed.

A Railway Wrecker Sentenced.

NEW YORK Jan 3.—A special from Harrisonburg, Va., says that Eplinger, on trial there for wrecking a Baltimore and Ohio railroad train, whereby two lives were lost, was yesterday found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to eighteen years imprisonment.

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