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THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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TERMS.

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"Poet's Corner."

The Voices of Nature.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

A voice is heard in the winds and waves,
In the sound of the ever rolling sea;
'Tis whispered amid the gloom of graves,
And it speaks from the hill-top loud and free.

'Tis murmuring in every breath of air,
And it pauses not whon the leaves are still;
Where the waters are falling it prattles there,
And it whistles along the heathery hill.

Upon the brow and briery steep,
Where the bramble stirs with the rustling bird;
Down in the green and glassy deep,
Where the coral rustles that voice is heard;
Far it is borne on the summer breeze—
Over sunny meadow and flowery plain;
And then it steals to the glancing trees,
And is lost in their shadowy gloom again.

Hark! its wandering echoes wake,
They are now in the heart of the rifted rock;
Now they lie on the slumbering lake,
Now are at play with the bounding flock;
Not a withering leaf by the wind is stirred,
Not a murmur moves through the bending corn,
So far that summoning voice is heard,
Like the loud clear notes of the bending horn.

Oh! 'tis a voice that comes from heaven,
Borne like a spirit in light along;
Now like the rush of a tempest driven—
Murmuring now in the charm of song.
Hear ye the voice? Then come away
Far from the haunts of ruder men—
Come where the leaves and fountains play,
You may love and be happy then.

Selected Miscellany.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE TEA-ROOM AND MR. ALD. SPOONER.

Is there among our readers from the Aroostook to the Rio Bravo, one who has not heard of the famous "tea-room" of our "city fathers?" That mysterious private restaurant of aldermen, which month after month receives the anathemas of Gothamic tax payers; which is made a tax for homilies upon extravagance and retrenchment, by a few aldermanic reformers with disordered livers; which sustains the first sarcasm of an adventurous reporter; and to which anathematizer, preacher, and sneerer, go at last to drown all other considerations in fragrant Bohea? If there is one such among our subscribers let him forwith discontinue! Verily, he is too far behind the information of the age to remain a capable critic at our feast of fat things, week by week.

Nine out of every ten tax-payers who think on this subject possess most exaggerated ideas of the tea-room. It is to the majority a banquet-hall, redolent with the odors of renowned delicacies—green wheat "deserted" echoing with the agonizing groans of distressed *beaux bouches*, which died honorable deaths upon platters of heartless gold and silver. To them it is a place where aldermen devour all the marketable delicacies which have escaped the *maitres des hotels* throughout the city; in comparison with whose abundance, "the Astor," "the Collamore," and "the Clarendon," have but a "faint smell" of rivalry. A place where aldermen of economical habits pocket Duffield hams in their surtouts; bolt legs of mutton under their cloaks, or carry away gallons of turtle soup—all for family suppers; where cigars disappear by the thousand; where brandies of choicest brands are guzzled like Croton; and where hours of jolly roystering make up for minutes of municipal labor.

Ha! ha!! ha!!!

Deluded nine tax-payers! Imagine the nine tax-payers! Blustering nine taxpayers, pray link your arms one by one after one into the arms of "us," the tenth tax-payer, and we will visit the tea-room upon "Board" night.

Here we go, up the flight of brown steps at the rear of the City Hall, cautiously, slyly, and, perhaps, sheepishly. The hum of lawyers' voices from the various lobies has long since died away. The last bit of stray red tape has been swept off by the broom of "Ricketts" the porter. Law and Justice have gone to rest for the night. Judges, counsel, jurors, witnesses, and idlers, have gone to their several homes to read novels, peruse the news, yawn over the echoes of stale jokes, or hear at neighbors' quarrels, or get fuddled over the last bit of scandal picked up on the back benches of the Common Pleas.

Darkening the circular hall with our shadow for a few feet, we pause before a dingy pink door of a most shabby exterior, which swings beneath a gilded sign which tinsels forth the words "Keeper of the City Hall."

As if the citizens were so chary of the place—long a disgrace to the wants of the city; or as if the edifice were so timorous of good society that citizens and edifice both required a "keeper" to keep it in place!

Opening the door of chrome-pink and shabby exterior, we find ourselves in a deep and narrow room, terminated at one end by a window, and at the other by a closet. Opposite to the place of our entrance is another door which leads into a larger room terminated by two windows, and walled with cases of books papers, maps, and manuscripts. A little table is in the first room, with a dozen chairs—a "retrenchment" carpet covers the floor. In the other room is a long table, much stained, and thirty or forty chairs. An atmosphere of an olla podrida odor is inhaleable. If we pause to analyze, perhaps we will disagree whether fried oysters or stale tobacco is the most prominent component; therefore let it pass. In the first room, upon the table, is a Bible—old in date but *very* new in appearance; and by its side a directory much studied. In the little closet hard by, is a towel and a slop jar, a marble basin, a bar of soap, and a bottle, a breakneck stairs, and a mysterious side door.

But stop, our investigations are interrupted. There is a hurried trampling of leather soles on the marble pavement in the halls without; joking voices, laughing voices, positively merry voices, are heard coming nearer and nearer, until the chrome pink shabby door is pulled and held back for a rush of forty aldermen, half a dozen reporters, and some beggarly outsiders, who have come to play the parts of Lazarus at the table of a Divis corporation. The board has taken a recess! The members spread and scatter through the rooms. Some seize the soap, some clutch the towel, some use the washing stand, some—seize the bottle. The exquisite stands before the glass and brushes his head with a brush which hung in the same place to the same string twenty years before, and which in its infancy christened by the crisping locks of Walter Bowne—Mayor Bowne—has stood the wear and tear of half a thousand aldermen, to this its stiff and wiry old age. Others lounge on chairs and clean their nails! All look as merry as if municipal legislation were as easy to play at as bowling; and as if "toil and trouble" were small items when taxes made the "fire burn and cauldron bubble."

Suddenly the closet is vacated. From the breakneck stairway, and through the mysterious doorway come two or three waiters armed with dishes hot and steaming. Oysters, salads, potatoes, steaks, and poultry by the dozen. Eau de vie and porter. Little else but bread. And this and these for forty aldermen who journey far and work hard, afternoon after afternoon, in patriotic toil and loyal feeling, for half a million constituency.

Grumbling tax-payers, hitherto ignorant-on-this-head tax-payers, ye nine wise tax-payers, what think you of these things? Is this a banquet or a lunch?—Are these *bonnes bouches* or substantial relishes? Why thirty thousand dollars a year will pay the bills, and leave enough to buy another hair brush and a stronger string!

* * * * * * *

We remember very well that when Mr. Alderman Spooner of the ——enth Ward was inaugurated one sunny morning, in smiling May, long years ago, the first official protest which he made from his seat was against the tea-room. As yet he had not seen it, but it was all that fancy painted. This was very self denying in our patriotic friend, for he had never been remarkable for clover pasturages in his family domains. His dinners had been limited in variety at home! And so that washing day gave him cold mutton hashed and ironing pay hashed mutton cold, with intermediary diurnals of roast beef, pork steaks and a mackerel on Friday for the sake of humoring the Catholic cook, he had been contented. For the matter of contentment it was the lesson of his life. Coming to the city from the inhospitable, cold, and cheerless interior part of New Jersey in his twenty second year, his first shilling earned in New York was at shovelling the snow from the walk of a bobbish merchant in Warren street, then the fashionable street of Gotham. As he had thrown the last shovel full of snow from the gutter, the door opened; and out came the merchant for his morning walk.

The steps were slippery and at the first venture of his shining calf-skins, down came the old gentleman into the arms of our friend Spooner, who had hardly expected, when he extended his hand for his shilling to be paid so heavily. He saved a valuable neck and what is more the neck of a politician—which is certainly a feat worth recording—for his position was Chairman of the Ward Committee. A Bucktail too, and the very name had a charm for Spooner!

A service so great must be well rewarded, and the restored stumbler gave Spooner his best wineglass of sherry, and promised him favor; made him a patrolling politician, a challenger, and in due time, procured him an election as constable. Constables in those days were no sticks, though they carried heavy ones; and Constable Spooner in a year's time saved enough to buy himself at another election the office of Ward Collector. The next year he married the daughter of the Sergeant-at-arms of the General Committee. No one wore a smarter coat at the Tammany Hall gatherings. He sometimes got his name upon committees for the presentation of testimonials—an honor which electrified his native county of Sussex, near the after discovered iron mines of which he in due time became owner.

Spooner was evidently born for politics; everybody said so. Even Recorder Riker approved of and smiled at his course when he ran for Alderman of the ——th Ward, and got elected. As a reformer of course! Every new Alderman is a reformer for—two weeks after his inauguration. Our friend Spooner, however, fell from the grace of his party much quicker, and it was before his first experiences at the tea-room were completed.

But we anticipate——

Well: on the first meeting Spooner made a protest against the tea-room. It was received by his fellow members silently but recpectfully. The clerk a most gentlemanly man, whose very pen bowed politely to the Board as it travelled over their proceedings, recorded the protest in his best round text. The lobby members heard it with appropriate satisfaction. Mr. Alderman Doubledoddy of the ——th honored the protest as a most conscientious act, All were satisfied that their brother Spooner had discharged his duty in a firm and honorable manner. In fact he felt relieved after his protest was handed in; it had weighed upon his thoughts for a fortnight, like the confession of a murderer before it is delivered to his reverend adviser,—and (to extend the simile) Alderman Spooner, when the hour of adjournment came, felt as light as the afore-named culprit after a reprieve.

"Capital document that protest, Spooner said one of his colleagues, as they stood up shaking down their trousers in relief after a long sitting as all legislators do!

"A plain practical annunciation of individual policy," said another.

"No use though," cried a third, "warring upon fixed facts is a hard job."

"Besides fixtures belong to the land lord," you know added the wag of the Board, a jolly old lawyer from a silk-stocking district.

Spooner said nothing, but he stroked his chin with a feeling of pleasure, and as he went down the stairs fancied that the eye of every bystander—an army of job seekers, contract hunters, and the like, who always hang about the Hall on Board nights—was fixed only upon him.

"Well, Spooner, you'll join us nevertheless, won't you?" said Mr. Alderman Doubledoddy, as they stood in the wide hall by the door of the then "tea-room."

"Oh, certainly; you've done your duty; when at Rome do as the——"

"Rum'uns do," broke in the waggish representative of the silk stocking gentry.

Spooner smiled and paused.

"I'll—I'll—I'll look in," said he, "at all events."

"That's right," says Mr. Doubledoddy, "don't blame us unheard and unseen."

And so like the old mariner in the embraces of the Sirens, went our friend Spooner into the tea-room.

Being "first night," Mr. Keeper Watzenacker (a jolly Swiss cook) had done his best. The table groaned with substantials. None of your "trifles," or "kisses," or "*souffles*"—joints, rounds, legs, ten pound turkeys, bowls of salads, giant hams, mammoth pies, Bay of Biscay puddings, all around.

Spooner stood amazed. "Then he exulted. "Here is the ammunition with which they assail my protest," thought he; "but although alone, I'll fight them singly."

"Isn't it prime?" said Mr. Alderman Doubledoddy, as they fell to work. Even Spooner, how could he resist? Besides his absence would make no difference.—He could not keep back the waves or the winds. He would bend like a sensible reed in a hurricane. Besides, he might, by putting in a word now and then, accomplish much. Could a general win a battle without going near the blood and smoke, or a strong swimmer save a drowning man without going into the water? Certainly not.

"Where—where's the *tea*?" finally inquired the protesting member, amid the play of knife and fork.

"The tea? the tea? Bah! here's *our* tea!" answered a neighbor, putting before him a glass of champagne. "Tea is but a name you know. Your health, Spooner, my boy."

"Your health!" cried another, and a third, and a fourth.

Until our protesting friend, without knowing how it happened, found a portly bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, bowing and drinking with the rest of them. As he drank the memory of old times came over him. He thought of his early poverty and trials, of his snow shovelling, of his constabulary, of his patient climbings, of his cold hashed mutton and simple pint of porter at home.—And the more he thought, the more he realized the present grandeur of his position.

What wonder, then, that soon becoming elevated upon a chair, he commenced a speech—a speech long remembered—full of point and humor, hailed with universal approbation—approbation which increased to uproarious delight when he proposed his toast "*Success to the 'tea-room!'*"

* * * * * * *

At ten o'clock, with his hat firmly placed upon his head, and a pocketful of cigars, he started for home. Neither coach nor assistance would he have. He was happy enough in his own company, and his late company was happy enough without him.

At the corner of —— street he was stopped by two of his political friends in his late campaign—temperance men at that. They grasped his hands under the flickering light of the nearest lamp and said, "Spooner, you've immortalized yourself; we heard all about the protest from Ben Bolt. He is enthusiastic upon your conduct to the highest degree."

The new alderman staggered back a pace, and pulling a handful of cigars from his pocket, said, "Protest be—— I go the tea-room and nothing else! It's a g-gl-glo-rious institu-tu-tion! Look-a-here," holding out his cigars.

* * * * * * *

How his late supporters deserted him, and branded him as a Benedict Arnold; how the opposition called him a glorious fellow; how the newspapers paraded his protest and his tea-room speech (which like all good jokes had leaked out) in parallel columns; how his name figured for a fortnight in brilliant leaders on political consistency; how he became the life of after tea-rooms, and invented a pudding which to this day goes by his name; how he yet lives a warning to all reformers;—let the politicians of that day now alive recall to mind, as taking up the gazettes of to-day they read about that humbug bugbear italicized as the "*Tea Room.*"

The Conspiracy Trial.

(Reported for the Susquehanna Register.)

AFTERNOON SESSION—FRIDAY.

Before Judge Wilmot and Associates, in the Quarter Sessions of Susquehanna County, January Term, 1852.

J. H. Dimock, Esq., District Attorney.

William Peters, sworn—McDonald Sr. never showed me any bills. I think he asked me if I would like to buy some money to go down the river with. He did not state what kind of money it was. It was two years ago last spring. Perhaps in February. At Deposit in New York. Had no conversation with him at any other time. I have not been subpœnoed: ("By whom were you brought?" Objected to. Overruled.) Ans.—No one. McDonald lived at this time at the summit. Do not know whether it is in this State or not. I think it is about six miles from Lanesboro'.

Almon Barnes, recalled—The iron cylinders shown me I recognise as those I have seen before. I turned them up, finished them off. They were made for Benjamin Aylesworth. I should think they were made a year ago last spring, or the last part of winter. I mean a year ago now or the coming spring. I think Aylesworth came after them. I don't recollect that any one else came for them.

A. P. Hathaway, sworn—I traded horses with McDonald, Sen., a year ago last September. He gave me a ten dollar bill on the Bank of Utica. I returned it to him about half an hour after I took it. I told him I did not like the bill and wished he would give me other money. He took it back and gave me other money for it. He gave me another ten dollar bill. Don't recollect the bank that it was on. I used it.

Cross-examined—Do not recollect what he said. He took the bill back. There were very few words about it.

By the Court—Do not recollect that I assigned the reason for returning it.

William G. McNiel, sworn—A year ago in December or January. I received a ten dollar bill from James McDonald, Sen. It was put in a package and sent to New York. I took the bill to McDonald and told him it was a counterfeit bill and he redeemed it. He lived on the north side of the Susquehanna river above Lanesboro'. He gave me good money. Ten dollars. Pretty much all one dollar bills. I had a five dollar bill of Winters in the latter part of February or March, a year ago next month. I kept it in my pocket perhaps a month or six weeks. I spoke to him that night. Told him he had given me a counterfeit bill. He said he didn't know it if he had. Said he would redeem it. I gave it to a man and told him to give it to Winters, and tell him to redeem it if he was a going to or return it to me. This was the last I saw of the man or bill either. Never spoke to Winters since, before the arrest. The two McDonald's were there when I returned it. When I made my errand known McDonald Sen., said "now where (to James Jr.) did I get this bill?" I told him I did not know. He said if it was the bill he gave me he would take it back. He did take it back.

Cross-examined—There were $350 in the package I sent down. I did not mark the bill. Should presume there was a good many other ten dollar bills in the package. Did not mark any of the bills sent in the package. I received the money probably from fifty other men, perhaps double that. I was in a public house at Susquehanna. Bar tender in capacity. Don't know the banks that those tens were on. I said I presumed there were other tens. Can't tell the bank that any of the bills were on. Can't be positive what bank this was on. Think it was on a Phenix bank. Don't know the State. Can't say how long it was after I sent the package before it came back. It was returned by mail. It came from a correspondent in New York. I think he said, if I said I got the bill of him, he would take it back. If I had seen the bill anywhere else, in any other letter I would have known it. Mr. Nicols came in as soon as I took it. It took all my change. He said he did not like it—it was a bad bill. He put a mark upon it. Don't know as I told McDonald about the mark. Was examined at Lanesboro'. Did not testify in relation to it then. Was not asked about it. Did not I think say that I knew nothing about any money of McDonald, Sen. When I took it back we all three looked at the Detector.

Richard A. Webb, sworn—I have had one bill of James McDonald, Sen., in the neighborhood of one year ago. Can't say exactly. It was a ten dollar bill. I kept it in my possession perhaps two or three hours, and d returned it. I carried it back, told him I returned the note, that it was considered a bad one. He asked (I think) who I had showed it to there. I told him I had showed it to two merchants of the place. He said if it was bad he would take it back. He did and gave other money for it. I think it was on the Mechanic's Bank of New York. He gave me $10 for it. One five. I had just let him have the other smaller.

Cross-examined—I think it was not on the Agricultural Bank of Herkimer. It might have been in February or January. I was in a public house. He requested me to give him small notes for a ten. Did not tell me when I took it back of whom he received it.

Loren Norton, sworn—I have formerly resided in Lanesboro'. I have known James McDonald, jr., and Senior, to be at Aylesworth's. James jr. lived in the village for a while, a year ago last summer. I have seen Aylesworth and Brown pass by my house in company together a number of times. Have often seen them go to McDonald, Sen'rs, across the river. Have seen Brown more frequently than Aylesworth. Have seen C. Valentine at Aylesworth's. Don't know that I have seen him go to McDonald's. Have seen him pass my house with Brown. Have seen Brown and Aylesworth on the stoop together talking—and Wellman. Whether it was private or not, cannot say. Have not seen Wellman there very frequently. Have seen him pass my house in company with Brown. Aylesworth's is south-west of me. To go to McDonald's from Aylesworth's they would pass my door. McDonald was at the time I noticed this living on the other side of the river. The binnicle bridge is fifteen rods from my house. The main river bridge is sixty rods from this.

Cross-examined by Bentley—Could not say that I saw James Jr., any oftener at Aylesworth's than at my house, for I was not at Aylesworth's much. He boarded at my house a few days. Could not see McDonald's house from my house. Could from my barn. Brown went there very often. Can't say this of Aylesworth. Have seen Brown as much as three or four times a day. Don't recollect seeing Aylesworth and Brown together go in very often. Curiosity has led me to go to the barn many times as they passed so often, to see where they went to. This was in the summer and fall a year ago. For some considerable time Valentine was at my house two or three times. Have seen him at Scovil's. Wellman has been at my house.

Direct resumed—Never knew where Wellman resided at this time.

Alfred Allen, sworn—Christpher Wellman formerly resided at the Bend. It was in 1850. He rented my house for three years with privilege of five. He lived there a month or so then sold out to Charles Smith. I have seen McDonald and McDonald jr., in company and seperately. Have noticed them several different times. They used to be down as often as once a week, sometimes once in two weeks. Come down as if to-night, stay all night next day and next night. Sometimes go next morning train or 11 o'clock. I knew they staid there all night. Charles Valentine was there. I saw him there with one of them. Saw him there a week at a time. Don't know Dr. Luce. Have seen Aylesworth there. He never staid over night there. He would come down on the cars and go over the other side of the river. Don't know Priudle. Have been in the room when they said Dalton was there. Have talked with Wellman about them being there.

Objected to evidence of Wellman's declarations.

Court wishing to look over their notes of evidence of Wellman's connection with the others the decision of this point was deferred to next Session.

The following notes were offered in evidence.

$100 City Bank of New Haven, passed by John H. Brown.

Objected that it is the distinct act of one of the defendants; an act upon which he is indicted in New York; the note altered by pasting; was passed out of the jurisdiction of the Court.

By the Court—It is admitted upon the principle that the act of Brown is the act of all, after the establishing of conspiracy. Its passage in another State is done in pursuance of the conspiracy, and goes to show the conspiracy. It is offered to show the *scienter*.

$10 Franklin Bank of Chatauqua.

$10 Commercial Bank of Whitehall, found in the house of McDonald, Sen.

$10 Marine Bank of Buffalo.

Henry Day, recalled—I saw McDonald Sen. in April at the time the small pox was raging. Saw him in a grocery. I live at Susquehanna. The old man asked for a new one dollar bill on the John Hancock Bank. He paid the specie for it. Said if they had any more he would pay the specie for them. Don't recollect whether he said that he would take them, or if they would get any more.

E. N. Smith, M. D., sworn—I have observed Charles Valentine at Aylesworth's last winter. Think he came with Aylesworth when he came from Michigan. Aylesworth said he had been to Michigan. Valentine said he had been with him. Don't know as I saw Aylesworth in private conversation. Think I saw Valentine, Brown and Fayette Trowbridge come out of the room. Don't recollect seeing Aylesworth go in or come out. Saw Dr. Luce there at that time. Think he came out with them. I think a year ago last fall Aylesworth and I were going up to North Bainbridge together. We were talking about things that had occurred at his house. I said I would not have so many of those around, for the community around looked upon it as rather a suspicious house. He said he had rented his house out three times to three different individuals to get rid of them. But it happened so that he took it back and as soon as he did they would be right back living upon him. I said again by and by they may get you into a scrape when you may be innocent, by having so many of those fellows around. He said he was smart enough to play his own game. He said he didn't get much for their board and he could not very well get them away; or drive them away. Can't tell how long Brown lived there. It was over a year. He had no employment that I could learn.

By the Court—We were talking about matters in general, about fellows being around there without business. Nothing (I think) was said about the character of the house, whether gambling, licentious, or for counterfeiting.

EVENING SESSION.

Upon the point raised in regard to the evidence of Wellman's declarations, it was rejected by the Court.

James M. Ward, recalled—I have not those plates in my possession. Benjamin Comfort had them. I left them at home and directed him (Comfort) to bring them. The plates handed me by Comfort (examines the plates) are the ones found in the house of James McDonald, Sen. They were found in the same house and at the same time with the box. Have no doubts about them. Recollect the portrait or the figure of a head on one of them. Did not when I was on the stand before. I carried them in my pocket and bent one of them as this is.

Cross-examined—Can not say that it has been in a case.

Jeremiah Bull, sworn—I am acquainted with Aylesworth. I was at his house some two or three years ago. Think it was three years ago. Never had any conversation with him in relation to passing, altering, or anything in relation to practising any frauds with counterfeit money. Did not know Brown or McDonald.

J. H. Dimock, Esq., District Attorney enters *Nolle Prosequi* against S. A. Prindle, Gilbert Dalton and Silas Winters. The defendents asking it, the Court directed the Jury to find a verdict of Not Guilty in the case of Silas Winters, S. A. Prindle and Gilbert Dalton, on the ground that there is not sufficient evidence to find a verdict of Guilty.

The box, contents, the plates and the paraphernalia being offered in evidence.

Commonwealth rests.—Friday 23d.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

Elijah R. Gray, sworn—I reside at Owego. That was my residence at the time of the arrest. I was at Aylesworth's at the time of the arrest. I went from the Depot with the Sheriff. I assisted in the search. Above and below. I went up garret when they first went up. I was in the room adjoining when the plates were found. I can't state positively in regard to the condition of the bed. Think there was no clothes on it, am not positive. When Mr. Cooley commenced the search I was in an adjoining room. Think there was two beds on it, whether one was feather, one straw or not don't know. Don't recollect whether there was or was not a pile of clothes on it. I was subpœnoed by the Defence. Did not come here as a witness. Had no special business. Have not been told that I would not be wanted by the commonwealth. I was subpœnoed by the defendants this morning. Am in the employ of the Rail Road. I have stated what is my best recollection of the condition of the bed. I was not the first one in, followed the rest. My impression is that Cooley stopped at that bed as I went in. Commenced the search while I went into the other room.

Cross-examined, by Sweet—I was acquainted a good deal at Aylesworth's before this time. Knew Brown. Had known him. Brown was there that evening, of the arrest.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Elias Jenkins, sworn—I live in Thomson township, in this County. I knew a man that called himself George C. Leonard. Have no knowledge of his residence. I live about seven miles from Lanesboro'. Have seen Leonard at Lanesboro'; he was boarding at Aylesworth's at the time I saw him there. I was at Lanesboro' with a load of hay, and Mr. Aylesworth said there was a man there who was enquiring for a tavern stand to hire, perhaps to buy. I told him that Mr. Chandler had one. He hired it. There was a written contract. I have it. It was left in my hands. I was called to witness it. Saw Mr. Leonard afterwards. (Showing a paper to the Court.) This is it. [Contract dated 31st of March, 1851, offered in evidence—between Henry Chandler and Geo. C. Leonard, of Providence, Wayne County, for a tavern house, consideration, $125.]

Witness—He never took possession of the house. I have a letter in my pocket in which he states his reasons.

[Letter offered in evidence. Objected that it is not admissable. Evidence rejected.]

Witness—I should think I received it some time in the first week of May last. Where is it Post marked? Objected to. Ruled out.

Witness—The letter is post marked.

[Letter offered to show his wherabouts by the post mark. Objected.]

By the Court—This is not the kind of evidence the law requires. It is not the best evidence the nature of the case requires. If he resided in Wayne County there is no difficulty in proving his residence by living witnesses. Ruled out.

Witness—I saw Leonard write. Should think that it is his hand writing.

[Letter offered in evidence to show the reasons why he did not come to take possession. Rejected.]

Witness—Have never heard from him except by letter, have not seen him since. There was something said between Leonard and Chandler in relation to fixing off a private room, an under-ground room. He said it wouldn't do for every person to see his tools. His work was making patent models and also machinery. That he had a $600 job at the Depot. Said he must have a forge, that no person must see it. He said the smoke could go out through a stove pipe. I told him the timber for a blacksmith shop had been made, which he could use.

Cross-examined, by Richards—Aylesworth was not present at this conversation. Chandler was present, and his wife part of the time. It was in the sitting room in Chandler's house. This was at the time the contract was made.

Mrs. Sarah Chandler, sworn—I am the wife of Henry Chandler. In March 1850, I live in Thomson. I have seen a Mr. Leonard at my house. He called his name George C. Leonard. Could not be certain whether it was the last of March or first of April the first time he came. My husband kept a tavern. The second time he came up there, a contract was drawn up. He said he wanted four rooms where people would not be running in. His business was altering patent right models. He looked at an under-ground room. The writing shown is my husband's signature I should think. Said he should want some little blacksmithing done. But he could do it himself in the same room. He never came to take possession. Have not seen him since he entered into the contract.

Cross-examined—Uriah Chandler is my son. Could not tell you where my husband is. Don't know where Uriah is.

Mary Luce, sworn—I am the wife of Chauncey Luce; am related to Benj. Aylesworth; he is my cousin; have been living with Aylesworth; came with him to Lanesboro' 8 years ago this fall; was not married this fall; have been married about 3 years, lacking a month or two; I came back a year ago last fall, the first of September or last of August; I lived there from that time down to the present; I know John Brown; he was there when I returned; at that time Aylesworth had quite a number of boarders; cannot tell how many; I know Stillman Spur, he was living at Aylesworth's when I came back; he sawed wood and worked about the kitchen; he remains there; has been sick since he has been there; objected to, and overruled; he has had sick spells; in the spring of 1851, don't know as I could state the condition of his health; at times he has been quite out of health, so that he would be obliged to keep his room; he lodged in the north room of the garret; I have noticed him taking up a whole candle and pieces on it when his health was poor; I did the chamber work. (Examined the bench.) It looks something like one I saw in the garret of Aylesworth; the rollers were not there; first saw it in the south room of the garret; I think I first saw it under the wood-shed when it was being made; the man that was making it they called Leonard; should think he was there not far from a month; think he came in March, and left in April; he occupied the room south side of the garret, the room I saw the bench in; about the time he went away, the morning his baggage was taken away he took the bench and shoved it in the middle room; could'nt say who put it under the bed; there was a bedstead in this room and a straw bed on it; I was there at the time the house was searched; no person except myself was employed in making the beds; a cotton mattrass was on the straw bed, and folded quilts laid upon this; It had been in that situation since the fall before; we used the garret when the painters were at work on the railroad bridge; it is right in front of this tavern; a small jar of something (not very large or small) was in my room when I returned; while I was there a number of hands employed on the Railroad boarded there; there were other servant girls employed about the house; an Irish girl named Bridget was there last spring; a girl by the name of Ann Bennett; she came last fall, and left the last of May; I mean the fore part of May; she was there at the time of the search; she left a few days after the search; I think I have seen her in conversation with Leonard quite a number of times; at one time I thought she was intoxicated; I went into her room one day; her keys were in her trunk; I was looking to see if she kept liquor in her trunk; I saw a package rolled in a newspaper; opened it and saw plates; there was figures and letters engraved on them; this was the Friday afternoon before the search; the search was Saturday; (shewn the plates)—did not unroll the whole but think they resembled these; there was a paper between each; had some difficulty in unrolling them, being in a hurry; I never saw Aylesworth in the garret; I saw him once at the foot of the garret stairs; he came there looking for me; they left Saturday morning at 1 o'clock and returned in the noon train the Saturday before the arrest. They came to search about 1 o'clock that night; I heard him say on his return that they were going to search his house that night; I am the wife of Chauncey Luce; presume likely that it is the same one named in the indictment; Comfort and McKune went to Binghamton with Aylesworth; Mr. Luce had telegraphed for him to come over; he was in Binghamton jail; wanted him to assist him in getting bail; I saw Ann Bennett the night of the search, late in the evening before the search, and while it was going on.

Cross-examined—Chauncey Luce was not living at Lanesboro' when I went there; he passed through the place occasionally; I saw him so repeatedly that I can't tell when I first saw him; it might have been a year or two, could'nt tell positively how long before he came to board; he was there some of the 3 years while I lived there; when we went away we went to Painted Post; we were married at Barton on the way; don't recollect who married us; it was a Justice of the Peace, knew his name at the time; don't know whether his name was Wright or Moore; I occasionally saw this girl in conversation with Brown and also with Aylesworth; never seen her with either of the McDonald's that I recollect; when he took a whole candle and pieces, don't recollect noticing them in the morning; we would'nt have many and I thought he burnt more than he needed; I saw Leonard manufacturing the bench; did'nt see Aylesworth out there; he had gone north to Chenango County; couldn't tell exactly when he went out on this expedition; he went north twice within a little while, he was gone a week or more; can't tell when the bench was made; don't think he was at home; think it stood in the shed two or three days; It stood in the room; he said he had a new piece of furniture; he worked at clocks and watches; this was for that; Leonard's business was Dentist, when he was there; he worked when his health permitted; he occupied the parlor and sitting room.