

1871

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 1.]

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[Price 2 Cents.

ALLIGATORS.

[From the New York Herald, of 1849.]

CHAGRES, NEW GRANADA, JAN. 2, 1849.

James Gordon Bennett: We left New York amid the huzzas of friends, who bade us a most affectionate adieu. The passengers are from every section of the Union. There are men of talent and high integrity among us. The emigrants in the Crescent City have never been excelled, always excepting the Pilgrim Fathers. On leaving the Pier, I noticed but two females, who waved their handkerchiefs most gracefully, and imparted their sweetest smiles. The stewardess is the only female on board, who is a legion, and has contributed much to make us happy. Extraordinary harmony has prevailed. All are armed to the teeth, which warns us to respect each other. I have not heard an unfriendly word since I left New York, nor seen a wry face, save off Cape Hatteras and while crossing the Gulf Stream in the trough of the sea, with the wind blowing very hard. Christmas was the sickest and saddest day of my life. The Crescent was a perfect hospital. All were sick, including some of the boat's officers, and extending even to the crew. On the first day out, the knives and forks rattled like hail, but on Christmas, hardly a man made his appearance at table. Such sighs and groans, and anathemas of gold—such longing for friends, and home and safety, and such contentions as on that unhappy Christmas, I have never seen. A countryman staggered up and down the cabin, solemnly vociferating that he had vomited a fragment of his liver, and that he must soon die, and bade us all a most doleful farewell, and besought us to kindly remember him to his wife and children. But the surgeon came and analysed his apparently ejected liver, which proved to be a huge junk of beef which he swallowed the day previous, without mastication. The same verdant genius asked the Captain, during the awful gale, what he would charge to turn round and take him back to New York. The Captain screamed, and swallowed a large end of tobacco, and seized a handspike and threatened to dash the countryman's brains upon the deck if he didn't go below. Amid the horrors of the hurricane, the gentle and courageous stewardess gave us gruel, for which we rewarded her with a purse of gold. The tempest was terrible. The ocean mountains smote the frantic clouds, and the snowy spray of the ocean vales resembled lakes of glittering silver. The Crescent's stern was mutilated, the bulwarks stove, the wheel-house injured, and a man washed into the prea-

rious sea, who was miraculously rescued by four daring men, whom I trust the Humane Society will reward for their extraordinary courage and humanity. His preservation caused much joy on board, and those who saved him have been lions since. When 700 miles from Chagres, the thermometer was 95 in the shade on deck, and in the sun or cabin the heat was almost intolerable. The intense heat made us stare, and wonder what was in store for us when we first mounted the fiery steed of the equator. Some of the passengers were very languid, and gasped for breath like Peytona when leading Fashion a span on the fourth heat. Chagres is the Five Points in miniature, consisting of the very dregs of filth, squalid penury and human degradation. I have been reading Blunt's Coast Pilot, and found on page 476 the following consolatory narrative of Chagres and its fatal harbor, from the pen of Captain G. Sidney Smith, of Her Majesty's sloop *Bastard*: "Chagres is more sickly than the same latitude on the coast of Africa. The bar of Chagres harbor has two and a-half fathoms on it at low water. The entrance is rather difficult, and at all times requires a fair wind, but when in you are perfectly safe. (O, me! O, Jonah!) I would not recommend its being entered if the measure could possibly be avoided, or suffer the boats to be there at night. It is, perhaps, the most unhealthy place known. The *Bastard's* cutter was, by stress of weather, obliged to stay at night in the harbor. The consequent loss was a Lieutenant and seven men. Only one of the number attacked recovered. This happened between the 27th and 30th of November, 1827." We approached Chagres this morning, amid torrents of rain. The land for 20 miles was high and undulating, with occasional bluffs towering high above the general elevation, and rocks some distance from the shore. The American Consul arrived to-day, at Chagres, and in crossing the Isthmus sunk into the mud nearly up to his hat, mule and all. There are about 50 huts at Chagres, with a population of about 300. An alligator snapped at our boat, near Moro Castle, while approaching the shore, and we learn that the banks of the river are literally covered with hideous reptiles. The Castle is very dilapidated, and about 200 years old, and has within its dismal walls some 80 brass pieces, with no soldiers, and a family of natives. A large sample of all the abominable reptiles with which these fatal latitudes abound, lark within and around it. Board at Chagres is \$5 per day, in a common hut. We are about to

draw lots for the first opportunity of ascending the river. I shall endeavor to be faithful in my narratives, during my entire pilgrimage. Adieu.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

LATON, twelve miles from Chagres, 6, P. M., in the doorway of a hut.

James Gordon Bennett: Four of us left Chagres, at 12, M., to-day, in a canoe about 25 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 18 inches deep. Our average weight is 160 pounds. We have three boatmen averaging 140 pounds each. Our baggage weighs about 800 pounds—total, 1,860 pounds. In high water, as now, in consequence of heavy rains, the oarsmen paddle against a current of six miles. Our canoe has a thatch covering composed of bamboo leaves and canvass. You cannot sit upright with a hat on, in the canoe, but must lie or rest on your elbow. The thatch roof is about two feet six inches from the bottom of the canoe, and about eight feet long, under which four of us sit and lie in a most uncomfortable position, with the air very close, and ants, and white, green and red spiders, and gallinippers, crawling all over us, with alligators snapping at us occasionally (when we look over the sides of the canoe), with now and then a hideous water snake leaping into the canoe, when nearly on its beam ends. The rain has poured in torrents since we left, and after "tea," (good heavens! what tea!) at the house, or hut, or hog-pen, of one of our boatmen, at Laton, embark for the night on our journey towards Gorgona, Cruces and Panama. The equator children are yelling and squalling in the contiguous huts; the pigs are squealing; the hens and ducks cackling, and the reptiles on the banks of the river are breathing the most frightful sounds. Before me is Jamaica rum, cocoa nuts, oranges, lemons, sugar-cane and other poisonous substances, which my companions have eaten, and one of them has already had the gripes. Laton has some 20 huts. From Chagres to this place I saw three or four residences on rising ground, one of which, contrasted with the dismal scenery of the Chagres, looked rather pretty, which I espied while emerging from the most sepulchral views I ever beheld. Nearly all the fruits of the earth grow in wild luxuriance on the banks of the Chagres, and the atmosphere is the sweetest I ever inhaled—fragrant even unto poison. Birds of all hues and of all climes assemble here, and fill the air with the most delightful music. And yet, with all this to cheer the traveler of these burning zones, the rain, sun, currents, sha-

dows and malaria, and anacondas large as trees, and the ceaseless chattering of monkeys, and growls of panthers, and snaps of alligators, render the Chagres the most infernal river in the world. This is called the dry season, and, so far, it has rained or poured about twelve times a day. The lightning is so vivid and incessant as to produce the most brilliant, yet frightful illumination of the scenery and atmosphere, and the thunder sounds like the crash of ten thousand worlds. But I must close, as I now embark on my solemn journey for the night.—Adieu,

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

In my canoe, on the Chagres, Jan 4, 1849.

Our supper, last night, consisted of rice and a stew of bad meat, with a sprinkling of all the fruits I have yet seen in Grenada. I smelt, but did not eat a particle. My comrades ate freely, and they look blue this morning. The natives poison rats with goat milk and pine apple combined, or with bananas and brandy. Either of these combinations will kill a man in about one hour, so I guess I shall keep a bright guard on what goes into my belly, which is rather loose and grippy to-day. To continue long wet is a matter of death in these latitudes, and if the bowels begin to degenerate, you must say your orisons immediately. A native died one hour before our arrival, during the fifth shake of fever and ague. On reaching the canoe, last evening, to embark, we bailed it out, chopping up and casting overboard some dozen water-snakes, that had got into the canoe while at tea. Last night was the hardest I ever passed. It rained very hard. The monkeys chattered in droves of thousands. Our boatmen sang the most doleful songs all night. Bull frogs rent the air with their discordant sounds; the snakes hissed, and the alligators brought their jaws together so fiercely, as to make even the forest tremble. Amid this frightful scene, with the thermometer at 97°, pent up in the veriest cubby hole you ever saw, where we could not move or turn over without endangering our lives by upsetting the canoe—it was altogether a night of extreme suffering to us all. We stopped at about two this morning, at a hut on the borders of the river, where being very sleepy, we took lodging for two hours, for which, with three cups of coffee, we gave \$1 50, and departed at about five o'clock. Our bed was a piece of cloth spread on a bamboo floor, with a pillow about one foot long and six inches wide. It was the funniest pillow I ever saw, and we had hard work to keep our heads upon it. When the natives snopped we were asleep, I heard some of the rascals whispering about our assassination, and I awoke my comrade from a profound snore with a severe pinch and scratch with my long nails, when the glistening of our weapons, and a whisper between ourselves, and a slight movement towards arising amid the total darkness, scattered the cowardly assassins back to their hammocks, when we arose, and descended the ladder stairs, and paid our bill, and went to our canoe. The males and females nearly all smoke, and men, women, and children are nearly in a state of nature. Their apparel costs them very little, and the green earth affords them, without cultivation, every species of vegetable and animal production.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

GORGONA, Jan 5, 1849.

[54 A. M.]

James Gordon Bennett: I thank God that I have arrived at this infernal place, because it is the least odious of all the mud holes between this and Chagres. Ours was the first canoe into Gorgona. Money made our men work for their lives. We are about to take breakfast on the shore, and then pass on to

Cruces, and will, doubtless be the first canoe in, and then we will try our luck over the mountains to Panama. We have had a truly awful time. The current ran against us in some places at the rate of eight miles, and we came near upsetting several times. The thermometer is 99 this morning. I must close and run to the canoe. I will write you when I get to Panama, but don't if you will get my letters, as every thing is uncertain. I have not eaten for twenty-two hours, and have been lying wet in my canoe nearly ever since I left Chagres. My health is good, but irregularity, fatigue, and loss of sleep, affect me adversely, but I shall strive to vanquish all impediments. I have acquired more practical knowledge of animate and inanimate nature, since I left you, than I have attained in all my travels, but I have paid dearly for my information. Poor Columbus, Vespuceus, Robinson Crusoe, and Daniel Boone are constantly before my vision, with whom I can truly sympathise, being like them, a pioneer in the exploration of the Western Hemisphere, and its adjacent isles. I could drop a tear to-day, my feelings are so extremely pensive, and yet I won't, but, if necessary, I'll yet brave tigers in their dens. So, good bye.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

PANAMA, NEW GRENADA.

Sunday, Jan. 17, 1849.

James Gordon Bennett: This being a very interesting locality of the globe, at this time, I will strive to transmit daguerreotype views of what transpires. I stopped at Cruces one night, where several died, whose graves were dug by the natives (just below the earth's surface,) with little sticks and earthen bowls, which is the custom of the country. In one case, the grave was not dug long enough, and the neck was broken by turning the head over on the breast. I found several American officers at Cruces, under the command of General Persifer F. Smith, who had proceeded to Panama. Finding no mules in Cruces, I wandered alone in the swamps in pursuit of one, amid rain, lightning and thunder that shook the deep foundations of the earth, and made the alligators show their hideous jaws. Through a flash of lightning, I discovered a muletteer in the dark and deep perspective, with whom, by signs and grim contortions, I contracted for a mule. The tempest twilight passed, and the mild equator stars emerged from their mysterious depths, and guided myself and muletteer from the dismal swamp. I learn from a passenger who has just entered my apartment at the Americano, that three emigrants were buried last night in the mountains. Two more are supposed to be dying at the French hotel. God only knows where all this will end. An aged passenger entered the gate of the city about three hours since, whose locks were as white as the untrodden snow, crying, with uplifted arms: "My children! my children! O God! restore my beloved children." He looked and enacted the character of Lear more perfectly than I had ever seen it. The snow that fell on Grandfather Whitehead and poor old Lear, were only wanting to make it the most harrowing scene I ever witnessed. But unfortunately, it has not snowed on the equator, since the advent of creation. The old man's children arrived about an hour since, and I had the pleasure of bathing the father of the flock with brandy, which revived and exhilarated him, and made him dance before me quite a reel. The old fellow really danced wonderfully; I think I never saw a man of his years step round so lively, after I washed his exterior, and especially his interior, with sparkling brandy. The old man has just told me that a person went from his canoe into a thicket on the Chagres, and shot a monkey, when all his tribe began to chatter wildly, and drop

from the trees upon him, and stole his hat, and scratched, and bit him severely, and finally, about 400 monkeys chased him into the Chagres, where he had to swim for his life until he was rescued by his comrade. Although my brandy has made the old man extremely loquacious and facetious, yet I believe his monkey story is as reliable as my snake and alligator narratives.

(To be continued)

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY APRIL 24 1858.

Like Adam and Eve at the hymeneal altar, contemplating the interminable generations of sinners; like Noah surveying the horrors of the deluge; like Julius Cæsar projecting the passage of the Rubicon; like the Christians braving the persecutions of the Jews; like William Tell, with his bow and quiver, hurling defiance at Gesler in the mountain gorges of Switzerland; like the great Columbus going into a midnight storm in untraversed latitudes; like the supernatural Washington going into battle, on whose consummation the liberty of the human race impends; like Napoleon at Helena reviewing his wondrous reign; like Andre and poor Orsini going to the scaffold, amid the tears of their countrymen; and like the cheerful moon, in her ramble with romantic lovers through summer skies and groves of perfume, we calmly survey the horizon in our virgin advent of to-day, although we discern a snowy cloud that resembles the terrific monsoon. But as the impetuous sun darts through infinitude, we shall soon dash among the adversaries of integrity and patriotism, and be as merciless as Jackson to the robbers of the toiling masses, or to the cruel Indians, or to British tyrants.

We have exhibited some old wares to-day, because a tried article, like a winter friend, wears well. We did not deem it necessary to italicise article and wears. And to be more specific in the Roman language, Alligators, Autobiography, William Tell, and Worms, can never expire, but be as eternal as the garments of nature.

Senator David C. Broderick challenged us to fight a duel in 1848, and Congressman John B. Haskins brought the challenge. The law might cage us if we acknowledged our acceptance of the challenge, but we will permit Broderick or Haskins to declare if we stained the mantles of Green and Perry of Rhode Island, whose gorgeous canopy we first beheld.

We shall soon give sketches of President Buchanan, Mayor Tiemann, Comptroller Flagg, members of the Common Council, the Supervisors, Ten Governors, Commissioners of Record, Education, and Emigration, and of our New York editorial brethren, including their Secretaries. James Watson Webb being the eldest, we may start with him. We shall also sketch the lives of the newspaper venders, and give those the most immortal characters who sell the most of our Alligators.

TO THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—A large reward will be paid to the policemen who will prove by affidavits, or the poll lists, that Chief Matsell, the Corporation Counsel, Register, County Clerk, or Corporation Attorney, have voted for municipal, state, or national officers, since the promulgation of our Brandon Report, on the aliens of both hemispheres. As the County Clerk and Corporation Attorney are formidable candidates for Comptroller, it is important to know if they have been naturalized. We will bet they have not.

Correspondents will address Stephen H. Branch through the Post Office, whose editorial room will be in a house, whose floor is the green earth, and whose ceiling is the glittering dome of Heaven, until his patronage will enable him to hire commodious apartments in the central business portion of the city.

Our warm and graceful salutations to the editors of New York, who clung to us in adversity, whom we will love forever.

A PUFF OF MERIT WITHOUT CHARGE.—William W. Britt engraved our Alligator, whose wide-spread jaws speak for themselves in tones of thunder.

Advertisements are ONE DOLLAR a line. The overshadowing Bonner cannot have a page, lest he shoot the Alligator with our wadding.

We shall have no pictures for premature children, save the omnipotent Alligator, who can devour a lion, or swallow an eagle without contortion.

The withered grass of Kansas not admitted in the jaws of the Alligator, lest it lacerate his bowels with black vomit.

Beware of alluring serpents in virtue's paths, and save your money, and buy nourishment for your wives and children.

We shall commence, next week, the publication of Alfred Carson's thunderbolts at the Common Council of 1850.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

Mortals who write their lives are shy
Of crimes that wound and make them sigh;
But I'll disclose my evil deeds,
Although my heart in sorrow bleeds.

I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, July 11, 1813, and am the second son of Stephen and Lucretia Branch. My mother was my father's second wife. My father had four wives, the last of whom survives.

Historians are liars, and gild distinguished villains, whose political, religious, and military views harmonize with their own. Autobiographers are liars, and boast of virtues they never possessed, and conceal vices they always cultivated. I shall divulge the whole story of my funny and mournful career. I shall meander life's comic and dismal stream, from the earliest recollections of childhood to the present hour, and moisten my manuscript with tears of mirth and sadness, as my capers and errors emerge from the mysterious realms of memory. As I advance, the retrospect of my freaks and follies may appal, but it shall not deter me from its proclamation to the present and coming generations. I desire to record my frivolities and foibles, that youth and age may avoid them as alligators, (with hideous jaws distended,) in hot pursuit of their affrighted victims up the embankments of the Chagres, and into the tallest trees.

I did not inherit my peccadilloes, as I cannot discover a notorious sinner among my ancestors for nearly two centuries. My father was one of the purest men I ever knew, and his deeds are inscribed on the archives of Rhode Island, in letters that can never be effaced. Although the minds of my parents had a beautiful symmetry, yet I can trace my eccentricity to their parents, who were as strange as Diogenes in his tub, or Zantippe in the streets of Athens torturing poor Socrates.

Mrs. Grey was my first school-marm, and Mr. Hill my first school-master, followed by Miss Latham, Mr. Shaw, Pettis, Osborne, Record, Hammond, Gregg and Ainsworth, all of whom I terribly tormented. Although my mother died before I was seven years old, yet I remember the trouble I gave her, and

how I cried when the messenger came to the school-house, and told me of her sudden death, and how my father and aunt Lucy wept on my arrival home. My father's third wife was my first step-mother, and although she was very kind, yet there was a melancholy vacuum in my home, and at eight years old, I sought diversion at the circus and theatre, and resolved to be a circus-rider, and ground and lofty tumbler. But a fall from my horse while standing on one leg, and serious bruises while striving to turn summersets, disgusted me with the circus, and I determined to be an actor, and carried the wardrobes of the actors to and from the theatre, for which I was admitted free. But my father heard of it, and told me not to visit the theatre again. But I went, and he gently whipped me. On the next night, brother Albert accompanied me to the theatre, and while I was wildly screaming at the Dromios, father entered the pit and seized me, amid the convulsions of the audience and actors. On arriving home, he took us down cellar, and began to rope Albert, who instantly bellowed: "O, my salt rheum! O, spare my salt rheum!" Father then grabbed me, and I cried: "O, my boils! O, spare my boils!" when he roped me in a fresh spot, and did not cease until he gave me my own chastisement and Albert's too, and I never let Ally go with me to the theatre again, as my own licking was about as much as I could endure. But I derided father's castigation, and the following night, I retired at nine o'clock to my bed-room, in the second story, and tied a rope to the bed-post, and, at the peril of my life, descended the house fronting the yard, and went to the theatre, and about midnight ascended the house, and hauled in the rope, and went to bed. In about a week, John Horsewell got locked out, and I invited him to ascend the rope and sleep with me, to which he readily assented. In the morning, I did not rise at my usual hour, and father came to ascertain the cause, when he heard John Horsewell snoring like thunder under my bed. He looked, and discovered John, and grabbed him by the hair, and spanked him most awfully, and while spanking poor John, I jumped from the bed, and seized my clothes, and ran down stairs, and did not stop until I got into the barn, where I dressed myself, and went to school without my breakfast. After school, I prowled around the house until father left for his place of business, and then went into the house and ate my dinner I took an early tea and went to bed; but father soon came home, and into my bedroom and severely spanked me, and struck me several times with the very rope with which I had descended and ascended the house, muttering something about one Haman of old, while he roped me. I then exchanged a top for a fishing-line, and told my brother William, that if he would tie one end of the line to his little toe, and throw the other out of the window, so that I could pull it and arouse him from his midnight slumber, to softly unlock the door and let me in after the theatrical performance, that I would let him tie the fishing-line to my little toe on alternate nights while he went to the theatre. This plot was successful for about two weeks, when some boys on their return from night-school, came into our yard to get some water from our well. After one of the boys had enjoyed a delicious draught of water from our bucket, his keen eyes rested on the plummet at the end of the fishing-line, which he seized, and began to pull without success, when he jerked it so hard, as to snap the line, with cries of fire and murder in the second story. Himself and little comrades seized their scholastic lanterns, and scampered for their lives. One of them was caught by a faithful watchman and brought into our yard, when my father escorted them up stairs, where brother William was welter-

ing in blood that flowed from his toe and nose, and from bruises he received while running and tumbling over chairs and tables, and other bed-room utensils, when the boy gave his last terrible jerk of the fish-line. The boy and watchman now departed, and father put salve on William's toe, and checked the copious effusion of blood from his nose, and bathed his wounds with water and apple-jack, and put him to bed with a solitary but tremendous spank, with a promise of more when his dislocated toe was set and healed. Father then took his ambush position in the yard, and awaited my arrival from the theatre. I softly opened and closed the gate, and while feeling for the plummet, he suddenly grabbed me, and nearly scared me into the eternal world. He then led me into the barn, and illuminated the stable lantern, and took off my pants, and spanked me with the curry-comb until the blood spurted in his face, and the horse snorted and kicked him so hard that he had to arouse and send brother Albert for a surgeon to dress the fearful wound. I always blessed the humane and intelligent old horse for kicking father, and thus saving my blood and bones, and I so intensely loved the noble animal, that I stole father's oats, and led him until he got so fat that I dared not give him more lest his belly would explode, and the oats fall out, and my theft be discovered. After my last trouncing, I became disgusted with the theatre, and resolved to go no more to witness such nonsense. Soon afterwards, I told John Horsewell that for a dozen marbles, I would give him some of my father's corn, that would parch as white as snow, and as round as hail,

And would pop as high
As the pretty sky.

John assented, and we went up stairs to the attic, where father kept his corn. John brought his father's rainy hat, so that he could get much corn, and while I was filling it, I heard footsteps on the lower stairs that closely resembled father's. John's hat was about half full, and when I put it on his head, it sunk so far as to require both his hands to keep it above his eyes. We met father on the garret stairs, when John boldly looked up into his face, (with corn pouring down over both ears,) and gravely exclaimed: "Mr. Branch, I aint got no corn." Father uplifted the hat, and down went about two quarts of horse corn on poor John's head. I crawled between father's legs, and was at the bottom of two pairs of stairs in about two strides, and away I flew to the woods, about two miles distant, and did not return for two days, fearing that father would murder me for stealing corn so soon after my rope and fishing-line, and theatrical operations. When I next saw John, he complained of a sore back and legs, and declared that father grabbed and wrenched a handful of his posterior pants clean off, and tore hair enough from his skull to render it slightly bald. I trembled at this intelligence, but I got cold and hungry, and went home to take my licking, but my step-mother was ill, and she ardently plead my cause, and father forgave me.

(To be continued.)

Stephen H. Branch's Farewell to his Country.

[From the New York Daily Times, of 1856.]

Although I have traveled all over the globe, and have no desire to rove again, yet I am constrained to forever leave my beloved country. You may not mourn over my departure, but I leave you with painful emotions and apprehensions. I would linger, and toil, and die among you, but your fanaticism drives me to foreign skies. The noble deeds of my father and his sires are inscribed on the civil and military archives of Rhode Island, whose vir-

tea I would imitate and consecrate to the glory of my whole country; but your reckless tendency towards disunion, with all its horrors, forces me to abjure my native land, and the hallowed tomb erected by my lamented father for the eternal repose of his immediate posterity. Go on, then, ye fanatics and devils of all sections, to your hearts' content, in your apostasy to the living and departed patriots of your distracted and divided country. Stop not until your wives and children run wild through streets and fields of blood, and this whole land is a pile of bleeding and burning ruins. Go on ye incarnate fiends in your bloody enterprise, until the mounds of your fathers are divested of their fragrant verdure, and are trampled by foreign marauders, who wildly gloat over your impending suicide. An irresistible horde of demagogues and vampires, and fanatics and lunatics, are at the throats of the American patriots, and threaten them with strangulation and utter annihilation. Go on, then, ye demons of hell, and tear to fragments the glorious Constitution that was created by Washington, Greene, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Warren, Franklin, Adams, Lafayette and Kosciusko, and nobly defended by Jackson, Perry, Taylor, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Harrison, Grogan, Decatur, (and the living Scott), whose sighs and tears, and expiring energies, were consecrated to its eternal duration. Go on, then, ye slimy vultures, in your ruthless desecration of their graves, until despotic soldiers line our streets and frontiers, and stab the patriots who breathe the enchanting word of liberty. Go on, I say, in your inhuman sacrilege, but I will fly to Switzerland, in whose deep mountain glades I will strive to efface that I was born and reared among the gang of consummate fools and knaves who now level their rifles at the race of noble birds that have graced the American skies for nearly a hundred years. Go on, then, ye dastard traitors, in your bloody demolition, but I will go and live and die in the land of WILLIAM TELL, whose fair posterity evince a purer fidelity to their remotest ancestors, than those pernicious monsters whose infernal madness will soon surrender the bones of WASHINGTON and JACKSON to the despots of Europe, whose shafts they foiled, until they went down, with tottering footsteps, into their immortal graves. Farewell, then, ye crazy paricides—farewell, ye BURRS and ARNOLDS—and when you have consigned your deluded countrymen to all the horrors of anarchy and eternal despotism, think of the humble admonitions of one who, rather than behold the downfall of his beautiful and glorious country, sought peace, and succor, and a mausoleum in the mountains of Switzerland, once traversed by WILLIAM TELL and his gallant archers, who created a love of liberty that has survived the flight of centuries, and which can never be subdued by foes without, nor foils within, her borders. In my voluntary exile, I will implore God to visit you with His displeasure, through the withering curses of your children, and their posterity to the remotest age, for destroying the liberties of their country, which you should bequeath to them as they came to you from your illustrious fathers, whose sacred and silent ashes you dare not visit and contemplate at this fearful crisis, amid the pure and tranquil solitudes of the patriotic dead lest the memory of their heroic deeds and sacrifice should remind you of your hellish treason, and paralyze your hearts, and smite your worthless bodies to the dust, and consign your pallid livers to undying torture. Although these admonitions are inscribed in tones of burning scorn, yet they emanate from a bosom that glows with love for my bewildered countrymen. And my last request is, that every patriotic father will gather his little flock around him at evening shades, and read this parting admonition in a clear and feeling voice, and then kneel before the God of nations, and implore Him to preserve their liberties, with a blessing on the humble author of this production, in his unhappy seclusion in a distant land. I would write more, but gushing tears blind my vision, and swell my heart with dying emotions.

Affectionately,

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

New York, May 30, 1856

[From the New York Times, of 1855.]

Stephen H. Branch on Worms.—The Vermicular Theory of Greatness.—Subdued Sea-Serpents — Alligators Outdone Look out for a Rise in the price of Vermifuges.

To the Editor of the New York Daily Times:

Some men donate or construct public and private institutions for the public applause while living, while others write the sunny side of their lives from motives of fame and accumulation. I shall leave both sides of my career for the historian after I have departed for the spirit land.

Since my return from Europe, with the Brandon Register, with little Georgy Matsell recorded therein, (as having been baptised and received into the Church in 1811, which corresponds with his own oath before the Police Committee, that he was born in 1811—stick a pin here,)—I have been violently assailed by journals in the Matsell interest, published on the Five Points, who attack me for sins committed while I had a superabundance of mischievous worms in youth and early manhood, and while I was scattering wild oats rather profusely over my father's field.

No man lives who would not gladly efface every oat he sowed during the fervors and exhilarations of boyhood and early manhood. But the deliberate perjury of full-grown manhood can only be effaced through long years of retired and tearful contrition. By unceasing supplication, the wilderness may ultimately hide from scorn the cool and premeditated perjurer; but no man exists who would not blot from the living and eternal records whole rows of wild oat hillocks; and no infant who has not premature teeth, to bite and snarl at their nurses, and to scream and raise Beelzebub all night—and no boy who does not have a profusion of worms, and a nature literally suffused with sharp vinegar and aquafortis, with two or three little devils in his stomach—no infant or boy without these hateful qualities ever make much stir in the world. And if, in the morning of life, we do not reflect Vesuvius in our eyes, and belch lava and brimstone from our mouths, we seldom effect much in the great scuffle of life, and go down to our graves with Miss Nancy inscribed at the head and tail of our grassy mounds.

Man, like a horse, must have mettle, and plenty of it, with an immense bottom, or he cannot expect to contend with the fiery steeds of the turf and the forum. And, above all, a man must have a crop or two of worms at 40. All men have more worms in their bellies than they are aware of, (or their physicians, either,) and some have quarts.

But they must not keep the old crop too long. Worms must come and go with the seasons, or they will produce incarcerated wind, which often produces apoplexy and paralysis. Nervous dyspepsia also arises from an old crop of worms and a pent-up atmosphere. I got rid of eleven worms, ten inches long, about two years since, and I have been losing my energy and courage ever since. I caught the rascals thus: While in a bath-room one day, I saw something very mysterious. I applied a lighted cigar to its head or tail, (for it was sharp at both ends,) and I observed a slight movement. I touched it at the other end, and it moved in an opposite direction. I then struck a match, which I applied to its middle, when, lo! it was a worm, and alive and kicking. It died in about two minutes by Shrewsbury clock. I began immediately to take worm seed, and the following day I discovered five worms, one of which was tied in a perfect knot. The last worm I discovered was very small, which satisfied me that it was the last of his race. I think I always had

whole generations of worms up to this last little scarp, and I kept him to transmit to my posterity. For, when coming home from school one day, I pulled on a worm until I could pull no longer, and got another boy to pull him entirely out. And when I beheld the monster on the ground, I ran home for my life, and before I got home, a thunder storm arose and terrified me almost to death.

Worms, doubtless, are the source of impulse. And impulsive persons have more or less worms, and never less than a pint. And very impulsive persons have not less than a quart. Matsell is nearly as fat as Daniel Lambert, and has about two gallons of colossal worms. And these miserable worms conquer us when living and dead. They have been my masters all my days. They have produced the dark spots in my history, over which I have dropped many a tear, and over which I shall weep until I get down into my extremely narrow and tranquil and undying abode.

Worms produce the evil in the history of all men, and yet they are prolific of infinite good. When they violently dart from extremity to extremity, and come up and look over the tongue, and dart back to the sweet bowels' depths, and squirm most horribly for their regular food, a man swells with unconquerable fear, and can face the cannon's mouth, and the devil himself, and people call him a courageous patriot,—when worms achieved every battle that was ever won. Napoleon had a most ungodly quantity of worms, and in their constant pecking at his liver, they finally produced a cancer of which he died. Worms did not start Patrick Henry's eloquence until he was forty years old. Jackson, too, had worms, that made his eye flash like a rifle and his voice drown the cannon. Jackson's worms, in early life, elicited a passion for horse-racing and cock-fighting, and caused such expressions as "by the Eternal." But as soon as the worms left him he lost his nerve, and joined the Presbyterians. The worms of Julius Cæsar, at the verge of the Rubicon, were asleep over a hearty meal, but during his protracted contemplation of its passage, they suddenly awoke, and over he went with gigantic strides, and established Brandon, in the eastern counties of England, where little Georgy Matsell was born. Worms incarcerated Lafayette and Louis Napoleon, and worms made Eve tempt Adam, and Cain kill Abel, and are the source of the rise and fall of empires, and of all the good and evil that exist. And Shakspeare's worms got hungry one day, and he went out on a poaching excursion, and thereby lost his honor, and had to fly from the dear scenes of his youth. But a fresh crop of worms, and their subsequent generations, directed a pen that will entwine his memory around and within the body, flesh, blood, bones and marrow of the solitary being who beholds the orbs of night and day forever close their brilliant eyes on a numerous, funny, and mysterious race of worms that have so long defaced, and polluted, and crawled through earth, sea and air, leaving their nauseous slime behind.

Respectfully, STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

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STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 2.]

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
STEPHEN H. BRANCH,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

John Horsewell was a poor boy, and had duck legs. My brother William was taller and older than John, and had a new suit of clothes, with which I clad John from head to foot. Bill's hat and boots were too large for John, and his coat on John nearly grazed the ground. I put on my Sunday suit, and off we went to Boston, forty miles distant. We quarrelled on the road, in a deep wood, and I demanded John to take off Bill's clothes, at which he called me hard names, and I left him, and directed my steps towards Providence, leaving him reclining on the embankment of the forest road. I wandered half a mile at a quick and revengeful pace; but as twilight was approaching, and I heard the bark of a dog, with lungs of thunder, I became alarmed, and hurried back to John, and craved his pardon, and we lingered until the stage arrived, when we took passage for Boston, reaching the Marlboro' Hotel at midnight. Mr. Barker was the host, and, on our inquiry for lamps to retire, he exclaimed: "Who are you, and whence came you?" John was disconcerted, but I was cool, and replied: "Our names are Branch and Horsewell, and we are from Providence." "Did you visit Boston with the permission of your father and mother?" "No, sir." "You ran away, then?" "No, sir; we walked away." "What can you do in Boston in your cloths?" "Learn a trade, sir." "Have you any money?" "Forty cents, sir." "Bob: Take these brats to your room, and make a bunk on the floor, and lock the door, and watch their movements closely until morning, when I will put them in the poor house or county jail." And off we tramped to bed, up four flights of stairs, and were locked in until Bob came to bed, when we snored terribly, pretending to be in a doze so profound, that a caanon could not arouse us. John cried all night, and at daylight we crawled softly from our hard nests, while Bob was asleep, and softly turued the key, and descended the stairs in our stockings, and fled for our lives. We went to the market, and got a cheap breakfast, and then sought the theatre, where we saw Mac Cready announced as "Hamlet." We ardently desired to go, but had not sufficient money; and away we trudge to Brattle street, and exchange our new clothes for worthless rags, with five dollars besides. We then return to the theatre, and linger on its steps until the performance

begins, when we purchase tickets, and rush, with about forty negroes, up stairs into the gallery, like a gang of maniacs, (so wild was our common joy,) where we witness a vast plain of woolly heads that resemble the Black Sea. The heat was intense, and we perspired like cotton slaves, and the stench was as intolerable as cholera malaria. During the day, we engaged lodgings with a little colored barber, opposite the theatre, for ninepence each a night. At the close of the performance we thumped a long period before he let us in, and then we found him partially intoxicated. In the morning, we strolled on the Common, and John became homesick, and besought me to return to Providence; and he cried and implored so hard, that I yielded; and while engaging our passage, a young man named James Baker recognised us, and desired me to remain in Boston under his protection, to which I assented, but John departed for Providence. I went to board with Jim Baker in Theatre Alley, with Mrs. Charnock, a superannuated actress, and afterwards at the Sun Tavern and other places, for which we did not pay our board, and walked to Salem, where I wrote to father for money, which he sent me, and I returned to Providence. He received me with intense affection, and I wept with commingled joy and sorrow at my return, and his anguish at my dishonorable absence. At about ten years old, John Horsewell and myself stole some pigeons from Dexter Spencer's barn, and we were caught with them in our hats. Father took my hand, and led me to the wharf, where ships could float, and suspended me over the water, until I had a slight fit, when he carried me home. It was baking day, and aunt Lucy was very angry because he did not drown me, and in her wrath, while he was absent, she took out the pies and brown bread, and put me in the oven head foremost, and nearly baked me. A few seconds more in the oven, and I would have smothered. I told father when he came to dinner, and he boxed Aunt Lucy's ears severely, and demanded her to instantly surrender the dress and bonnet he gave her the day previous. But she cried so hard, and wrung her hands so piteously, that he soon restored them, lest she would have cramps in the stomach, with which she was often dangerously afflicted, through her excessive fondness for cheese and hard-shell clams, of which she often ate until she could scarcely breathe. A month later, I stole some peaches and currents from Captain Prouds' garden, and old junk and iron from the ship yards. Father was a Justice of the Peace, and took me to jail, and put me in a

cell; but I screamed so fearfully, that he restored me to liberty in about five minutes; and when I emerged from the dungeon, I sprang upon his bosom, and kissed him as tenderly as a cow laps her calf, and I also kissed the turnkey, whose keys terribly scared me. I soon went to a country boarding school, and terrified the farmers for miles around, who petitioned father to come after me, who visited the unsophisticated countrymen, and strove to tranquillise their nerves with the assurance that I would not contaminate their children, nor desolate their fields and orchards, and that it was the crows and not me that pilfered their early crops of fruits and vegetation. But they shook their heads, and besought him to restore the wonted quiet and confidence of the parish, by my immediate departure for some distant region. Father succumbed, and we left for Providence, where I became the very youthful clerk of Norman White, who is now an extensive type and paper merchant in Beekman street, with whom I remained until I left for New York with Jim Baker in the steamer Washington, Captain Bunker, concealing ourselves in the water closets until the boat passed Newport, when we appeared on deck, and strutted as boldly and proudly as Robert Macaire and his companion. But the Captain soon discovered us to be impostors, and made us pass pine wood to the firemen for our passage. Jim was older and stronger than me, and the Captain and first mate made him work like a slave; but I was seasick, and vomited dreadfully all over the deck, and the firemen, and passengers; and as the Captain slowly passed me, I belched a copious volley of the most bitter bile plumply in his face, for which he severely shook me, and made me express my sorrow for the dire calamity and apparent insult, and drove me down below, where I implored the Cook to throw me overboard, and relieve me from my deathly sickness. The nigger Cook laughed uproariously over my misfortunes, and declined my request, and brought me a stew composed of pork, molasses, and onions, for my dinner; and, as I smelt, and inhaled, and gazed upon the nauseous dish, I let fly a torrent of bile into the darkey's face, who run for his life, and molested me no more during the voyage, and I never saw Sambo again. We arrived in New York, at Fulton market, and went to Holts' Eating House, and ate heartily, and Jim Baker went in pursuit of work as a segar maker, and I tagged on behind. He got employment, and we boarded in Fulton street, near Broadway. I soon got a situation as tar keeper, with Mr. Saunders, in Laurens street,

next to the theatre, and soon afterwards went a few doors above, in the basement, as bartender for Mr. Gilman. I then became a waiter in a New York and Albany steamboat, and afterwards in a Hartford steamer. I then went to an Intelligence office (whose proprietor strove to cheat me), and for 50 cents got a situation with Wm. Chapman, No. 60 Pine street, at \$2 a week, and boarded in Water street, near Beekman. Wm. H. Stansbury was Mr. Chapman's book-keeper, who left soon after I came, and went with James Brooks, of the "New York Express," as book-keeper, where he is now. This was in 1826. My duties consisted in helping William Chapman softly draw his coat over his rheumatic shoulders, and going to the Post Office, and copying letters. I told Mr. Chapman that I had to pay two dollars a week for board, and that he must increase my salary, or I could not remain. He said that he could get a boy for less than two dollars a week, and I left him, and got a place with two brothers, named Morton, in Front street, for two dollars and twenty-five cents a week. While passing the sailor hat store of Mr. Leary, Mr. Leary's mother called me into the store, and said: "Little boy, if you will take this bottle, and go to the grocery and get me some gin, I will give you some pennies." When I returned with the gin, she asked me if I would like to be a clerk for Mr. Leary. I said that I would come for my board and clothes. She told me to call in the evening and arrange the compensation with Mr. Leary, who would then be in the store. I did so, and on the following day I told the Messrs. Morton that I must leave them, as two dollars and twenty-five cents a week could not buy my food and clothes, and pay for washing my two shirts and two pairs of stockings. Mr. Leary, his wife, mother, children, and myself, were packed like pork in two small rooms in the rear of the store, which were used as kitchens, bed-rooms, parlors, wash-rooms and everything else, which rendered the atmosphere slightly dense and foggy, and perhaps impure, and in the night we often had skull collisions, and tumbled over each other, which strongly resembled a rough and tumble cabin scene in a terrific storm. I might have endured all this, but to make fires, open store, sell hats to drunken sailors, run errands, and take care of squalling children, so taxed my patience, and wasted my pale and naturally delicate form, that I resolved to leave instant, and, with the Pilgrim's heavy burden, away I flew in pursuit of employment. Mr. Leary now keeps a hat store in the Astor House, whose boys are wealthy merchants in Exchange Place, whom I often remind of the days when I bore them in my arms, and spanked them when they squaled. From Leary's I went to the Harpers in Cliff street, and was placed in the pressing and folding room, in the upper story. I boarded with Fletcher (the youngest of the Harpers) in Batavia street, between James and Roosevelt. The firm then consisted of John, James, and Wesley Harper. Fletcher was the foreman of the composing room, (where I was ultimately placed), who corrected my earliest errors in the printer's stick—and a precious job he had of it—consuming more of his valuable time than my composition was worth. Fletcher was a fireman, and recently married, and rather wild, and had two children, one of whom was the partner of Raymond, Wesley and Jones, of the "New York Daily Times," at the origin of that Journal, whom I often fondled in my arms in his infancy, who was a very pretty child, though rather lively for one so extremely young, whose extraordinary vivacity I attributed to worms. Wesley Harper was incomparably modest and susceptible in those days, and visited and married a lady residing with Fletcher, who was connected with his wife. While they were courting up stairs,

the servant girl, myself, and other apprentices often annoyed them with our funny tricks; but Wesley and Fletcher did not dare complain of us to John and James Harper, as the courtship of Wesley was without the knowledge of the elder Harpers. The servant of Fletcher imparted to us this precious secret, and we long teased the timid lovers with impunity, in which the mischievous servant participated with great hilarity.

(To be continued to the mournful eve of our last gasp)

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

LISTEN!—On Saturday last we arose with the glorious sun, and went to our printing office, and found the printer's devil asleep in his dingy bunk. We applied a bodkin, and he sprang at us like a tiger. We grappled, and discovering that he had an Editorial Alligator by the throat, he released his grasp. We then banged the gong, and the printers appeared, like the imps in Robert the Devil, from the infernal regions. We then placed our leviathan form on the press, and lit the faggots, and puff, puff, went the machinery, like the drums and trumpets in Musard's Express Train Gallop. We filled our carpet bag with Alligators, and flew like a whirlwind to the wholesale newspaper merchants in Beekman, Nassau, and Ann streets, where we found a plumed battalion awaiting the advent of the Alligator. The wholesalers, and retailers, and newsboys approached us in platoons, and clasped our fervent hands until they squeezed them into icicles, and we cried for quarter, and returned to our printing office, for another carpet bag of Alligators, which we sold on our way to Ann street, and returned again, and again, and yet again, for Alligators, until the weary sun retired to his downy bed in the bleak peach and potato fields of the Jerseys. Our printing office was besieged throughout the day, for Alligators, and on our return from Ann street the second time, we found our office stairs so thronged with applicants for Alligators, that we had to meander a dark alley, and ascend a ladder, and enter our office through a window. During the day, several bloody collisions transpired on the stairs, between the newsboys, in their struggles for the Alligators, as they emanated from our electric presses; and in one of the desperate conflicts, the Police were summoned to preserve the public peace. And, altogether it was a most laborious and exciting day for us, and at early twilight we were weary and worn, and retired soon after the curfew strains expired on the evening air. But we had an awful nightmare, in which we soliloquised in tones so stentorian, (about newsboys and Alligators,) as to arouse and terrify a venerable nervous gentleman in the next apartment, who thought we were either fighting or dying, and he rapped against the wall with his poker until he awoke us. While on the eve of our emergence from the nightmare, we dreamed that a colossus spider was devouring our proboscis, at which we levelled a Hyer blow,

When pure blood oozed from our nose,
Like water from Sikesy's hose,

which aroused us, and we darted into the bath room, and applied the healing Croton without effect, and had to dam our nostrils with putty, which checked the copious effusion of blood, but which made us talk in nosy and twangy accents. In about an hour, the putty became thoroughly saturated and drippy, and we had to make fresh applications, and ultimately the putty dam was victorious. But our eyes are rather crimson, and we have fearful rumbling sounds in our ears, resembling distant thunder, and the bugle in the mountains, and

we fear our nostrils are in a state of inundation, and that our blood will effect a passage through our eyes or ears, and rush wildly into the open air. But we checked the blood, and leaped into our couch, and off we went, like a patriotic rocket, into a slumber like that of the pure and sweet Amena, in the chamber of Rudolpho, and was no farther molested with horrible dreams of the newsboys and Alligators.

Fra Diavolo and his Italian Brigands.

Three hundred and sixteen thousand dollars have been drawn from the Municipal Treasury, for printing the worthless Records of the County Clerk's office, and nearly as much for the Register's Records. Who got the \$550,000 for which there is nothing valuable to show? Can the smooth, and glossy, and sweetly-scented Connolly, or Wetmore, (or Busted and his kinsman, Doane,) or Nathan, or Nelson tell us? Of course they can, as they were the corrupt disbursers of this prodigious plunder. Speak, then, ye infernal robbers of the toiling millions, whom ye bamboozle, and starve, and disease, and jam, and ram, and smother in cellars and attics and tenement houses, and whose devoted wives and virgin daughters you drive unto prostitution for food and rent and medicine and apparel. You consummate these pernicious wrongs and oppressions through your Janus and Judas professions of democracy, which no more resemble Jefferson's, Madison's, Calhoun's and Jackson's political creed, than your sleek hair, and fancy apparel, and thievish propensities resemble the simple garb and integrity of those democratic legions, whose votes you literally steal through your honied political heresies, and the lavish expenditure of the very money you steal from the people, through such jobs as the Record printing. With fast horses, wines, and costly gluttony, and daubed all over with pomatum, you revel high in your dazzling Persian Pavilions, whose construction and gilded furniture, and luscious viands, are stolen directly from the honorable and deluded millions. These are truths, and we will proclaim them from the steeples of the metropolis, and strive to arouse a people who slumber on the confines of volcanoes, while thieves, and rapes, and incendiaries, and midnight assassins are softly crawling towards their throats. Your perjured alienage we might extenuate, but your robbery of the honest and laborious masses we will expose and combat, if we rot in the dungeons of Blackwell's or Sing Sing. The purest editors of this thievish age are too pliable, and politic, and mercenary for the public welfare; but we will dissect your robbery, if we are crucified with spikes, and our limbs are chopped and hacked with a butcher's axe, and our flesh, blood, bones and marrow burned to cinders, and our ashes cast upon the whirlwind for annihilation. The axe and faggot we defy. God only do we fear. So, come on, ye teeming caverns of infernal thieves, and seize, and incarcerate, and butcher, and strive to annihilate our mortal scabbard, but you shall not have the soul, which will elude your wicked and revengeful grasp, and have eternal succor in the realms of purity and bliss, if, in its mortal pilgrimage, it be true to God and his pilfered, oppressed, and misanthropic children.

Ice Cream.

Under the genial, affable, and generous Joseph Gales, of the National Intelligencer, James Watson Webb is the senior editor of our country, and James Gordon Bennett is close at his heels, whose venerable and majestic forms will soon descend the dismal steps of the tomb, and their extraordinary souls appear in the awful presence of a Judge, from whom there is no appeal. Solemn thought!

and almost paralysing in its contemplation. Webb was born in America, and Bennett on the mountains of Scotland, where one of his parents survives, to enjoy the success and protection of her faithful son. With James Watson Webb we never exchanged a word, which we can scarcely realise in view of our intimate relations, for twenty years, with other metropolitan editors. But with James Gordon Bennett we have had the closest relations, and we proclaim, with no ordinary emotions of pleasure, that he has treated us more like a brother than a stranger. In our memorable mnemotechnic controversy with Professor Francis Fauvel Gonraud, in 1843, when almost every editor in America was arrayed against us, and eternal ruin seemed inevitable, James Gordon Bennett came to our rescue, and, with George W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, and Mrs. Walters, of the Boston Transcript, we were nobly victorious in that scholastic disputation. In consideration of his magnanimous conduct, we wrote to the *Herald* about one hundred columns from Panama and California, when the civilized world was rocked, to its profoundest basis, with the dazzling gold discoveries, and on our return, he gave us money, and ever cheered us in our illness and penury. When we wrote the inflammatory Report of the noble Alfred Carson, against the Common Council of 1850, we gave it to Mr. Bennett, to the exclusion of the other editors, because he had been true in our adversity, when the hands of all mankind seemed uplifted to annihilate our pale and feeble frame. We had boarded with Horace Greeley, for seven years, at the Graham House, in Barclay street, and all our relations had been of the most friendly character; and yet we deemed it our sacred duty to send our Pilgrim letters to Mr. Bennett, and also give him Carson's famous Report, to the exclusion of Greeley, because Bennett's fidelity was next to our Father's. Greeley was a formidable candidate for the Mayoralty, when Carson's Report appeared, and if we had given it to him instead of Bennett, he would have been the successor of Mayor Woodhull. But in giving it to Bennett for publication one day in advance of Greeley, so exasperated the latter against Carson and ourself, that he attacked the Report like a ferocious bull dog, and slew himself, whose name was hardly whispered in the Mayoralty Convention that soon followed. Alderman Morgan Morgans, (President of the Board of Aldermen,) Alderman Robert H. Hawes, Alderman George H. Franklin, and Mayor Woodhull himself were also candidates. But as they were all severely denounced in Carson's Report, for discharging culprits without examination or trial, and for other offences common to Aldermen in those days, they were all rejected by the Convention, when the oily Ambrose C. Kingsland entered the arena, and was nominated and easily elected, which proved to be the saddest municipal calamity of that period, as he was in collusion throughout his term with official scoundrels, and made more money than any Mayor who preceded him, as one of our Aldermanic pupils often assured us; and if Kingsland will publicly deny our accusations, we will adduce our informant's name, and paralyse him. And to be briefly explicit, our informant was connected with Kingsland and Draper's operations to rob the city of the Gansevoort property. Kingsland's appointment of Matsell as Chief of Police partially corroborates the assertion of the Alderman who imparted his precious information. Kingsland's appointment of Matsell was effected thus: According to his custom, with Mayors elect, Matsell invited Kingsland to a ride into the Metropolitan suburbs, on the morning after his election, and in passing a gaudy edifice, the Brandon Chieftain halted and exclaimed:

"Kingsland, my boy, is not that a fascinating mansion?" Kingsland crimsoned, and gazed rapiers and scabbards, and in baffled accents, mildly ejaculated in the expressive language of Jemmy Twitche: "Vell, vot of it?" "O, nothing,—only I thought I would inquire how you enjoyed yourself in its rainbow halls on Friday evening last. And, by the way, how about the appointment of Chief of Police? Have you resolved whom to appoint?" "Certainly I have. You well know my ancient love for you, and that you are my choice for Chief, beyond any being living or dead. I was elected to eject you, but I shan't do it, my boy. 'Thon art the man! Ha, ha, ha! Give us your hand, old boy. Ha, ha, ha! A very fine day, ain't it Matsell?" "Kingsland, you have really got a magnificent Palace in the Fifth Avenue, but I think your front parlor requires a five thousand dollar clock, to render it thoroughly gorgeous and enchanting." "Chief, what in the name of mud are you driving at?" "I am driving for my life to Burnham's, for his choicest brandy and Ice Cream."

More delicious Ice Cream next week.

Our Country's Ruin.

The seed of wide-spread corruption is culminating here, at Albany, and Washington, with the velocity of light, (which is about two hundred thousand miles per second,) which may rend the Union to fragments during the present generation. And the present leaders of parties will be the immediate cause of our country's downfall, through their sly winks and blinks at the robbers of their respective parties, to seize the public booty to elect their municipal, State, and national officers. Horace Greeley, with all his professions of purity, justice and humanity, will shield an anti-slavery thief at every peril of his conscience, and scourge the thieves of all other parties like Tacitus, or Diogenes, and so will the leaders of the American and Democratic parties. It is not the struggle for the boundaries of slavery and freedom that will rend this Union to atoms, but the miserable, thievish, aspiring, and traffic politicians who use the Negro and Satan, to seize the public treasure and official honors. It is the ungodly grab of lazy men for gilded booty, to enable them to revel in indolence, and control the elections and magic wires of all the parties, that will consummate our dissolution and eternal ruin. And Greeley and Bryant know this, and so does that puritanical, mercenary, penurious, white handkerchief'd, and stiff-necked old Presbyterian, Gerard Hallock, of the Journal of Commerce, and those thieves of thieves, and Catalinian conspirators, and overshadowing plunderers, Simeon Draper and Thurlow Weed, whom God, or man, or fiend should drive to the wilderness, or smite from the face of the earth, and, if possible, from its profoundest bowels. For their stabs at the heart of our free institutions, and their pernicious example to the youth of this generation, they should be hurled from the summit of the Rocky mountains. There is no honor or patriotism in these demons. If there were, they would rally like our Fathers for the preservation of our glorious Union, and the Municipal, State and National Treasuries, whose plunder they counsel and shield in the infamous persons of their political confederates, and share their spoils in darkness, with only the Devil present, but the Great Invisible in the awful distance, whose retribution will be terrible when it comes, beyond the grave; and worms may partially devour their vile carcasses, before they die, as with Biddle and Nero, and Caligula. All leaders of parties are plunderers, and thus directly advocate the subversion of our liberties and the public dishonor. God, alone, from the Revolution to the present hour, has shielded the Americans

from foreign and domestic adversaries, with his beneficent arms expanded over our fertile vales, and fields, and plains, and forests, and noble mountains, and has rescued us from the Burrs and Arnolds, and Goths and Vandals, who strive to paralyse our progress in a pure and sacred civilization. But our disunion and subversion are as inevitable as the advent of the morning sun, unless some Washington, or Cincinnatus, or Brutus the First come forth, and stab the incarnate devils down, and trample their worthless bodies in the dust. Thieves, rapes, incendiaries, assassins, and traitors teem like the Egyptian locusts throughout our borders, and the odious vices, and bloody strife, and crumbling ruins, and all the horrors and havoc and universal chaos of the Roman Empire, and other ancient States, will be our awful doom, unless the wisdom, and virtue, and firmness of our country rally in the Forum, and impart the principles of integrity and patriotism to the people, and immolate the leading scoundrels and traitors of the age. Thus only can we avert the overshadowing evils that flit like midnight spectres through every street and habitation, and will soon spread through every meritorious fireside. And thus only can we avert the execrations of our posterity, for being recreant to the Roman Fathers of the Revolution, and for not resisting with our lives, the barbarians of the present generation.

NICE AND MODEST.—The son and son-in-law of Peter Cooper as Mayor and Street Commissioner of the largest city of the Western Hemisphere, worth half a million per annum.

Aminidab Sleek,
(Without a shriek
For freedom,
Or bleed 'em,
Or Sodom,
Or Gotham.)
Could make that sum at least,
And for life have a feast.
The office-holding Coopers
Are worse than the Hoopers,
So fat grow they,
On pap all day,
Throughout the year,
Which seems so queer,
For Reformers,
Or Performers,
Which was always so,
In this vale of drough:
Our eyes are wot!
O! O! O! O!

Dev'l-in a Bakery.

Hawes, the New York baker, says: "Branch, do you know Charley Devlin?" "Yes." "Well, Branch, I was a baker apprentice with him, and also a journeyman. He was burned and floated out of his bakery in the Fourth Ward some years since, and he desired to bake for his customers in my oven until his own was repaired. I, of course, consented. Subsequently, he became a primary politician, and for several years past has besought me to sell my bakery, and become a contractor. I hesitated for a long period, but last year, (finding that he had acquired wealth very fast,) I resolved to dispose of my bakery, and join him as a contractor. A neighbor learned my purpose, who assured me that, to his sorrow, in early life he was a politician, and that if I joined Devlin as a contractor, I would be compelled to take at least three false oaths a day throughout the year, (for which people are sent to States Prison ten years, and forever lose their suffrage,) which so alarmed me, that I abandoned my intention, and narrowly escaped the portals of a dungeon, and the loss of my patronage as a baker, and my reputation as an honorable man, for which I devoutly thank the Great Disposer of Events." We congratulated our honest friend Hawes, and warned him to beware of the Dev'l-in a bakery.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.—How cunning for Peter Cooper and Mayor Tiemann to send Hopeful to the Democratic General Committee, and beat Elijah F. Purdy by one vote for Chairman; and then for Daniel and Edward (the sons of Peter) to turn up Mayor and Street Commissioner. It is the more cunning, as Peter Cooper and Daniel F. Tiemann have held Municipal offices since 1828, and now, with Hopeful, have two of the most lucrative and honorable offices in America. In view of all this, Peter can well afford to give two or three upper stories of a Bowery edifice to the city for educational purposes, without feeling it very keenly. Besides, the immortality of the gift is of some moment. Verily, the Tiemanns and Coopers should be a very Happy Family; and if Death do not confuse and thwart their successful and extraordinary tactics, as with poor Joseph S. Taylor, (who, with all his faults, had a heart as big as a mountain,) they will doubtless acquire sufficient from the public teats, which they have sucked so long, to render them comfortable in their superannuation.

For Pale Students, and Romantic Virgins.

In 1780, Washington defrayed the educational expenses of a youth, who was an immediate descendent of Pocahontas, and procured his passage to Scotland, where he became a student in its noble highlands. In his class were two youths, whom he loved with enthusiastic fondness. One was from Damascus, and the other from the Oriental Empire, who was born beneath the native village skies of Confucius, to whom he traced his blood. On the eve of graduation, and just prior to their departure for the remotest portions of the globe, they fondly rambled in the woods and groves, where they oft had wandered, and ascended majestic mountains, on whose celestial peaks, (with the pale moon in her zenith roaming,) they sung these pensive lines, in their favorite Alpine bowers:

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire;
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three do meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parcelled beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Long may this loved bower remain;
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life have fled;
When its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth and power are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.

They soon departed for their respective countries, and never met again! Alas!

* The human heart, like the muffled drum,
Is ever beating funeral marches to the grave!

WANTED—Temperate, energetic, and impulsive young men to canvass the city for the Alligator, who can be carriers on those routes where they obtain subscribers. There are thousands of masters and misses, and fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers who will take the Alligator. So, young men, off with your coats, and fly through the city like a tornado, for subscribers to the Alligator. And first visit the Astor, Saint Nicholas, Metropolitan, Lafarge, Everett, and other splendid Restaurants and Oyster Saloons, not one of whose proprietors will refuse the Alligator. But if they should, just let us know, and we may, in our wrath, blight their custom with our fatal jaw. And visit the Reverend Doctors

Potts and Taylor, and see Brown, the fancy Sexton, and ask the loan of his magic whistle, which will guide you to victory like a wand of enchantment. If Potts and Taylor salute you like Diogenes, and Brown declines his festive and mausoleum whistle, we may haunt them with a peep through their private windows on the first dark and boisterous midnight. So, boys, look aloft, and arouse yourselves, and select your own routes without our consultation, until you desire our Alligators to serve your ecstasie patrons.

The following was written, in 1854, by Stephen H. Branch, for Aid. Orison Blunt, then Alderman of the Third Ward, but is now Supervisor from the Fifteenth Ward:

Captain Robert Creighton: Sir: I am authorized by the Corporation of the City of New York to extend to you the Freedom of the City, together with a gold box, as a testimonial of their regard for you. I might linger on the thrilling incidents connected with your fidelity to suffering humanity, from the moment you discovered the San Francisco, until you rescued from a watery grave, more than 200 distracted beings. I might touchingly allude to your tears from day to day, as witnessed by your sailors, because you could not sooner relieve the unfortunate. I might speak of the fearful responsibility you assumed in violating the insurance of your ship and valuable cargo, by deviating from your specific course; of your fearful perils amid the howling tempest; of the four inch stream of water pouring in upon you, which caused both pumps to be constantly wrought before you discovered the wreck; of the disadvantages of four hundred tons of iron, and large quantities of merchandise, in a ship of only seven hundred tons burthen; of the loss of every sail before you saw the wreck, save your foresail and mainsail. I might dwell on these historical truths, and on your affectionate regard for the rescued, but I forbear. All this, and even more, is on every tongue, and uttered around every fireside, and cannot be glorified by me. The contemplation of the good you have effected will ever be a delightful solace to you, and your humanity will be a precious inheritance to your consanguinity. The wives and children of those whose lives you have preserved will ever love you, and transmit your name to their farthest posterity. The mariners of every ocean will strive to imitate your meritorious example. The noble youth of our country will read of your heroic deeds, and resolve to emulate your manly virtues. Little children already lisp your name in terms of praise. Tears of gratitude are freely shed for you by either sex, and fervent prayers go up to Heaven from the habitations of all this land, that your valuable life may be long preserved, and that health, happiness, and prosperity may ever be your lot. And your name will be revered by coming generations, when every being who beholds the sun of this day, shall be a tenant of the tomb!

Advent Record—One dollar a line.

George W. Matsell was born in Brandon, England, and weighed 15 pounds at birth, and won the first premium at the Brandon Baby Show. Robert Dale Owen visited Brandon on the day after his birth, and gave him some sugar plums and a silver porringer.

Richard B. Connolly was born in Bandon, Ireland, (R., for Rogue, being the only difference between Matsell and Connolly's birthplace), 20 miles west of Cork, and will leave with his parents for Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where he will be naturalized. Richard is a handsome and promising child, and opened his expressive eyes and sweetly

smiled, and said Mum and Pap when two days old, when his astounded Mum dropped him into the lap of Bridget, and screamed and swooned and fell and rose with dishevelled hair and projected tongue and frothy mouth and distended nostrils and run into the neighbors, with Pap after her with gigantic strides. Three days after birth, little Dick said

Slippery-
Dicery,
Hickory-
Trickery,

when his confounded Mum scampered to the Fortune Teller, and Pap to the Physician for worm seed, and to the Nurse of the Infant Lunatic Asylum, for a strait-jacket for the little scamp, when the medicine and jacket soothed him into a gentle slumber, with Mum and Pap slowly expiring on his precocious lips.

And as he lay,
All the lone day,
In a cradle,
Like a stable,

in his starts and stitches and soliloquies, he often roared to Pap and Mum the words "County Clerk," "Contractor," "Silent Alms House Governor," "Ex-officio Record Commissioner," "Comptroller," and inquired for Simeon Draper,

Whose clerk he would like to be,
In the land beyond the sea,
Called the Free America,
Where there's "lots" of trickery."

Dickey may be a model Comptroller, unless he prematurely dies with proboscis paralysis.

Richard Basteed was born near Tipperary, Ireland. His eyes reflected a thrilling flippancy on the fourth day. Will soon leave Tipperary with his Daddy and Mummy for New York. Will probably excel in the sophistry and metaphysics of law. Has prodigious conscientious developments, projecting like cliffs and promontories all over his skull. Will always desire to pay his debts before they are due. As he matures, he will be susceptible and impulsive to the 90th degree, and have marvellous compunction. Will never be rude nor impolite, nor snatch candy from other boys, although his bump of snatchitiveness may grow in wild Irish luxuriance, or through Catalinian pomatum, which may cause him to snatch pap from his Mummy's breast, (while she is serenely snoozing, to recruit from his unreasonable demand for pap,) which may nourish and increase his hillock of diminutive snatchitiveness, and cause him to snatch like Bobby Morris, and thunder and lightning, when he grows to the size of a tailor, in America, where he will be naturalized through his father's residence (?). And, altogether, little Dickey Basteed is a cute infant, and will soon be a rouser of a brat, and may rise from a petty-foggy lawyer, to a keen and pious Corporation Counsel, and might make a very shrewd Record Commissioner, but will always be poor, from his too moderate and compunctive legal fees.

Increase Record—One dollar a line.

None.

Decrease Record—One dollar a line.

Paupers Gratis.

None.

Marine Intelligence.

The *Clipper* Stephen H. Branch arrived this morning in a tempest, with a cargo of Alligators, consigned to

Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau street.
Dexter & Brother, 14 Ann street.
Hamilton & Johnson, 22 Ann street.
Samuel Yates, 22 Beekman street.
Madden & Company, 21 Ann street.
Caldwell & Long, 23 Ann street.
Boyle & Whalen, 32 Ann street and
Bell & Hendrickson, 25 Ann street.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 3.]

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

Truth Whips Fiction.

Love and Sin.—Fatality of the Metropolis.—Domestic Vices.—Virgins Beware.—Parsons Profess too much, and Practice too little.—“We must be Cruel to be Kind.”—A Terrible Example.—Let Sacred Teachers Warn their precarious Daughters to Avoid the Snares of Music and Fiction.

In the shades of twilight, amid the perfume of the sunny zones, sat a pale and attenuated student from the northern climes, musing of his native vales and hills, and the sweet idol of his heart, whose latest thoughts he had just perused. He had consumed too much midnight oil at college, and his health was gone, and he sought the towering bluffs of Natchez for restoration, where he was a sophomore pastor. The figs, and flowers, and balmy breezes restored his health, and he returned to his native latitudes, and married one of Eve's most fascinating posterity. He preached

In dale and vill,
And shore and hill,

and came to the metropolis, and cast a gauntlet to Dr. Wainwright on bishops and crinoline, which made owls screech, and worms squirm, and frogs sing, and alligators grimly grin, and snakes and toads hiss and belch sepulchral. Wainwright boldly seized the gauntlet shaft, and the sacred pugilists closed like panthers, and the people hissed, and laughed, and applauded, as the battle raged, and Bennett filled the air with his most comic darts, which made the *Herald* sell like Slievegammon news. We had worms and boils, and salt rheum, and ate Graham-bread and mush, and slept with Horace Greeley in Barclay street, till our bones did rattle, and we could not laugh beyond a whisper, and

Our shanks were so thin,
That negroes did grin,
And, as we passed by,
Dogs and cats did cry.

“Long time in even scale the battle hung,” until Potts and Wainwright retired from the field as conquerors, in the estimation of themselves and enthusiastic friends. The sun and moon and romantic stars performed their wonted evolutions, and Potts and Wainwright had their salaries increased, and rose to Bishops and the giddy alpinists of the godly avenues, and we went to the setting sun, and almost beyond the world. On our return from the bleak, and shady, and snowy slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in 1849, we dwelt with Mrs. Mitchell, at the corner of Houston and McDougal streets, whose family consisted of

her daughter, two nieces, a sister, and Otto Dressel, a teacher of piano music, whose style was soft, pensive, sacred, and bewitching. We had boarded with Mrs. Mitchell, in Broadway, eight years previous, and in 1841, while going up the dark alley that led to Jackson's pawnbroker's shop in Reade street, we met Mrs. Mitchell coming down the lane, who sneezed while we coughed, when we both passed on with crimson cheeks and sly glances of each other. Otto Dressel's sleeping apartment at Mrs. Mitchell's in Houston street, in 1849, was next to ours; and many a summer eve, while reclining on our couch, has Otto borne us into the unconscious realms of Morpheus, with his soothing and entrancing music. The pale and rosy and dark-eyed offspring of the mother and departed sister, were ever at his door, and perhaps too often within, or on the music side of his portal. We often heard the thrilling echo of kisses, and the sudden tap of his piano, to drown the reverberation emblems of a lover or libertine. And we often warned the mother and sister of the fatal intimacy between the music serpent, and the pretty virgins of their blood. But they smiled, and said: “O, fy;” and we let the music-teacher have his way, and he kissed and hugged the lovely maidens to his heart's content. The eldest girl was Julia Mitchell, who drew near one evening while we were seated on the sofa, (with no light save the milky rays of an autumnal moon,) when she said: “Stephen, can you keep a secret?” “Yes.” “Then listen: Otto Dressel, you perceive, is morose and reserved, and dignified at our table, but he is a thorough scamp, and so loquacious when alone in the presence of pretty girls, that his tongue rattles like a rattlesnake; and his music, in the society of spotless virgins, is so alluring, as to enrapture, and bewitch, and deprive them of self-control and consciousness. Almost every evening, the beautiful, and musical, and intellectual daughter of the Rev. Doctor George Potts archly and slyly drops gilded notes on our steps, when Otto, who is watching her arrival from his bedroom window, runs down stairs with the velocity of a deer, and clutches the pale and lovely missives, and bounds up stairs like a bloodhound. Otto is her music-teacher, and he tells me that he reads with her, at her father's and elsewhere, all the latest English, French and German works of fiction, which fill her impulsive genius with the profoundest romance and fatality. It is about the period of her appearance, and I desire you to take a position at the window, and behold how prettily, and gracefully, and archly, she

leaves her mysterious note for her adored Otto.” We sat near the window, screened by the lattice and gauzy curtains, and presently we beheld her in the distance; and, after gazing at Otto's window, she discovers him on the watch, and rapidly crosses the street, and, after leering cautiously around, she softly places the letter on the steps, and hastily departs, when down comes Otto, like a vulture for its prey, or like Putnam down the rocky precipice, or like the Falls of the eternal Niagara, and seizes the pretty note, and flies like an eagle to his celestial cloister. Julia gently smiles, and intently gazes at us, and we at her, in the profoundest silence, when we arise, and pace across the moonlight rays that gild the rainbow carpet, in disconcerted meditation. Julia becomes alarmed, and exclaims: “Stephen, you seem agitated and bewildered, and I fear you will disclose in Bennett's *Herald* what you have seen to-night.” We assured her that we would not, and then she besought us, in plaintive tones, never to divulge our painful observations to the Reverend Doctor Potts, and we assented, and soon retired, but could not repose, and arose and paced the room, and in fancy rambled through our early days, and parted the lattice, and gazed upon the autumnal firmament, and counted its brilliant constellations. We saw the meteors fall, and heard the watchman's solemn cry, and closed the lattice and retired, (with the imprudent Parson's daughter, like an affrighted ghost, flitting before our midnight vision,) and there was no repose for us. We tossed hither and thither, like a vessel in a storm, and heard the doleful clock measure the passing hours, and heard the shrill music of the King of hens, and gladly hailed the first pale ray of the morning twilight that lit upon our nose, and we arise, and enter the exhilarating atmosphere, and stroll with the earliest rays of Aurora, as she gilds the hills and sacred skies. We pace the streets in excited contemplation, and waggons, and rustics, and butchers, and debauchees, and homeless wanderers pass us in rapid succession, for whose hard and mysterious destiny, our poor heart beats high in tearful sympathy. We pass on, and intoxicated girls, of incomparable beauty, reeled by our side, who had just emerged from dens of infamy, where they had been decoyed, and their virginity forever blighted by incarnate demons. We rove through the commodious Park, bearing the enchanting name of Washington, and recline beneath its mellifluous foliage, and soliloquize in the mental disquietude of Aristotle, when he apostrophised on his expiring pillow, with his arms across his

breast, and his deluged vision turned to Heaven: "O God! I entered the world in sin,—I have lived in anxiety, and I depart in perturbation. Cause of causes, pity me, poor Aristotle." We ruminates with our bewildered eyes riveted on vacancy, and suddenly resolve to divulge all to the Reverend Doctor Potts, and at a bound are in his dazzling habitation, close by his side, whom thus rudely do we accost: "We are a stranger, on a mission of love and duty. What we disclose will appal, and you may lose your sacred temper, and drive us from your presence. But, as we came to save your daughter from the embraces of a villain, if you violate our person, we shall yearn for a terrible revenge, and may, in our awful wrath, slay you in your own domestic castle." He paled and trembled,—his eyes glistened and lips quivered, and his hair actually arose. We told him to be as serene as the morning sky without, as we had come, like the Saviour, to rescue his beauteous child from ruin, and himself, and wife, and other children from eternal degradation; and that what we should disclose, must be concealed in his heart's most secret recesses, until the ourfew tolled the departure of his final sun, to which he most solemnly assented. And then we divulged all we have here narrated, when he arose, and, with his hands clasped, he cried in tones of melting tenderness: "What! my daughter! my darling child, who is the hope and solace of my being, to drop notes for Otto Dressel in Houston street! Impossible, sir—impossible—utterly impossible. Mr. Dressel is a great pianist, and came to this country with letters to me from the leading men of Germany, and I have the highest confidence in his integrity, and I permit him to visit my family, and he often passes his leisure in my house, and teaches music to my daughter, and they often sit for hours at the piano, and play duets and sing together like brother and sister; and I think they admire, but do not love each other, as she is betrothed to a southern gentleman of great affluence. Otto I love, and so does my wife, and other children, and we treat him like one of us; but my eldest daughter simply admires, but cannot love him without infidelity to her betrothed. All her purest and most sacred affections are concentrated on another. But Otto will ever be welcome to my house, for I like his delightful music and his modest demeanor, and I cannot and will not believe that he could be guilty of dishonorable stratagem, to rob me of my favorite child. It is impossible, and I will not believe it." We arose, and smiled, and departed with the usual courtesy of departure. And soon we received the following, which we punctuate and italicise precisely as we received it:—

"To Mr. Branch: Dear Sir—It has just occurred to me, that I owe you a line, to express again my thanks for the manly straightforward way in which you brought to me the derogatory scandal you had heard. Far better such a method of dealing, than that of talking *about* people of whom we have heard disparaging statements—and far better than anonymous letter-writing, which shoots arrows in the dark. Although the affair you brought to my ears—plausible as seemed the statements you rec'd—had no farther foundation, than the passing of notes about indifferent matters—still I am none the less obliged to you for the manner in which you made it known to me. My promise of holding you harmless, is the only reason, why I do not call upon the parties named, and take them to task. This, however, I cannot do, without your permission—nor perhaps is it of any importance I should. I may, however, suggest to yourself a good office toward the young person, with whom this story, (which owes its plausibility to a little fact, and a good deal of sus-

picious fancy,) originated: namely to warn her of the danger of letting her imagination and her tongue run away with her. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE POTTS.

Nov. 9, 1849.

P. S.—If it should be at all in your power, you would oblige me if you could verify the story of the dropping of notes, and who the person (if such an one there be) is.

HERE IS OUR REPLY.

NEW YORK CITY, NOV. 12, 1849.

To the Rev. Dr. Potts: Dear Sir—Your approval of my course is truly grateful to my feelings. On my return to my abode on the day I saw you, my interrogations elicited the following, which I forward as an answer to your request in your postscript, although I supposed I had sufficiently verified all I disclosed. Miss Mitchell says that she knows your daughter, when she sees her, and her mother and two nieces also know her by sight; that the Saturday previous, (three days prior to my visit to you,) she saw your daughter ascend the steps, ring the bell, request the servant (who is in collusion with Dressel and your daughter), to hand a note to Mr. Dressel, and depart as far as the corner of Sullivan and Houston streets, where she tarried until Mr. Dressel (leaving immediately on the receipt of the note in his room) overtook her, when they walked away together, arm in arm, and that similar scenes occurred while Mr. Dressel boarded with them in Bond street, last Winter, where the correspondence began, which has also been conducted through the Dispatch Post ever since, Mr. Dressel sometimes receiving as many as three letters per week; that a colored boy has sometimes brought the letters; that these letters (at least those Miss Mitchell perused, at Mr. Dressel's request,) comprised six closely written pages, with the name of your daughter annexed, beginning with: "My dear, dear Otto:" and with "My dearest and very best friend," &c.; that these letters bear the impress, on the seal, of "Happiness," "Pain," "Eye," &c.; that Mr. Dressel has your daughter's daguerrotype, which has been open on the piano, in the parlor of Mrs. Mitchell, or on the piano or bed in Mr. Dressel's apartment. Now, my dear Sir, if all this be fallacious, Miss Mitchell deserves a severe retribution. Time will show as to its truth. I am equally the friend of Mr. Dressel, and of the family of Mrs. Mitchell, and of your own family, all of whom are strangers to me in the light of consanguinity, and nearly by association, save as the boarder of Mrs. Mitchell now and hitherto. But if I can save your daughter from the dreadful calamity of elopement, and her parents from the deep mortification and anguish that would arise therefrom, I assure you that I will do so, come what may. The pride and glory of your family, and of a large circle of acquaintance and friends, shall not be suddenly and surreptitiously sacrificed forever, if I can avert it. So, my dear Sir, you can command my services as you please, in a rational way, in all this business. I repeat what I said at our interview, (in reply to your assertion of implicit confidence in your daughter,) that you must not lose sight of the frailties of our nature, with its unreliable and treacherous impulses, nor of the power of genius, nor the extraordinary fascinations of music (in the hands of a great master,) over the delicate, unsophisticated, and enthusiastic mind of a female, with kindred musical genius; and that even opposing natures often form alliances of friendship and matrimony.

From your friend,

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

To Rev. Dr. George Potts.

N. B.—I trust you will excuse the haste with which this letter was written, owing to the arrival of friends from California, on yesterday.

S. H. B.

Time rolls! Mr. Perkins, a young lawyer, (formerly of Natchez, but who had removed to New Orleans,) comes North, and marries the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Potts, and they sail for Paris, where he discovers in her trunk the very letters that Dressel wrote her while at Mrs. Mitchell's, in response to her "drop notes," and also letters from Dressel that she had just received in Paris, which were enclosed in her mother's letters from New York. Terrible scenes transpire, resembling those between Othello and Desdemona, and she flies from him in terror, and conceals herself in Paris, and writes to her father, who goes to Paris and accompanies her to America, when he immediately sends for us, and weeps in our presence, and deeply regrets that he had not adopted our advice, and driven Dressel into the street, who, with the imprudence of his own wife, in inclosing Dressel's letters to his daughter in Paris, had plunged his family into irremediable ruin. Perkins returns and goes to the Irving House, at the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, where we had frequent interviews, when he cries like a little child, and denounces Mr. and Mrs. Potts, but defends the chastity of his wife, and regrets his passion and his furious anathema of her in Paris. The matter is thrown into the Courts, and Perkins employs Daniel Lord, William Kent, and Benjamin F. Butler, and Potts engages Wm. Curtis Noyes, Ogden Hoffman, and — Staples, and both Perkins and Potts strive to induce us to testify in their favor, and because we peremptorily refused, and assured them we should disclose the truth on the stand, they dared not call the case for trial, lest our testimony would overwhelm both parties, and consign them to eternal odium and misery. Perkins obtained a divorce, and was elected to Congress, and married a Southern lady. Miss Potts remains single, and is a noble ornament of society. One of Mrs. Mitchell's nieces was seduced by a monster, and had a child, and she soon became a prostitute, and her mother a lunatic. Julia Mitchell married a Southron, who professed great wealth, but proved to be a pauper, and a villain of the deepest calibre. Julia obtained a divorce, and married a Mr. Moffat, who was also supposed to be immensely affluent. Mrs. Mitchell died, and her other niece resides with Mrs. Julia Moffat. And thus ends the first Chapter of this mournful narrative.

O whence have we come?
And where shall we go?
And why are we here
To combat woe?
O come fair spirit
Through the air,
And tell us more
Of this affair.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

Ice Cream.

The toiling million starved by the heartless Politicians, and the Fifth Avenue Robbers of the Public Treasure, who are the source of Oppressive Taxation, and Exorbitant Rents, and Fuel, and Food, and Raiment, and Prostitution, and Suicide, and of Theft, Rape, Arson, and Assassination.

Reclining on the velvet banks of the Hudson, were Mayor Kingsland and little Georgy, with steamers, and mariners, and forests, and the full round moon, and radiant stars re-

flected in the placid waters. With segars, and wine, and luscious cream before them, Georgy said: "Kingsland: I came from Brandon in the ship Perseus, in 1817, and was a valiant youth. Patrick Dickey was a passenger, with 400 others. We exchanged vessels at Halifax, and tarried several months at Perth Amboy, and resided in Banker street, (the Fifth Avenue of those days,) and at Nible's Garden, where my father was a fashionable Broadway dandy tailor, on whose big sign was 'George Matsell, Tailor, from London.' Our residence was the first brownstone mansion erected on Broadway. My father was of the Paine, Wright, and Owen creed, which I early imbibed. My brother Augustus was the Secretary of Fanny Wright, and I was her enthusiastic disciple, and sold her books, and pretty pictures, which were not obscene, and for which I was not indicted; nor were my associates imprisoned thirty days in the Tombs, whom I induced to visit America. Through Fanny Wright and George H. Purser, (who was the favorite of Fanny,) and Robert Dale Owen, I became a Custom House officer, under Martin Van Buren, and a Police Justice under Mayor Varian, and Chief of Police under Mayor Havemeyer, with whom and all his successors I had great influence. I pulled the nose of every Mayor save Havemeyer, whom I found extremely milish; and yet I made him fear me when I chose. Although my salary was small, yet I realized a stupendous fortune like yourself, since you began your political career in the First Ward, as a shoulder-bitter, and a candidate for Assistant Alderman, and successful municipal oil contractor. We understand these political ropes and wires, Kingsland, and it is unnecessary to linger on them. You are on the Fifth Avenue, in a Persian Palace, while I adhere to Stanton street, in a humble dwelling, lest I be suspected by my enemies of acquiring vast treasures through my office of Chief. I think you commit a fatal error in your display of magnificence, but I'll not murmur, as all are responsible for their own sins and imprudence. You may have a boisterous career, and a gust may arise, like that of Astor Place, when you may require my services. My coolness and intrepidity on that occasion, saved the city from universal massacre and conflagration. I judiciously remained in the Opera House, and commanded Woodhull, Talmadge, Westervelt and Sandford, to fire at the mob in the street, or all would have been lost, and the city instantly demolished, and its inhabitants butchered and burned to bleeding fragments and Kansas cinders. I was in the stage-box throughout the frightful spectacle, lest from my immense fat, I might be as palpable a target for the foe, as Daniel Lambert, my remotest ancestor on my Daddy's side. Lambert is from Lamb, a word of Brandon origin, and hence the mildness of my disposition, although I am terrible in bloody conflicts, where the fate of a city is involved. And the eye of Providence was in my appointment by Havemeyer, and my skillful and courageous direction of the entire Astor Place riots. The Mayor, Recorder, Sheriff, and the General, were pale and timid, and faltered, and it required the lungs of Knox, (who could bellow into the ears of Washington across the icy and tumultuous atmosphere of the Delaware,) and the nervous fat of an immediate descendant of Lambert, and the herculean vigor of Sampson, and the impetosity of Putnam, to brave the demons of Astor Place, who strove to exterminate my countryman, the gallant, and graceful, and intellectual Macready, who was right in the introduction of a dance in Hamlet, as Hamlet's grand-father was a dancing master to the King of Denmark, and hence Ned Forrest had no

right to hiss Macready for his testimonial of respect to Hamlet's grand-father. Shakespeare, himself, was long a correspondent of Hamlet's grand-father, and introduced the dance in Hamlet from his respect to his old friend, which Johnson ejected during the very year that Shakespeare died, because he had a quarrel with Hamlet's grand-father in a ball-room, in Denmark, when Johnson not only got licked, but had his nose broken in five places, besides the horrible and irremediable fracture of its tip end. This is the gist of the whole Astor Place quarrel, and MacCready was familiar with all these historical truths, and hence his introduction of the dance in Hamlet. I saved the city and MacCready, and by adroit tactics I saved myself, by adhering to the stage box, (with a pistol in either hand,) until the massacre was over in the street, and the exasperated populace had dispersed, when I rushed into the open air, and knocked down a blind-crippled-music-grinder, and brandished my sword and pistols ferociously, and frightened a little boy almost to death, who was inquiring for his mother. It was hard for me to order the Mayor, Recorder, Sheriff, and General, to fire upon the Americans; but my duty to a fellow-countryman in peril, and to myself, and to the people, whose alien Chief I was,—and, above all, to a God, in whom I ardently believe, and love, and fear, and into whose eternal embrace I expect to go, demanded me to indirectly give the thrilling and fatal word of fire, which hurled a score of beings into the dreary entrails of the globe, and into the sudden and awful presence of our common Deity. And now, Kingsland, my dear boy, in view of my tried courage, and my prodigious influence with the file of Mayors who have preceded you, and of my aid to you in primary elections, and of my powerful recent secret support of you in your nomination and election—and—and—you know, Kingsland, all the rest. I say that, in view of all this, I desire you to let me remain as Chief of Police, for which I will cling to you as I did to Fanny Wright, and Robert Dale Owen, and George H. Purser, and to the City of New York in its hour of peril. Do this, my dear Kingsland, and I will lobby through the Common Council the Ganzevoort jobs, and all the oil contracts you desire, and let you go where you please unmolested; and you can join Messrs. Paine & Phalon in musical, or lottery and policy operations, and buy as many millions of dollars' worth of land in Williamsburgh and Greenpoint, and own as many licentious houses in Church, and Leonard, and other streets, as you desire, and I will not cull a solitary hair from your beautiful and conscientious skull. What is your response?"

Kingsland.—"Have I not declared that you were my first choice for Chief of Police?"

Matsell.—"Yes. But that was only a verbal declaration. I desire the bird in my own cage. I want the fascinating documents under your signature."

Kingsland.—"Waiter: Bring me pen, ink and paper. [Writes.] There, Matsell, there it is, but do not use it until I see my political friends, and conciliate them with the assurance that your appointment was absolutely essential to the preservation of the Metropolis from riots, and sword, and fire, and ashes. If I fail to allay their exasperation, I shall send them to you, and if you fail to pacify them with promises of appointment, and those sweet accents that flow like Stuart's syrup from your ruddy lips, and your oriental bows, and meek scrapes, and cringing smiles,—why, then, you must put your bloodhounds on their track on howling tempest nights, (when only owls dare prowl through the fearful darkness of ether,) who will pursue them to the dens of infamy and revelry, and blasphemy,

and obscenity, and diery, when you will have them in your awful clutches, as you have me. O, God! Matsell, I hardly know what I say. Wine works wonders, and now let us fill our glasses to the brim, and have another dulcet cream, and depart for the Metropolis,—and at our nocturnal farewell, let us kneel and swear beneath the universal concave, that we will cling to each other like Damon and Pythias, or Burr and Arnold, until our wormy conquerors begin their lappy feast, and grin and dance over our silent and icy forms in the dreary and awful sepulchre. But remember my oil and other contracts, Matsell. Be piously true to them. When we next meet, I'll tell you how to effect their confirmation with the Aldermen, if you don't know already, from your limited experience.

Chorus.

O, oil is the thing
That the stuff will bring,
Which will buy sweet cream
To eat on life's stream.

[More ice-cream next Saturday, of a superior quality.]

Supervisor Blunt.

Two more public documents, written by Stephen H. Branch for Orison Blunt, who was Alderman of the Third Ward in 1854, and Alderman of the Fifteenth Ward in 1857, and is now Supervisor from the Fifteenth Ward.

[From the N. Y. Herald, April 22, 1854.]

Paul Julien's Second Concert.

The youthful artist has created a perfect *furor* in musical circles—amateurs, professionals, *dilettanti* and every body else; his talent is wonderful, and his improvement still more remarkable. He has, withal, the modesty which is the companion of true merit. His second concert was given at Nible's Saloon, on Thursday evening, and it was attended by as full and fashionable an audience as that which welcomed him on Tuesday evening. Mayseder's grand variations were given for the second time, upon a single string; the second attempt was even more successful than the first, and the young artist gave the highest proof of genius in overcoming difficulties previously regarded as insurmountable. Another gem of the soiree was a duet for violin and piano-forte, by Julien and Richard Hoffman. It was capitally given and was encored. The vocal part of the concert was given by Mme. Commettant and Mlle. Henrietta Behrend. The enthusiasm of the audience at the matchless execution of Julien was unbounded.

But an episode occurred yesterday which was more telling in its effects than the applause of the audience on Thursday evening. It was a grand "variation" in the form of five one thousand dollar bank notes, a gift to the young musical genius. The following extraordinary letters describe the affair:

NEW YORK, April 21, 1854.

Master Paul Julien: I have heard your delightful music in the Concert room, and you have had the kindness to play for myself and friends at my residence. In earlier life I strove to learn the violin, but I abandoned it as too difficult for me. Its intricacies are unconquerable to all save those who are inspired. I have heard of the extraordinary perseverance and severe pecuniary trials through which your father has passed, to impart to you, his only child, a musical education. And I deem the efforts of both father and son highly commendable, and truly worthy of encouragement. I therefore present you with five thousand dollars, which I trust will be consecrated to your intellectual, musical, and moral culture.—Sincerely,

ORISON BLUNT.

[Turn over for Paul's response.]

New York, April 21, 1854.

My Dear Sir :—Merc words, though brightly glowing with affection, could not express my grateful emotions for your unexpressed munificence. Nor could the most stirring strains I ever expect to conceive, reflect the chords you have touched in my heart. I can only assure you, that I will be very studious, and fondly cherish you next to my father and mother. I may soon return to France, and if you should ever visit me, I am sure that my friends would cordially receive you, for your substantial kindness to me during my sojourn in a far distant land. Affectionately,

PAUL JULIEN.

Alderman Oreson Blunt,
Warren street, New York.

We led Alderman Blunt into this, and we trust the public will not censure him, but lash us most unmercifully for such a vile imposture. Blunt never gave a cent to Paul Julien,—and when we asked him some time afterwards, to aid Paul, he declined; but Alderman Thomas Christy gave Paul \$80, to relieve himself and father and mother. When we had our last sad interview with Madame Sontag, just prior to her fatal departure for Mexico, by way of the Lakes, (in a conversation of three hours at her room in the Mansion House in Albany) she assured us there never was such a talented youth as Paul Julien, and that she had adopted him, and warmly besought us never to desert him, not only as his private teacher, but as his pecuniary friend, and we most solemnly promised we would not. After Sontag died in Mexico, Paul became very poor, and as we were also indigent, we hatched this stratagem to deceive the public, and create excitement, and fill a concert room for Paul, and we asked Blunt to sign this sham letter, which he did. We have ever been disgusted with this wicked imposition, and have suffered the compunction of a penitent thief, and we now dash the odium from our conscience, as a midnight spider prowling round our nose. And as it is the only Barnum and Ullman operation in which we ever were enlisted, we trust and believe that the public will forgive us.

James Gordon Bennett knew nothing of our imposition, nor did Frederick Hudson, his Private Secretary, until the present week, when we disclosed the whole infamous proceeding to Mr. Hudson.

Fun, and Sun, and Shade.

FRANCES FAUVEL GOURAUD, the mnemonic lecturer of 1843, gave gold pencils and other gilded trinkets to males, and reticules to females. John Inman was editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, to whom he gave a massive gold pencil, and desired to give a reticule to his fair lady, who was sister of the once famous Clara Fisher, and now Mrs. Maeder. The day was warm, and the cholera diarrhoea was prevalent, and he loudly rings the bell, and dashes into the house with all the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, and screams: "Mrs. Inman: Have you got one *necessaire*?" She is dumb for seconds, and her lily cheeks are balls of fire, and indignant phrenzy glares in her eyes, when she proclaims: "I will call the servant," and furiously retires. The servant darts in and balls out: "Come hither sir," and on he tramps, behind the servant, into the basement and the yard, where he is politely escorted into the *necessaire*, when he savagely ejaculates: "The *diable*! You von tam skamp! Why for you take me in dis vile place? By gar! by dam! What is dat I smell? What you for eat so much unions in dis country? You one tam rascal! What for you bring me in dis nasty place?"

Servant—"Mrs. Inman directed me to show you the *necessaire*."

Gouraud—"Necessaire! Vat!—You call dis *necessaire*? By gar! You tell one tam lie. A *necessaire* is full of holes."

Servant—"And is not this *necessaire* full of holes?"

Gouraud—"Yes—dat we admit for de argu-

ment—but they are such tam pig holes, dat de ladies' perfume would all run out into de street. Why does for you laugh right in my face? Me will break your tam head if you laugh at me. A *necessaire* has very small holes in my superb French beautiful and sublime and very glorious country. Me did not mean to ask Mrs. Inman for dis kind of *necessaire*. Me mean one little box, or bag, or re-tickle-em, to put her sweet perfume handkerchief, and other pretty little things in. Whew! O, by gar! Me shall sneeze? How me nose do tickle! Git me out of dis one tam yard. Me be sick already. By dam—me are ruined. Ah che—Horatio! Dare—does you not see dat? Did not me say me should sneeze? By dam! How you does smell in dis nasty country. Where is Mrs. Inman? Me must explain to her that me mean de other *necessaire*, and not dis *necessaire*."

Servant—"You perhaps had better see Mr. Inman, as it would not be proper to explain such a thing to Mrs. Inman."

Gouraud—(Seizing the servant by the throat)—You are one tam villain, and me tell you me must see Mrs. Inman, for to ask her pardon, or Mr. Inman will give me no more puffs of my astonishing System of Mnemotechny. Me must see Mrs. Inman. Dare—dare is one gold pencil, (it was copper plated) and now let me see Mrs. Inman."

Servant—"Well, I will ask her if it be agreeable to see you."

Gouraud—"Bury well—bury well—and me will wait dumb stairs, until you come with Mrs. Inman."

Servant—(returns) "I have explained everything to Mrs. Inman, who says that she hopes you will excuse her from an explanatory interview, and regrets that *necessaire* has been confounded with something less fragrant, and that she is very sorry she had you escorted into the yard."

Gouraud—Seizes both hands of the servant, and dances, and runs him up and down the parlor like fury, and cuts half a dozen pigeons' wings with his buoyant legs, and sings Marsilles, and darts out of the house, and down the street, as though a creditor was after him; and in the far perspective, with his elastic step and fancy and frantic gesticulation, convinces a wild delight that resembles the ecstasies of Elysium.

Our Beloved Brethren of the Press.

The Reporters of the Common Council have received 200 dollars each for their laborious services, which is a happiness to us beyond expression. We know their generous emotions, and their evening toil in a sickly atmosphere, some of whom have the ability and genius to wield the destinies of a city or nation. Although Horace Greeley recently told us that he had never been in the Board of Aldermen, and would hardly know where to find it, yet James Gordon Bennett has told us that he served a terrible apprenticeship as a Reporter of the Common Council, more than a quarter of a century since, and we know that most of the metropolitan editors were Municipal Reporters prior to their present exalted and lucrative, and powerful position as public journalists. Even before we baptised the *Alligator*, we had to endure the tortures of a ten years' pilgrimage around the corners and through the subterranean caverns of the City Hall. But no more of this. We sincerely congratulate our Reportorial friends, on the reception of a trifling remuneration for their severe and honorable toil.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

My brother Albert came to New York without the knowledge of father, and I got him a situation at the Harpers. I shall never forget how hard I besought John Harper to employ Albert, who did not want a boy, but kindly employed him to please me. Albert had the salt rheum, and also had very small and spiteful yellow bugs on the surface of his cranium. As I had to sleep with him, I combed his head every day, and when I found one of

the little villains, I most cruelly tortured him with pins and flame, to terrify his brethren who remained, and to thwart his return to Albert's head. But in spite of my bloody precaution, poor Albert's skull teemed like Egypt of old, with ferocious animals, and I retired with him at night, invested with the fear of a culprit on his march to the scaffold. The yellow scamps made such a Napoleonic resistance, that I procured a finer comb, and in my violent efforts to drag out and exterminate the enemy, (who were deeply embedded and irresistibly fortified in his invulnerable skull,) poor Ally screamed, like an eagle on his cliff, and Mrs. Harper came to the basis of the attic stairs, and severely scolded us for quarrelling and fighting, as she supposed. Mrs. Harper was extremely nervous, and fearing she would learn that Albert had battalions of animalcule in the region of his brain, and also trembling lest they would ground arms, and encamp and form tents in my luxuriant intellectual foliage, I advised Albert to return to Providence, and after long persuasion, with candy and peanuts, and peaches, he assented, and I went to Captain Bunker, Junior, who kindly consented to take him to Providence, without charge. While leaning on the railing of the steamer, with our eyes on the beautiful panorama of the bay, Captain Bunker told me that my let was east in a vicious city, and that I must resist evil temptation, and always be a good boy, and become a worthy man, and breathed other kind words into my ears, which soothed my lonely and inexperienced heart, made me cry vociferously, and I have always cherished him with the purest affection. Albert went to Providence with Captain Bunker, but instead of going to father's, he proceeded to Boston with the money John Harper gave him, and thence to Eastport, Maine, where the yellow bugs increased so rapidly, that he was compelled to return to Providence, where father had his head shaved, which presented a bloody battle plain, full of teeming entrenchments, and his yellow foes so bewildered him, that the hospital nurses had to watch him closely, for several days, lest he would destroy himself.

John Harper often called me from the composing to the counting room, and sent me to the Banks in Wall street to get or deposit money. I often contemplated the robbery of the Harpers, by flight to a foreign land; but when I reviewed their exact justice to all men, and their kindness to myself and brother Albert, and to all their apprentices, journeymen, and laborers, I would falter in my wicked purpose. While returning from bank with a \$500 bill, I dropped it by design, and asked a stranger if he had lost it, who said yes, and strove to seize it from the pavement, but I was about one second in his advance. While about to run, he seized me and demanded the return of his \$500 bill. I cried and screamed lustily, and during the scuffle, two gentlemen came to my relief, when my antagonist soon fled, and I ran down Cliff street, like a bloodhound. Better time was never made from the old pump of Saint George's to the Harpers. I never again pretended to lose a \$500 bill.

(To be continued to our last groan.)

The following meritorious gentlemen are wholesale agents for the Alligator.

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EXCELSIOR PRINT, 211 CENTRE-ST., N. Y.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 4.]

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.]

Let Dad and Son Beware!

Peter Cooper and Mayor Tiemann are old and sacred friends of George W. Matsell, who are more familiar with each other than they are with the Bible, or morning and evening prayers. Mayor Tiemann was elected with the express condition that Matsell should be restored to his old position, and Peter Cooper and Mayor Tiemann, and James W. Gerard, and Ambrose C. Kingland are at work for their lives to effect the restoration of Matsell, and all impends on the election of a Commissioner in place of the noble Perrit. Matsell was in the city at the last Mayoralty election, conspiring against Wood, who saved him from the scaffold, after we convicted him of alienage and perjury, and the dastard and sacrilegious abjuration of his country. And at the late election, he stabbed his benefactor down in the dust, in the assassin's darkness, and did not play Brutus for the public virtue, but to consummate his restoration to an office (he had always degraded) which was in the contract between himself and Cooper, Tiemann, Gerard, and Kingsland, and other slavish friends. We know them all and the rendezvous of all their kindred Diavolos, whose names would fill the jaws of the *Alligator*. Matsell professed to enter the city from Iowa with flags and music on the day after Tiemann's election, but he was in the city long before, and concealed in as dark a cavern as the odious Cataline, while conspiring to foil the patriotic Cicero, and consign the eternal city to a million thieves. And we now warn Cooper, Tiemann, Gerard, and Kingsland to beware. For if they foist Matsell on the city through the purchase of Nye or Bowen with Mayoralty, Street Commissioner, or the pap of the Mayor's Executive vassals, we will make disclosures that will make them stare like affrighted cats, (Gerard *a la* he-cat, and the others *a la* she-cats,) and rock the city to its carbonic entrails. Talmadge must remain, although he annoyed his nurse and mother when a brat, and so did we; and in boyhood and early manhood we both had worms, and raised Sancho Panza,

And we rambled around the town,
And saw perhaps Miss Julia Brown,

as we may develop in the publication of our funny reminiscences; but we are both growing old, and told our experience at the recent revival, and asked admission as pious pilgrims, when the deacons said that we should both be put on five year's trial, but we begged so hard they let us in. Talmadge joined the Presbyterians, and he looks pale and pensive, but we joined the noisy Methodists, and look

mighty cheerful, and sing and dance, and scream like the devil in delirium tremens, and nervous neighbors murmur at our thundering methodistic demonstrations. Talmadge as Recorder was too kind and lenient, but he erred on the side of humanity, which is preferable to err on the side of a pale and icy and bloodless liver, though we should steer between the heart and liver, and consign the culprits to the pits and gulches of the navel, where the voracious worms could soon devour them. The valor of Talmadge conquered the ruffians of Astor Place, and he has a Roman and Spartan nature, and is as generous and magnanimous as Clay or Webster, whom he loved as his own big heart. No man ever had a more genial or sympathizing bosom, than Frederick A. Talmadge. And William Curtis Noyes married his favorite daughter, and while the spotless Noyes walks the velvet earth, and his father-in-law is Chief of Police, all will go well. Wm. Curtis Noyes is one of the ablest jurists of our country, and Washington himself had no purer, nor warmer, nor more patriotic heart. We selected Mr. Noyes as our counsel against little Georgy Matsell, when arraigned before the Police Commissioners, and to his ability and fidelity are New Yorkers profoundly indebted for the downfall of Matsell, and the worst and most formidable banditti that ever scourged the Western Continent. Beware, then, Cooper Tiemann, Gerard and Kingsland, and other trembling conspirators, or we will make you howl, and open the gates of Tartarus, and set a million dogs and devils at your heels, and when they bite, may God have mercy on your poor old bones. Beware, or we will harrow your superannuated souls into the realms of Pluto, where *Robert le Diable* will grab and burn you in liquid brimstone, through exhaustless years. Beware of those forty pages yet behind. O, beware, we implore you, in the name of your wives and children, and your God! Beware of Matsell and his gang, as the big and little demons of these wicked times.

Advents and Public Plunderers.

Richard B. Connolly, the County Clerk, was born in Bandon, Ireland, and arrived in Philadelphia twenty-five years since, (as his glib, and slippery, and truthful tongue asseverates,) and thence immigrated to our metropolis. He became Simeon Draper's Friday clerk, who taught him the politician's creed of plunder, and has ever used him as a spy in the democratic legions. Draper got him in the Customs, and kept him there through several

Administrations. Draper and Connolly long controlled the Ten Governors, and do now. Draper has been in all camps, and Connolly has figured in democratic conventions, primary and legal, of all stripes and checks, through which he acquired the immortal name of Slippery. Dick is an alien, and offered us between the pillars of Plunder Hall a lucrative position in the office of County Clerk, and also proposed to play Judas against Matsell, if we would not expose his perjured alienage. We had three interviews, when we assured him that we despised both treason and traitor. He then got Alderman John Kelly to read a letter in the Board of Aldermen, declaring that he was naturalized in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, whither we repaired, and got certificates from the clerks, declaring that he was never naturalized in Philadelphia, which we published in the *New York Daily Times*. In his Aldermanic letter, he declared that his document of naturalization was framed, which he regarded as his most valuable piece of furniture, and cordially invited his friends and the incredulous to call and behold its graceful decoration of his parlor. The gallant Alderman John H. Briggs, (the Putnam of the Americans, who braved and defied all the thieves, and murderers, and demons of hell in the Matsell campaign,) called to see Dick's valuable gem of furniture, but he could not find it on the wall, nor elsewhere. We then called, and Dick's wife told us it was locked in a trunk, and her husband had the key. Others called, with similar success. On his election as County Clerk, Dick and Draper got a law enacted at Albany, giving the County Clerk \$50,000 fees, which was just so much stolen from the people, whom the Municipal, State and National robbers will not let live, but strive to rob them of their last crumb, and drive them into the winter air. Public plunder is devoted to greasing the political wheels, and burnishing, and twitching the mysterious wires, through which the honest laborer is burdened with taxes, that mangle his back like the last feather of the expiring camel. Connolly, Busted, Doane, Wetmore, Nathan, Nelson, Draper, and Weed, got the Record Commissioners appointed, through which \$550,000 have been squandered for printing the useless County Clerk and Register's Records, which is the boldest robbery of modern times. We never could induce Greeley, Bryant, Webb's Secretary, the Halls, and others, to breathe a word against this Dev-lin-ish plunder. And Flagg, himself, through his old printing friends, Bowne & Hasbrouck, and others, is involv-

ed in this record robbery up to his chin, who never uttered a syllable against it, until we goaded him through our crimson dissection in the *Daily Times*, and even then he only damned it with lingo praise. Since July last, Flagg has paid more than \$300,000 for Record printing, for which, old as he is, he should be consigned to a sunless dungeon, and rot there, with spiders only for his nurses and mourners. Last summer Flagg told us there never was a more wicked band of robbers than the Record Commissioners, and yet he paid them from July to December the prodigious sum of over \$300,000, and had paid them more than \$200,000. And Flagg paid this enormous sum without a murmur, and has no possible facility to place the infamy on the scapegoat Smith, who seems to roam at large unmolested by Flagg, who yet fears Smith's disclosures of his delinquency and superannuation. Flagg sputters a little in his reports, for show, against him, but he is not chasing Smith very hotly in the Courts, nor dare he, as we have good reason to believe. Through the Alms House, Navy Yard, County Clerks' Office, Record Commissioners, metropolitan and suburban lots, and other plundering sources, Connolly has amassed a fortune of nearly a million of dollars, and now has the audacity to proclaim himself a candidate for Comptroller, at which the honorable citizens of New York should rise and paralyse his infamous effrontery. Not content with indolence all his days,—with robbing the laborer and mechanic, and merchant, and widow, and orphan, for whom he professes such boundless love, through his spurious and mercenary democracy,—with corrupting the ballot box, and packing juries, to imprison and hang us according to his caprice and public or private interest,—with the election of Mayors and other municipal and even State and National officers, through his fraudulent canvass of votes as County Clerk,—and with his awful perjury in connection with his alienage, he now appears with his stolen money bags, and proclaims himself a candidate for Comptroller, for which he should be lashed, and scourged, and probed to his marrow bones, through the streets of New York, beneath the glare of the meridian sun, and the gaze and withering scorn of every honorable and industrious citizen, whom he has robbed, through intolerable taxation. Connolly has not voted since we exposed his perjured alienage in 1855, when he strove to bribe us to shield him from the odium arising from his alienage. A public thief, and perjurer, and alien, this man or devil announces himself for Comptroller of this mighty metropolis, with a prospect of nomination and election, unless his throat is cut by George H. Purser, a deeper and more dangerous public villain than Connolly. Purser has robbed this city for a quarter of a century, and is also an unnaturalised alien, and we have positive evidence of the fact, and he knows it. His corrupt lobby operations in the Common Council and at Albany would make a large volume. And both Connolly and Purser are nauseous scabs of the Democratic party, and grossly pollute the glorious principles of Jefferson and Jackson. And now, where, in the name of God, are the people, or is there no spirit and integrity, and patriotism, and courage, to resist the infernal public thieves of this vandal age? Should the people slumber when a gang of robbers, and devils, and assassins, and fiends of rapine, are thundering at the gates of the commercial emporium, and even at the very doors and firesides of our sacred domestic castles, and daily and hourly rob our coffers, and ravish our daughters, and cut our throats, in open day, and through their hellish robbery, and taxation, drive the mechanic and laborer, and their dear little ones, to hunger, and rags, and madness, and crime, and to the dungeon, or scaf-

fold, or suicide? Where is the concert of action of Boston and Providence, and throughout New England? And where are the potent villains of our aristocratic avenues, in this solemn hour? They are in league with your Greeleys, and Bryants, and Webbs, and Wetmores, and Drapers, and Connollys, and Pursers, and Devlins, and Smiths, and Erbens, devising schemes to plunder the people here, at Albany and Washington, for gilded means to support themselves in idleness and extravagance, and to carry the elections against the gallant Southerns, whose throats they would cut from ear to ear, and deluge this whole land with human blood, ere they would toil a solitary day like the honest laborer or mechanic, or surrender a farthing of their ungodly plunder, or breathe a syllable in favor of the eternal glory of the Union of Washington.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858:

The Mayor and Charley.

Charley—That you have wronged me doth appear in this: You have condemned and noted the devil for taking bribes of the office holders and contractors, wherein my letters praying on his side, because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Mayor—You knew better than to pray for the devil.

Charley—I can get no fat meat nor oyster stews, if every devil is condemned.

Mayor—Let me tell you, Charley, that you, yourself, should be condemned for itching to sell your offices and contracts for gold to a gang of devils.

Charley—I got the itch! You know that you are great Peter's son, or, by golly, you would not say so twice.

Mayor—The name of Itch or Scratch honor this corruption, and by the Eternal, if Hickory dont hide his head at the Hermitage.

Charley—Hickory!

Mayor—Remember November,—the hides of November, O remember. Did not great Fernando bleed for me and Peter and Edward's sake? Who touched his carcase, and did stab, and not for me and Peter and young Edward? What! Shall they who struck the foremost man of all this city, but for supporting robbers,—shall we now use our fingers, save to grab the Mayor's and all the Executive Departments? By all the bellonas and doughnuts of the world, I'd rather be a hog and grow as fat as Matsell, than to be a cadaverous crow, and live on vultures, and the shadows of the moon.

Charley—Daniel! I'll slap your chops. I'll not stand it. You forget yourself to pen me in. I'm a contractor, I, older in practice, and sharper than yourself to make contracts.

Mayor—Go to: You are not, Charley.

Charley—Dam if I aint.

Mayor—I say you are not.

Charley—How dare you so excite my dander? Look out for your dimes. I had a father, and I was a baker.

Mayor—Away spare man.

Charley—Toads and frogs! Am I Charley, or am I not. Where's the looking glass?

Mayor—Hear me, for I'm dam'd if I dont belch. Must my bowels yield to your cholera? Shall I be frightened because the diarrhœa looks knives and scorpions through the windows of your liver?

Charley—O, me. Must I stand this? O that I had a dough knife, to let out my honest blood.

Mayor—This? ay, and a dam lot more. Growl till your liver bursts. Go and tell your contractors and office-holders, how hard you have got the diarrhœa, and make them trem-

ble, lest you kick the bucket, and they get fleeced. Must I gouge? Must I lick you. Or must I get between your duck legs? By all the mush and Graham bread in the coat and boots and belly of Horace, you shall digest all the grub and gin you have gulched to-day, though it do split your spleen and kidneys. And henceforth I'll use you as a brush and ladder for Peter and Edward and myself, to sweep the streets, and scale the gilded heights of Record Hall, at whose prolific and teeming hive we will suck your honey like bumble bees.

Charley—O, where am I?

Mayor—In a dam tight place. You say you are a better contractor. Prove it. Make your braggadocio true, and I'll not grumble. There may be better contractors than me, but dam if I believe you are, though.

Charley—O gingerbread! You gouge me every second, Daniel. I said an older contractor, not a better. I know you can make better contracts than me, in paint and oil and glass and putty, but I'm some on ginger-nuts and doughnuts, and affy-davy's, and street openings. Did I say better?

Mayor—I dont care a dam if you did.

Charley—If the devil were here, you would not dare talk thus.

Mayor—The devil is hard by, and you fear his claws, and dare not oppose his will.

Charley—Dare not?

Mayor—No.

Charley—What! dare not oppose the devil?

Mayor—What I have said, I have said.

Charley—If you trifle too much with my liver, dam me if I don't kick you, and give you a black eye.

Mayor—I dare you to try it. I scout your threats, Charley, for I'm fortified so strongly through my supposed integrity, that they pass by me like incarcerated wind, which I can resist with a penny fan, or potato popgun. I did send to you for the legitimate keys of the Street Commissioner, which you refused me, for I despise false keys. By Juno, I would sell all the paint, and oil, and glass, and putty in my factory to the city, at a good price, before I would use false keys, or bamboozle the dear people, who think me so honest, and love me so intensely. I sent to you for the keys of Peter and Edward, which you denied me. Did not Charley err in that? Would I have treated Charley so? When Daniel is so mean as to refuse the keys of Blackwell's Island to his Charley, be ready, Branch, with all your bombs, and dash out his honest and tender brains.

Charley—I denied you not. It's a dam lie.

Mayor—I swear you did.

Charley—I did not. I gave the keys to the Turn-key, and told him to bring them to you. O! Daniel hath rent my liver, who should overlook my trivial faults, and not magnify them so hugely.

Mayor—I do, until you exaggerate my little peccadillos.

Charley—Daniel hates me.

Mayor—I dislike your didos.

Charley—None but an owl could discern my tricks.

Mayor—An alligator would not, unless he were hungry, and Charley was in a tree.

Charley—Come, Whiting, and young Conover, come, and revenge yourselves on Charley, who is weary of this wicked world. Hooted by the people, and braved by a Mayor, and checked like a forger, and all his thefts detected, and found in a note-book, and recited and sung by rote, and thrown into my very jaws—O! I could cry like a crocodile, until my eyes were balls of blood and fire. There's my keys, and razor, and scissors, and here's my yearning belly. Within, a liver, and bladder, and frogs, and kidneys, and tripe, and sausages, tenderer than my heart, itself, which nought but worms can ever conquer. If thou

are not a bogus Mayor, or cunning spoilsman, apply thy scissors, and pluck them out, and appease thy insatiate palate. I, that denied thee keys, will yield my entrails. Strike, as thou didst at poor Branch's claim, for I do know, that when thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better than ever thou didst Charley.

Mayor—Sheathe your scissors. Be waspish when you please,—you shall have scaram. Be tricky when you will,—I'll call it fun. O Charley! You are like Father Peter, who carries lightning as a withered limb bears fire,—who, tightly squeezed, shows a hasty flash, and straight is coal again.

Charley—Hath Charley toiled, and sweat, and groaned, and grunted all his days, to be the scoff and derision of his Daniel, when clouds and sorrows fret him?

Mayor—When I derided the honest Charley, I had the dyspepsia most horribly, with a touch of Peter's chronic piles.

Charley—O ginger-snaps! Do you acknowledge so much corn? Give me your fist.

Mayor—Take it, with its nails and knuckles.

Charley—O, Daniel!

Mayor—What's the matter, Charley?

Charley—I hear the echo clank of a culprit's chains, and I almost feel the hangman's halter round my neck. And have you not gizzard enough to forgive me, when that rash humor which the people gave me, makes me savage and forgetful?

Mayor—Yes, Charley, and henceforth, when you are over-savage with your Daniel, and refuse the keys to gilded treasure, and strive to rob his brother Edward, and Father Peter of a million spoils, he'll say that only

Horace can deride,
And black people chide,
And he'll let you slide
Down the rapid tide
Into the grassy dell,
Near the borders of—
Where the first sinners fell,
And where contractors dwell,
And all who truth do sell,
So, Charley, fare thee well.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
STEPHEN H. BRANCH,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

With John, James, and Wesley Harper's permission, I returned to Providence, and went with Smith & Parmenter, who published the "*Literary Cadet and Rhode Island Statesman*," whose editor was the handsome and talented Sylvester S. Southworth, now editor of the "*New York Mercury*." Samuel J. Smith courted Miss McBride, a beautiful actress, who extended her hand behind her for sewing silk, when her sister penetrated and broke a needle in the palm or rear of her hand, and she died in two days of lockjaw. I attended her funeral, and so piercing were her lover's cries, and so mournful was the general scene, that I had to join the mighty throng in the universal lamentation. After the coffin was lowered, and the first spade of earth imparted its thrilling reverberation, he became frantic, and leaped into the grave, and strove to remove the lid, amid the horror of the vast assemblage. In those early years, as now, I was extremely susceptible, and as nature's evening mantle was closing its sombre folds around us,—and, as the extraordinary spectacle of the enthusiastic lover had thrilled and chilled me to the soul, I departed for my abode, amid the overwhelming cries of a desolate man, who soon sold his interest in the "*Statesman*," and published the "*News*," which was the first Sunday journal established in New York. I went with John Miller, of the "*Providence Journal*," with Hugh Brown, who printed the "*Providence Directory*"—with Mr. Congdon, of New Bedford,—with Beales & Homer, of the *Bos-*

ton Gazette,—with Mr. Eldridge, of the *Hamden Whig*, of Springfield,—with John Russell, of the *Hartford Times*,—with Charles King, of the *New York American*, whose publisher was D. K. Minor,—with Michael Burnham, of the *New York Evening Post*, whose editors were William Cullen Bryant and William Leggett, whose fervent nature and jovial risibles I can never forget,—with Thomas Kite, a stingy Quaker, of Philadelphia, who would not pay me for the fat matter, and when he became so bold as to plunder the title and two blank pages, I pulled off his wig, and ran for my life, with Tommy after me, but my fleetness vanquished, and I kept his wig,—with Francis Preston Blair, of the *Washington Globe*, whose publisher was Wm. Greer. I now learned of the sudden death of Charles Manton, of Providence, whom I had most fondly loved since rosy childhood, whose demise cast a gloom over my heart which has never been effaced. I left Washington for Philadelphia in 1830, and took a room with Edward Dodge, with whom I had been a schoolmate in Providence, and who is now a distinguished banker of Wall street, with whose recent misfortunes I strongly sympathize. I now receive a letter from father, requesting my immediate return to Providence, and on my arrival, he introduced me to James Fenner, the Governor of Rhode Island, and to Gen. Edward J. Mallett, the Postmaster of Providence, who married Gov. Fenner's daughter. I became a clerk in the Post-office, at \$400 per annum. [Gen. Mallett's second wife was a widow of the affluent Haight family, of this city, and he was the President of the St. Nicholas Bank.—He has just been appointed by President Buchanan, Commercial Agent to Florence, where he will probably die, as he is tottering in the bleak evening of life.] I had borrowed money from Israel Post, of New York, before I went to Washington, and when he learned that I was a clerk in the Post-office, he demanded payment, and threatened to write to Gen. Mallett, if I did not immediately cancel his claim. I wrote him that I would pay him from my salary. He replied, that he would not wait. His letters were exciting, and fearing he would write an extravagant letter to Gen. Mallett, and perhaps effect my dismissal, I took the money from the till, and inclosed it in a letter, and as I was about to seal and mail it, Captain Bunker's admonitions, and my father's kindness in procuring my clerkship, and my horror of a thief, caused me to forbear, amid tears of joy at my victory over the demon of dishonor. Although this transpired in the Post-office at midnight, and although I boarded near the Post-office, which was a mile from father's, yet I went home, against a winter's tempest, and aroused him from his slumber, and told him of the horrors of my position. He stood before me in robes of whiteness, like a Roman statue, and when I told him that I had taken and instantly restored the money to the till, big drops rolled from his cavern eyes in exhaustless profusion, and after pacing the room in utter silence, he halted and said:—"Stephen, my dear son, in early years, you were dishonest, and I feared you were so now. But your firmness and integrity on this occasion, gladden my heart more than I can evince in language. It is midnight, and a storm rages with terrific fury, and I hope you will remain at home to-night, and in the morning you shall have the means to cancel the claim of Mr. Post. Take the lamp and retire, Stephen, and you will go to your repose with my most fervent blessing." And as I was about to go, with his hand upon the latch, he gazed, and lingered, and hesitated, and advanced and embraced me as never before, and while he kissed my forehead, his copious and burning tears rolled down my pallid cheeks. We parted in silence, as neither

could speak. I arose early, and went to the Post-office, and before meridian, father gave me the money, which I sent to Mr. Post, which made me the happiest being in Providence. The students of Brown University daily came for letters, with some of whom I formed the warmest friendship, and I soon discovered my snperciality through their snperior intelligence, and I resolved to emerge from the ignorance and superstition that beclouded my intellect, and made me unhappy. I studied Greek and Latin very hard during my leisure hours, and recited to Hartshorn, Farnsworth, and Gay, and made rapid advances. The clerks became jealous soon after I embarked in my intellectual enterprise, and strove to prejudice Gen. Mallett against me, assuring him that I did not come to the office early in the morning, and let them go to breakfast, although I hastened to the office immediately after I closed my morning meal, and sometimes without it, to please the clerks. They also told him that I studied during office hours, and neglected those who called for letters. Gen. Mallett believed their fallacious accusations, and often severely denounced me, and I left the Post-office, with the approbation of my father, and began the study of law with Gen. Thomas F. Carpenter, one of the most eminent lawyers of Rhode Island, and a man of noble nature. Gen. Mallett soon requested me to return, by direction of Gov. Fenner, who was the constant personal and political friend of my father more than forty years. I returned, but the clerks again conspired, and apparently gave Mallett no peace—although I learned that Mallett himself, if not their instigator, was, at least, their fellow conspirator, which aroused a hundred tigers in my breast. The clerks adduced another batch of colored charges, and Mallett belched a scathing philippic, when I sprang like a panther at his throat, and gently squeezed and hugged him like a bear, until he showed his lying and vituperating tongue, and rolled his phrenzied eyes, when he made a superhuman effort, and eluded my nails and fingers, and fled into his private office, whither I pursued him. My father was in the printing office of Wm. Simons on the floor above, and hearing my blows and awful anathema of Mallett, and scratches, and gouges, and wild cat screeches and echos, he rushed down stairs, and into the private office of Mallett, and locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, to conceal us from the public gaze; and after a desperate conflict, he dragged me from Mallett, who then seized the poker, and run behind the stove and wood and coal box. While father held, and strove to calm me, Mallett feared I would get loose, and suspended one leg from the window, and asked father if he had not better leap to the ground. Father told him that he might break his neck or legs, and that he would strive to hold me until my anger was allayed. My eyes glared like Forrest's in one of his terrible revenges, and my tongue projected, and mouth foamed, and my cheeks and lips were of deathly pallor, and I had the strength of a small panther, and father exclaimed: "Why, Stephen, don't you know me? I am your father,—and won't you recognise me, and heed my friendly counsel? It is the familiar voice of your father that appeals for your restoration to serenity. Do, I implore you, tranquilise your nerves, and appease your fearful wrath, and allay your deadly fury, and gratify your aged father, who always loved you." I faltered and gazed around, and as my wild and fatal eye balls rested on Mallett, he again cries out: "Judge Branch: Don't you really think I had better jump out of the window?" Father said: "No, I guess not. Stephen will soon abjure his dreadful anger, and be himself again." He then bathed my temples, and stroked my curly

hair and fanned my fevered cheeks, and I slowly emerged from my protracted aberration, and took a seat, and father unlocked the door, and Mallett darted out like a cat from a dark closet, and scaled the stairs with a solitary stride, and I returned home with father. Gov. Fenner truly loved me, and deeply regretted the sad intelligence of the quarrel, and on the following day insisted on my immediate return to the Post Office, and threatened to kick Mallett and all the clerks into the street, because they had long plotted such infamous mischief to get me out of the office, and to effect, if possible, my earthly ruin. I sincerely thanked the Governor for his friendly feelings, and assured him that I could not return and dwell with happiness among such a gang of miserable wretches, when he honored me with an elegant donation, and expressed the warmest desire for my future welfare. Gov. Fenner told me, in the presence of my father, that he would request Gen. Jackson to remove his son-in-law as Post Master, if he did not instantly hurl every clerk into the street, who had conspired against me. But my father and myself besought the noble Governor to commit no rashness, as it would be impossible to conduct the affairs of the Post Office, in the sudden absence of all the experienced clerks. I then shook the Governor's throbbing hands, and, as we parted, I am quite sure I saw a tear fall from his venerable and intellectual eyes, and I know that grateful and hallowed waters fell like equator rain from my pensive vision. I left for Andover, and entered Phillips' Academy, in the Greek and Latin classes, where I formed a devoted friendship with Wm. Augustus White, who was a poor youth, and a beneficiary of the Education Society, and who is now an Episcopal minister in Maryland. I left Andover for Boston, and caught the itch from a filthy bed at a hotel in Washington street. I went to Cambridge, and entered the law school of Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf. A law student from Providence asked me to gamble, and I won about \$20 in cash, and he denounced me, because I would not gamble with him after he had lost all he had, and owed me \$50. I told him that persons seldom paid gambling debts, and I could not stake cash against credit in a game of cards. I also told him that I would return the \$20 I had won, and give him the \$50 he owed me, if he would never ask me to gamble, when he flew into a fearful passion, and said I grossly insulted him. He strove to irritate me to blows, and I anticipated a scuffle, but he did not dare strike me, as he doubtless saw fatality and a pale sepulchre in my eyes. We had known each other nearly all our days, but dice and cards separated us for ever, and he is in the grave. News arrived at Cambridge of the great fire of 1835, and I went to New York, to see my brothers, and the desolation, and proceeded to Philadelphia, but my itch increased, and I returned with forced cars to Cambridge, and consulted Dr. Plympton, who gave me ointment, which I applied, and the itch suddenly disappeared, and commingling with my blood, and raised Beelzebub with my emotions. I felt cold, and made a rousing fire, and went to bed, and had a violent perspiration, and out popped the itch again like a porpoise, and made me scratch so hard and incessantly, that I could not sleep of nights, and I was in a horrible predicament, and I got alarmed, and went to Providence, and immediately to bed, as my physical energies were utterly exhausted, from loss of rest, and from my eternal scratching, and off I went into a thundering snore. My brother William arrived from New York during the night, and got into my bed, and I slept so soundly that he vainly strove to awake me. I told him in the morning that I had the itch, and he laughed heartily, and I tried to join

him, but I could not. He soon returned to New York, and I to Cambridge, and in about a month, he wrote me that he had got the itch, and asked me what he should do to cure it. I told him to apply itch ointment externally, and to gently scratch the developments, or they would increase like fury, or a snow ball. He then wrote me that itch pimples had appeared between his fingers, and on the back of his hands, and desired to know what to do to screen them, or cure them quickly, and spare the mortification. I told him to wear gloves or mittens constantly as I did, and to pretend that he was learning the art of self-defence, and went to a boxing school so often that it began to seem natural to wear gloves or mittens without cessation, or through absence of mind. Brother Bill never troubled me again about his itch, and I was glad, as I did not like to commune of itch, even through correspondence with a brother, as my own itch required my unremitting attention. The students often asked me why I scratched my legs and back so much, and why I always had pimples in the rear of my hands, and between my fingers, and on my knuckles, and why I wore boxing gloves so much. I told them that I had the salt rheum that my dear mother gave me. I went to Andover, in a sleigh, with a student named Terry, who had a sweetheart in the suburbs of the town, with whom he lingered until late in the evening. On our return to Cambridge, we got lost in the woods, at midnight, and came near freezing. In our emergence from the forest, and while sharply turning a corner of the country road, we upset, and both were thrown with great violence, on the uneven snow and ice. Terry fell on his prominent, though handsome nose. The night was dark, and his hands were numb, and on applying his fingers to his nose, he could not feel it, and thought it had frozen, and broken, and gone, as blood flowed freely from where his nose ought to be, and once was, and in abject despair, (for Terry dearly loved his nose,) he exclaimed: "Branch! where are you?" "I am here." "Well, do come here, for the Lord's sake." "What's the matter, Terry?" "Branch, can you see my nose?" "No. It is so dark, I cannot see you. Where are you, Terry?" "Here." We then found each other, and he besought me, in touching accents, to feel for his nose, and I did, and told him that I feared his nose was gone, as I could not feel it, nor could I, because my arms and fingers were so numb. Poor Terry wept bitterly, while I laughed into smothered hysterics. We got into the sleigh, and off we went towards Cambridge, with Terry moaning over the loss of his nose, and I laughing through the disguise of a cough or sneeze. On our arrival at his College room, I struck a match, and Terry rushed for the glass, and lo! his mangled nose was there, gleaming and streaming with icicles of blood, and the pale liquid of nature. He made a fire, and bathed his wounds, and melted his nosy icicles, and jumped and hopped and leaped with unwonted ecstasy. The previous cold and sudden heat of Terry's fire irritated my itch, and I wanted to scratch my pimples, but dared not in Terry's presence, and I put on my coat to go to my college apartment, to bathe my body with itch ointment. But Terry wanted me to sleep with him. He had a large feather bed, and the fire was blazing, and I was sure I would get into a perspiration, and give him the itch if I slept with him. So I declined. But he insisted, and locked the room, and hid the key. What to do I did not know. I dared not tell him I had the itch, but told him that I must go to my room, and get my lessons for the morrow, to which he would not listen. I had not applied ointment for fifteen hours, and I was anxious to do so that night, and

made a warm appeal to Terry to unlock the door, but he would not. He then made some warm punch, and displayed his crackers, cheese, apples, cake, and segars, and firmly declared that if I did not sleep with him, he would never speak to me again. So I had to stop, and we went to bed, when he proposed to snuggle up a little before we went to sleep, and I had to let him do it. But the cold had made him sleepy, and he soon turned over, and away he departed in a roaring sleep, to my infinite delight, as the punch and crackling fire had caused my pimples to itch horribly for two hours, and I could only slyly and gently scratch them while he was awake. So I went at them with my long nails, which I had cultivated for scratching, and I soon made the pimples smart and bleed instead of itch, which afforded me the same relief that an eel obtains in his desperate leap from the pan into the lurid coals. The college bell aroused Terry early, but not me, as I was already aroused, not having closed my eyes, though I pretended (out of compliment to Terry's nice punch and feather bed,) to have had the most delightful repose. So we arose, and clad ourselves, and combed our hair, and brushed our teeth, and Terry let me out, and I departed for a two hour's communion with itch ointment. In about three weeks, while Terry was telling a most comical story to myself and some students in his room, he suddenly stopped, and made a desperate grab at the calf of his left leg, which he scratched like a cross and sick hen, in pursuit of food for her hungry chickens, until I thought he would tear his pantaloons. Terry scratched so hard and long that he excited one of the students, who began to scratch his head, and asked him if he ever discovered fleas in his room. Terry looked indignant, and ceased scratching, and continued his story. Presently he made a lunge for the other leg, higher up. The students stared at Terry, and looked extremely solicitous towards each other, and two left very suddenly. Terry closed his story, and the other students left, leaving myself and Terry, who hauled up his pantaloons, and exclaimed: "Why, Branch, I think I must have fleas, for, good God, just look at my legs, they are covered with pimples, and they itch most awfully." I inquired if a dog had been in his room recently, to which he negatively responded. I then said: "Perhaps you have not got fleas, but the itch." He instantly straightened himself, and looking me dead in the eye, said: "Branch: If I had the itch, I think I would commit suicide." I replied: "That would be

(To be continued to our last groan.)

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Life of Stephen H. Branch.

very silly, as ointment will soon cure it." He said: "I knew a man who applied ointment five years, and his itch got worse every year." This was a bomb that quickened my pulsation. I then said: "Perhaps you have got the salt rheum, and I advise you to consult Dr. Plympton immediately." He said: "I'll go now, and I want you to go with me." As Plympton was the Superintendent of my itch, I did not know what response to make. But as he might be absent, or if at home, determined to remain without while Terry went in, I at length said: "Well, I will go with you," and over we went to the Doctor's, who, to my great joy, was not in. I then told Terry that I must go to my room, and get my lessons, but that he must remain until Dr. Plympton returned, and he said he would. Terry rushed into my room in about an hour, a shade paler than a ghost, and exclaimed:—"Branch! the Doctor says that I must have caught the itch from you, as it is precisely like yours." If a cannon ball had entered the window, it could not have thrilled my frame like the disclosures of Plympton, which I regarded as safe with him as myself. But the old cat was out, and I had to face her sharp claws. So I told poor Terry the whole story, and that if he had not locked the door, and forced me to sleep with him, he would not have caught the itch. He mildly chided me for not disclosing that I had the itch, as, if I had, he certainly would have unlocked the door with much pleasure, and let me out. But he forgave me, and asked me to room with him, so that we could apply the itch ointment together, before the same fire, and talk the matter over, and compare symptoms, and sympathize with each other, and eat and sleep together with impunity, and read distinguished itch authors, and go to Dr. Plympton's together, until we got cured. I told Terry that if we did all that, we would so thoroughly innoculate each other with the itch, that all the doctors of the globe could not wrench it from our blood, and that we would transmit the itch to our posterity for ten thousand years, and then it would not be entirely out of the system. Terry looked amazed, and said he felt faint, and called for gin and water, and stared like an

Egyptian Daddy,
Or Tiemann Granny,
Or Peter Mummy,
Or Edward Soonly,
Some five thousand years old,
Whose wills were never sold,

Nor their offices for gold,
As we oft have been told; I
Who loved their constituents
Far better than stimulants,
Or their sons and brothers,
And a good many others.
O, fiddle-de-dee,
Ye Coopers three,
You'll not cheat me,
No, sirs-ree,
While I'm free,
As you'll see!

And Terry said he hoped I would excuse him, as he felt nervous, and would like to go to bed, and I bade him good night, and went to see Plympton, and assured him that if he told the students I had the itch, it would mortify my feelings, and spread, and terrify all Cambridge, and I might be mobbed, and he most solemnly vowed that he would make no further disclosures. And I returned to the College, and saturated my body with ointment, and retired, and sweat, and scratched all night, and did not close my weary eyes until the Cambridge rooster crowed.

(To be continued to our last loan.)

Let the Firemen Stand to their Guns!

And Never Surrender their Glorious Volunteer System to the Corrupt Politicians, and with it their Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

We wrote and published the following document in the *New York Herald* one year before we opened our batteries against George W. Matsell's alienage. But it is more appropriate now than in 1854, as the enthusiastic champions of a Paid Fire Department are inclosing and about to overwhelm the adversaries of that fatal system, like the allied armies the great Napoleon at Waterloo. Although we had written the Annual and Special Fire Reports of Alfred Carson in 1851, '2, and '3, yet we wrote and published this document without his consultation, as he was in *Troy*, New York, when it appeared in the *Herald*; but when he read it in the cars between Albany and New York, he was delighted with it, as he informed us on his arrival in this city. The Firemen will perceive that it was written soon after the destruction of Jennings' Clothing Store in Broadway, and the loss of human life; and that we hurl back the ungenerous charges of almost the universal press of New York, that the firemen were a gang of thieves, because some cheap and scorched and wet clothing was placed over the chilly and mangled and dying firemen by their weeping comrades on that mournful occasion, and found on their dead bodies in the City Hospital.

But read, Firemen, read, and unite to a man against all who would destroy the *Volunteer*

Fire System of New York, which is the best ever devised since the forests and Indians yielded to civilization and freedom.

From the New York Herald of May 14, 1854.

FIREMEN OF NEW YORK:—The columns of almost every public journal are closed against you. The hand of almost every editor is uplifted to strike you down. The scurvy politicians, to a man, are against you, and the insurance corporations are spending their money freely to distract and subvert your organization, for the first time since the Indians transmitted their fire department to the pale faces. And why this unhalloved alliance of the press, politicians, and insurance corporations, for your demolition? I will tell you. The press would blot out Alfred Carson, because he dared attack them, and silence their base libels on his good name; the corrupt politicians would bury yourselves and Carson in one common ruin, because you have driven their Aldermanic cronies back to their dreary abodes of reflection and remorse, and the biting neglect of meritorious citizens; and the insurance companies have secretly united to destroy you, because you and your predecessors have been so kind and true to them and their ancestors for one or two centuries. Ingratitude is of rare occurrence among honorable men, but from soulless corporations it is to be expected, although they are composed of creatures who profess to have souls.

A paid fire department is the ostensible cry of the press; but your chastisement is their leading motive, because you have clung like brothers to your Chief, against their maledictions. Their first object is to render you obnoxious with the people. And how would they effect this? Not by honorable means, but by branding you indiscriminately as thieves, even while some of you are imploring, in the name of a humane God, to be extricated from burning ruins, and when the thrilling cries of your deceased comrades could be heard in their editorial closets; and, when extricated, (some dead, and others apparently in their last gasp,) these editors send you, editorially, to the hospital or to Greenwood, as a gang of worthless thieves. They thus degrade andacerate the bleeding hearts of your distracted kindred; and, to make sure of their victims, living and dead, they devise a hellish plot to entrap your noble Chief Engineer to testify against your departed companions, whose testimony before the Coroner's Jury, was most shamefully perverted by almost every press in the city. And these editors do all this to operate on the people, and in favor of a paid fire department.

Firemen, you do not merit this degradation and this cruel persecution from the press, (the safety of whose costly establishments you watch with such sleepless vigilance,) simply because you have conscientiously testified your undeviating devotion to your Chief, who has shared your perils for so many years, while those who would degrade and destroy you, are sweetly reposing on feather beds, and making glorious dividends from your gratuitions and perilous labors.

The editors prate about the thievish propensities of firemen, as though there were no thieves among the editors; but these editors must be a most infernal set of scamps from their glowing accounts of each other. And the editors prognosticate no more thefts if the firemen are only paid good fat salaries, and are called brigadiers, or brigade firemen. These brigadiers must come direct from Heaven, if there be not, here and there, a devil among them. Louis Napoleon elected himself Emperor through his fire brigades, and other similar organizations; and Matsell, backed by a large portion of the press and the politicians, may have some mischievous game in view, for he is in his shirt sleeves for a fire brigade.—Brigadier Matsell! How that would sound! And a Brigadier of two Departments, viz.: the fire and the police. O, there's much in that. Did not Matsell once attempt to wear a white fireman's cap? and did not Anderson make him take it off? And did not Matsell order a general alarm at the fire in Forsyth street the other day? Oh, firemen, why will you repose on a volcano?

Much is said by the press of the independence of the police, under its present organization. But does not Matsell report the trembling policemen for misdemeanor to the Mayor, Recorder, and City Judge, whose action is final in their removal? This power, in the hands of Matsell, is a lash, and enables him, in connection with his captains and lieutenants, to control the city. How easy for a police captain, under instructions from Matsell, to silence the clamors of their political opponents at the polls, and to incarcerate, (in the Tombs or station houses, until the election is over, and the votes are "satisfactorily" counted,) under the pretext of disturbance, all those who dared oppose Matsell's candidates, and the candidates of Matsell's friends among the press and the politicians. And if we had another powerful political organization, in the form of a paid fire department, or Napoleonic Fire Brigade, that would harmonize in its action with the police department, and with the leading politicians, and with the press, and with the insurance and other corporations, what would become of the right of practical suffrage in the city of New York? It would exist only in name.

With power equally distributed among the nations of Europe, there would be no cause for war. Nicholas thinks he can resist all Europe in arms: hence the present war. What mainly preserves the union of the States is the equality of representation of States in the American Senate, through which the reserved rights of the States are chiefly protected. And what will preserve the city of New York from conflagration, and best protect the ballot-box, and promote the best interests of the city, will be for the press to be far less grasping in its desires for universal power, through its advocacy of, and its subsequent intimate connection with, the leading officers of dangerous political organizations, which must ultimately result in their absorption of the right of suffrage, and perhaps in the destruction of the city itself. Let the press and the public organizations studiously move in their respective spheres, like the States and the General Government,—a serious collision,

or too friendly intimacy, being equally fatal to both, and to all concerned.

The Press has power enough, and quite as much as the people can safely allow them. The public corporations have more power than is consistent with the public safety, and the purity and exercise of the elective franchise. But I repeat, that with a police department, and paid fire department, and other public corporations, and the press, all united in a specified object, God have mercy on the city of New York. Farewell, then, to the right of suffrage in this city. The paid firemen and the paid policemen, openly or tacitly sustained by the press, would utterly block up and control the passages leading to the ballot-boxes, permitting (as many of the police do now) only those to vote who could give the countersign. This fearful consolidation of power in the first American city might lead to the most deplorable results to the whole country. We have not existed eighty years as a Republic, which is a very brief period in the silent and trackless footsteps of centuries. The American eagle might fall to-morrow from his projecting cliff, never to rise. Rome ruled, and finally destroyed the Roman Empire. So with Athens and Alexandria, and other ancient cities. Paris, through political organizations, rules France. These associations, controlled by a bold, reckless, and accomplished leader, can make France a republic to-day, and a despotism to-morrow. London, through her public corporations, which were gradually stolen from the people, controls the British empire, on whose vast possessions the sun never sets. And why should not New York, with similar organizations, and controlled by a crafty, irresponsible, unscrupulous, and unbridled press, ultimately reduce the whole country to despotism and degrading vassalage? Some of our leading and most honorable statesmen will tell you that the city of New York controls the national conventions of either party, and the national politics, through half a dozen bloated political scamps, located in this city and Albany.

Firemen of New York, and other citizens, are you prepared to incur these perils? If not, arise and resist the superhuman efforts to disgrace and destroy you! Grasp and hold with giant strength the little you have left of the right of suffrage;—cling, with undying firmness and affection, to your noble organization; resist the attempts to saddle this tax-ridden city with an additional tax of nearly one million of dollars, for the support of a paid fire department, and avert the possible contingency that some mushroom scoundrel may, at no remote day, haughtily dispense the curses of monarchy or unlimited despotism on the ruins of your country!

A paid fire department, composed of a limited number of hired mercenaries, could not protect this city so effectually as a voluntary system. It could be done in the cities of Europe, where the habitations are composed of bricks, granite, marble, and other substances impervious to fire, but not in New York, where almost every edifice is a pile of shavings, or combustible matter. Moreover, hired civilians are the same as hired soldiers. Both work for pay, and not for public utility and renown. But the volunteer firemen of New York are as zealous and courageous as the soldiers of the Revolution, while paid firemen would evince the slothfulness and cowardice of the British in that memorable contest. Any man contending for liberty, and his wife and children, can easily rend to fragments three cowardly mercenary combatants, and a volunteer fireman of New York, panting for deeds of valor, and the love and respect of his fellow men, can effect more than half a dozen paid lazzaroni, who go to their perilous task as slaves go to the field.

For years the press of New York has disgusted and insulted the firemen, by striving to make the people believe that the police were more efficient at fires than the firemen; and most of these puffs are written at Matsell's and the Captains' offices. We now begin to see the motive of this, which was two-fold. First, to make the police system popular with the people—and it has required an immense deal of puffing to make it even tolerable with the people. And, secondly, to prepare the people for another police organization in the form of a paid fire department. We shall not recur to the past, but will recur to the future files of the press, and we will venture the prediction that, ere many days, it will be publicly announced that poor Matsell has either broken his thigh at a fire, or had his coat burned entirely from his back, or that he has saved the lives of seventy-five policemen, by ordering them down stairs just as the fatal crash was about to come; or, fancying himself Chief Engineer, he has actually struck a general alarm, as in Forsyth street. Or it may be announced that Captains Brennan, Leonard, or some other daring policemen, have quenced a tolerably large conflagration before the firemen arrived; and that, at the same terrific fire, they saved the lives of several men, women, and children, at the imminent risk of losing their own valuable lives.

This base stuff, and these monstrous lies, which daily fill the columns of the Press, concocted by the Police Department as early and valuable news, may have rendered the Police Department a little more tolerable with the people, but, at the same time, it has created a breach and a deadly hatred between the policemen and the firemen that will not be effaced while the present race of editors shall exist. And if they would atone for the mischief they have thus created, and would have more friendly relations subsist between the Police and Fire Departments, the sooner they stop such disgusting nonsense the better for them, and for the city at large.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

May 14, 1854.

And now, firemen, be vigilant, or you are lost. You are surrounded by spies and internal foes, who talk in favor of the Volunteer System, and yet in ambush are toiling unceasingly against it. The Fire Department swarms with these hypocrites, who are mostly politicians, and employed to stab your Volunteer System by the chief robbers of the politicians, who desire to strangle the rights of the people, and rob and oppress them with taxation, through two such overshadowing political organizations as the Fire and Police Departments.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1853.

LAMENTATIONS OF A GRAHAMITE.

At the advent of Homeopathy a physician said: "There, Branch, take one drop every hour, and if you feel a twitch in the arms, or fingers, or toes, describe your electric thrills as accurately as possible, and let me see your notes when we meet again." The anticipated twitches in the far extremities alarmed us, lest our heart might get a slight twitch, and we be very suddenly twitched into the grim abode of withered skeletons. We were eating Graham bread at this time with Horace Greeley, in Barclay street, and averaged about eight loaves a day between us, exclusive of the mush and stewed apples. An allopathic physician had assured us that all our fat was gone, save a small chunk near the spleen, and Horace warned us to take no medicine, but to duck our carcass every day, which would

soon bring to the surface all the indiscretions of early years, as he had long averaged two baths a day, which produced two hundred boils, of which only twenty-eight remained. So, on a winter's morning, about five o'clock, we entered a little Egyptian mummy canvas perpendicular box, (before the introduction of the blessed Croton,) and hooked the canvas pine-frame door, and pulled the string, and down came the icy water. In our thrilling despair and unconsciousness, we grasped the string, like a drowning man a straw, and jerked and re-jerked it, until we broke the entire upper eastern arrangements, when down came ten hogheads of rain water on our poor head, and washed away the mummy box, and us with it. After a Jonah scuffle, we crawled out of the box, and opened the bath-room door, and screamed fire, and murder, and seaweed, and ran down stairs, with ten hogheads of water at our heels. We ran into the kitchen, where the servants slept, who sprang from their beds, and ran into the street, and yelled, and aroused the neighbors,—and hens cackled, and cats mewed, and dogs barked, in all directions. We seized a tub and dashed up stairs against the overwhelming torrent, and found about forty lean Grahamites, up to their knees in water, and poor MacDonald Clarke and Horace Greeley among them, bailing for their lives, in their nocturnal mantles. Chairs, and books, and umbrellas, were floating on the bosom of the waters, and the scene resembled the devastation of Noah's deluge, or the encampment of California miners, at the rise and desolation of the Sacramento and her tributary streams. The walls were soon re-plastered, and new carpets laid, and chaos and saturation departed. We partially recovered from the bathing concussion, but were slowly wasting, and approaching the Spirit land, when we consulted an allopathic physician, (who was an old friend of ours,) who told us that Graham bread and mush had diminished and nearly paralyzed our kidneys, and that we must drink gin or die. We told him that our Father was President of the Rhode Island State Temperance Society, and that we belonged to three Teetotal Societies, and was President of one, and Recording Secretary of another, and that we could not drink gin, although we might possibly go ginger pop, without violating the Constitution of either Society. The Doctor then said: "Well, Branch, give me both hands, and let me also embrace you most fervently, and even kiss you, as you will probably die in about three days, and I shall never see you again, until I come to your funeral. Good by, my good fellow, and may God bless you in the other world." "Good Lord, Doctor, don't go—but bring on your gin, and I'll drink a gallon to begin with, and more if you say so. I'm not prepared to die, and dam the Temperance Societies, where life and death and decayed kidneys are involved." He then went to the Astor House, and got a quart of the purest gin, and told us to drink freely of it, which we did, and soon felt so happy that we arose from our bed, and went to Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, where the sweet Mary Taylor was placarded for the Child of the Regiment, and Mitchell for Jem Bags. The gin had now got the better of us, and we talked, and laughed, and hissed the actors, until Mitchell approached the foot-lights, and made an inflammatory speech against us, when a deafening shout arose: "Put him out! put him out!" and out we went, in a mighty hurry, over the heads of ladies and gentlemen. On reaching the outer door, a policeman saw us, whom we had learned to read and write, who accompanied us to the Graham House, and left us at the street door. We staggered up stairs, and got into the bed room of two nervous old maids, who were rigid Grahamites, and as

thin as shads, who screamed so frightfully, that we got out as soon as possible, lest they would scratch our eyes out, and tear us to bleeding tatters. We then got into the bed room of Horace Greeley, who poked out his bald head from his straw pillow and scanty Graham bed-clothes, and exclaimed: "Who's there?" "Thou pale and ghastly shadow! what dost thou in my bed? How dare you enter the sacred precincts of my domestic castle?" "You dam drunken vagabond! you are a liar, if you say I'm in your bed. This is my room, and my couch, and if you don't leave, I'll throw my boot at your bewildered skull.—Hence! thou miserable sot! Away!" We then approached him, and sat on the side of his narrow cot, and stroked his chin, when he gave us a tremendous blow, in the face, and made our nose bleed copiously. He then arose, and perceiving who we were, expressed the deepest sorrow, and bathed our nostrils, and led us to our room in the attic, and undressed us, and put us to bed, and tucked in the blankets, and after a scathing lecture against intemperance, he left us with a fond good night. We sent for our gin physician, who said that whoever cured us, must cure our nerves, and he could not do it. This we regarded as our final knell, and we began to read the Bible and hymn book, and prepare for death. But a homeopathic physician was strongly recommended, whom we consulted, who gave us phosphorus and aconitum, which revived us like galvanic batteries, and he then told us to exchange Graham bread and mush for beef-soup and tenderloin, and we recovered rapidly. We were teaching a lad, whose dear little sister had the dysentery, with two allopathic butchers in attendance, who, after bleeding, and leeching, and blistering, and snuffing her system with mercury, recommended brandy as a last resort. The little angel had her last fit, as was supposed, and as her father was exhausted and bed-ridden with grief and a burning fever, we went for a coffin towards midnight, and entered a store where there was a lamp in its expiring rays, and rang the bell, when in the drear and narrow perspective, we beheld the lank and greedy gravedigger in his shirt and pants, and black nightcap, approaching us, in about the measured pace of "Hamlet's Ghost."—He had a dark lantern, and seemed a hideous spectre emerging from the regions of the dead. We were extremely nervous, and awfully dyspeptic, and unusually depressed from the protracted storm, and could endure his fearful aspect no longer, and when within five paces of our trembling person, we darted from the coffin store, and ran as though the evil Nieholas was after us. The sexton suspected us for a thief, and chased us several blocks, but we flew like a whirlwind, and the devil himself could not have caught us. On reaching the abode of the suffering innocent, we found that she had emerged from the last fit, and off we scampered for the homeopathic physician who had saved our life with phosphorus, and aconitum, and beef soup, and tenderloin. We aroused him from his couch, and we were by the side of the little invalid in twenty minutes, when the Doctor removed a tooth, (her jaws being apparently closed in death,) and deposited about four drops of medicine in her mouth, which was continued during the night, and at twelve, meridian, she ate egg and potato combined, with milk, and in five days she rollicked all over the house. While conducting the Matsell Investigation, we wrote a Disquisition on Worms, and Mrs. Doughty, (the amiable wife of Mr. Doughty, who was long connected with the New York Street Department, and whose lovely daughter married a member of the great Banking House of Prime, Ward, & King,) called on the noble and supremely beautiful Mrs. Alderman John

H. Briggs, and said: "I reside near Newark, New Jersey. My husband's name is Samuel S. Doughty, (who was Street Commissioner of the City of New York in 1844 and '45,) and is very wealthy, and has erected a mansion that will compare with any in New Jersey. We have spacious grounds, and gardens, and orchards, and horses, and carriages, and all that can render us happy in the evening of our days, and yet we are very miserable. A dark cloud hovers over our magnificent abode, that we fear will soon belch the elements of destruction, and overwhelm us all in one common ruin. I have a sweet, and intellectual, and generous-hearted daughter, whose rare conversational powers, and vocal and instrumental music, cheered us in other days, who has been chained to a couch of illness more than two years. So disconsolate is her heart, that she will not permit her rosy and curly children to enter her apartment, nor a solitary mortal, save myself and husband. Her stomach rejects every species of food, and she has the piles most awfully, and several other diseases. Doctors Parker and Mott, and other eminent Americans, and two distinguished European physicians, have crossed the Atlantic, and toiled long and hard for her restoration. Now, my dear Mrs. Briggs, please listen very attentively to what I am about to disclose. A week since, I discovered a long article on Worms in the *New York Daily Times*, signed by Stephen H. Branch, and read it to my daughter, to elicit, if possible, a smile from her sad face. But I had scarcely closed it, ere she partially arose in her bed, and fixed her excited eyes upon me, and most terribly alarmed me, as she had not arisen in her bed for months, without assistance, and I said: 'Why, my dear child, did you arise without my aid, and why, dear Caroline, do you stare so at your mother?' She waved her hand, and faintly cried: 'Go on, dear mother, go on, and let me again hear the delightful music of those words. I am saved, mother, I am saved, and Stephen H. Branch is my deliverer. Read, mother, read, and gladden the heart of poor Caroline.' And I read it again, and she alternately wept and laughed until I closed it, and then she softly laid her head upon her pillow, and crossed her arms on her excited and swelling bosom, and breathed a prayer to God for the preservation of Mr. Branch, until she could behold him. Her words were perfect inspiration, and I cried until my eyes were highly inflamed, and until I almost fell upon the floor, and I dared not cry more, and I had to leave her and call my husband, who came and relieved me. She had not slept without laudanum for months, but in ten minutes after I closed Mr. Branch's article on Worms, she passed into a gentle and natural slumber, and did not awake until the following day at meridian. And her repose imparted a rainbow glow to her icy cheeks, and exchanged roses for lilies. And she beckoned me to her bedside, and softly said: 'Mother: I want you to visit Mr. Branch, as I believe I have got worms, and I am sure, from his glowing and truthful Dissertation on this novel theme, that he fully understands my case, which the most eminent physicians have failed to fathom.' I smiled, and assured her that it would be useless. But for several days she has afforded me no peace, such have been her importunities for me to see Mr. Branch. And as I conceived it very dangerous to oppose her will, in her critical condition, I have come, and I desire you to exert all your influence to induce Mr. Branch to accompany me to my residence in the suburbs of Newark, and see my beloved child, who will salute him like a brother and deliverer, and who is nearly distracted to behold him." Mrs. Briggs sent for us, and we personally responded on the following day, when we told her that we were

chasing Matsell night and day, and could not spare the time to visit Newark invalids; nor did we desire to, as we were not a practical physician, and if we assumed the awful responsibility of treating chronic piles and worms, if a patient died while under our care, we might be arrested for murder, and be tried by a jury packed by Dick Connolly, as County Clerk, and be condemned and hung. So, in comes Mrs. Doughty again, and again, and through her tears, and those thrilling and irresistible apostrophes of a devoted mother, she touches the magic cord in the heart of Mrs. Briggs, who resolved to get me to Newark, if possible. So, she comes at me like General Putnam's or Samson's wives, and demands me to visit Newark to gratify the invalid's curiosity to see me, as a matter of humanity, and said that if I did not go, the daughter might die in a fit, and I would be responsible to God and man, and to woman also, for she, herself, would forever hold me responsible for the premature demise of the pale divinity of Newark. So, we proposed to go, if her husband, Alderman John H. Briggs, would accompany us. We then winked to Jack, and he hesitated, which pleased us well, and we peremptorily declined to go. But Mrs. Briggs then flew at Jack with a fork and pepper box, and Jack yielded like a docile lamb, and we also had to go, or perhaps receive the perforation of a fork, or a gill of pepper in our eyes, or listen to a tongue that might have blistered our conscience. So we saw our extraordinary physician, who had ejected eleven worms from our belly, (one of which was tied in a square knot,) and over we went to Jersey City, where Mr. Doughty, and the most beautiful horses and carriage, with driver and postilion, anxiously awaited our arrival, and on we go to the suburbs of Newark, crossing a stream in a ferry boat, that strongly reminded us of the immortal river Styx. We reach Mr. Doughty's elegant residence, and rove through the meandering paths, and cull pretty flowers, and luscious peaches, and enjoy a rural dinner, and are escorted by Mrs. Doughty into the presence of her daughter, who extends her skeleton fingers, and archly lays them in ours, whose icy coldness thrills the fibres of our bowels. She strives to smile, and casts tender glances, and looks down into our soul, for a deliverer. Our eyes reflect the fondest hope, and as she beheld this cheerful word, on the surface of our vision, she sweetly smiles, and presses our palm with tenderness and love. And then she breathes patient words of her afflictions, and touching soliloquies, and sings plaintive verses, and eclipses the sad Ophelia, when moaning for Hamlet, or scattering withered flowers, or on the rosy margin of the glassy brook, where she meets a watery grave. In her lucid intervals, we describe her symptoms and emotions with such minuteness, that we quickly win her confidence, and she is ready to show us her piles and half a dozen other diseases, including worms, and she directs her mother to remove the bed clothes, and let us behold her scabs and frightful probes and lacerations, and inhuman mutilations, by the leading physicians of Europe and America. But we very emphatically direct Mrs. Doughty to replace the sheets, and quilts, and blankets, as we were not a physician, and had no license, and as the authorities of New Jersey (which were rather severe when they caught a foreign barbarian in their dominions) might cage us, if they learned that we were examining female patients without a Jersey permit. But we assured both mother and daughter, that the gentleman below, in company with Alderman Briggs, was the very physician who drove eleven worms from our stomach, and that he could critically examine her diseases, as he was a licensed physician. So, although the invalid abjured her own

lovely children, and her dear kindred, and doctors, and all save her father and mother, yet she had such confidence in us, that she permitted our physician to enter her chamber, where he critically examined her person, and immediately assured her that he could not only save, but cure her in six weeks. She swooned at this thrilling intelligence, and did not recover her consciousness for two hours, when ourself, and the Doctor, and Alderman Briggs, returned to New York. Two months afterwards, we called on the Doctor, who informed us that he had just returned from a very large party in Lafayette Place, where he had passed the evening very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Doughty and their lovely daughter, who was entirely restored to health, and who played the great piano music of Thalberg and Litz for him, and sang nearly equal to Alboni, and that he had the pleasure of a waltz in her graceful and bewitching embraces, who darted through the parlor in a dance, like an eagle through the air, and that the father, and mother, and daughter, warmly inquired for Mr. Branch, whom they regarded as the saviour of their earthly happiness. And thus closes the lamentations and humanities of a ghastly Grahamite, whose narrative on Worms restored a marble statue to vitality, and her parents, and children, and kindred and friends, to the divinest hilarity and joy. And for miles around the residence of the Doughtys, invalids have been rescued from early graves by this supernatural physician, who recently was compelled to conceal himself from the regiments of skeletons who applied for his magic skill and medicines, which is the only reason why we do not disclose his mighty name, lest his patients waste him to the mournful realms of Greenwood, where his slender frame will soon repose forever.

A MELANCHOLY POSTSCRIPT!—We called last evening to read these lamentations to the Doctor of Mrs. Doughty's daughter, and we learned that he was reposing in the dark and silent caverns of the globe. O, the rats and mice and pigmies and shadows and phantoms of life's funny and tearful and mysterious fandango. We open our eyes in the sweet twilight of the morning, and behold the gorgeous panorama of the Universe, and form the warmest attachments, and go to our rest at sunset, never to awake! Peace to the soul and ashes of Dr. David Perry, who is the lamented Physician of our narrative, who was the student of Dr. Cheesman, and preserved the life of ourself and brother and other kindred and friends.

For American Youth to Read, and for Thieves and Traitors to Ponder.

With the Declaration of Independence in his right hand, John Adams, on the Fourth of July, 1776, rose and said:

"Mr. President:—Read this Declaration at the head of the Army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve of it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls—proclaim it there—let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon—let them see it who saw their sons and their brothers fall on the field of Bunker's Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I can see—see clearly through this day's business. You and I may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good,—we may die—die colonists—die slaves—die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold.—Be it so—be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall

make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgivings, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery—not of agony and distress—but of gratitude, of consolation, and of joy. And I leave off as I began—that live or die—survive or perish—I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now, and Independence forever!"

Reflections at the grave of CHARLES A. JESUP, who reposes in the suburbs of Westport, Ct.; written by Stephen H. Branch, in his early years:—

To thy loved tomb I've come to day,
To sing of thee a mournful lay:
Not in the strain I used to sing,
For life is now a weary thing.

As I came here, I gladly found
A pretty bird upon thy mound:
It lingered long, and sang as though
Departed worth reposed below.

By thy lone grave, in this strange land,
'Neath April skies, I hapless stand:
While numerous flocks and herds I spy,
With honest farmers ploughing nigh.

I can but think, as I look round,
That you once played upon this ground:
The hills! the stream! the velvet lawn!
E'en house I see where thou wast born!

Where thou wast born? Alas! where died,
And all our best affections tried:
Aye, on that drear, autumnal day,
When, round thee, dying, all did pray.

That was, indeed, a cruel year,
To cut down one to kin so dear;
So full of promise, and so young,
To whom we all so fondly clung.

Was't not enough, with fatal blow,
A nation to o'erwhelm in woe?
In that fell year, a chiefain died—
Brave Harrison—his country's pride.

But we'll not chide—'twas God's decree:
Thy day was come—He waoited thee:
Thy sudden death spread gloom—indeed,
Caused many a manly heart to bleed.

Ye weary farmers cease to plough,
To mingle with sweet twilight now,
Which warns me to depart this place,
And wend my way at rapid pace.

Dear Charley! all the past I see!
Our favorite walks! thy happy glee!
O God! farewell! in tears I leave!
My heart would here forever cleave!

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[Price 2 Cents.

For Boys and Girls, and Wives and Husbands, and Venerable Men to read and remember forever!

The corrupt antecedents of Judge Russell and Superintendent Tullmadge—Sad revelations—The founders of Straw Bail dissected to their marrow bones, by a man who was in collusion with them in their deeds of public villainy.

In 1841, I (Stephen H. Branch) went into the law office of Mr. Seely, in Fulton street, who, being absent, I awaited his return. He had an interesting boy to open his office and run errands. I asked him if he was a native of the city, and he said yes, and told me that his father and mother were dead, and that his grandmother had recently died, and that his only surviving relative was an aunt, who was an actress, and travelling over the country, and that she seldom visited the city, which made him feel very lonely and unhappy. I asked him if he would like to have me teach him gratuitously, and he said he would—that he was at school in Connecticut before his grandmother died, and was obliged to close his studies in consequence of her death—and that he would have travelled with his aunt, after his grandmother died, if she had not made him promise on her bed of death, that he would never become an actor. I saw genius in the youth, and strongly sympathised with his loneliness and misfortunes, and soon began to teach him during his leisure hours. His aunt was long absent, and sent him no money, and the lady with whom he boarded got uneasy, and I took him to board with me, at Mrs. Mitchell's, in Broadway, with whom Otto Dressel, the Reverend Doctor George Potts' music teacher, subsequently boarded in Bond, and at the corner of Houston and McDougal streets. While we boarded with Mrs. Mitchell, an English boy came there, and formed his acquaintance, who had recently come to America with a German traveller. They were about the same age, and congenial from mutual loneliness, and they immediately formed a devoted friendship. I taught them, both in English and Latin, and I dearly loved them. I did all I could to please them, and improve their minds, and I took them to Flushing, and Newark, and Albany, for pastime. The English boy left the city with the German traveller, and was absent several months. I got the American boy situated in lawyers' offices and dry goods stores, where he seldom stayed long, and he became a great tax on my limited means, but I clung to him in my darkest hours. He told me that he desired to dine at the Astor House,

with the son of a lawyer, in whose employ he had been. I rather doubted his story, but let him go. Soon afterwards, he requested me to let him go again, and I did so, going myself, soon after he left me, and took a position near the door, after the gong had summoned the boarders to dinner. On emerging from the dining room after dinner, I asked him where the son of the lawyer was. He said that he was in the dining hall. I told him that I would like an introduction to him. His cheeks were naturally as red as a rose, but my unexpected presence, and request for an introduction to the lawyer's son, made his face as pale as a ghost's, and I saw that he had stolen his dinner, which he slowly acknowledged, and admitted that he had dined twice at the Astor without an intention to pay for his dinners, and that he knew no son of a lawyer residing at the Astor House. I violently upbraided him, and told him that he would ultimately become the tenant of a prison, and perhaps die on the scaffold, if he did not check his thievish propensities. He said that I observed small things, which so provoked me, that I told him I must abandon him,—that he was in the bud and blossom of the precarious Spring, and easily blighted for ever by a frost or tempest,—that even the mighty oak, that has defied the storms of centuries, is felled to the earth by a blast of lightning,—and that the towering avalanche, which is formed from silent and solitary flakes of snow, could bury the largest city of the globe. He evinced great sorrow, and cried bitterly, and assured me that he would never steal another meal. I then paid for both dinners, and left the Astor, and kept a close guard over his movements. In about three weeks, he was arrested for an attempt to rifle a man's pocket in Wall street. The gentleman did not appear against him, and he was discharged. I then went to an actor to ascertain in what part of the country his aunt was, and immediately wrote to her, and she came to the city, and I surrendered the thievish boy to her future protection. She got him a boarding place, and left the city to fulfil her theatrical engagement. He urged me afterwards to give him a recommendation to the extensive wholesale dry goods firm of Fearing & Hall, in Exchange Place. I told him that I would do them great injustice, as he might steal, and then they would hold me responsible. But he said his aunt had not sent him money for a long time, and that he had nowhere to live, and wept aloud, in Chatbam street, and so wrought upon my feelings, that I consented to recommend him. During my interview

with Mr. Fearing, (who was the senior partner of the firm,) he said that out of one hundred responses to his advertisement for a clerk, he had chosen my young friend, because he was pleased with his appearance and address, and that he was the only boy out of the one hundred who had removed his hat on entering his counting room. I had a year previous told the boy to always remove his hat when he entered the presence of a lady or gentleman, and this was the propitious fruit of his recollection and exercise of the politeness I had imparted. Mr. Fearing also said that although he could get the boys of affluent parents for nothing, (who deemed the knowledge of business they would acquire as a compensation for their services,) yet he was so pleased with my young friend, that he would give sufficient means to support him, if he proved industrious, and displayed the talents he thought he discovered in him. I left, and the boy went on the following day as a clerk of this extensive firm, who soon informed me that their anticipations were realised as to the capacity of the boy,—that he was as quick as a flash, in all his movements, and was more valuable to them than any boy they ever had. Mr. Fearing made him presents of apparel, and paid his board, and gave him pocket money, and treated him like his own son. He soon got into the habit of attending balls, and places of amusement. Money was missed, and although traced to him, yet Mr. Fearing kindly forgave him. More soon disappeared, and was fastened upon him, and he was discharged, amid the tears of Mr. Fearing, who fondly loved him. He alternately boarded in Fulton and John streets, and borrowed an elegant pair of tight dancing pantaloons of a fellow boarder and companion, named Robert M. Strebeigh, who is now the first book-keeper, and one of the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, and a near relative of Mr. McElrath. He wore the pants to a ball, and stained them, and burst them, and never returned them, which sorely troubled poor Strebeigh for a long time, and I often have a laugh with Strebeigh at this remote day, about those pants, but he can never smile when I allude to the loss of his fancy ball pantaloons. Some months later, he was arrested for stealing clothing, and had an accomplice, who escaped. He was arrested at the Battery, while getting into an omnibus, and strove to bribe the officer with money. I went to the Tombs to see him, and wrote to his aunt, who came to the city. She was (and is) an actress of uncommon talent, and enacted the leading characters of Shakespeare. I had

often seen her elicit tears from a vast assemblage, with her affected pathos. But now I beheld her unaffected sorrow, and heard her piercing cries for the deliverance of her nephew from his dreary and degraded confinement. And her strong, clear, and musical voice, and large, dark, penetrating eyes, and uplifted arms, and dishevelled hair, and rapid pace too and fro, and furious gesticulation, and frenzied glances, harrowed my feelings beyond endurance, and I had to shield myself as far as possible from her pitiful and overwhelming presence. I went to the Tombs, and saw the boy, and told him his aunt had arrived, and he desired to see her. I returned and told her his request, and she exclaimed: "I know he wants to see his beloved aunt—the dear, dear boy, with no father, nor mother, and his kind old grandmother also dead—I know he yearns to see his only surviving relative—the dear, darling, unfortunate boy, and I will go to see him, and kiss him, and comfort him in his dreary dungeon, and die with him, in his captivity, if necessary," and thus she soliloquised and wept in tones of strangulation, while arranging her shawl and bonnet before the glass, and I cried also, and besought her not to go, as I did not desire to witness the harrowing prison scene between herself and beloved nephew. But she assured me that she would control her feelings, and would not weep, nor evince extraordinary emotion in his cell, if I would accompany her. I doubted her power of dissimulation, when she beheld her nephew, in his narrow cell, with a stone and block for his bed and pillow, and restrained of his liberty by locks, bars, bolts, and chains. But she most earnestly assured me that she could master her sympathies, and appealed to her control of her passions on the stage, as evidence of her ability to subdue her feelings in a prison. She did not convince, but smiled like an angel through her tears, and persuaded me to go in accents that would have conquered and melted a fiend into submission. On our arrival at the Tombs, her eyes were excited with fear, and as we ascended the steps that led to the cell, she trembled like a little girl, and hoped I would pardon her tremulation, as it was her first appearance in a real prison, and trusted it would be the last. I tranquilized her fears, and we enter his cell, and when she beholds his pale and sad and lovely face, she screams, and embraces, and hugs, and kisses him, until it seems she will strangle and devour him. After the shock, she slowly recovers herself, and adheres, as far as possible, to her pledge to check her agony, until we arise to leave him, when I behold a scene between herself and nephew, far more affecting than I ever witnessed on the stage of a theatre, or in human life. She raved and pulled her hair, and pressed him to her panting bosom, as though she was bidding him an eternal farewell, prior to his immediate departure for the scaffold. The boy becomes alarmed, as she had almost suffocated him with affection, and in his herculean efforts to extricate his neck from her terrible Bearish embraces, they both fell violently on the floor of the cell, when I implored her to release her grasp, lest she would strangle him. But she was in a trance of affection, and was utterly unconscious, and the boy soon cries for instant snecor, or he must die, when I seize her with all the strength I could summon, and after a severe struggle (in which I tear the apparel of both, and scratch their faces,) I separate them, and in half an hour, through the most tender persuasion, I effect her emergence from the cell, amid an avalanche of renewed embraces, and mutual kisses, and parting words. On leaving the cell, a captive (who had the freedom of the prison, and whose heart was moved by the noise in the cell, and the touching presence of the lady,) beckoned me aside, and told me that

a friend of his got out of prison the day before for thirty dollars, and that he expected to obtain his liberty the following day for twenty dollars, which was all the money he could raise. I asked him how it could be done. He said that Abraham D. Russell was the lawyer of himself and friend, and got a great many guilty persons out of prison for a small sum of money, and that if I would consult him, he could easily get my young friend out in a day or two. I thanked him kindly, and left the prison with the boy's aunt, and to restrain her tears, I immediately imparted to her the pleasing news I had heard. She was almost frantic with joy, and said that although she had not much money in consequence of the great expense attending her suit, then pending for divorce, against her brutal husband, yet she would pawn her jewelry and theatrical wardrobe, if necessary, to release her nephew from his dreadful incarceration. I told her the prisoner said that it would cost only thirty dollars, which she promised to raise as soon as she could send the servant to the pawnbrokers. I escorted her to the boarding house, and left her to procure the money, while I went to Mr. Russell's office, to ascertain if the prisoner told the truth. Mr. Russell was absent, but his boy, Theodore Stuyvesant, (recently a member of the New York Legislature,) said he would soon return, and in about ten minutes he came into the office. I briefly stated the case, and he said that for thirty dollars in advance, he would have the boy restored to liberty. I ran to the boy's aunt, and told her the precious news, and she let me have thirty dollars, which she borrowed from the stage manager of a theatre in this city, and thus saved the wounded heart and cruel sacrifice that are the sure result of forced dealings with pawnbrokers. I hastened to Mr. Russell's office, and cheerfully gave him the thirty dollars, and went to the prison and told the boy what I had done, who was wild with delight. On the following morning, I went early to the Court of Sessions, and a gang of thieves made their appearance, and were huddled like sheep in a corner of the Court Room. I had firmly refused the request of the boy's aunt to be present, and if I had not, I think she would never have survived the awful scene. To behold a youth so beautiful and classical, amid a group of ugly burglars of all hues, and of either sex, was a spectacle that painfully disgusted me, and made me almost sick of life, but I disguised my feelings as far as I could, and riveted my eyes on the boy and the officer who called the prisoners for trial and sentence, which were nearly simultaneous. The boy's name was near the close of the list, and was not called that day, and he was remanded to his cell. Throughout the painful scene, I was writhing with suppressed anger, at the absence of Mr. Russell, and after the boy was remanded to prison, I rushed to Russell's office in terrible anger. I demanded why he had abandoned the boy after receiving thirty dollars, and that if three more prisoners had been called to appear in front of the Judge for trial, my young friend's name would have been reached on the list of culprits, and he doubtless would have been condemned and sentenced to the States Prison for the want, perhaps, of a lawyer to defend him. Russell said that he was busy, and could not be in the Court of Sessions to defend him; but that he would certainly be there on the following day, and save him. As he had got the thirty dollars in his relentless grasp, I deemed it expedient to restrain my anger, and try his integrity once more. The morning came, and the thieves were again driven like cattle into the Court Room, and I soon discovered the bright eyes and noble features of my young friend among the hideous and wretched criminals. But Mr. Russell was not there, and I inquired for him, and a young

lawyer told me that he was in the ante-room, whither I literally flew, and asked him why he did not come into the Court Room, and he prepared to defend the boy, as the Judge was in his seat, and the prisoners were about to be called and tried. He told me not to be in such a flurry, and that he should come when he pleased, and not before, which so exasperated me, that I cried out: "Then give me the thirty dollars I gave you to effect his liberty." He stared at me with his bad and revengeful eyes, like an owl in a midnight tempest, but he breathed not a syllable. Several persons heard my voice in the Court Room, and came into the ante-room. I then exclaimed: "You black looking rascal, restore the thirty dollars instantly, or I will tear you to pieces." This terrified him, and he gently took my arm, and besought me, in God's name, to be silent, and not expose him, and most solemnly declared that he would go immediately into the Court Room, and have the boy's trial postponed, and that he would get his sacred friend, Frederick A. Tallmadge, the Recorder, to permit him to be discharged on bail in a few days. This pacified me, and he went into the Court Room, where I watched his movements as a cat does a rat, and presently he caught the eye of the Judge, and smiles and winks were simultaneously exchanged, and the boy's trial was postponed, and he was again conducted to his gloomy cell. On the second day following, Mr. Russell, myself, the boy's aunt, and a well clad, and very genteel one-arm man, went to the office of Frederick A. Tallmadge, the Recorder, and the Straw Bail Court was opened, in whose infamous proceedings I enacted as vile a part as Russell or Tallmadge, or the neatly attired, and otto-perfumed, and sleek haired one-arm man, who was engaged by Russell to be the spurious bail, although my motives were on the side of humanity, and theirs on the side of gilded lucre. The Recorder said: "Well, Mr. Russell, please state your case," and Russell said: "A lad is confined in the Tombs on a charge of stealing clothing. That he is guilty of theft is not yet proved, as he has not had his trial. But his aunt and friends are here in deep affliction, in whose name I most devoutly pray that your honor will release the boy on bail, with a solemn pledge from his aunt and friends that he will immediately be sent to sea." A few winks, and blinks, and intelligent smiles, grazed the eyes, and lips, and cheeks, and temples of several persons present, while the Recorder was considering the merits of the case, with his perturbed and thoughtful visage buried within his hands, which he anon removed, and desired the friend of the boy to come forward, who was prepared to be his bail, and presto! the long-haired, and smiling, and smooth-faced, and fragrant, and well dressed one-arm man, appeared in front of the Recorder, and with a great display of New York or London assurance, he signed the document that restored to liberty one of the shrewdest little rogues of the age. The boy's aunt thanked Mr. Russell and the Recorder, and the one-arm man and myself went through the same formality, (I apologising to Russell for my harsh words at the Tombs,) and we separated, and the boy's aunt went home in an omnibus, and I went to the Tombs, to witness the discharge of the culprit captive boy. He was released from his cell, and both Turnkey and Russell warned me to beware of the Judge, and we descended the prison steps, and I shall never forget the shock we received as we were passing through the prison yard, at meeting the Sessions Judge, who had just got information of Russell's operations, and would doubtless have detained the boy until he got his share of the thirty dollars from Russell. But the boy adroitly, and like lightning, turn-

ed his head, and the Judge passed on without recognising or suspecting that the boy was already on his way to liberty. We paused a moment at the prison gate and desk, where the boy's name was carefully examined on the books, and the boy severely scrutinised, and the clerks imparted their sly and extremely expressive leers, and the last prison gate was opened, and the boy was free, and went to his aunt's boarding house, and rushed into her arms, who swooned, and fell like a corse to the floor, and was with difficulty restored to consciousness. Like the pure and noble Socrates, I always conceived it a monstrous crime to illegally effect the liberation of captives, and I repeat, that in all this violation of law, and stupendous villainy, I knew that I was enacting as vile a part as Russell and Tallmadge, and the One-Arm Straw Bail Scamp, but it has always been a pleasing solace to know that sympathy, and not money, led me to embark in a plot to effect the liberation of a notorious little convict. Lawyer Russell and Recorder Tallmadge subsequently became (and are now) the City Judge and Superintendent of Police of the great commercial metropolis of the Western World, and the one-arm man I recently saw in Broadway, and on the steps of the Tombs, as glossy as ever with sweet oil and broadcloth, and who always reminded me of that class of conspirators under the monster Cataline, whom Cicero describes as past all hope of a restoration to private or public virtue. I subsequently learned that the one-arm man was a penniless and cunning and thievish vagabond, and had subsisted for years from what he got from straw bail lawyers, for being bail to prisoners. I do not positively know that the Recorder knew he was utterly irresponsible, and even if he did, he may have accepted him as bail, from motives of the purest humanity, although, in doing so, he must have known that he was violating and degrading his position as a leading City Magistrate, and that he was treacherous and ungrateful to the people who kindly elected him to protect their lives and property from the thieves and murderers of the metropolis. But we are of the opinion that Russell powerfully aided Tallmadge in his election as Recorder, and that there was collusion between them, and that they both knew what a miserable scamp and outcast the straw bail one-arm man was and is to this day. It now devolved on me to send the boy to sea, and the aunt signified her readiness to aid me, and to procure his sea clothes, and the boy was willing to go, and I went on board of several vessels, and at last obtained him a situation as cabin boy, but his health was very delicate, and I feared he would die, and I could not let him go to sea. I then proposed that he should visit the village in Connecticut, where he went to school before his grandmother died, in order to recruit his health, and his aunt gave him some money, and he left for the country, to return in the autumn, and obtain a situation in some respectable pursuit. His aunt left the city, to join her theatrical company, and I continued in my business as teacher of colored and Irish and other servants. I soon received a letter from the boy, informing me that he was in a very melancholy mood—that his old school mates had all left the village, and the people with whom he formerly boarded had learned of his thefts through the newspapers, and he desired to return to the city. I wrote immediately, and directed him to come to the city, and I would strive to get him a place to learn a trade, and did so, but he soon left, and got into vicious society, and I had to let him pursue his own course, as I was very poor and ill, and he had nearly worn me to the grave. The next I heard of him, was that he had been arrested in Philadelphia, and taken to Boston,

where he had committed forgery, in connection with an old convict. He wrote me several letters from the Boston jail, which I could scarcely read, in consequence of their melancholy character. I wrote to his aunt in vain, as she either did not receive my letters, or, if she did, concluded to leave him to his awful fate. He turned State's evidence, and thus got his term of punishment reduced from five to three years. I visited him at the prison in Charlestown, and I was the only person of his acquaintance, who went to see him during his long imprisonment. I also, by his request, sent him the New York *Evangelist* and *Observer*, and other New York papers. The kind Superintendent of the Prison often wrote me, that the boy was popular with the officers of the Prison, and also with the prisoners in the Sunday school, and prayer meetings, and in the debating Society of the captives, and was a leader in all the religious and musical and literary exercises of the prison. His term expired, and he came to New York, and immediately flew to me. I gave him money, and he soon ascertained in what part of the country his aunt was engaged in her profession of theatricals, and he soon found her, and became an actor, although he had promised his Grandmother on her dying bed that he would never be an actor. He subsequently performed in this city, at Burton's in Chamber street, and Burton discharged him and leveled a revolver at his head, for a suspected intimacy with an actress. He went to Providence, where we saw him perform at the Theatre in Westminster street. The New York *Police Gazette* attacked him and exposed his antecedents, whose publication he assured me Burton obtained and paid for, to injure him and drive him from this section of the country, and I told him he had no right to cast affectionate glances at Burton's actress; that Burton was justified in his revenges even unto death, and I advised him to leave New England and the central States, and he did, and got married, and had children, and I recently saw his affable and accomplished aunt, who told me that her nephew had risen to the summit of his profession, and that he was a good husband and father, and that he was rapidly accumulating a splendid fortune. And now, dear reader, you may enjoy this exciting and truthful narrative, but I do not. And I will tell you the reason why. This boy has become a valuable member of society, and entertains multitudes of his species, and excites their mirth and grateful sadness, and arouses their hatred of dishonor and oppression, and is, like every meritorious actor, an honor and a benefactor of his race. And hence it is most acutely painful to array his past sad career before his vision and the world. And yet I had to disclose his melancholy story, in order to expose the rascality of the officials of this Metropolis. And here again I am in sack cloth. For Judge Russell is the ardent friend of James Gordon Bennett, who has clung to me in days of illness and penury and gloom, when I often expected to drop dead in the streets of New York. And then again, Wm. Curtis Noyes married the favorite daughter of Superintendent Frederick A. Tallmadge, and Mr. Noyes has been like a brother to me, and has loaned me money to buy bread and shoes during my recent pecuniary calamities, when nearly every being on the face of God's earth refused to loan me a farthing to save my trembling frame from starvation. I weep (as few ever wept, over these melancholy lines), to find myself compelled to hold up to wasteful scorn, the friends and relatives of Wm. Curtis Noyes and James Gordon Bennett, but I would trample the bones and ashes of my father in his coffin, if I knew that he died with the odium on his forehead, that will pursue Russell and Tallmadge to their graves, and forever degrade their unfortunate posterity. If murder is never out-lawed, these crimes are still fresh, and the culprits should be punished. And shall friendship screen those public monsters, who render New York a purgatory, through their official protection of thieves and assassins, and the whole catalogue of human devils? Nothing but a voice from Heaven could have saved the head of Benedict Arnold, if George Washington had got him in his clutches. And shall Russell and Tallmadge and other traitors to justice and the people, be screened from the public execration, because I love the humanity and private succor of their friends and kindred? No, no. In tones of thunder and earthquakes, and the crash of a trillion worlds, no, no, no. I now have a Press to expose the public villains, and I will stab down to ignominious graves, and to hell itself, all the plunderers and murderers and accused traitors of my adored country. And I defy the Universe in arms to paralyze the Will that dissects the precocious monsters of this pernicious age.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

DEGRADATION.—Mayor Tiemann walked arm in arm with George W. Matsell, in front of the City Hall, (while the former reviewed the Eighth Ward Police,) to the disgust of private citizens and the policemen themselves. We recently intimated that Peter Cooper, James W. Gerard, Ambrose C. Kingsland, and Mayor Tiemann were afraid of Matsell's Black Book. Tiemann's review of the Police, leaning on the arm of Matsell, (with Tallmadge coldly neglected in the background,) partially corroborates our assertion with reference to the Mayor. And we believe that Matsell could make Tiemann take his arm and parade in worse localities than the Park, and could make him kiss his big toe, or force him to degrade himself, or distribute his vast patronage as the alien perjurer, and inhuman abjurer of his native land demanded.

WHAT induced Frank Leslie to attack the Milkmen? To make money from the sale of his nauseous pictures. And thus beneficence flows from mercenary minds. Leslie is a British alien, and cares far less about American cows, and milk, and poisoned infants, than the American dollar. The town is in a perfect uproar about rat's bone milk, but all will soon be as placid as a summer sea. Gilded metal will soon be the human pain of all its ills. We have witnessed these milk spasms all our days, and we lived near the Sixteenth street depot, many years ago, and nearly died from the poisonous atmosphere. Let fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers assemble at these murderous depots, and saturate the guts of the proprietors with their bloody and scabby milk poison, and then put them in a pillory, and pelt them with rotten eggs, and then tie them to a whipping post, and give them a thousand lashes, with cow tails, until their backs are raw down to their bone and marrow. And we doubt if even this terrible scourge would drive them from their fatal avocation. For years on years our most respectable citizens have petitioned the Common Council to destroy these poisonous milk establishments, but their proprietors have always united and bought a majority of the members of the Common Council to refuse their just and humane petitions. And while Ex-Mayor Havemeyer, who has resided within a stone's throw of the Sixteenth street cow establishment for twenty successive years? He, alone, could have released those poor dumb animals, and have saved the lives of ten thousand infants. And we had rather incur the perils of twenty murderers at the bar of God, than the mysterious and incredible leniency of Ex-Mayor Havemeyer towards the milk assassins, who have committed their deeds of hell under his very nostrils at the foot of Sixteenth street during a third of his mortal career. God's wrath on him should and will be terrible indeed for his inhuman dereliction.

CAN Mayor Tiemann or Peter Cooper inform us who originated the Ward Island speculation, through which the city has been and will be plundered till doomsday? We will bet heavily, that Tiemann and Cooper know more about the Ward Island purchases than they would like to disclose. We shall see.

WE approach our career as a lover in the next chapter of our "Life." We dread this, as it is nearly the only portion of the past that we review with sadness. But we must commence the painful task in the next number of the ALLIGATOR, which will elicit many a tear and smile from the curious children of Adam and Eve, but there will be more tears than smiles from us, as we record, for coming ages, our most extraordinary domestic history. The Purks and Mramons and descendants of the amorous patriarchs will wildly stare, when they peruse our legal relations with human divinities.

Who was the confidential friend of Joseph S. Taylor? Mayor Tiemann.—Who was forever prowling around the Street Commissioner's Office in the days of Jo. Taylor? Mayor Tiemann.—Who boasted that he could always control the vote of Ex-Governor Tiemann? Jo. Taylor. And who always did control the vote of Ex-Governor Tiemann? Jo. Taylor!—O Moses!

A young scamp sends us a threat. His surname begins with K, which is the initial of "Knell!" Knave! Dost thou understand?

Go to thy work,	And pay thy debts,
With probity and fork,	And cease thy threats,
And learn thy pork,	And Goddess frets,

Coward! Save your ink and paper and valuable time, and bring your threat, and we will spank you, or we are no American.

SOME complain of the length of our articles, but let all read them understandingly, and they will find them short and sweet as lasses.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by

STEPHEN H. BRANCH,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

Some students met to play a game of eards, when one proposed to bet some money, which was accepted. This led to universal betting. Cauldwell, of Virginia, proposed a heavy bet, which I accepted and won. Cauldwell then asked me to accompany him to his room, where we could play by ourselves, and I went, and we gambled several nights, including Sunday. We were about even, and I proposed to play a limited number of games and stop, as I loathed gambling, and feared it might lead to a gambler's fate. My proposition was accepted, and at the close of the games, he owed me about eighty dollars, which he paid me the following day, which closed my gambling at Cambridge. I seldom attended the recitations at the Law School of Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf, but rode fast horses with the Southern students, and accompanied them to the opera of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, in Boston, and other places of amusement and dissipation. My sojourn at Cambridge cost my father a large sum, for which I acquired nothing. And, disgusted with myself and lamenting my ingratitude to my father, I proposed to leave Cambridge, and return to Andover, to which, to my surprise, my father readily acceded. I engaged excellent board and parlor, and hired a horse daily for exercise, and employed three private teachers in English, Greek, and Latin, and I studied fifteen hours a day for six months, and acquired a

more critical knowledge of principles than I had obtained in all my life. I gave my English teacher two dollars an hour, who devoted four hours a day in recitation and explanation. I gave my Greek and Latin teachers two dollars an hour, who each taught me two hours a day. I permitted no one to visit me, save my teachers, and my only recreation was a ride on horseback every day. Large as my bills were, my noble father paid them without a murmur. The only serious mistake I made during my residence at Andover, was a journey to Washington, by invitation of Nathaniel P. Causin, Jr., who, during his visit to Providence, while I was in the Post Office, was introduced to me by Trista a Burgess, Jr. I thought young Tristram neglected Causin, and I introduced him to the students and pretty girls of Providence, for which he often expressed the warmest gratitude in letters from Washington, and I at length favorably responded to his frequent importunities to visit him. So fond was Causin of me, that while I was in the Law School at Cambridge, he desired to join me in my class, and room with me, and actually packed his trunks at Washington for his departure to Cambridge, but I advised him to go to the New Haven Law School, as I did not dare have him come to Cambridge while I had the itch, lest he might catch it, through our constant intimacy. I left Andover with one hundred dollars, and was warmly received by Causin on my arrival in Washington. He accompanied me to the President's, to either House of Congress, to the Executive Departments, and to Mount Vernon, where we fertilized the tomb of Washington with our tears. And he now proposes a dinner in honor of me, to which the distinguished ladies and gentlemen of Washington are to be invited, which made me nervous, and I send a note affecting sudden illness, when Causin comes and implores me to accompany him in a carriage to his father's. I feared to go as the lion of such a gay and polished throng, as doubtless would be there, but I yield to his irresistible persuasion, and assure him that I will come in the evening. Causin departs, and I repair to the abode of a Virginian in Washington, who was a famous linguist at Cambridge, and inform him that I am invited to an intellectual festival, at which would be the genius and beauty of Washington, and that as it was a compliment to me, I trembled lest I should be forced to give a toast or make a speech, or be propounded questions which I could not answer with fluency and accuracy. My friend sympathises, and consents to go, and talk to them, if necessary, in six languages, and give them toasts, and speeches, and answer all the questions they could ask in the whole range of the sciences, and freely partake of all the liquids and solids they could place before him. And he directs me to be sure and sit close beside him, and when I get cornered, to pinch him, and he will monopolise the conversation, and keep up such a loud and everlasting chatter, that I can have no possible chance to respond to the questions of the guests. Young Causin's father was the physician of Henry Clay, and other Senators and Representatives, and when I enter the parlor and behold Clay himself towering above the assembled intelligence and dazzling magnificence of our National Capital, I thought I should fall, and leaned firmly on the arm of my accomplished companion for support. With Causin as our faithful guide, we passed around, and bowed to the intellectual guests, and their lovely wives and daughters, who gleamed with jewels, and formed a brilliant constellation. My Virginia friend was perfectly at home, and shook the hand of Clay with as much nonchalance as if he had been his own father, and saluted the wives and virgin coquettes like his own mother and

sisters; and one glorious and irresistible creature, I thought he would kiss and conquer on the spot, so interminably did their tongues revel in French, Spanish, and Italian. But I was giddy, and asked Causin for water, and through this happy pretext, emerge from the gorgeous display. My friend desires to linger, but I twitch and coax him to leave with myself and Causin, as I fear he might seat himself at the approaching dinner beside some black-eyed maiden, and thus place me in the dilemma I had sought to avoid by inviting him to the festival. We descend the stairs, and drink wine, and smoke segars until the gong summons us to the banquet. Causin clings to me, and I to the Virginian, and we seat ourselves in the centre of the table with myself between Causin and my guest. The covers are removed, and the posterity of about all the ducks, and hens, and roosters, and flocks, and herds, that were preserved in the Ark are in the arms of death before us, for their last grind and annihilation. But as I was a professed invalid, I dared not eat, although my stomach craved the ducks and venison most acutely. After the poor animals were hacked and devoured, the pastry, jellies, cream, and fruits appear in such profusion, that it seemed as though Java, Madeira, the tropics, Indies, and all of the Mediterranean isles had been pillaged and desolated to appease our palates, and corks flew like rockets, and rivalled the reverberations of rifles in a siege. I drank some wine, but was extremely cautious, and more than once besought Causin to let me retire, but he peremptorily refused. And now the majestic form of Clay arises, who addresses the ladies in a strain of fervor and exultation that animated every heart. He then addressed the gentlemen, and when about to close, rests his searching eyes on me. I begin to tremble, and when he articulates my name as the distinguished guest of the occasion, I can scarcely breathe, and unconsciously take a glass of brandy (for water) which was designed for my Virginia friend, and which nearly choked me, and plunged me in deeper misery. The great Kentuckian closed with a glowing eulogium on Rhode Island, and her manufactures, and warriors, and statesmen, and lingered on the genius, and valor, and eloquence, and patriotism of Greene and Perry, and Tristram Burgess. All eyes are now upon me, and I pinch the Virginian in vain, and fear paralysis, unless he instantly relieves me. So, having a gold tooth-pick in my hand, I plunge it into his leg as far as it would go, and up he sprang as though suddenly galvanised, and breathed a strain of eloquence worthy of the best days of old Virginia. He extenuated my non-response to the pleasing remarks of the distinguished Kentuckian, on the ground of indisposition, and, after happy allusions to the patriotism of Rhode Island, Virginia, and Kentucky, in the darkest annals of American history, he closed his period in the magnificent array of his loveliness, and entranced the sweet angels with language as luxuriant as Antony's to Cleopatra, in the high antiquity of Roman and Egyptian splendor. The matrons smiled, and the virgins clapped their tiny and lily fingers, and the gentlemen struck the table, and stamped their feet, and rose, and ejaculated: bravo! Senators, and Representatives, and scholars spoke in strains of powerful eloquence, and elicited enthusiastic praise. All now arise, and repair to the parlors, where vocal and instrumental music, and dancing, and walking, and intellectual communion of the most solid and brilliant minds of our country, close the pleasing exercises of the memorable occasion. The Virginian departs for his abode near the President's, and Causin and myself go to Gadsby's. While strolling on Pennsylvania Avenue, on the following evening, Causin said: "Branch, in yonder marble edifice is a band of gamblers, where many a promising youth and meritorious gentleman have been ruined for ever." I accompany Causin to his residence, and listen to the delightful music of his sister, and invite him to dine with me on the following day, and leave for Gadsby's at the expiration of three days, and den, and thus soliloquize: "My expenses have been more than anticipated, and I have hardly sufficient funds to pay my bills, and reach Cambridge, and a week must elapse ere I can obtain money from my father. I have always been fortunate in the half a dozen times I have gambled, and I will try my luck once more, and for the last time," and I enter the gamster's hell, and drink some delicious wine, and eat some turkey and pickled oysters, and advance to the gaming table, and in one hour I am penniless. I return to Gadsby's, and retire, but cannot sleep, rolling from side to side like a ship in a howling tempest. Causin and his cousin dine with me, and after dinner, we stroll in the beautiful paths around the noble Capitol, and visit some lovely girls in the evening, whom Causin had known from childhood, and we separated at nearly midnight. I then go to the gamster, and beseech him to restore a portion of the money I had lost, to convey me to my distant home, which he refuses with the glances of a demon. I then go to a Member of Congress from Rhode Island, who was a friend of my father, and ask him to loan me sufficient to pay my bills, and defray my expenses to Andover, which he readily vouchsafes. On the following morning, I go to Causin's, and bid himself and father and mother and sister a warm adieu, and depart for Andover by way of Hartford and Worcester. I knew the son of the Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester while he was a student at Brown University, in Providence, and am anxious to see him, and leave my hotel about 10 P. M. for the Asylum, which was in the suburbs of Worcester. On arriving at the gate, I am permitted to enter after a brief delay, and proceed to the Institution. I had not gone far, when I am attacked by two huge Newfoundland dogs. I press one, and intimidate the other, and advance. On reaching the front entrance of the Institution, I find it closed, and pass round to the rear, and enter the basement, where I find a solitary candle emitting its last beams, and a stout lunatic is seated in the corner, who instantly approaches me with distended tongue, ejaculating: "Lar, lar," about a dozen times in rapid succession, when I inquired: "Is young Mr. Clark at home?" to which he responds, with both hands on my shoulders: "Lar,

lar, chick-a-de-dee," and his eyes rolled fearfully, and his tongue appears and disappears with the velocity of an angry rattle snake's. I am alarmed, and strive in vain to extricate my shoulders from his giant grasp, when he knocks off my hat, and grabs my hair, and pulls it so hard that I cry murder, and he releases his hand, and kisses me, with both arms around my neck. While picking up my hat, he grabs me again around the waist, and helches his infernal "lar, lar," and protrudes his tongue, and laughs like thunder, and again incloses my neck with his long arms, and evinces the affection of a bear, and squeeze me so hard, that I can scarcely speak or breathe, when I summon all the vizor that God and Nature gave me, and cast him fearfully to the floor, and run for my life, with the lunatic and both dogs close at my heels. I proceed not far, when a ball comes whizzing by, which is fired by a sentinel from the window of the Asylum, which increases my speed, and presently down I go all sprawling into a vault, that was partially cleansed that day, or I would have been instantly drowned from a most awful suffocation. I crawl out, with the aid of the man at the gate, who comes to my rescue when he hears the report of the rifle, and the bark of the dogs. Presently the sentinel comes, and I accompany them into the dreary basement of the Asylum, where the candle is in its final throes, when young Clark makes his appearance, and after recognising my voice, is about to embrace me, when I most solemnly wren him to stand off, and, for God's sake, to forbear until I am scrubbed and washed, and freshly clad. He runs to his bed room, and brings apparel, and a tub, and soon I am clean as mountain snow, and we eat and drink and smoke and sing and laugh until the daylight does appear; and at meridian, I leave Worcester for Andover, resolving never to leave again, until I close my intellectual career in its sacred and mellifluous groves. (To be continued to our last room.)

Legislative Robbers.

There is a small tornado in the coffee-pot about the scamps who bought a majority of the Municipal and Rural Legislative Members to vote them a lease of the Washington Market property. Words and threats and Legislative and Court appeals are all moonshine.—When the scoundrels who lobbied the obnoxious Bill through the Legislature with gold appear in Washington Market, let the butchers and fishermen and hucksters seize them and put a cable around their necks, and carry them to the piers' extremities, where big sharks often roam, and sink them to the water's bed, and draw them to the surface very slowly, and let them blow as long as a porpoise, and sink them again, and yet again, trebly and quadruply, until they relinquish their Devilish claim to the market property, and swear on the surface of the chilly waters, that they will never shadow the Capitol with their odious carcasses during their natural lives. This is the only mode, in these degenerate days, of foiling the thievish propensities of the leading traffic rogues of the Republican, American, and Democratic parties. All other means will prove idiotic abortions.

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STEPHEN H. BRANCH,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

While pursuing my studies at Andover, I am corresponding with a girl who resides in my native city. There were girls in Providence far more beautiful than her, (and whose parents were more affluent than hers,) from whom I could doubtless have selected a companion for life, but her father had been a boy with my father, and she loved me as a sister her brother, or as a fond mother loves her precious offspring. These truths had their influence with me. Moreover, this girl had pursued me for years, and (to illustrate her devotion) if I went to a ball, she was there. If I took my position in a cotillion, she would soon be opposite, and staring me broadly in the face, and, as we crossed over, she would cast the most tender glances, and press my hand with deep affection. If I proposed to dance with her, her eyes would kindle with the wildest enthusiasm. If I went to church, she would be in the next pew, and enter mine, if it were not full. If I turned a corner, I often would meet her. If I looked behind, while promenading Westminster, (the Broadway of Providence,) she would often be prancing towards me like an Arabian courser. She would address letters to herself through the Post Office, and call for them when I was at the letter delivery. If I went to a party, she would contrive to get an invitation, and a day seldom passed, when I did not see her. Juliet never loved Romeo more fervently than she loved me. And because I knew she loved me as no virgin ever loved, I resolved to have her. All her kindred favored our union, and before I went to Andover, her father came, on summer evenings, to the Post Office, and conversed with me in the most friendly tones. So, in the Autumn of 1836, I bade adieu to Andover, forever, and repaired to Providence, and married her at her father's. The wedding was large and magnificent. My father obtained me a clerkship in the Rhode Island Cloth Hall, but manufactures were long depressed, and its directors resolved to close its affairs, which deprived me of a situation. The commercial desolation of 1837 was in embryo, and merchants were curtailing, and extensive failures transpired, and clerks and mechanics were discharged throughout the country, and my father could obtain no lucrative employment for me, and dared not establish me in business in such a frightful panic. Myself and wife resided at her father's. I

made several journeys to Boston and New York for a clerkship, but I could obtain none. The Spring of 1837 arrived. I was proud and ambitious. Heartless comments were made, all over Providence, about my idleness, and my prolonged residence with the parents of my wife. I got uneasy, and was mortified beyond expression and endurance. I made a final passage to New York, and resolved, if I obtained no employment, to have a crisis. I could procure no situation, and went to Philadelphia, where I was also unsuccessful. I saw an advertisement for a clerk in Westchester, Pennsylvania, whither I repaired, but a clerk had been obtained. My means were nearly exhausted, and I strove to sell a diamond ring and gold pencil case to the barkeeper, and was suspected as a thief, and arrested, and my trunks examined in the presence of a large crowd, who came to the Hotel from every part of the town. I was honorably acquitted, and instantly left for Philadelphia, where I sold my ring and pencil case, and proceeded to New York, where I sold my watch. I now became desperate, and resolved to bring matters to an immediate consummation. I wrote a letter to father, and told him that I was almost deranged, and besought him to save me. The banks suspended specie payment on the day I wrote to my father, and the whole country was a commercial ruin. Father wrote me, that he had spent thousands of dollars for my education,—had recently paid my debts in Andover and Providence, amounting to a thousand dollars,—had let me have large sums since my marriage,—was not worth over twenty thousand dollars,—feared he might soon be compelled to assign his property, and could obtain no clerkship for me while the money panic raged. I proceeded to New Haven, and wrote to him again, and he responded that he would see my father-in-law, and pledge himself to meet him half-way in any proposition he might make to save me, if he sacrificed his last dollar. I went to Norwich, and wrote him again, and he informed me that he had seen my father-in-law, who declined to aid me to the extent of a pony, and said that I must effect my salvation in my own way. Although my father-in-law was worth several hundred thousand dollars, he had let me have but twenty-five dollars before or since my marriage, and when he placed this amount in my hand, he sneeringly exclaimed: "I always like to help the unfortunate." In view of all this, I loathed my father-in-law, and loved my father, and wrote a fearful letter to both, (superscribing it to the former,) threatening

to visit Providence, and tear their hearts out if they did not instantly relieve me. I included my father in this awful letter, so that my father-in-law could not be the sole complainant against me, as I feared he would consign me to prison for years, if possible. And I was fortunate in including my beloved father in my dreadful letter, as the sequel will show. I then advanced to Scituate, about ten miles from Providence, and wrote another letter to my father and father-in-law, threatening to come to Providence on the following day, and take their lives, if they did not rescue me from my horrible dilemma. Two constables, named Gould and Potter, came to Scituate, and arrested me at the Hotel of Dr. Battey, (from which I had dated my letter,) and took me to Providence in a carriage, and put me in jail as a debtor, on a debt of five hundred dollars, created for the occasion by the wisdom of my father. My father-in-law desired to imprison me as a criminal, (as I had anticipated,) but my father's counsels prevailed, and I was saved from a felon's doom. In those days, debtors were incarcerated, and I was confined in a dark cell, by locks, and bars, and bolts, as all Providence feared I would escape, and kill my father and father-in-law, and perhaps others. Their fears were supremely ridiculous, as, if I had seriously contemplated their death, I would not have told them where I was in Scituate, nor the precise period that I should come to Providence and dispatch them. But my object was attained. I meant to have a crisis, and I got it with a vengeance on all sides. The night I entered my cell was the happiest of my life. My bed was on the floor, and rats and bugs crawled over me to their hearts' content. I never slept more sweetly, though occasionally aroused by the enormous rats squealing and nibbling at my nose. The privy of the prisoners in the large debtors' apartment joined my cell, and the stench was almost intolerable, and yet I soon became accustomed even to that, and for days I laughed and danced and sang as never, for I had emerged from anxiety and torture approximating purgatory itself. Mr. Parker, a debtor, soon joined me in my cell, and we played cards, and narrated our curious experience, and had a merry time; but Parker obtained his liberty, and I was again alone, and I soon got melancholy, and I wept bitterly over the calamities of my beloved wife, through her penurious and demon father. In three weeks I was permitted the freedom of the jail, which imparted perfect bliss to my disconsolate mind. I reviewed my classics and mathematics in prison, and

some faithful companions called, and time again passed merrily. In six weeks my father came, and (as my only complainant) effected my discharge, by withdrawing his fictitious suit for debt against me. He accompanied me in a carriage to the steamboat, and gave me money, with his most affectionate blessing, and I departed for New York, an outcast, in company with a dear relative named Franklin Cooley, who had been very kind to me during my entire confinement, and through all my days. I left my benefactor in New York, and departed for Albany, and went to my Aunt Lucy's, whom I had not seen for ten years, who resided in the town of Groveland, near Geneseo, in Livingston County, in the State of New York. My grandfather, on the mother's side, left Connecticut forty years ago, in consequence of extreme melancholy, after his wife's demise, and buried himself in the wilderness of Groveland, and wrote to none of his kindred for twenty years. He first worked on a farm, and as the country became more populous, he taught school and realized enough to buy him a farm from the famous Mr. Wadsworth, whom he knew in youth in Connecticut. At the expiration of twenty years, he wrote to East Hartford, Ct., and his surviving daughter, Lucy, with her husband, a drunken and cruel vagabond, went to Groveland, and in about five years after their arrival, my grandfather died, and Aunt Lucy and her husband coaxed him in his closing hours to leave his farm to them, which was worth about twenty thousand dollars, one-half of which should have reverted to my mother's children, who were allowed one dollar each, so that they could not break the will. On my arrival, I found my aunt's husband drunk, and she told me that he had involved the farm in debt, which was mortgaged for a large amount, and that he treated her like a brute. They lived in a one-story hut, consisting of one room, and a pigeon-house in the roof. I arrived at midnight, in a stage coach, and as there was no house within a mile, I was compelled to stop all night, but where I was to sleep I could not divine. Aunt Lucy asked me if I was prepared to retire, and responding yes, she lit a cheap candle, and led me to the rear of the hovel, and up she went a ladder, like a squirrel, and bade me follow. On arriving at the door of the pigeon-house, she suspended one leg to enable me to pass her, and then gave me the candle, and we bade each other good night, and I crawled in, passing through dense partitions of cobwebs, and battalions of spiders and rats, and down I lay for the night, and counted minutes until the morning's dawn, when I emerged from the hideous hole, in which I had nearly suffocated. I took breakfast, consisting of pork and herring, and visited my grandfather's grave in a distant field, and departed for Geneseo in the mail coach, where I examined my grandfather's Will, and found that my mother's children could never obtain their share of his beautiful estate. I left for Rochester, and departed for Albany in a canal boat, and worked a short time in a printing office at Utica. I left for New York, and worked a brief period in the job office of William A. Mercein, and went to Philadelphia, where I worked a week, and left for Baltimore, where I found my brother Albert, who was a compositor in the printing office of the *Baltimore Sun*, just started by Mr. Abel, (an old friend of mine,) whose editor and subsequent famous Washington correspondent was Sylvester S. Southworth. [Mr. Abel is a native of Warren, Rhode Island, and established the *Philadelphia Ledger* after the *Baltimore Sun*. In earlier years, Mr. Abel and myself often worked side by side as compositors in Providence, Boston, and New York.] I worked a few days in Baltimore, and arrived in Washington just prior to the

extra Session of Congress in 1837, and obtained a situation in the job office of Gales & Seaton, through the influence of their book-keeper, Levi Boots, who was a room-mate of mine when I worked and boarded with Wm. Greer, of the *Washington Globe*, during my residence in Washington in 1830. I got \$10 a week at Gales & Seaton's, and soon entered Columbian College, which was located nearly two miles from Washington, whose worthy President was Mr. Chapin. I studied nights, and recited privately with Professors Ruggles and Chapin, at daylight, and took breakfast with the students, and left for Gales & Seaton's with bread and cold meat, in a little basket, for my dinner, and, after working all day, returned to Columbian College at sunset. These were the glorious days of the American Senate, and I was enchanted with Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton, Preston, Crittenden, Buchanan, and others, whose eloquence and anathema against the public robbers, were equal to the philippics of Cicero and Demosthenes against the scoundrels of their respective countries. The House of Representatives was full of duellists, tigers, monkeys, screech-owls, and wild-cats, who formed a perfect menagerie. I heard the exciting debate that led to poor Cilley's immolation, and attended his funeral, whose exercises were the most imposing I ever witnessed. I saw the unearthly Calhoun in the mournful procession, as it moved from the Capitol, whose brilliant eyes reflected the profoundest sorrow. I studiously avoided my old friend Causin, as I did not wish to see him after my terrible reversion of fortune. But we met by chance in the Rotunda of the Capitol, and when I related my sad story, he was deeply affected. We met again, and he seemed quite friendly, but the chiar was broken, and our enthusiastic friendship soon became a matter of oblivion. I now receive a letter from William Augustus White, (dated Burlington, Vt.,) with whom I was intimate in Andover, while I was a member of Phillips' Academy, and while I studied under private teachers. Young White wrote me that the Massachusetts Education Society undertook his education, but it had failed during the bankruptcy of 1837, and he was at the College at Burlington, Vt., and knew not what to do, and solicited funds to enable him to join me in Washington. I told his story to the President and Professors and students of Columbian College, and to Gales & Seaton, and to Mr. Grouard, the generous foreman of the job office, and other liberal gentlemen, who contributed money that I forwarded to White, and he came to Washington, where I obtained him a situation with Mr. Abbott, who had a Classical Academy near the President's. White roomed with me at Columbian College until 1839, when I became so ill, that I was compelled to relinquish my studies. My blood rushed fearfully to the brain, and I was so nervous, that I imagined if I spoke beyond a whisper, that I would break a blood vessel. I also thought if I ate solid food, I would have the cholera as soon as it entered my belly. Dr. Thomas Sewell, of Washington, came out to the College, and the students and professors gathered around my bed, and I thought I was about to die, when the Doctor, (after punching my belly rather roughly,) exclaimed: "Why, Branch, you are not dangerously ill, and you could not die, if you wanted to, without suicide. You are only nervous and dyspeptic, and you remind me of a nervous person recently described in an eminent British periodical, who imagined that he had glass legs, and that, if he attempted to walk, they would snap like pipe stems. He made his friends dress him, and carry him about the house for a long period, until he nearly wore them out, and they resolved to do it no longer; and believing that

he could walk as well as they, they determined to try an experiment. So, they asked him if he would like to take a ride into the country. He said he would, if they would put him in the carriage. They first placed masks, torches, horns, and Indian apparel in a trunk, and placed him in the carriage, and off they drove, arriving in a deep wood before sunset, and asked him if he would get out, and sit on the grass. He said he would, if they would take him out. They carefully took him out, and seated him on the grass, and then got into the carriage, saying that they were going back to London, and that, if he accompanied them, he must get into the carriage himself, which he assured them he could not do, without breaking his glass legs. So, off they drive, amid his frantic cries to take him with them. In about two hours, a thunder storm arose, and four of them, in their frightful disguises, rapidly approached him, (amid rain, thunder, and lightning,) all masked and attired like devils and wild Indians, and made the woods ring with drums, and horns, and bagpipes. He sat firmly until they were about to inclose, and apparently devour him, when he sprang to his feet, and ran so fleetly on his supposed glass legs, that they pursued him for half a mile, and gave up the contest. They then repaired to their carriage, and although they drove tolerably fast, yet, when they arrived at their home in London, they found him sitting quietly in his easy chair, as though nothing had transpired, his fancy glass legs having distanced the fleetest horses." I had not laughed for two months, but Dr. Sewell's funny and truthful story made all the students, and President, and professors roar, and I had to join them against my will. When they all retired, I arose from my bed, for the first time in ten days, and dressed and shaved myself, and raised my voice far beyond a whisper, and in one hour talked in my usual tone, and called for some beef steak, of which I ate quite heartily, and found that my nerves had bamboozled me most shamefully, and I recovered rapidly. But I was delicate, and could not work at the printing business, and my blood concentrated in the brain, and I had to cease my severe mental application, and I resolved to return to my father's in Providence as the prodigal son. Young White accompanied me to my father's door, and told my mournful story, when my father embraced me with his wonted affection, after an absence of nearly three years.

(To be continued to our last moan.)

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1853.

This is the seventh week of the *ALLIGATOR*, and nearly every editor in this city has had the courtesy, and kindness, and generosity to notice my efforts to establish a journal on the basis of truth and justice, save James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, and Henry J. Raymond. As I have written for the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times* nearly since their birth, the premeditated slight of Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond seems so impolite and unkind and ungenerous, that I have resolved to analyze the editorial career of these notorious big and little villains of the press, who are a greater curse to the people of this country than all the thieves who ever entered the City Hall, or our State or National Capitols. And next week I will begin their dissection, and pluck out their livers, and cast them to the cadaverous and greedy vultures for a choice repast, which will present the novel spectacle of thievish crows devouring the livers of their own species. It is the custom of these editors to unite and crush those who dare oppose

them, and expose their crimes, by refusing to let the wholesale newspaper venders have the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times*, if they sell the public journals of their adversaries. If they strive to deprive me of bread, by intimidating the wholesale newspaper dealers of Ann, Nassau, and Beekman streets, so help me God, I will enter their editorial closets, and lash them until the blood streams from every pore, if I am slain in the attempt. Next week, then, and as long as I can wield a pen, I will show the people of this country how these editors blow hot and cold, and black mail, and collude with the villainish politicians, and share their spoils, and *sell the people!* And from my knowledge of Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond (after a close communion with them for twenty years,) I brand them as three of the biggest villains that ever breathed. So, next week, let the American people prepare for startling revelations!

JAMES R. WHITING is a man whose head commands our profoundest respect, and his heart our warmest attachment. This is no age for him. He is like a cat in a strange garret among the Busteeds, and Connollys, and Pursers, and Devlins, and Smiths, and Erbens, and other perjured aliens and plunderers that prowl around the City Treasury. But James R. Whiting would have been adored in the balcony or tumultuous days of the Persian, Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman Empires. But neither the press nor the people will ever appreciate his wisdom, patriotism, and sacrifice in these degenerate times. God bless James R. Whiting! and when he dies, the honest people will weep over his departure, as the Athenians did over the bones of Socrates, whom they kicked, and cuffed, and taunted with insanity, and accused of corrupting the youth of his country, and thrust poison down his throat, but they deeply regretted their folly and cruelty, and the Grecians of every age have mourned his melancholy fate, and cursed their ancestors for their neglect and persecution of the scholar and patriot, and unrivalled Father of Philosophers, since the globe was launched into the atmospheric waves.

Peter Cooper's Avarice and Infernal Antecedents.

We all know how John Jacob Astor and Stephen Girard got their first thousand dollars. And now let us see how Peter Cooper obtained his first fifteen hundred dollars. When quite young and penniless, the American Government owed Peter Cooper's aunt fifteen hundred dollars, as pension money, which Peter long besought his aunt to let him strive to obtain, and she invested him with the power to collect it, and he soon obtained it without much difficulty through some of the vagabond politicians of those days, for whom he had done some dirty work in securing their election to Congress and other civil trusts. On obtaining the money, Peter requested the parties who got it for him never to disclose it, and they promised they would not. After he got it, Peter would often visit his sick and needy and aged aunt, and assure her that he had not obtained it, nor would he ever be able to force the Government to pay her. One evening a friend called on Peter's aunt, (who had been absent in a foreign land,) and found her very ill, and in the last stages of poverty, having sold or pawned nearly all she had. On perceiving this sad state of her affairs, he exclaimed: "Why, my good lady, how could you so rapidly squander the fifteen hundred dollars, with interest, that Peter Cooper obtained for you from our Government, as the pension due you for the patriotic services of your illustrious kindred?" She slowly raised

her skeleton form from the bed, and reclining on her hands and side, she said in a husky and feeble tone: "My dear nephew, Peter Cooper, has often told me that my claim is invalid, and that I can never obtain a cent." Her friend then started from his chair, and shook her hand, and kissed it, and told her to be of good cheer, and rushed from the house, and was on his way to Washington in one hour, and soon returned to New York with a letter from the President of the United States, (who knew her husband in his early years,) affectionately assuring her that her claim was paid to Peter Cooper, as her accredited agent and nephew. Great mental excitement and a protracted and dangerous illness followed these painful disclosures, during which Peter did not visit her. After she partially recovered, she instituted a suit against Peter, which he resisted through all the Courts for sixteen years, when the Court of Appeals directed Peter to pay his aunt four thousand and five hundred dollars. The instant Peter heard of the Court's fatal decision, he mounted a fleet horse and reached his aunt's at midnight, and approached her with these sweet words: "O, my dear aunt, how do you do? I am so glad to see you. I declare, how well and young you look for one so old as you. Well, my dear aunt, I have come to pay you the money I owe you, which I have kept all this time, and opposed you for sixteen years in the Courts, simply because I feared if I let you have it, somebody would get it away from you, and you would then be poor and penniless in your declining years.— Now, my dear aunt, I do assure you that I always intended to let you have the money; but your memory was so very bad, and you were always so charitable and easily influenced, that I thought I could take care of your money much better than you, and so I have always kept it against my will, and solely for your good. And now, dear aunt, I have written a receipt for you to sign, and if you will just take this pen, and sign it, you can have all this money in gold that you see in my handkerchief, which will keep you comfortable all your days." And the poor old infirm creature tottered to the table, and put on her spectacles, and signed a receipt with her skeleton and trembling hand, for two thousand dollars, in full of all demands against Peter Cooper, which the unparalleled villain had thus cunningly written to defraud her of the balance of two thousand and five hundred dollars, which the Court of Appeals had directed him to pay her, after sixteen years of obstinate and wicked litigation on his part. He then gave her two thousand dollars, and left her as a robber darts from a habitation when its tenant is after him with a dagger or revolver. She threatened to prosecute him for obtaining \$2,500 through false pretences, and he dared her to do it. But she descended from patriotic blood, and was so excited and exasperated at his wrongs, and disgusted with her species and modern kindred, and being superannuated and broken-hearted, and literally worn out, that, while sitting in her bed dictating a letter to the President of the United States respecting the monstrous robberies of Peter Cooper, she fell back and expired, with her withering execrations of her nephew on her lips. And it was the belief of the most eminent jurists of those days, that her sudden demise saved Peter Cooper from a residence of ten years in the dungeons of the State.

Peter Cooper has long bamboozled this city and country with his bogus philanthropy. He has not, and never will surrender his right, nor that of his heirs, to the building bearing the imposing inscription of "Union" and "To Science and Art." He will let the first four stories, and pocket the rent, but the fifth story being (like the upper story of the Wall street buildings,) almost valueless, and which he could

hardly let at all, he designs devoting to human learning, by letting it to itinerating lecturers for as much as he can squeeze out of them, and put that in his pocket also. And from my knowledge of his narrow mind, (he having been my Grammar pupil in his old age,) I do not believe that he will ever let the fifth story of his bogus scientific edifice to any lecturer who differs with his political or religious views. The penurious old rascal has furnished the immortal "Union" and "Science" and "Art" fifth story with the dilapidated and worn benches of the old Wash Tab Tabernacle, and of Dr. Spring's old brick church, which were too much decayed for a wholesome and patriotic or political bonfire. By all his noise and imposture about devoting his building to "Union, Science, and Art," he has succeeded in prohibiting the construction of an edifice (on the vacant square at the junction of the Third and Fourth Avenues) far more beautiful than his, and by foiling that project, he greatly enhanced the value of his own property. And through his stupendous "Union," and "Science" and "Art" imposition, he has cheated the New York Common Council into voting him a reduction of \$8,000 worth of taxes on his building. There never was such a cunning wretch as Peter Cooper, whose craft would make the devil himself blush. Through his pretended love of his species, and his spurious earnest regard for the culture of the youth of the present and of coming generations, he has foisted the merest old granny that ever existed on the noble Metropolis as Mayor; and, not content with the Mayoralty and nearly all of the Executive Departments in his grasp, this cunning old rat directs the Mayor (who married his adopted daughter) to appoint his (Peter's) own son Edward as Street Commissioner, which is worth millions in the hands of such cunning old thieves as Peter Cooper and Daniel F. Tieman, who have been stealing the public money through their enormous speculations and gigantic suburban operations, ever since they entered the Common Council in 1828. I have got the data to write a hundred pages on Peter Cooper's indictment, while he had a glue factory on the old Boston road, and his niggardly meanness to his nieces and nephews, and other kindred, and to the poor Irishmen at present in his glue factory in the vicinity of New York. He screws down all in his employ to such low wages, that he barely permits them to subsist, although their employment of skinning diseased cows feet and making glue is the most offensive labor under Heaven. For his cruelty towards an inoffensive apple-woman, (whom he seized by the throat, and dragged from his store, and threw into the gutter,) he should be horsewhipped from the Battery to Harlem. And through his artifice and eternal excuse, (to the poor starving wretches who have solicited aid since he began his bogus intellectual edifice,) that he could not contribute a dollar to any charity except his building, he has saved thousands that other equally affluent citizens have contributed to relieve the sick and hungry and naked during the several winters of famine through which we have passed, since Peter Cooper began the construction of his sham literary institution. And these reprobates now strive to starve the sick old fathers and mothers and grandmothers and dear little brothers and sisters of the noble newsboys who sell their papers amid the rain and sleet and freezing cold, while these leprous and chronic-pile old scamps are sweetly reposing in feather beds they stole from the tax-payers, under the garb of City Reform. Peter Cooper must soon meet his plundered aunt in the realms of shadows, whose contemplation makes him tremble like a murderer going to execution.

The Early Penury of the Three Napoleons of the American Press—Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond.

The Hon. John Kelly (now Member of Congress from the city of New York) told me that he was the first boy whom James Gordon Bennett employed, when he issued the first number of the *Herald*,—that he (honest Johnny Kelly) was then a poor, barefooted boy, with scarcely means to live,—that his duties consisted in sweeping out the office, running errands, folding and selling the *Herald*, and in doing every thing required in and out of the office,—that Bennett then had an office in the basement of a dilapidated building in Wall street, near William, which was in constant danger of falling, and for which he paid no rent,—that Anderson & Ward then published the *Herald*, whose printing office was in Ann street, in a building subsequently destroyed by fire, and which occupied the lot of the present *Sunday Atlas* edifice,—that Anderson & Ward would not let Bennett have a solitary copy of the *Herald* until he paid for it,—that he (John) used to go every day with Bennett to Anderson & Ward's to get the *Herald* papers, and that Bennett often had no money, and would appeal in vain for the *Herald*,—that in tears he often pawned his watch to Anderson & Ward for the *Herald* newspapers,—that on one occasion, he had no money, and Anderson & Ward held his watch as security for the preceding day's *Heralds*, and Ward was drunk, and Anderson was absent, and Bennett cried so long and hard that Ward finally let him have the newspapers,—that nothing but Ward's generosity, arising from his intoxication, saved Bennett on that critical occasion, as, if Ward had withheld the papers, and the *Herald* had not appeared as usual, it might have ceased to exist, and the World have never heard of James Gordon Bennett. And thus one event (even the whim of a drunkard) often shadows or illuminates our pathway to ceaseless adversity or prosperity, or to eternal obscurity or immortality.

The Hon. Horace Greeley was so poor when he published the *New Yorker*, that he could not pay his Wheat Bread Board, and even failed to pay his Unbolted Wheat, or Graham Bread Board. I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Greeley for seven years at the old Graham House in Barclay street, and (sometime after Greeley established the *Tribune*) Mrs. Greeley often borrowed money of me, from one shilling to five dollars. She always paid me, but often kept it for weeks, which subjected me to great embarrassment, as I was at the portal of starvation. But Mrs. Greeley was a poetess, and very interesting in conversation, and a sweet and gentle lady, and extremely beautiful, and her pretty smile emitted the solace of an angel's wand, to a cadaverous and gloomy Grahamite like me, which was of infinite value to my digestive organs, and I never could resist her arch persuasion to loan her money, although it was often my very last shilling. I know a printer in this city who caught Greeley in one of Simpson's Pawn Boxes. Greeley had just pawned a coat and silver watch, (which the printer saw dart up the spout like a Fourth of July rocket,) and he, Greeley, being near-sighted, was leaning over the counter, counting the pawn money, when the printer, being in the next Pawn Box, (and who had worked as a journeyman printer by the side of Greeley in a printing office in Chatham street some years before,) seized Greeley's ear, and slapped him on the back, when Greeley looked up, and blushed profusely, and trembled from hat to boot, and picked up his money from the counter, and walked out of the pawnbroker's shop, with gigantic strides, amid the screams of Simpson and his clerks, and the printer, and all the

miserable wretches present, including the darkies. Three years afterwards, Simpson got the boss of the printer to print some auction placards, and told him that Greeley never redeemed his coat and watch, which were sold at a Pawnbroker's public sale.

Lieutenant Governor Henry J. Raymond, (soon after he came to New York,) was the room-mate of my brother Thomas in Beekman street, nearly opposite Saint George's Church, at the boarding house of a superannuated Presbyterian clergyman named Brown. Gov. Raymond told me, three weeks since, that my brother Thomas was the first person he roomed with in New York. My brother Tommy had run away from home, and appealed to me for money, and to get him a situation. He arrived from Providence in a snow storm, and as Mrs. Tripler, (with whom I boarded, opposite Saint George's Church,) was full, I got him board at Parson Brown's, in a small dark attic room, for two dollars a week. Two days after he began to board at Brown's, young Mr. Raymond came there, and Brown put him in Tommy's apartment, where they roomed and slept together for a long period. Raymond was very short, but Tom was much shorter, with the hump of King Richard on his back, but they slept soundly, and snugly, and sweetly, and cosily, and seldom kicked or scratched each other. After Raymond came into Tom's bed, (it was a double, ricketty, second-hand cot.) Brown reduced Tom's fare twenty-five cents, which made his board one dollar and seventy-five cents a week, and even that was quite a tax on my attenuated purse. Tom has often told me that he and Raymond would sometimes talk on religion and politics until the doleful hours of midnight, and related many funny anecdotes of Raymond, which I shall publish in the "History of my Life." Tom said that Raymond was so poor at this time, that he could hardly subsist, and used to have his hair cut close to the skull, to save barber's money, and wash his handkerchiefs and stockings, and sometimes his shirts, and used to mend his shirts and stockings every Sunday morning, and the room was so cold, that Raymond sat up in the cot, with his legs covered with the sheet and blanket, while he darned his stockings and sewed the rips of his shirts, and that he, (Tom,) suffered severely while Raymond was sitting up in the cot mending his duds, letting in the cold air on his (Tom's) back and legs. Poor Tommy is cold now, (dying from the rheumatism and dropsy that Raymond gave him,) and I recently bore his tiny body, and big heart, and intelligent brain to our family tomb in Rhode Island, by whose side I may soon repose.

Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond are now at the summit of the American Press, and we shall soon show that they have not been true to the children of the Great Being who raised them from utter penury and obscurity to their present exalted position. And we shall review the source and rise of their Secretaries, Hudson, Dana, and Tuthill, on some very fine day, and then we shall analyse our own mysterious career, and then—O me! O glass! O paint! O putty! O Cooper! O Tiemann! O Edward! O Jeremiah! and the Italian Tasso!

A Sweet Letter.

RAHWAY, May 15th, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH—

Dear Sir,—Having read a great deal about you, I have taken a great interest in you. Although a stranger, I take my pen to address you a few lines, hoping you will excuse the liberty I take. It is pure admiration of your persevering character that causes me to write; for I have never seen your face to my knowledge. In your poverty, I deeply

sympathised with you, and in your prosperity, I rejoice with you. And now I suppose you would like to know who it is that takes such an interest in you. I am a country lady. My name is Miss James, not the whole of it though, the rest I will give when I hear from you. I reside in Rahway, New Jersey. I hope at some future day to become better acquainted with you. If you take interest enough in the writer to answer this—please answer this at once, and direct to

CARRIE JAMES,
Rahway, New Jersey.

O Carrie, Carrie,
Why will you tarry?
Come, O come with me,
And my darling be,
And we will soon be three,
And roam o'er land and sea,
And love lovers be
To eternity!
O how I cry
To see thy eye,
And hear thy sigh!
O! O! O! my!
I almost die
To see thy thigh!
Good by, Carrie,
Thee I'd marry!
So come quick to town,
And I'll buy a gown,
And to Potts we'll trot,
Who'll soon tie our knot,
And to the Astor we'll go,
And put honey on our dough,
And say avaunt to woe,
And scream and jump Jim Crow,
Till the Rooster doth blow
His cock-a-doodle do,
And hens cut-ka-dar-cut,
And cats mew from their gut.
And we will gaze, and hug, and kiss each other,
Like Adam, our father, and Eve, our mother:
And we will toil like thunder,
In winter and in summer,
To have a brat far better
Than poor old Cain, our brother.
So do not tarry,
Sweet little Carrie,
But come to me,
And I'll love thee,
Forever and ever,
And scold thee never:
And now on my lone bed,
I will lay my poor head,
And dream sweetly of thee,
Until thy face I see!

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Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau street.
Hamilton & Johnson, 22 Ann street.
Samuel Yates, 22 Beekman street.
Mike Madden, 21 Ann street.
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Hendrickson & Blake, 25 Ann street.

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STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 8.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, and Henry J. Raymond.

I shall review the editorial career of these men, (whom I regard as extremely vicious,) and I shall begin with Bennett, because he is the eldest and biggest villain of the trio. I have written for the *Herald* since I was a student at Cambridge in 1836, for which I have received only \$250. I have written for the *Times* nearly since its advent, for which I have received nothing. I have written for the *Tribune* since the first year of its existence, for which I have received nothing but infinite detraction. So, in all I may say of these ungrateful scoundrels, I shall evince no ingratitude or treachery. Bennett's face is the reflection of hell and the prince of devils. In conversation, he is obscene and blasphemous, and thoroughly wicked in every thought, and to listen to his obscenity, and blasphemy, and corrupt suggestions, in his old age, makes one shudder with horror to the inner temples of the soul. He is a low and cunning Scotchman, of a large brain, of superficial cultivation—has no critical knowledge of grammar, and his orthography is quite imperfect—could accurately define Webster's "science," only as it represents the mode of extortion—has read very little—is an unnaturalized alien, and a monarchist of the deepest dye. His leading motive, since he acquired his almighty dollar position as a journalist, has been to corrupt the people, and thus subvert our institutions, and cast us again into the embraces of British despots, whom he still loves, and will ever recognize as his native masters. His wife permanently resides in Europe, and the son who bears his name was educated in London, Paris, and Vienna,—and Bennett himself has passed most of his latter years in Europe, with flying visits to America to black mail private citizens and the politicians in our Municipal, State, and National elections. As incontrovertible evidence of his sympathy with corruptionists, he never wrote a syllable in favor of the election of an honorable man to office. In the abstract, he prates of virtue, and has always denounced public rogues as no other man in America, but concretely and in the assassin's ambush, he foils from choice and for a cash consideration to elect prison birds for our rulers. As long as the candidate for office holds him through a beautiful woman, or will jingle gold before his eyes, he will sustain him, and magnify him into a human god; but the moment she ceases to fondle, and caress, and hug, and kiss his hideous features, or her beauty fades, or her paramour falls through penury, or the loss of the public confidence,—

when one or all of these calamities transpire, he seeks new victims, and tramples the old like spiders, as he now does George Law and Fernando Wood, and others, whom he has bled of half a million. And when Mariposa fails to yield its wonted supply of gold, he will abandon Fremont, and support some notorious scamp for President, who is a perjured alien, or a great national plunderer, or a dastard traitor to the Union of our Fathers,—provided the candidate will give him \$100,000 in cash, with the promise of a first-class Foreign Mission. There is a married woman alternately in the Metropolis and its suburbs, to whom Bennett has long been an abject slave. And there is a woman alternately in Washington and its suburbs, to whom President Buchanan himself is a Russian serf. Bennett and Buchanan, while I write, are in the embraces of two cunning and bewitching ladies, who control the destinies of America. It was through the fascinations and machinations of these two women, that George Law and Fernando Wood ultimately fell, never to rise; and it was through these two Cleopatras that the English and Jewish alien, Abraham D. Russell and Daniel E. Sickles were elected to the Judiciary and Congress, and will be again, as long as James Buchanan, James Gordon Bennett, Judge Russell, Daniel E. Sickles, and the two lovely ladies in question rule the destinies of the White House, and meet in its gorgeous halls, and around its festive tables. Dan Sickles could pull Buchanan's nose with impunity, and Judge Russell could pinch Bennett's big proboscis, and he would not dare breathe the faintest murmur. Pretty women ruled the Egyptians, Grecians, Romans, English, French, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, and why should they not rule the Americans? Bennett's Corporation plunder and his black mail of politicians and private citizens will appal the city and country, when I disclose his prodigious operations, and place Frederick Hudson, (his smooth Private Secretary,) and his brother Edward W. Hudson, (the author of the *Herald* Money Articles,) in the infamous position of their master. Bennett and Fred and Ned Hudson originated the Parker Vein and Potosi villainies, through which my brother William was reduced to beggary and ceaseless illness, for which I will haunt them to their capulets, and beyond, if possible. And now, as the *Alligator's* jaws are limited, they cannot hold more of Bennett's and the two Hudsons' carcases to-day, but he will bite them mighty hard next week, and take larger chunks from their black mail hides, at his second lunge. And when my *Alligator's*

fangs reach Greeley and Raymond, he will revel and grin and snap his jaws, and fatten his belly, as though he was basking on the fertile borders of the Chagres.

Early Years—Senator Henry B. Anthony.

When I was in the Providence Post Office, Henry B. Anthony was a student of Brown University, whose noble father resided in Coventry, and the pale and delicate Henry would descend College Hill at evening shades, and present his sweet little face at the Post Office window, and inquire in solicitous and music tones: "Good Stephen, did my dear father or mother write me to-day?" And if I said yes, his tiny face reflected the innocent hilarity of childhood. But if I said no, he would depart in silence, with tears careering on his brilliant and intellectual eyes. One summer evening, while in the doorway of the Post Office, we had a long political disputation. Henry was a Whig and I a Democrat. He was a Hamiltonian, and I a Jeffersonian. Samuel and Joseph Bridgham, Wm. Henry Manton, Giles Eaton, David Perkins, Halsey Creighton, Edward Hazard, Nathan F. Dixon, George Rivers, and other students of Brown University, were there, and most of them were Whigs, and opposed to Gen. Jackson, who was then President. We had a very exciting discussion, and the students applauded as we warmed and glowed and rounded our periods; but Henry received the most applause, and I the most hisses. I endured all this with composure; but when Henry corrected my pronunciation of the military word "corps," (kore,) which I pronounced like corpse, (korps,) a dead body,—he brought blushes to my cheeks, and copious blood to my brain, and the conquest was his, and I retired into the Post Office, and studied dictionary for some time, and resolved to acquire the principles of the English language. And from that memorable evening, I have been a laborious student. When this same Henry B. Anthony became Governor of Rhode Island, my father was the Senator from Providence County, which is the second honor of the State Administration, and the duties more arduous than those of the Governor himself. And father has told me that Henry often consulted him during his gubernatorial Administration. When poor father died, I called on Henry at the *Providence Journal* office, who received me with the cordiality of a brother, and said: "Stephen: My father has recently died, and I profoundly sympathize with you, as I know what it is to lose a good father like mine. As to your father,

Rhode Island never had a wiser nor a better citizen, nor a purer patriot,—and years will roll ere she will rear a man of his integrity and penetration. Our whole State is in tears, and will ever cherish him with warm affection." Henry was elected an American Senator last week from Rhode Island, and here am I, with a dagger and revolver in my hand, exposing the robbers and parricides of my country, and with not one truly reliable friend in all the world; and even the few dollars that I recently received from the Corporation for public services, are in ceaseless danger through the stealth of heartless and greedy wretches, whose avarice will never be satiated until they have wrested the very last furthing from trembling hands that are in constant peril of paralysis. And now, dear Henry, receive my most affectionate congratulation on mounting the ladder of your highest ambition. But if you join the plunderers and traitors of the Senate, and be recreant to truth and justice—to Greene and Perry—to the Rhode Island Line, so fondly cherished by Washington—and to our dear native soil, and to the loved stars of our glorious canopy, and of the long, dark, cold, dreary, and sleepless nights of the Revolution,—if you be recreant to these sacred lights of our early years, I will paralyze you with execrations,—and if I survive you, I will trample and blight the verdure that blushes over your odious and accursed mausoleum.

The Patient and Doctor—The First Interview.

Patient—Doctor, I have got the piles and dyspepsia most awfully. I have taken lots of medicine, and it has made me more costive, and caused my head to ache worse than ever. Now, Doctor, what on earth shall I do to cure me of the piles and dyspepsia?

Doctor—Buy BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Patient—What kind of medicine is that?

Doctor—It ain't medicine. It is a pepper.

Patient—What kind of pepper?

Doctor—A darn funny pepper.

Patient—How can that cure the piles and dyspepsia?

Doctor—It will make you laugh and cry at the same time, and move your bowels, and it actually gave one of my patients the diarrhoea and hysteric cramps in the stomach last week.

Patient—Where can I find it?

Doctor—At any depot in the city.

Patient—I will try it. How much shall I pay you for your medical advice?

Doctor—Only one dollar.

Patient—There it is. Good day, Doctor.

Doctor—Good day.

Patient—(stumbles going down the steps)—It looks awful cloudy, Doctor.

Doctor—Quite so. It looks like rain.

Patient—Yes, rather. Good day, Doctor.

Doctor—Good day. Call again.

Patient—I will. [Exeunt.]

SECOND INTERVIEW.

Patient—Good morning, Doctor.

Doctor—How do you do?

Patient—I am so weak I can hardly stand.

Doctor—It must be owing to the warm weather.

Patient—No it ain't. I have been reading *Branch's Alligator*, and I have got the dysentery so bad that I fear I shall lose my entrails and die before sundown, if you don't give me something to stop it. Why, lord bless your dear soul, Doctor, I was up all last night, and have been out ten times to-day. O do relieve and save me, Doctor. Only give me back my piles and dyspepsia again, and I'll be satisfied. The dysentery is more dangerous than either, and I'm not prepared to die. I joined the Church at the time Awful Gardner and Ex-Alderman Wesley Smith did, but I

didn't hold on, and I am worse now than I was before I joined the Old Dutch Church in Fulton street. Do save me, Doctor, do. O do! All this trouble has come upon me, because you told me to read *Branch's Alligator*, which made me laugh so, that my bowels got under way, and I couldn't stop them. Do save me, dear Doctor.

Doctor—Do you ever read the *Herald, Times*, or *Tribune*?

Patient—No. I consider it a sin to read those papers.

Doctor—Why?

Patient—Because they lie and black mail so, and deceive and sell the people, and plunder them, and erect such elegant buildings with their plunder. They never could make so much money by honorable industry.

Doctor—Well, now, you go and buy a copy of the *Herald, Times*, and *Tribune*, and go home and read the editorials, and the letters of their Albany and Washington correspondents, and their mercenary Wall street money articles, and read their billingsgate of each other, and their horrible black mail articles, and they will so thrill your blood, as to produce an instant reaction, and you will soon be more costive than before you read *Branch's Alligator*.

Patient—I'll do it. How much shall I pay you for your advice?

Doctor—Not a cent.

Patient—You are too generous, Doctor.

Doctor—Not at all. Those editors ain't worth a cent, only what they steal from the government, and the politicians, and the people. They don't make a millionth as much on their paper and advertisements, as they do on black mail. They are the source of all governmental evil.

Patient—Them's my sentiments exactly. Good morning, Doctor.

Doctor—Good morning, patient. [Exeunt.]

THIRD INTERVIEW.

Patient—Good evening, Doctor.

Doctor—Good evening.

Patient—Well, Doctor, the *Herald, Times*, and *Tribune* have cured me. I swear, Doctor, how Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond can lie. I read their fibs, white and black, and their billingsgate of each other, and their abuse of private citizens, and contractors, and politicians, (which seemed like polite invitations for interested parties to walk up to their gilded offices and settle,) until my blood run cold, and icicles formed in my veins, and my zig-zag circulation flew about and rushed from my toes, fingers, nose, ears, heart, and liver, into my skull, until my dysentery was reduced from ten to four times a day; and then I put ice on my head, and a poultice over my navel, and bathed my spleen with brandy, and went to bed, and slept like Rip Van Winkle, and I now feel as well as I did at my birth,—and I have come to express my gratitude, and pay you a standing fee for disclosing the important secret, that I can always cure the piles and dysentery by reading the abominable lies and black mail editorials of the *Herald, Times*, and *Tribune*.

Doctor—I am of a costive nature, and never have the piles nor dysentery, and therefore never read those disreputable newspapers; but if I ever should have the cholera, or violent diarrhoea, I should read those public journals for my life, as I have cured dysentery patients for years by recommending the perusal of those journals for only half an hour. And I shall always recommend *Branch's Alligator* for costiveness.

Patient—Don't mention the *Alligator*, if you please, Doctor, because I fear it will start my bowels, and again set them in a terrible and dangerous commotion. So, good night, Doctor, and may God forever bless you.

Doctor—Good night, sir.

Patient—Remember me kindly to your wife and children, Doctor.

Doctor—I will.

Patient—Good night.

Doctor—Good night. [Exeunt.]

The Doctor closes the door, and Patient skips up the street, singing, *a la Bayadere*:

Happy am I,
From piles I'm free,
Why are not all
Merry like me?

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

War with Great Britain.

Don't let the grannies and daddies get dangerously nervous over the bloody rumors from Washington. Drink your tea, good matrons, and take your snuff, old gentlemen, as strong as ever, and talk as serenely and happily of other days, as though we were to have perpetual peace. There will be no war between parent and child, so long as New York and Liverpool exist in mutual interest and brotherly affection. For these two cities, with their mighty commerce, are the peaceful arbiters of nations, and will be, after all who now behold the Universe have returned to ashes, and coming generations cannot find their mortal caverns.

Tremendous Display of Crinoline.

[WALLACK'S THEATRE JUST OUT—A DRIZZLING RAIN.]

Omnibus Driver—Broadway—ride up?

Dad (on sidewalk)—I say, driver, have you got room for all my family?

Driver—How many have you got?

Dad—Myself and two female children—two girls in their teens, and my wife and mother.

Driver—Yes, daddy, I can accommodate you, as I have just got room for yourself, old boy, and your two female children, and two kegs, and your two girls in their teens, and two barrels, and for your wife and mother, and two hogsheds. Jump in, old cock, with all your tribes and trappings.

Dad—Thank you, driver, thank you,—but darn your impudent reflections about crinoline. But it rains, and I'm anxious to get home, and I'll forgive your facetious comments this time. There, now, get in wife, and mother, and girls, and children—get in as fast as possible, and get out of the rain, and save your bonnets, and shawls, and silks, and kegs, barrels, and hogsheds, that our waggish driver prates of with such truthful severity.

Driver (peeping through the hole)—Are you all right inside, daddy? Crinoline all nicely arranged and tucked in? eh? old cock?

Dad—Go ahead, you rascal. I'll tell Mayor Tiemann and Peter Cooper of your didos, and have you arrested.

Driver—Laughs, and snaps his whip, and away they go.

A Queer Letter.

NEW YORK, May 28th, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH, ESQ.—

Dear Sir,—As a reader of your rapacious ALLIGATOR, and a warm sympathiser with you throughout your misfortunes, I think I am entitled to make a suggestion, which I believe to be for your own good. I want to praise the manner in which you have conducted your Journal thus far, and it is because I do not wish to see it unworthy of consideration that I have taken the liberty to write to you—a perfect stranger, as far as personal acquaintance goes. Your sanguinary and cha-

characteristic fearless attacks on the magnates of Tammany and the City Hall have won you great favor among the honest and peaceful citizens of New York, as well as elsewhere, but I am of opinion that an attack on the city press would only be productive of serious mischief to yourself. In your latest number, you mention the apparent slight of the ALLIGATOR by Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond, and avow your intention to "let up" on them in your next. I seriously advise you not to do it. It will hurt you. Only a week since you spoke of your unwillingness to attack and expose Russell, because he is Bennett's friend, *who aided you in your misfortunes*. It may hurt the man's feelings somewhat to see his friends or relations calumniated or condemned, but it is much worse (and savors of ingratitude in the assailant) to be set upon himself. Besides, if you wake the wrath of these three Leviathans, it will take a bigger and stronger animal than the ALLIGATOR to extinguish it. It is therefore a matter of policy in you not to weaken yourself by entering into a war with the *Herald, Times*, or *Tribune*. You are yet weak, and need all the help you can possibly obtain. You know yourself that newspapers are not established in a day, however high their aim or select their contributions, and to be drawn into a controversy with the papers named, will be almost fatal to your editorial prospects.

Again: they may have reasons for not noticing your paper, as a press of business, neglect, overlooking, and so forth, and may, when a more convenient season presents itself, give you a highly flavored puff. Would it not be better to ask them privately to speak favorably of your new enterprise, than to attempt to force them to do it by a public attack in your paper?

Yours very respectfully, and with sincere wishes for your welfare,
R. P. C.
(Private.)

This letter came from the *Herald, Times*, and *Tribune* offices, and was the result of the deliberations of Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond, through their Secretaries, Hudson, Dana, and Tuthill. My heart was moved while reading this production. The genial spirits of Houston and Hamilton, of the *Herald*, and of the equally meritorious dead in the *Times* and *Tribune* establishments, passed before my vision, and I was unmanly, and wept like a delicate female. And with electric flights of the imagination, I grasped the long and bappy years I have passed in the *Herald, Times*, and *Tribune* offices, in the pleasing effort to improve the Fire and Police Departments. I thought, too, of the noble band of intellectual living giants connected with the Metropolitan Press in question, and I wept to know that we would be less friendly, and that my form and intellect were never more to be reflected by the leading Press of America. And why must this be so? Why must I pass in silence, in my whole journey to the grave, such men as Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond, and their Secretaries, Hudson, Dana, and Tuthill? Is it because they have not noticed the ALLIGATOR? I would despise myself, if I could be governed by so mean a motive. A spark will light a flame that will defy a million men. Isolated snow will come silently from Heaven, and form mountains that will bury thousands. And I admit that after my gratuitous labors in the *Herald, Times*, and *Tribune* establishments for so many years, (in which I devoted the integrity and education that my father gave me,) the refusal of Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond to notice my feeble efforts to establish a truthful press, kindled a blaze in my bosom that they can never quench. For seven weeks I looked with solicitude for

the mention of my Journal in their columns, and crushed to the earth with pain and disgust with my species, I resolved to dissect the bodies that were animated by such contracted souls. Their refusal to notice and encourage the efforts of an old and tried friend like me, (who has toiled so long and hard to give them important public documents and early valuable domestic and foreign intelligence,) aroused a million demons that have slumbered in my bosom, and yearned for years to expose the villainy of American editors, who hold the destinies of my country and of human liberty in their palms, and who trifle and play with the people, and sell them like cattle in the face of the morning sun. Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond never meet by daylight, but they do by night light in great emergencies. They fret and scold before the people, but they act in concert in subterranean caverns. And their Secretaries, Hudson, Dana, and Tuthill, daily walk arm-in-arm, plotting deeds of hell for their wicked masters, in which the people are invariably sold. And so with the money-article writers of these public journals. They see each other often, and act in concert, and spread terror in Wall street, and throughout the country, and desolate the hearth of many a happy domestic circle, in the journey of every sun. And shall I be silent, and go down to my grave, with these fatal secrets on my heart, that have depressed me for years? Shall I be recreant to my mission, and to the toiling millions, on whom their accursed treason falls? Shall I not tell the American people, that the evils and corruption that overshadow our land, and threaten to subvert our glorious institutions, have their source in the American Press? And shall I not adduce my proof and argument, and scathing analysis of their pernicious motives? And shall I be silenced by the threats in this letter, that I will be crushed by three Leviathans the instant I open my fatal batteries? No, no. All hell shall not deter me from my exposition of Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond, and their vile Secretaries. For my honor I care every thing, and he who strives to deprive me of it, through unmerited detraction, shall die by my avenging hand. But for life I care nothing, only to be useful to my kind, and to adhere to integrity, and serve the God of my supreme adoration. Life! Take it! Take the poor, trembling, pining, mortal trunk and scabbard, but beware of the sword and soul! Look, but touch not them, lest the ground rock, and open, and yawn, and swallow, and cut, and dash, and burn your demon bones and nerves through undying ages. Beware! I say! O beware! and tremble! For I have a superstition, that a soul is sacred in the eyes of God, according to its love of truth, or its hatred and horror of such hypocrites, thieves, and traitors, as Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
STEPHEN H. BRANCH,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

The news of my return to Providence spread rapidly, and the political newspapers unfriendly to father most cruelly announced my arrival in blazing capitals. I then told my father that if he would furnish me the means, I would go to the sea shore, and he instantly complied. I departed for Boston with White, whose father resided in Pepperell, Massachusetts, whither he went, and I took the stage to Salem and Gloucester, near Cape Ann. When I parted with White, I was overwhelmed with tears and desolation. I passed the first night in Gloucester at a hotel, and the next day engaged private board. I now was

very lonely,—had no congenial spirit by my side,—knew no one in Gloucester,—was a mere skeleton,—could not read nor compose, without snuffing my brain with blood, and I sometimes thought I should drop dead, and seriously contemplated self-destruction. But the ocean air revived me, and I gave lessons in penmanship to a Mr. Story and his two sons, who gave me \$5 a week, which defrayed my expenses, and diverted my mind from the melancholy past, which was a precious solace. The summer closed, and the leaves began to fall, and the first blast of autumn made its advent from the north, and I returned to Boston, and went to New York by way of Hartford and New Haven. I engaged board with Mrs. Reeve, in Pearl street, near Franklin Square, and hired a cheap piano of Firth, Hall, & Pond, and gave English lessons to the son of Mr. Vultee, for which he imparted musical instruction. I then went to Arthur Tappan, and informed him that I contemplated the instruction of colored persons, who sent me to his brother, Lewis Tappan, with whom I had a long conversation, at his store in Pearl street, during which he examined my qualifications in spelling, reading, figures, and penmanship, and gave me a letter of introduction to a colored man named Van Ransselaer, who kept a restaurant under the office of the *Journal of Commerce*. I taught Mr. and Mrs. Van Ransselaer and their adopted boy for some weeks, for which I received my meals at their restaurant. They had a room in the sixth story of one of the Wall street buildings, and, in climbing the stairs, I often thought I should die before I reached the upper story. I now see an advertisement, and obtain a situation as teacher on the plantation of Mr. Bennett, near Franklin, Alabama, and departed for Apalachicola, in the brig Sampson, Captain Robinson. The passengers could scarcely move in consequence of the barrels of potatoes and apples on deck. We paid our passage in advance. The proprietors of the vessel allowed the captain a limited sum for sailors, and, to save a portion of the money for himself, the captain obtained most of his sailors from the hospital, from those just recovering from protracted illness. One was lame, and another had but one eye, and all were pale and extremely feeble. We had a gale off Cape Hatteras, and some of the more emaciated sailors were instantly prostrated, and retired to their berths, and the passengers had to work night and day, or go to the bottom of the ocean. In a week after I left New York, my hands were nearly raw with blisters from hauling ropes. The owners permitted the captain to provision the vessel as he pleased, and render his account to them at the close of the voyage, and he nearly starved us, although he charged the proprietors of the vessel for the best provisions the market afforded. I often caught the captain drinking wines and eating luxuries behind the masts, which the passengers should have had, and I denounced him, but to no purpose. I discovered the helmsman asleep at midnight, and the vessel going stern foremost, and aroused the passengers just in time to save all from a watery grave. There was a passenger who had been a skilful mariner, and we acted in concert, or we must have been lost. We watched the helmsman on alternate nights, but got weary of the task, and shared the toil with other passengers. I emerged from my berth at midnight, and found both passenger and helmsman asleep, when I aroused all hands to witness the extraordinary spectacle, and our common peril, and, after that, the passengers formed a Vigilance Committee to unceasingly watch the captain and sailors. In a week, land was discovered, although the captain assured us one hour before the discovery, that we were about

one hundred miles from land. It was near sunset, and if we had not discovered land before dark, we would have gone ashore, and been drowned, or butchered by the hostile Indians on the coast of Florida, who were then engaged in their final struggle with the Americans. We had a hurricane soon afterwards, and lost all the apples and potatoes from the deck, but we at last arrived at Key West. We took in water, and some bread and herrings, and steered for Apalachiola, and on the following day, we took four men from a vessel that must have sunk in one hour after we rescued them. The poor fellows had been several days on the wreck, without food or water, and they shivered and cried like children, when they reached our vessel. It was a very affecting scene, and none could restrain their tears. We had a gale in the Gulf of Mexico, and expected to be lost, but we ultimately reached Apalachiola, which I found a perfect desert. My employer, and a wagon with two horses, anticipated my arrival, and we went to Saint Joseph, and thence up the banks of the Chattahoochee River, and often passed near the encampment of hostile tribes of Indians. There had been no rain for two months, and the woods were on fire at times throughout the journey, which presented at night a scene of great sublimity. We were often surrounded by smoke and flame, and were scorched and nearly strangled by the dense smoke that emanated from the burning pine trees. On one occasion, the horses were unmanageable, and ran towards the flames, and we supposed we would be lost, but we subdued the terror of the horses, and emerged from the flames after infinite peril and trouble. The miserable habitations were often thirty miles apart, and we nearly died from thirst, but we reached Franklin, Alabama, after unexampled suffering. I soon repaired to Bennett's Plantation, five miles from Franklin, and opened my school, near his house, in a log cabin, to which Bennett permitted children to come from the surrounding country. My health was poor, and I nearly died with dyspepsia. I soon discovered that Bennett was intemperate and cruel to his slaves, most of whom had committed grave offences, and had been confined in the prisons of Georgia and Alabama. Bennett's Overseer whipped the slaves every morning, and my feelings were lacerated almost beyond endurance, when I heard the lash, and their piercing cries for mercy. Mike, a slave, fled in the night, and Bennett and the Overseer pursued and captured him partially drunk in a swamp. They tied him to a tree, near my window, and paddled him with a wooden spade full of holes, which brought blood and blisters at every blow. I had witnessed the executions of murderers at the North, but I never beheld brutality like this. I closed my window, and went to bed, and buried myself in the clothes, so that I could not hear the blows, and poor Mike's thrilling appeals for succor. Chloe, a slave from Africa, (who was seventy years old, and had been the slave of Bennett's father,) told a lie to screen one of her children, who had been absent two nights on a drunken frolic, and she was tied to a tree, and severely horsewhipped on her naked back. I shall never forget the moans of poor Chloe, as the whip lacerated her scanty flesh, and aged bones. Mrs. Bennett taught her children, male and female, to whip the children slaves, and when they did not strike hard, she would fly into a fearful passion, and lash her own children for their lenity towards the sinless little slaves. These cruel scenes disgusted and harrowed my heart beyond the power of language to express, and I resolved to resort to honorable stratagem to get away from Bennett's Plantation. So, on Bennett's return from his favorite amusement of hunt-

ing deer at night, with which the country teemed, he was very proud of his success in killing deer, and was partially intoxicated, and in sparkling humor, and I breathed in his merry ears the following plaintive intelligence. I told him that I was ill, and anticipated a return of fits, which sometimes tormented me for months,—that, at times, when I emerged from these fits, I was wild and dangerous, unless confined in irons, and that I once nearly strangled a child, during my delirium. He started back, and stared like an owl, and his wife opened her mouth, and stretched her large gray eyes prodigiously, and asked me how long I had had symptoms of the return of fits. I said, about two days. Bennett then inquired about how long before I expected they would commence. I replied, in a day or two. He asked me if I desired to return to Apalachiola, and thence to New York, or would rather go by way of Columbus, Georgia. I told him that I had a brother in New Orleans, who was proprietor of the "New Orleans Daily Times," and I would like to go to him, as he knew how to nurse me, when the fits were on. He said that he would let his slave Edward take me in his wagon down the banks of the Chattahoochee, to the point where the mail stage passed, on its way to Lagrange, where I could get a steamer to Pensacola, and thence to Mobile and New Orleans. I told him that I had no money. He said he would supply me with enough to defray my expenses to New Orleans. In the morning, while the Overseer was whipping slaves in the yard, I started down the Chattahoochee, and after an encampment of three nights, reached the road that led to Lagrange. On the following day, the stage arrived, and I left for Lagrange. General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, was a passenger, with whom I had many a pleasant conversation. After a tedious journey through the piny solitudes of Florida, we arrived at Lagrange, and left for Pensacola, in a rickety steamer, in which we came near being lost in the Gulf of Mexico, in about half a gale. At Pensacola, we took the steamer Champion, and proceeded to Mobile, and thence to New Orleans, by way of Lake Pontchartrain. I boarded with my brother Albert in Poydras street, and worked in his printing office. I learned, through the newspapers, that the Captain left Apalachiola for Havana, but couldn't find it, and went to Key West—that he left for New York, and was capsized in the Atlantic ocean, and only the second mate was saved, who stated in substance that "six of us were on a raft for nine days, and, after we ate the dog, we drew lots for each other, and that he who drew the shortest piece of shirt from my inclosed hand, should die, but have the privilege of resisting the other five in their attempted slaughter of his body for his blood and flesh as their water and food,—that a Hungarian passenger drew the shortest cut, and fought for his life for two hours, on the raft, which was the roof of the deck cabin, and very large, and could hold twenty men with safety,—that the Hungarian at last fell asleep at midnight, against his will, and we cut his head entirely off, and drank his blood, and ate his flesh, and I never relished any food like the Hungarian's,—that on the tenth day, the first mate died from eating too heartily of the Hungarian, and on the eleventh day a passenger and sailor died from exhaustion,—that on the twelfth day a vessel came near, and while on a mountain wave just over my head, the cook discovered myself and the last sailor down in the cavern of the ocean,—the cook screamed.—the helmsman discovered us,—a rope was cast, and I seized it, and tied it around me,—another is thrown,—I tied it around my comrade, and gave the signal to hoist away, and up we went into the vessel,

but, alas! my sailor boy was dead, dying from exhaustion and excessive joy at his too sudden and unexpected rescue!" This melancholy news cast a profound gloom over my meditations for several weeks. I now see an advertisement for a teacher in Napoleonville, on Bayou Lafourche, about twenty miles from Donaldsonville, and seventy-five miles west of New Orleans, on the plantation of Thomas Pugh, who was a classmate of President Polk, the Reverend Doctor Hawks, and the Reverend Doctor Thomas House Taylor, of Grace Church, and other distinguished men, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Albert C. Ainsworth and Senator Conrad, of New Orleans, gave me letters to Mr. Pugh, which secured the situation. Mr. Pugh was a Member of the Legislature, and so was Mr. Conrad. Mr. Ainsworth was a native of Providence, Rhode Island, and an old school mate of mine, whose father was a school master. Mr. Pugh had about two hundred slaves on his sugar and cotton plantations, and his brother, just below him, on the Bayou, had a thousand slaves. I found Mr. Thomas Pugh to be a noble character, and very kind to his slaves, who most fondly loved him. I had a school house in the centre of a beautiful field, to which came the pretty children of Mr. Pugh, and about a dozen others from the contiguous plantations. I had six hundred dollars per annum, and a horse to ride when I chose, and a slave named Nathan to wait upon me. The country teemed with poultry, and we had the most delicious oysters, and all the choice fruits and vegetables of those sunny and prolific latitudes. I was thrown from my horse one moonlight evening, while riding along the Bayou, and soon after was bitten by a snake, and in about a week found a lizard in my bed when I awoke in the morning, and I got uneasy and very nervous, and left Mr. Pugh and his interesting family with tearful sorrow, because they had treated me with parental kindness. I returned to New Orleans, and engaged passage in a steamer for Louisville, Kentucky.

(To be continued to our last dream.)

Advertisements—25 Cents a line.

Credit—From two to four seconds, or as long as the Advertiser can hold his breath! Letters and Advertisements to be left at No. 211 Centre street, or at the Post Office.

FULTON IRON WORKS.—JAMES MURPHY & CO., manufacturers of Marine and Land Engines, Boilers, &c. Iron and Brass Castings. Foot of Cherry street, East River.

ALANSON T. BRIGGS—DEALER IN FLOUR BARRELS, Molasses Casks, Water, and all other kinds of Casks. Also, new flour barrels and half-barrels; a large supply constantly on hand. My Stores are at Nos. 62, 63, 64, 69, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Rutgers' Slip; at 235, 237, and 239 Cherry street; also, in South and Water streets, between Pike and Rutgers' Slip, extending from street to street. My yards in Williamsburgh are at Furman & Co.'s Dock. My yards in New York are at the corner of Water and Gouverneur streets; and in Washington street, near Canal; and at Leroy Place. My general Office is at 64 Rutgers' Slip.

ALANSON T. BRIGGS.

JOHN B. WEBB, BOAT BUILDER, 718 WATER STREET. My Boats are of models and materials unsurpassed by those of any Boat Builder in the World. Give me a call, and if I don't please you, I will disdain to charge you for what does not entirely satisfy you. JOHN B. WEBB.

SAMUEL SNEDEC, SHIP & STEAMBOAT BUILDER. My Office is at No. 81 Corlears street, New York; and my yards and residence are at Greenpoint. I have built Ships and Steamers for every portion of the Globe, for a long term of years, and continue to do so on reasonable terms. SAMUEL SNEDEC.

CHARLES FRANCIS, SADDLER, ESTABLISHED IN 1808, Sign of the Golden Horse, 39 Bowery, New York, opposite the Theatre. Mr. F. will sell his articles as low as any other Saddler in America, and warrant them to be equal to any in the World.

H. N. WILD, STEAM CANDY MANUFACTURER, No. 451 Broadway, bet. Grand and Howard streets, New York. My Iceland Moss and Flaxseed Candy will cure Coughs and Sneezes in a very short time.

JAMES GRIFFITHS, (Late CHATELAIN & GRIFFITHS.) No. 273 Grand st., New York. A large stock of well-selected Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., on hand. Gents', Youths' and Children's Clothing, Cut and Made in the most approved style. All cheap for Cash.

C. TYSON, CORNER OF NINTH STREET & SIXTH AVE. Has for sale all the late Publications of the day, including all the Daily and Weekly newspapers.

STEPHENS & BRANCH'S ALLI GATOR.

Volume I.—No. 9.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

James Gordon Bennett's Editorial Career.

Bennett left his native hills of Scotland in 1819, and arrived in Boston in 1820. After enduring the tortures of poor Goldsmith (as teacher, traveler, editor, and author) for fifteen years, he takes the basement of the crumbling ruin at No. 20 Wall street, and advertises for a boy, when John Kelly (now a Member of Congress from the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth, and Fourteenth Wards) thus responds:

Enter John Kelly in rags and barefooted.

John—Mr. Bennett: Mother says you advertised for a boy, and sent me to ask you for the situation.

Bennett—What's your name?

John—Johnny Kelly.

Bennett—Where do you live?

John—In the Fourteenth Ward.

Bennett—How long have you been in this country?

John—I have always been in this beautiful country.

Bennett—Aint you an Irish boy?

John—No, sir,—I am an American boy, and I'm very glad I am an American.

Bennett—Why are you glad of that?

John—Because George Washington was an American, and I dearly love his memory, because he always spoke the truth, and was good and brave, and loved and saved his country.

Bennett—Who told you all this?

John—My grandfather first told me of Washington's greatness, and goodness, and bravery, and since he died, I have read the Life of Washington several times.

Bennett—Where was your grandfather born?

John—In Scotland.

Bennett—Ah! then, you are of Scotch descent?

John—Yes, sir.

Bennett—Did you ever hear of Wallace?

John—Yes, sir, and of William Tell, and his son Albert, of Switzerland. Grandfather told me all about their courageous deeds and great love of country.

Bennett—Where were your parents born?

John—In poor old Ireland.

Bennett—Why did they leave their country?

John—Because liberty was dead, and the people starving, and sorely oppressed by tyrants.

Bennett—Who crushed the liberty of Ireland?

John—England, Scotland, and Wales.

Bennett—That will do, my boy, and I am pleased with your intelligence and love of liberty, though you should not denounce the glorious Scotland, because your grandfather came from its pretty vales and majestic mountains.

John—If Scotland and Wales had sympathized with Ireland, and fought her battles for freedom, the sweetest and greenest Isle of all the earth would now be free like my dear America, and Scotland and Wales could also have enjoyed the blessings of liberty.

Enter Washer Woman.

Washer Woman—And so I have caught the old Scotch Serpent at last, eh? I have been here a dozen times, and also at your last boarding house, which you left without paying a poor widow (with five young children) for your board, and she is very sick in consequence of your cowardly villainy, and is about to have another child, and her landlord told her yesterday that she must move immediately, or he would turn her into the street, for not paying her rent. But I'll stand none of your wickedness. And now, Bennett, if you don't instantly pay me for washing and mending your filthy and ragged clothes, I will rope you on the spot. (She takes a rope from behind her apron.)

Bennett—Call in the morning, and I will certainly pay you.

Washer Woman—I shall do no such thing, you lying diddler. I will have it now, or I will rope you, and pull your hair, and scratch and bite, and man you to a jelly. (She approaches him with menacing gestures.)

Bennett—There, good woman,—there's your money. (She seizes it and departs, wagging her head and body with victorious vociferations.)

Bennett—There, Master Kelly, you perceive that I am very poor.

John—Yes, sir, and so am I, and I like to be with the poor, because they are far more kind and generous than the rich.

Bennett (wiping a tear from his eye)—My boy, I can see a noble heart in your breast, and you remind me of the happy friends I left in my native land, whom I may never see again, and who are ignorant of the terrible vicissitudes through which I have passed, since I left my dear father's roof.

John—What country is yours?

Bennett—Scotland.

John—Ah! Scotland! My adored grandfather's native home! O, I love you much better, now that I learn you came from Scotland.

Bennett—No more of this, dear boy. I cannot talk of my present poverty, and of my native skies, without sad emotions. And now to business. Can you write a handsome hand?

John—I can write a plain hand.

Bennett—Can you spell well?

John—Tolerably well, for a poor boy.

Bennett—Do you understand figures?

John—Better than spelling or writing.

Bennett—How much do you want a week?

John—Enough to buy shoes and jacket and trowsers, and pay my father and mother something for my food and lodging.

Bennett—Well, if you prove active, and answer my purpose, I will reward you according to my success in my new enterprise.

John—When do you want me to come?

Bennett—You may stay now, and, after sweeping out the office, and folding that pile of papers in the corner, which I could not sell yesterday, you can accompany me to my Printers, Anderson & Ward, in Ann street, for the *Herald* papers of to-day. (John sprinkles and sweeps out, and folds the papers in half an hour, and he and Bennett start for Ann street.)

Bennett (at his printer's in Ann street)—Mr. Anderson, are my papers ready?

Anderson—Yes, but you can't have them until you pay me for them.

Bennett—I have not got enough.

Anderson—Then you can't have them.

Bennett—But the newsboys are outside, waiting for them.

Anderson—I can't help that.

Bennett—But, my dear sir, do let me have them.

Anderson—I shan't do it.

Bennett—Will you take my watch?

Anderson—I have taken that twenty times, and, as I am not a pawnbroker, I am sick of taking your watch as security for the results of my honest labor.

Bennett—Do take it once more.

Anderson—I told you, when you last redeemed it, that I should not take it again.

Bennett (crying)—Do take it once more, Mr. Anderson.

Anderson—No, sir. Here, Rufus, put these *Heralds* in a box, and nail it, and take the box to my house.

John—Do take his watch once more, kind sir. Mr. Bennett has just employed me, and I'm not afraid to trust him. Besides, just look at his tears. See how big they are, and how fast they flow and roll down his manly cheeks. Do, sir, O do let him have the papers, and spare his tears, and heal his broken heart.

Anderson (looking over his spectacles)—Who the devil are you?

John—I am Johnny Kelly.

Anderson—What! Does your father live in the Fourteenth Ward?

John—Yes, sir, and that's just where I was born, and have always lived, and always mean to, and die there also, and, if possible, I intend to be buried there, in some beautiful cemetery, because I most fondly love the good and generous people of the Fourteenth Ward. And now, Mr. Anderson, have I not often seen you at my father's, on winter evenings, telling each other funny and pleasing stories of the past?

Anderson—Seen me at your father's, you young rogue? Why, to be sure you have. I came to America with your father and mother, and my wife was present when you were born in Mott street, and after your mother got well, we had a great frolic at your Christening, and went to the Park Theatre, and you were the fattest and prettiest baby I ever saw.

John—You don't say so? Give me your hand—

Anderson (jumping over the counter)—and a kiss, too, you rosy little rascal. (Kisses him, and then turns to Bennett.) There, Bennett, take your papers, and give me your old dumb silver turnip once more, but I'll be hanged before I will ever take it again. And you may attribute your good luck this time to this bright and pretty and honest little boy, whom I have loved since his infancy. (Bennett and John take the papers, and let the boys outside have some, and then depart for No. 20 Wall street.)

Bennett (on his way to Wall street)—Well, my lad, you have saved me to-day, and I'll remember it with gratitude as long as I live. Tell your father and mother that I will come and see them on Sunday evening, and take tea with them. You can tell them that I will let you have money enough on Saturday night to get you a pair of shoes, as it won't do for you to be my clerk with naked feet. Besides, I'm afraid you will get nails or splinters in your bare feet, and have the lock jaw. So, John, you had better ask your father to let you wear his shoes until Saturday.

John—Daddy hasn't got any shoes. He has been sick a long time with inflammatory rheumatism, and he can't work any more, and he is obliged to go barefooted like myself.

Bennett—Good Lord! Then ask your mother to let you wear her shoes until Saturday.

John—Mother aint got but one pair, and they are slippers, and nearly worn out.

Bennett—Well, then, I must try to get you some second-hand shoes in the morning. I have only one pair myself, but I think I can borrow some that are considerably worn from one of my room-mates. So, good day, Johnny, and come down early in the morning, and I guess I'll have some protection for your tender feet.

John—Good day, sir, and I hope you will not cry any more until I see you.

Bennett—I thank you, my dear boy, for your genial sympathy, and I will strive not to cry again until I see you. So, good by.

John—Good by, sir. (They separate.)

(To be continued.)

Incomparable Meanness.

I taught Richard T. Compton grammar and composition, while he was President of the Board of Aldermen, at his residence, for which he never fully paid me. I also went nearly two years to Ambrose C. Kingsland's princely residence in Fifth Avenue, for the purpose of his education in spelling, grammar, and composition, and he has never paid me. Dick Compton's Bill is small compared with Kingsland's, who owes me a large sum. President Compton and Ex-Mayor Kingsland were the

most corrupt men ever in the City Hall. I have asserted, and still assert, and intend to assert, to the very last hour of my existence, that one of my Aldermanic pupils of the scabby Common Councils of 1851 and 1852, assured me that Ex-Mayor Kingsland made more money while Mayor in 1851 and 1852, than all the Mayors who preceded him, and that he (my Aldermanic pupil) was an eye witness to many of Kingsland's plundering operations. So, Compton and Kingsland, just put all this in your pipes and smoke it, and now, if you attempt to violate my person (for publishing what I and you know to be true, and what I yearn to prove in the Courts,) you can come on as soon as you please, and if I don't tumble your thievish carcasses into the liquid fires of hell, I shall prove an unworthy advocate of the millions you have robbed and tried to starve, and of the land of Greene and Perry from which I proudly hail. I dunned Kingsland a long time for my just dues, and wearied and shocked with his meanness, I sent him a letter long since, presenting him with my entire claim for learning him to spell the simplest words. And if he will publish my letter, I will give him a clock, gilded with gold and silver, as an ornament to the Chief parlor of his gorgeous mansion, which he stole from the poor creatures who crawl in nakedness to the corner groceries for food to keep them from the grave. I recently asked Compton for an advertisement for the *Alligator*, in order to indirectly get the money he owes me for instruction, but he even declined the advertisement. And now I publicly give him the entire balance of my claim against him for instruction, while he was President of the Board of Aldermen. Compton was as corrupt when he was in the Common Council in 1845 and 1846, as he was in 1852 and 1853. His Ice Partner, Joseph Britton, was Assistant Alderman of the Fifteenth Ward in 1848, and Alderman in 1849, 1850, and 1851, and (as Chairman of the Finance Committee, in connection with James M. Bard,) he did not steal over \$200,000. It is most time for Compton and Britton to return to the Common Council, and make fresh grabs at the pockets and throats of the people, who should seize such villains and hang them in the Park, and thrust their worthless bones into a felon's grave.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S "ALLIGATOR" CAN BE obtained at all hours, (day or night,) at wholesale and retail, at No. 128 Nassau Street, Near Beekman Street, and opposite Ross & Tousey's News Depot, New York.

Spectres and Hobgoblins.

Poor Helen Jewett's ghost appeared to James Gordon Bennett last night, and he leaped from his bed, (*a la* Richard from his tent,) and sweat terribly, and his jaws clattered, and his frame trembled, and he screamed for Grinnell and others to come to his relief. But they could not respond, because they were long since bled to death in the rear of the City Hospital, and are at the High Court of God, awaiting the speedy arrival of Bennett's soul, which they will convict of crimes that will consign his wicked spirit to wasteful fires!

To James Gordon Bennett and Frederic Hudson, his Cunning Secretary.

How many members of your families and *Herald* spies are quartered in the Departments of our Municipal Government? in the Post Office? in the Custom House? in the Departments at Washington? I am anxious

to know, and, if you don't soon publish the interminable list, I will. Is Robert, your former book-keeper, and other family relatives, still in the Custom House, and other public stations, and to keep them there, do you jump Jim Crow from Fremont to Buchanan, and defend the everlasting Wetmore robbers, and the brothers Schell, and other public plunderers? You know you do, you double-dyed villains. And you know that I know that Bennett and Fred and Ned Hudson, and black-mail-bottle-holder-Galbraith, and "Obscene-publication"—"British-alien"—"thirty-days-in-the-Tombs"—"Drury"—"go-between"—Fire Marshal Baker, are an irredeemable band of consummate scamps. I mean to strip, and lash, and brand yourselves and whole tribe of vultures, so that you cannot longer deceive the people. So, prepare, ye two-faced, nauseous, scabby, leprous, and hellish gang of thieves, for a dissection that will enlarge the eyes of honest men, and make them stare like affrighted owls. You have quoted Scripture long enough, and I intend that you shall hereafter quote from your friend the Devil, and cease your hypocrisy.

The Way New York is Bamboozled.

"First Annual Report of the American and Foreign Emigrant Protective and Employment Society," of which Peter Cooper is President, and Horace Greeley and Solon Robinson are Directors.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Receipts to date, from all sources—April 30, 1855.

By cash received in donations, subscriptions, fees, &c.,	\$7,822 67
	\$7,822 67
<i>Payments to Date—April 30, 1855.</i>	
Cash paid for repairs and offices	\$350 38
“ furniture and office fittings,	444 50
“ rents, firing, &c.,	1,118 92
“ salaries,	3,663 20
“ petty disbursements,	310 07
“ advertisements,	356 73
“ books, stationery and printing,	525 75
“ licenses,	50 00
“ transportation of emigrants,	482 33
Balance of cash on hand,	525 79
	\$7,822 67

We do hereby certify that we have examined the books of account of the American and Foreign Emigrant Protective and Employment Society, and audited the above account, and find the same correct.

JASPER E. CORNING, }
H. PLANTEN, } *Committee.*

NEW YORK, May 22, 1855.

So that "\$482,33, for transportation of emigrants," was every cent (out of the annual receipts of \$7,822,67) that was devoted to the legitimate objects of the Society. This is the boldest robbery of a Charitable Society on record, though the following is close at its heels:

Official Statement of the Hunter Woods Academy of Music Calico Ball.

Receipts, (rogues' exhibit)	\$9,202 30
Expenses, (rogues' exhibit.)	4,288 72

Balance disbursed for John Hecker's Braid, with a very small balance still in the hands of rogues	4,913 58
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Peter Cooper was also President of this Ball, and Mayor Tiemann and James W. Gerard the Secondary Managers.

Official Statement of the Crystal Palace Ball, of which Peter Cooper was the President,

and Mayor Tiemann and James W. Gerard the Secondary Managers.

Receipts, (rogues' exhibit), \$10,147 38
Expenses, (rogues' exhibit), 6,828 03

Balance still in hands of the Hunter

Woodis Rognish Managers, 3,319 35

So that not one cent of the enormous receipts of this famous Ball has been devoted to the purchase of one little loaf of John Hecker's Bread, nor to the relief of the indigent thousands, whom the receipts of this Ball were intended to relieve. The *Hunter Woodis Society* Managers told me on Monday last, that the receipts of the Crystal Palace Ball were \$10,147,38, and that the expenses were \$6,828,03, leaving a balance in the hands of their Treasurer of \$3,319,35, which is now in their safe, and that they have not disbursed one cent for bread nor any thing else for the relief of the poor, and do not intend to, until the next winter. I had a long interview with the officers of the self-constituted *Hunter Woodis Society*, (at their official quarters,) who are remarkably well clad, and smelt very strongly of cologne and ponatum, and they seemed extremely happy in their gandy easy chairs, and I learn that they can often be seen on the fashionable avenues with fast steeds, and at the Italian Opera, and the aristocratic clubs. One of the leaders of the *Hunter Woodis Society* (doubtless fearing that I was about to let loose my *Alligator* upon himself and associates,) breathed bonied words during my visit to the Society, and boldly said that Peter Cooper was any thing but an honest man, but that the *Hunter Woodis* Managers were all honorable men, and that all the members of the *Hunter Woodis Society* were Know Nothings. He told me this three times, lest I should forget it, the fool supposing that I regarded Know Nothing thieves with less abhorrence than Irish or British thieves, of the Busted, Connolly, or Matsell brand. I believe that most of the charitable funds of the "American and Foreign Emigrant Protective and Employment Society," and of the "Academy of Music and Crystal Palace Balls," have gone into the pockets and bellies and bladders of the scoundrels who collected those sacred funds for the immediate relief of the Emigrants and Starving Poor of New York.

Startling Revelations.

In my coming revelations of Bennett and Hudson's rascalities, I shall prove that the former strove to black mail me during my protracted Mnemonic Controversy with Professor Francis Fauvel Gonard in 1843, for which I drew a revolver on *Satan* in the *Herald* office. I shall also prove that I got Bennett the Corporation Printing at \$3,000 per annum, through my influence with my Aldermanic pupils,—that I wrote the Printing Report, proposing to give Bennett \$3,000 a year for the Common Council Printing, and the other Journals only \$1,000 a year,—that I told Bennett I was teaching the Aldermen, and, among them, Alderman A. A. Denman, of the Sixteenth Ward, who was Chairman of the Committee to whom the Corporation Printing was referred,—that I bet Bennett \$100 that I would get the Corporation Printing for the *Herald* at \$3,000 per annum,—that I not only wrote the Printing Report for the Committee, but got it adopted by both Boards of the Common Council, and got the Mayor to sign it, when Bennett gave me the \$100, which was a part of the \$250 that I have only received from Bennett during my voluntary connection with the *Herald* since 1836,—that after I got the Corporation Printing for Bennett, I continued to scourge the Common Council through the Fire Reports of Alfred Carson, and a Caucus was held, and a vote passed, demanding me to cease my philippics

against the Common Council, because they had given Bennett the Corporation Printing at my request,—that I told the Alderman who was delegated by the Aldermanic Caucus to request me to cease my philippics, that I should not comply with their monstrous demand, and that I would see Bennett and Hudson and the *Herald* effaced from the earth, before I would desert Alfred Carson and his noble band of firemen,—that this Alderman then went to Bennett, (by direction of the Caucus,) and requested him not to publish my Fire philippics against the Common Council, and Bennett, (fearing they would deprive him of the Printing if he refused,) cowardly and mercenarily complied, and also pledged himself to conceal the anticipated robberies of 1852 and 1853,—that the Common Council was so pleased with Bennett's course, that they made him overtures, through which he acquired a princely fortune, as he did under Fernando Wood's administration,—that one of the members of the Committee, who reported in favor of Bennett's Printing, (who was my pupil,) received by a vote of the Common Council, 204 valuable lots on the banks of the East River, which he holds to this day,—that this corrupt Alderman boldly besought me, at his house at midnight, to abandon Alfred Carson, and go into the embraces of the Common Council, which would ensure me a splendid fortune,—that I nearly smote him on the spot with my maledictions and my indignant glances,—that this Alderman was a bosom friend and confidant of the then Aldermen Tiemann and Peter Cooper,—that he is the sacred friend of Mayor Tiemann and Peter Cooper now,—that Mayor Tiemann and Peter Cooper fear this Alderman, who has known them and all their political villainy since 1828,—that this is the Alderman who first told me of Mayor Tiemann's and Peter Cooper's public robberies,—that Mayor Tiemann was an Alderman of the Common Council that gave Bennett the Corporation Printing, and voted for it,—that this Alderman introduced me to Alderman Tiemann on the very day that Tiemann originated the Ward Island Purchases, which have been and are the fondest sources of corruption and plunder in the annals of municipal legislation,—that Tiemann and this Alderman acted in concert in the Ward Island Purchases, and he assured me at the time that Tiemann was the slyest and most pliable member of the Board of Aldermen, when there was an enormous sum to be made at one grab, but that Tiemann would not peril his reputation by embarking in small plundering operations,—that Gov. Wm. T. Pinkney recently told me in the rear of his Insurance Office in Wall street, that this was precisely Tiemann's course while a member of the Board of Ten Governors, who never could be drawn into small operations. I will also prove that Bennett has always been a Secret Corporation Plunderer, and also a State and National Thief,—that his unceasing denunciation of the Common Council, and the Legislature, and Congress, is only to blind the people, and enable him to steal the more,—that Frederick Hudson, his Secretary, while Bennett was in Europe, got \$30,000 from the Common Council, for suppressing one of Alfred Carson's terrible philippics against the Corporation, at the election of all the Assistant Engineers of the Fire Department,—that one of my Aldermanic pupils assured me that \$30,000 was the sum that Hudson received, and which I publicly nailed on the brow of Hudson at the time, in the *New York Sun*, and other Journals, including the *Firemen's Journal*. These are only some of the numerous villainies I shall prove against these scoundrels. I will also show that Bennett and Fred and Ned

Hudson conceived the Parker Vein and Potosi Swindles, through which thousands were ruined, including widows and orphans, and my brother William and his wife and interesting children, who were reduced from affluence and happiness, to utter destitution. Poor brother William is now a skeleton and shadow and wanderer in the streets of Saint Louis, and forever separated from his wife and adored offspring, through the heartless mercenary machinations and deviltry of Bennett and the Hudsons of the *Herald*. When the details of these Revelations are spread before the world, the question will be forever settled as to the overshadowing Black Mail Operations of the *New York Herald*.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by

STEPHEN H. BRANCH,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

From Louisville I went to Wheeling, and thence to Baltimore, where I visited a noble youth who had been my classmate, and during my illness at Columbian College, he was ever by my side, when young White was absent. He was now an invalid, and about to leave for the Mediterranean in a clipper vessel, owned by his father, and strongly urged me to accompany him without charge. In about a week we left Baltimore for Gibraltar, with the captain, first and second mate, and a choice crew. We had but one gale in the Atlantic, and, after a brief sojourn at Gibraltar, we passed on, touching at various ports, until we reached Alexandria. We visited the Pyramids, and passed a moonlight evening on the Nile, and went to Damascus, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Athens, and Rome, where we sailed on the Tiber, and reveled on the soil of the departed Romans. We left for Baltimore, and had terrific gales in the Mediterranean, and in the Atlantic. About ten days before our arrival in Baltimore, my friend died, which shook me to the soul with grief. On our arrival at Baltimore, his father and mother and sisters kissed the dust in agony, and treated me like a son or brother. The father gave me \$100, and I departed for New York, in deep affliction at my irreparable loss of a generous youth who had been so kind to me. I became ill, and nearly died, and exhausted the \$100, and wrote to father, who sent me money, and I recovered after a severe struggle with the arrows of death. I again saw Lewis Tappan, and began to teach colored persons, for which I received a miserable pittance. I now obtained board in Beekman street, with Mrs. Tripler, some of whose boarders were named Thompson, Woodbury, Chapman, and Cunniff. A Mr. Bliss boarded there, who had been an eminent bookseller, and an early friend to William Cullen Bryant, and, as he was now very poor, Mr. Bryant obtained a situation for him in the Custom House. Mr. Bryant often came to Mrs. Tripler's to see Mr. Bliss, and they weekly dined at the Spanish Hotel, in Fulton street. It was a pleasing and noble spectacle to behold Mr. Bryant's fidelity to Mr. Bliss in his penury and old age. Henry J. Raymond (now editor of the *New York Times*) was in the employ of Horace Greeley, at \$4 a week, with a promise of more, if he *proved true* to Greeley, and became an expert paragraphist. Raymond roomed and slept with my brother Thomas, at a boarding house in Beekman street, near mine, and they each paid \$1 75 a week, for board and lodging, exclusive of washing, ironing, and mending. Their room was next to the roof, and their only window was the sky light. There was a large pillar in the centre of their funny little extra attic cubby-hole, which had recently been placed

there, to prevent the dilapidated and shrunken and sunken roof from utterly caving in, and burying the entire inhabitants of the superannated edifice, including the Lieutenant Governor in embryo of the Empire State. A man ninety-four years old lived over the way, who told me that he was born in the venerable building in question, and that his aged aunt often told him that she was born there, and that the building could not be less than one hundred and seventy years old. I closely examined the beams and chimneys, and formed the opinion that it had seen not less than two hundred winters, including summer tornadoes. I often visited brother Thomas, and always dreaded climbing the ladder that led to his and Raymond's apartment. And when I entered their conic room, I had to take off my hat, and squat down, and often when I arose to depart, I bumped my head severely against the pigeon-house ceiling. But Tommy and the proud Governor and Editor in the invisible future were very short, and could walk erect as turkeys without bumping their heads, and they really seemed to enjoy their little oven amazingly. They had but one squeaking cot, (that Parson Brown, their host, bought at auction,) and only one stool, and a pine table with only three legs. The fourth leg was Raymond's cane, which he placed under the table when he wrote his \$t a week articles for Greeley's *Tribune*. And it was a funny spectacle for me to see Raymond seated on the stool, beside the three legged pine table, (with his hair shaved to the skull,) writing for his life, with Tom on the squealing cot, waiting for Raymond to close his last paragraph, so that he (Tom) could have a chance to write a letter in answer to an Advertiser in the *New York Sun* for a clerk. They had no wash bowl, nor pitcher, nor comb, nor looking glass, and washed their hands and face in the yard with cistern water. I bought a pocket comb for Tommy, which he often loaned to Raymond, and finally sold it to him for a free ticket to a concert, which Greeley gave Raymond. I at last obtained a situation for Tommy, and about daylight rushed into his boarding house, (the door was always open all night,) and up I flew the last flight of stairs and precarious ladder, and popped into their cosy room, and there they lay, reposing and dreaming of the past, and of better days in perspective. Tommy was on his side, and his face was partially eclipsed with his sheet, but Raymond was flat on his back, and he had a tooth-ache poultice on his cheek, covered with his handkerchief, which encircled his head around his ears, and he looked pale, and plaintive, and care worn, and I pitied him. I softly thrust my hand into the clothes, in pursuit of Tom's feet, which I began to tickle, when Tom (who was always as nervous and ticklish as a very susceptible girl) suddenly popped over on the other side, and gave Raymond's poultice a bang, when the latter gave a growl, and popped over on his other side, and, in doing so, dislocated his poultice, which came out in great profusion, and run all over his face and down into his neck, and the bed clothes, and yet the Governor and Editor in embryo snored on, as though nothing had transpired. I then made another lunge for Tommy's feet, and grabbed one, and held it, and tickled it tremendously, which proved to be Raymond's, who darted up from his pillow, and exclaimed: "Sir: What under Heaven are you doing with my feet? I demand you to let them alone. I despise your impertinence," and, without waiting for my explanation or apology, he violently buried himself in the clothes, and off he went into a profound and noisy slumber. I seized Tom by his ear and hair and arm, and dragged him from the bed, and he unconsciously pulled all the bed clothes

with him, as he was yet about half asleep. It always took about half an hour to thoroughly arouse Tom from his morning orisons. But when I told Tom I had got him a situation, he awoke mighty quick. Raymond was so mad to find himself stripped of all the bed clothes, that he threatened to tell Parson Brown, the host, but Tom told him if he did, that he would give him the worst thrashing he ever had, which made Raymond tremble. Although Tom was much shorter and weighed infinitely less than Raymond, yet he could strike a powerful blow, and Raymond knew it. Tom and Raymond slept together two nights after that, without saying a word to each other, but Sunday morning came, and as Raymond was a stiff Presbyterian, and attended Dr. Potts' Church, he extended the hand of forgiveness and friendship to little Tommy, who accepted his apology, and they were sweeter friends than ever. I now get mournful intelligence from New Orleans and Providence. I receive news of the death of my dear brother Albert at New Orleans, and my father writes me that my wife's father told him that he was about to induce his daughter to apply for a divorce from me. My father told him that I had been in delicate health for several years, which had kept me very poor,—that he was obliged, from humanity, to send me money occasionally, and that under these melancholy circumstances, and in view of all that had transpired in previous years, if he chose to induce his daughter to apply for a divorce, he could not help it, and that probably neither himself nor myself would oppose it. My father-in-law then said that there was no alternative, and his daughter would apply for a divorce immediately, and my father and father-in-law bade each other a cold farewell, and never recognised each other afterwards. The divorce soon followed, to which I made not the shadow of resistance. What rendered the divorce extremely painful was the almost daily visits of my wife to my father's house ever since my disastrous crisis in 1837, when I was confined in the Providence jail. And even after the divorce, my faithful and unfortunate wife continued her visits to my father's for a long period, without the knowledge of her father and mother, and wept, and wailed, (as my step mother has often told me,) like the disconsolate and everweeping Niobe. My father-in-law owned several ships, and not long after the divorce, the carrying trade was suddenly paralysed, and he failed for an immense sum, and he struggled, and tottered, and fell, and never recovered his commercial position. And the magnificent mansion in which I was married, was violently seized during his occupation, and his furniture thrown into the street, and himself and family ruthlessly ejected from its palacious halls. I lamented his downfall, but his fellow merchants did not, as they ever regarded him as a merciless miser. I brooded long on my wife's calamities and my own, and with a melancholy heart I went to Saint Thomas's Church on a cloudy summer day, and the Sexton politely escorted me to a pew. I had not long been seated, when a youth entered with beautiful eyes and hair and features of touching sadness, and took a seat beside me. He so strongly resembled a youth named Charles Manton, who early died, (and whom I loved as no other being not of my kindred blood,) that I could not withdraw my eyes from his fascinating form and expression. During the prayers and chants, we divided the sacred book between us, and at the close of the exercises, we left the pew together. As we were about to leave the church, I inquired his name, and residence, which he readily imparted, informing me that his name was Charles A. Jesup,—that he had recently lost his father,—that his mother resided in

Advertisements—25 Cents a line,

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ALANSON T. BRIGGS—DEALER IN FLOUR BARRELS, Molasses Casks, Water, and all other kinds of Casks. Also, new flour barrels and half barrels; a large supply constantly on hand. My Stores are at Nos. 62, 63, 64, 65, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Rutgers's Slip; at Nos. 235, 237, and 239 Cherry street; also, in South and Water streets, between Pike and Rutgers's Slip, extending from street to street. My yards in Williamsburgh are at Furman & Co's Dock. My yards in New York are at the corner of Water and Gouverneur streets; and in Washington street, near Canal; and at Leroy Place. My general Office is at 64 Rutgers's Slip.
ALANSON T. BRIGGS.

SAMUEL SNEDEN, SHIP & STEAMBOAT BUILDER—My Office is at No. 81 Cortlandt street, New York; and my yards and residence are at Greenpoint. I have built Ships and Steamers for every portion of the Globe, for a long term of years, and continue to do so on reasonable terms.
SAMUEL SNEDEN.

JOHN B. WEBB, BOAT BUILDER, 715 WATER STREET. My Boats are of mod-els and materials unsurpassed by those of any Boat Builder in the World. Give me a call, and if I don't please you, I will disdain to charge you for what does not entirely satisfy you.
JOHN B. WEBB.

FULTON IRON WORKS.—JAMES MURPHY & CO., manufacturers of Marine and Land Engines, Boilers, &c. Iron and Brass Castings. Foot of Cherry street, East River.

BRADDICK & HOGAN, SAILMAKERS, No. 272 South Street, New York.
Awnings, Tents, and Bags made to order.
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Volume I.—No. 10.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

Westport, Connecticut,—that he boarded at No. 24 Bleeker street, with Mrs. Mallory, and that he was a clerk for Perkins, Hopkins, and White, in Pearl street, near Hanover Square. I carried some beautiful books to his place of business, and requested him to accept them. He sweetly smiled, and opened the books, and warmly thanked me, and said he would be pleased to receive them, but that as I was a stranger, he would rather I would see his guardian, Morris Ketchum, a Banker in Wall street, and give him my name and address, and if he were satisfied with my references, and approved of his acceptance of the generous gift, he would be most happy to receive the books. I was fascinated with his modesty, and caution, and I took the books, and repaired to the Banking House of Mr. Ketchum, to whom I briefly imparted what had transpired, and left my references and departed, and called again, when Mr. Ketchum said that he had inquired respecting my character, and that young Jesup was prepared to receive my books, which I soon placed in his hands, and our acquaintance began under the most favorable auspices. I soon invited him to dine with me at Mrs. Tripler's, when all the boarders were enchanted with his beautiful person, and pleasing manners, and highly cultivated mind; and I shall never forget how proud I was, as he sat beside me. After dinner, I invited him to my room, where I gave him cake and lemonade, and filled his pockets with delicious oranges. I then played "Washington's March," "Yankee Doodle," and "Hail Columbia," for him on the piano, and he departed for his place of business. He went with me to Niblo's Garden, then in its glory, and as we strolled arm-in-arm in the meandering paths, and inhaled the exhilarating perfume of the flowers, I was charmed with his chaste society, and enraptured and inspired, and I breathed the music of language in his ears, and we both were invested with the purest and loftiest and happiest emotions. In a week from that joyous evening, he was seized with bleeding of the lungs, caused by excited feelings, during his enthusiastic efforts to please his employers, in the sleepless business season of early autumn. He was borne to his mother's abode in the country, where he soon calmly resigned his soul to the Saviour, whose sacred virtues he had always strove to imitate. Although I had briefly enjoyed the pleasure of his society, yet his

premature demise created a void in my bosom that made the world a desolation. His mother soon removed to New York, and occupied No. 39 Bond street, where I gratuitously taught her children in English and the classics. But the invisible germ of consumption has borne to the grave her pure, intelligent, and lovely Caroline, Charles, Richard, and Frederick, and Morris, Arthur, Samuel, and Sarah anticipate the same remorseless destiny. And may God cheer and bless their mother in her loneliness and tears. The father of this interesting and unfortunate family, was prostrated in the commercial crash of 1837, and his depressed and spotless soul fled for refuge to the bosom of his God. Morris Ketchum was his early business associate and friend, and has educated his children, procured them lucrative clerkships, afforded them facilities to visit nearly every nation, for health and general culture, established them in houses of commerce, and has clung to them, in sun and storm, like Pythias to Damon, and like Washington to his country. At this period of my eventful career, I taught colored and Irish servants, and those of all countries, in their kitchens in the evening, and sometimes by daylight. Some paid me one shilling a lesson, and some two, according to their wages and generosity. I taught the servants of the Reverend Doctor Wainwright, the Reverend Doctor Orville Dewey, Daniel Lord, James T. Brady, Mr. Bowen, of Brooklyn, (of the firm of Bowen & McNamee, of New York,) and the servants of other distinguished citizens. I obtained scholars by going from door to door, in the basement, and asking the servants if they would like to learn to spell, read, write, and cipher. My health had been miserable since I left Columbian College, and I often expected to fall dead in the street, or suddenly expire in the presence of my pupils. For a long period after young Jesup died, I was very gloomy, and became utterly helpless and bed-ridden, and called oftener on my father for money than I desired, to pay for board and medical attendance. I got better, and crawled out into the open air, and went in pursuit of scholars in a snow storm. I began at the Battery, and applied at every door, until I came to No. 70 Greenwich street, when I was asked to come in and warm myself, by a daughter of the lady of the house, who kept boarders. After a long conversation, by a cheerful fire, I was engaged to teach the daughter in the English branches, for my breakfast and tea, and a very small dark room as a place of lodging, which I could not conveniently occupy without a candle in the day time. Humble

as were to be my accommodations, my feelings were extremely buoyant, and my ghastly form trembled with delight at my unexpected resurrection from the depths of indigence and despair. Mr. Ditchett, (subsequently a very efficient Captain of the Fourth Ward Police, and a brave fireman, and an honest man,) had just married the eldest daughter, whose sister was to be my pupil. I was kindly treated, and remained until the first of May, when I went to Dey street, and afterwards to the Graham House, at No. 63 Barclay street, where I saw the Jean Horace Greeley, one of the founders of the Graham System. The boarders were mostly skeletons, and several were limping about the house, like frogs or lizzards or grasshoppers, and among the limpers, was Horace Greeley, who had what the Grahamites called a boiling crisis, or crisis of boils, which was the result of youthful indiscretion, shower bathing, and eating heartily of bran bread, mush and molasses, squashes, turnips, beets, carrots, parsneps, and onions, for a long term of years. Although I had been a miserable invalid a large portion of my days, yet I fancied a speedy restoration to health, by eating unbolted wheat bread and vegetables, and frequent bathing. I entered into a spirited conversation with Greeley, who was reclining on the sofa, and in a loquacious mood, who told me that he expected to be quite smart after the disappearance of a large number of boils then all over his person, which he attributed to salt rheum, that he inherited from his father, and which was recently driven to the surface of his skin by a rigid adherence to the Graham System, and three shower baths a day; and he advised me to begin to bathe immediately, and to eat nothing but Graham bread for one month, with warm water, milk, and sugar. I asked Greeley if he was sure it was the secondary or inherited salt rheum that had come to the surface of his snowy flesh in the form of boils, and he said he was quite sure it was, as his father had it from his boyhood. I asked him if his secondary or inherited salt rheum ever itched, and he said yes, sometimes, but he was sure it was not the secondary itch, as he never had the first itch. I then looked him dead in the eye, and asked him if he was positively sure his boils were not the result of itch, and he asked me what I meant by such severity of scrutiny. I replied, that I once had the itch, and read many books on the subject, and knew all about it, and that his boils (he had two on his pale nose) looked very much like secondary itch blossoms. He cast searching glances, and sat in paralytic silence, save when he scratched his boils, and

the bell summoned me to my first Graham dinner, and Greeley hopped to the table on one leg, and sat near Mrs. Goss at the head of the Graham festive board. About forty skeletons were present, and among them were Sylvester Graham (Bread,) himself, on a lecturing tour from his country seat at Northampton; John McCracken, of New Haven; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Abby Kelly; Fred Douglas and lady; Francis Copcutt, mahogany dealer, who used to eat raw oats, and ride 30 miles a day on a hard trotting horse for dyspepsia; Jeremiah C. Lanphear, tailor, and now first deacon and missionary of the Fulton street Dutch Presbyterian Church, who had a gravel nearly as large as General Winfield Scott's, which was the largest that ever emanated from a human bladder; Mrs. Farnham, the accomplished lady and genuine philanthropist, and wife of the noble and famous California traveler, who was the rival of Fremont as a mountaineer; Mrs. Anna Stephens, the fertile and genial authoress; the celebrated Doctor Shew and lady; Mrs. Storms, of Troy, and long a writer and foreign correspondent of the *New York Sun*, and now of Texas; poor MacDonald Clark, the poet; Galatia B. Smith; Matthew B. Brady, the daguerreotypist, who married his sweetheart at the Graham House, and the room being crowded, I saw the exercises through the key hole; Mrs. Travis; Albert Brisbane, a moonlight dreamer; Mrs. Andrews, a strong Unitarian, (ninety-eight years old,) and her grandson, Albert L. Smith, a nervous and catarrhal gentleman, who now keeps a Graham House and Water Cure Establishment in West Washington Place; Dr. John Burdell, brother of Dr. Harvey Burdell, who was assassinated at No. 31 Bond Street; Leroy Sunderland, a Mesmeriser and Pathetic lecturer; John M. King; George Foss; Dr. Henry W. Brown; E. Gould Buffum, and his brother, William Buffum, now Consul at *Trieste*; Mrs. Horace Greeley; Mr. Chutz; Mrs. Van Vleet; Messrs. Tyler, Bennett, (a tailor), Otis, and Ward; Mrs. Gove; C. Edwards Lester; Mr. Danforth, a spurious reformer; the brothers Fowler, phrenologists; father Miller, the Millennium impostor; Mr. Seymour, a journeyman hatter at Beebe's, who got among the noisy methodists, who frightened him into a dangerous nervous affection, and in bed one night, poor Seymour felt cold and strange and numb, and pinched himself in the arms and legs, and it didn't hurt him, and he thought he was dead, and he got up, and kindled a match, and lit a candle, and looked in the glass to see whether he was dead or alive, and when he saw his eyes roll, and his jaws open and close, he got into bed, and went to sleep. This was the gang at table, and for dinner, we had bran bread and crackers, bean soup, roast apples and potatoes, and boiled squash and carrots, but not a particle of meat, grease, nor spices. All grabbed violently at the Graham viands, and brought their teeth together like swine, and with similar grunts and squeals. I calmly surveyed the motley and hungry group, and saw many small piercing gray eyes, hollow cheeks, and sharp chins and noses, and the voices of nearly all were husky and fearfully sepulchral. The themes discussed were Anti-Slavery and Grahamism, and I soon perceived it extremely perilous to breathe a word against the ultra views of the susceptible and long-haired Graham spectres, who seemed united to a ghost on these prolific themes. So, I listened and breathed not a syllable in opposition to the crazy views advanced. I took a stroll after dinner, and returned at sunset, and seated myself for my evening meal, when we had Graham-bread-coffee, milk porridge, apple sauce, Graham mush, and boiled rice, sparingly saturated with molasses and liquid gin-

ger. I ate and drank freely of this light food, and arose from the table in excellent spirits, though I belched frequently. My belly soon began to swell, and I got alarmed, and I asked Mr. Goss, the Graham host, what it meant. He seemed perfectly cool, and said that his boarders were often affected in that way, in passing suddenly from greasy meats to the pure food of Grahamites, which was chiefly of a vegetable and somewhat of a gassy and flatulent character. Goss then left me. I thrice paced the parlor hurriedly, and began to feel choleric and crampy, and went down stairs into the kitchen, and asked Goss to send for a physician immediately, which he declined to do, as he thought I was only a little spleeny, which would soon pass away, and advised me to go to bed. He got me a Graham candle, and up we went, and did not stop until we reached the roof, where he put me in a little room, with two cots, on which there was a straw mattress, and a straw bolster, and scanty covering. He said good night, and shut the door, and I got into bed, and strove to sleep. I squirmed like an eel for about two hours, and could endure my pains no longer, and arose and awoke my room-mate, and asked him to escort me to the sleeping apartment of Mr. Goss. He did so, and I knocked at his door, and out he came in his nightcap and white apparel. I told him that I had cramps, and had an awful quantity of frantic wind in my stomach, and felt as though my belly would burst before morning, and that I was deathly sick, and asked him what on earth I had eaten at his table to give me such violent cramps and flatulence and diarrhoea, and nauseous and strange emotions. He told me that I was nervous, and not accustomed to Graham food, but that I soon would be, and urged me to again retire, and strive to sleep. He spoke these words with kindness, and they soothed me, and I shook his hand, and off I went up stairs to bed again. But in about ten minutes, I had a severe spasm, with choking sensations, and I leaped from my nest like a man in his last gasp, and unconsciously cast myself on the cot of my room-mate, who instantly emerged from a profound sleep, and sprang like a tiger from his bed, and threw me severely to the floor, and cried murder to the pinnacle of his voice, and began to pelt me in the most brutal manner, leveling the most savage random blows at my head and stomach. Goss and the spectral boarders rushed into the room, and Greeley soon came limping in, and they searched in vain for knives, revolvers, and human blood. And they soon learned the cause of the cry of murder, and raised me from the floor, and put me into bed, with a bloody nose and dark eye, that my room-mate gave me, who apologised for his blows on the ground that he always slept soundly, and was only partially awake when he beat me. I accepted his apology, and Goss and Greeley, and half-a-dozen attenuated Grahamites left me, for their beds again, and my chum took a seat by my cot, and strove to soothe me. But the cramps returned, and I became faint and giddy, and began to vomit profusely. I soon filled basins, pitchers, spit boxes, hats, and boots, and deluged every thing we had in the room, and my chum got a pitcher and basin in the next room, and I soon flooded them, and I vomited until I thought I felt my entire bowels struggling at my throat to get out, which nearly strangled me. At last an enormous chunk came out, which proved to be the core of a stewed apple, and the crust of Graham bread combined into a sort of petrified substance, and I began to breathe again, and slowly improved till daylight,

When I embraced a sweet repose,
And snored like thunder through my nose.

(To be continued to my last scream.)

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S "ALLIGATOR" CAN BE obtained at all hours, (day or night,) at wholesale and retail, at No. 128 Nassau Street, Near Beekman Street, and opposite Ross & Tousey's News Depot, New York.

Supervisor Blunt, and Paul Julien—My Last Interview with Madame Sontag.

When I taught Alderman Orison Blunt the English branches at his elegant residence in Murray street, I gave instruction to Paul Julien, the juvenile Paganini, and to Rocco, and also to Madame Sontag in elocution, in anticipation of her appearance in English Opera at Niblo's, on her return from Mexico. At the close of a long and interesting lesson, Sontag opened her great heart to me, and disclosed her career from her earliest recollection. Her narrative was eloquent and exciting, and as she sat before me at the parlor lattice, in alternate tears and smiles, with the moon rolling like a ball of silver through the air, she seemed too pure and beautiful for earth. Her tears were the very soul of sorrow, and none could resist their overwhelming influence,—her smiles were irresistibly enchanting,—her voice in conversation was full of entrancing melody,—her cavern dimples were the emblems of purity and charity, and her entire expression was divine. And as her blood warmed, and her bosom rose and fell, and her voice trembled and darted from the faintest whisper to its highest intonation, her glorious eyes reflected gorgeous temples in her soul, filled with sinless angels, breathing sweet music to millions of her species. And the beautiful Sontag told me, as we sat together in our last communion as human pilgrims, that her childhood, and girlhood, and early womanhood were all devoted to the cultivation of music for the enjoyment of the world more than herself, which rendered her early years an utter sacrifice, and had deprived her of the pastimes enjoyed by all her sex in the morning of life; that from the hour she was called "*The Little Daughter of the Danube*," there was no happiness for her; that she was early beset by lovers from nearly every nation of Europe; that kings and queens lavished their choicest treasures upon her; that princes besought her affections in tearful supplications; that all France prostrated herself at her feet; that amid the flattery and adulations of all classes and kingdoms, she was induced, in a thoughtless hour, to cast herself into the eternal embraces of a being who proved a jealous and savage tyrant, and a heartless gamester; that ere her emergence from the brief hours of bliss that should follow the marriage vow, he became odious in her eyes, and she beheld a life of misery in all her future; that after years of torture in his demon fangs, and after he had squandered her splendid fortune of four millions of dollars, he dragged her from the sacred precincts of private life, and from the pleasing society of her children, into the public arena, to toil for his subsistence; that he forced her to exchange hemispheres, and leave her tender offspring, when they most required a mother's protection; that he often brandished a dagger in her eyes, when she refused to fill his purse for bibbling and gaming purposes; that she was in fear of his poignard throughout her long confinement in his hideous clutches; that for his traduction and persecution of Alboni in her early years, she resolved to pursue her to America to annoy, and, if possible, ruin her, for his sake, by singing against her in the leading cities; that on the very day she publicly announced her intention to visit America, Alboni went to the Cathedral, and knelt

at the altar, and swore that she would pursue her through all latitudes, and cut the grass beneath her feet, to avenge herself on Count Rossi, who strove to blight the buds and blossoms of her youth and indigence; that she kept her oath, and followed her through city, town, and village, and allured her choristers, through extravagant salaries and donations, and sang on the evenings of her Concert and Opera entertainments, and greatly reduced her receipts; that Rossi seized her funds, as they accrued, and deposited them in banks unknown to her; that her children often wrote in vain for means to defray their domestic expenses; that Rossi, and Maretzek, and Ullman received all the benefit of her arduous labors; that her lovely daughters were in the care of strangers in Europe, and exposed to all the snares of life; that their education was fatally neglected in her absence; that she was a slave to Rossi, Maretzek, and Ullman, all of whom she thoroughly despised, and that she had very seriously contemplated suicide. And thus did this celestial being breathe her pensive music in my soul, and bathe my vision with nature's hallowed waters. And amid our mutual tears, and smiles, and cheerful tones, and lingering glances, she enters the dismal cars, and the bell proclaims the parting signal, and she penetrates the deep perspective, until she is forever buried from my melancholy view. She gives concerts on the borders of the northern lakes, and visits Cincinnati, and quarrels and separates from Ullman, and goes to New Orleans, and performs in Opera, and enters Mexico, amid the revengeful maledictions of Ullman, who, as Rocco told me, dug her early grave, by arousing the fearful jealousy of Rossi, to whom Ullman wrote from New York, that he would find letters in her trunk from Pozzolini, the young and fascinating tenor; that Rossi did find letters in her trunk from Pozzolini, (filled with the most enthusiastic love,) which Rocco said were doubtless placed there by Ullman, prior to her departure for Mexico, to avenge himself on Sontag, for her refusal at Cincinnati to give more Concerts under his direction; that Rossi belched words of fire, and threatened her with instant death; that herself and Pozzolini were seized with violent pains, on their return from the Mexican festivals; that during her confinement, Rocco daily called, but was not permitted to see her; that Rossi paced the balcony as a sentinel for days and nights, and would let no one visit her; that he permitted Rocco to enter her apartment only one hour before she died, when he found her in the wildest delirium. And Rocco told me that Sontag and Pozzolini were doubtless poisoned by Count Rossi, and that Ullman was the instigator. Rossi artfully attributed their sudden death to cholera, but the rumor flew on the wings of lightning, that Rossi was their murderer, and he fled for his life to New York, with all her jewels, and went to Europe. And Rocco sorely grieved to see her borne to her sepulchre without kindred mourners in a far distant land; and when he saw her form exhumed, and borne through mud and stones, and deposited as luggage in the filthy suburbs of Vera Cruz, and exposed for weeks to the heat and rain of those withering latitudes,—when he gazed at the remains of a being who had been the pride and glory and adoration of all civilised nations, and who had long been his own dear friend, poor Rocco prostrated himself beside her coffin, and wept for hours in loneliness and utter desolation. And now, dear Sontag, I can see thy pure and genial spirit in his happy home, beyond the pretty stars. And while I indite these melancholy words, thy sweet face smiles upon me from my parlor wall, as you appeared in the immortal *Somnambulist*. It is the likeness you

gave me at our final interview, and represents *Amina*, in the joyous bridal scene with *Elvino*, among her native cottagers in the mountains. Ah! Sontag! I often think of thee, and my highest solace is in gazing at thy bewitching smile, and laughing eyes, and lovely dimples, and even teeth, and classic temples, as depicted in thy likeness, which I shall keep while I linger in the dreary paths of earth. And I will part with fame and fortune and with life itself, ere I will separate from the precious picture of my adored Sontag. And my last prayer to God shall be, that I may join my Parents and Kindred and Sontag in the realms of eternal bliss.

James Gordon Bennett's Editorial Career.

BENNETT'S OFFICE IN 1835.

Enter John Kelly.

Bennett—Well, my lad, I have borrowed a pair of old shoes for you from my bed-fellow in Cross street. They may be rather large, but you must contrive to wear them until Saturday, when I will get you a new pair, if I have the money to spare. Sit down, Johnny, and try on the shoes.

John (puts them on)—They are much too large, aint they?

Bennett—Well, yes, but if you put some pieces of newspaper in them, you can lessen their size.

John (stuffs them in the heels and toes and sides with fragments of the *Herald* of the preceding day)—There, sir, I guess I can wear them now, and I am truly obliged to you for borrowing them for me.

Bennett—Not at all, John, for you did more than that for me yesterday, in obtaining my papers from Mr. Anderson.

John (in hurriedly walking across the office, steps out of one of the aged shoes, but steps in again before Bennett's keen eyes perceived that one foot had stepped out)—That was a great pleasure, sir, and I hope you will have the same good luck to-day.

Bennett—I sold very few papers yesterday, and I have very little money, and Anderson has my watch, and I fear he will not let me have the papers until I redeem it, and pay him for the *Heralds* of to-day.

John—I will do all in my power to obtain them for you.

Bennett—I know you will, my dear little friend. But come—we will go and try to get the papers. (They arrive at Anderson & Ward's, in Ann street. Anderson is absent, and Ward is partially drunk and asleep on the counter, and Bennett arouses him.)

Ward—What are you about? (rubbing his eyes and garrping.) What do you want (hic) so early in the morning, you vagabonds? hic, hec, hoc.

Bennett—I want my papers.

Ward—You can't (hic) have them without the money, (hoc.)

Bennett—Please let me have them.

Ward—Where's your (hic) watch?

Bennett—I let Mr. Anderson have it yesterday.

Ward—Don't you (hic-a-che-a-che-Horatio-darn it, how I sneeze) sell any *Heralds* now-a-days? a-che-a-che-a-che-Horatio—O, Jerusalem! will I never stop sneezing?

Bennett—It stormed yesterday, and I did not sell many, but it is pleasant this morning, and I think I shall sell a large number.

Ward—Well, I'll not be (hic, hic, hic,) too hard with you, old fellow. There, take your papers, and try hard (hic) to sell (hic) them to-day, and (hic-a-che) bring a whole lot of money to (hic) morrow.

Bennett—I will, Mr. Ward, and I'll always remember you with gratitude for your generosity to-day. Good day, sir.

Ward—Farewell, old boy. And just shut the door after you. I have been (hic) on a spree all night, (hec,) and I don't want any body else to come in and bother (hic) me, until I finish my nap.

Bennett—I'll lock the door outside, and put the key in the window.

Ward—Do so, old (hic) boy, do so. (And he goes to sleep, and Bennett and John wend their way to Wall street.)

Bennett—Now, John, this is the last chance I shall have. If I fail to sell my papers to-day, I am ruined for ever.

John—Had I not better go into the stores, and try to sell the papers.

Bennett (kisses him in Nassau street)—My dear boy, if you will do that, I will love you next to my God. My great trouble has been to get honest boys to sell my paper, and return the money to me, instead of going to the Theatre and eating peanuts with my funds. Now, you take some, and I'll take some, and you take one side of the street and I the other, and let us toil for our lives (until the sun goes down) to sell these papers, and, if we fail, my fate is sealed for time, and perhaps for eternity!

John—What! You won't commit suicide?

Bennett—God only knows what I shall do.

John—Well, I see there's no time to be lost.

So, give me some papers, and I'll go into the first store on this side, and you take the other side of the street. (They separate, John going into every store on his side, and Bennett into every store on the other side, until they arrive at Wall street, when they go into Bennett's office, in the old rat hole at No. 20 Wall street, where they count their pennies, and find that they have sold quite a large number of *Heralds*. They then drink some water and eat some ginger nuts, for their breakfasts, and go down Broad street, and enter every store on either side, and meet with great success. John then takes South street, and Bennett Front street, from the Battery to Fulton street, and afterwards take Water and Pearl streets, and then they canvass either side of Wall street, and sell all their *Heralds*, and go to a Restaurant and get something to eat, and separate in the afternoon in high spirits. John then got some boys in the Fourteenth Ward to sell the *Herald*, and in ten days Bennett had about \$40 surplus, and begins to put on aristocratic airs, and domineer over Johnny Kelly.

(To be continued.)

For the Alligator.

Wide-mouth shocking Alligator!
I wish you were a Boa Constrictor!
And crush within your awful fold,
The villains with our piffered gold,
Who, with sanctimonious face,
Steal with such a pious grace:
They dance and dress and call it good,
Because it gives the hungry food,
But hold your mirror to their face,
And show them their sad black disgrace:
One robs the City's golden coffers,
And then a mighty Fabric offers,
And tries to court a worldly fame,
Out of such an impious shame,
The temple thus to science rears,
That he may surely soothe his fears,
Lest his ignorance should be known,
And lack of knowledge shown,
And so the starving, suffering poor,
He drives them fainting from his door;
And tells them: "Oh! how very strange!"
The Mansion's taken all his change!
And in his high, majestic wrath,
He kicks a female down to earth!
The mansion he will never give,
While one heir of his shall live.
See how this modern Simon Magus,
Blinds our eyes, and then deceives us.
Soon we shall see how very funny,
He'll make his "Union" yield him money:
He finds it is so very pretty,
To have a Mayor made of putty,
That he can mould him at his will,
To make his son an office fill,
But lest Columbia prove too new,
He lays a wire the ocean through,
That he all Europe may invite,
To hark in his resplendent sight.
Oh! most happy England, Queen,
When she can say: "I've Peter seen!"
Now see him cringe, and jump for fame,
To reach the scroll, to write his name:
But as he lives alone for fame,
My verse will sure preserve his name.

PETER PIPER PICT.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH:

SIR:—Permit me the privilege of making a few brief passing remarks, asking a few questions, and respectfully suggesting a few hints as to your weekly publication, the ALLIGATOR. Please to attribute any intrusive errors in this communication as emanating from an inefficient method of expressing my sentiments, as my heart is with you whole and entire in spirit, and, with a few exceptions, to the very letter, in your laudable endeavor to bring to light before the open day the hidden villainies of the many detestable tyrants that have risen from the very scum of poverty and criminal degradation, and who now so unaccountably hold despotic sway under the garb of honorable industry in every branch of society, to the unjust injury and oppression of the poor, humble, but honest man.

I am rejoiced to find the ALLIGATOR creeping its way to the literary tables of almost every respectable News Depot in this and the adjacent cities, piercing its deadly fangs into the very vitals of every influential thief and scoundrel, and that the business public are now availing themselves of the opportunity in patronising it as an advertising medium, and I sincerely wish you every success.

Whenever I have an opportunity, I endeavor, indirectly, to pave the way, to introduce the merits of the ALLIGATOR, and, as a matter of course, have to give and take in the various opinions expressed as to the carnivorous propensities of that astonishing animal, and the choice objects it pitches into for its daily food. The opinions and ideas expressed on the subject are as varied as the colors in the rainbow. Any man whose past misdeeds trouble his conscience, dreads the animal, as he would a drawn sword, lest its brutal tusks should tear open to public gaze what he had secretly hoped was unknown to mortal being.

If the crawling reptiles you select to satisfy the craving appetite of that amphibious animal (with such extended jaws continually gaping) are really of such an abhorrent and loathsome nature as represented by you in such bold relief, I should never cease lashing their diseased and ulcerated carcasses with whips of poisoned scorpions, till I purged and purified their polluted system with wholesome antidotes. It strikes me that your gormandising hydra-headed monster can never be satisfied with common carrion: it seeks for something more nutritious for its sustenance. It appears he is like Pharaoh's lean kine—the more he devours, the thinner he gets, and his rapacity increases, and what seems so singular is, that he has abundance of choice prey for ever at his side, which he selects indiscriminately, and an untold amount laid up in his store houses for ages to come.

Nothing do I admire more than the free use of strong and emphatic language to express our approbation or disapprobation of men's actions public or private, and from the general tenor of your style, and the peculiar advantages you possess as a scholar, and the unlimited information you have treasured up as a man of experience, with regard to public characters and measures, I feel confident that you can convert every tooth of the ALLIGATOR into a poisoned arrow that will deal death and destruction into every particle of air wherever it wings its flight, and you can more effectively hit your mark with surer certainty by avoiding the use of such terms and phrases as would be looked upon by the general class of readers, as rather coarse or vulgar; although I myself consider your style as purely hieroglyphic, and that your sarcastic way merely emanates from a proud, manly, straightforward, bold and independent above board kind of a spirit than that of

malice, with the view to convey the sentiments of your mind, in order to express your strong feeling of detestation and abhorrence of every unprincipled scoundrel, against whom your fiery shafts of indignation may happen to be turned, cutting to the very heart's core like a two edged sword.

The body of the ALLIGATOR is too small by a long shot. It would greatly enhance its usefulness by being more liberal. Increase its pages, extend its columns, devote a space to correspondents, and, if need be, stretch its stomach so as to afford an opportunity to others to open their store-houses, and contribute their quota of similar wholesome food to the hungry cannibal, in order the better to assist in the process of digestion.

Yours Respectfully,
ANTI-TYRANT.

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COZZEN'S HOTEL COACHES,—STABLE, No. 34 and 36 Canal Street, New York. I will strive hard to please those generous citizens who will kindly favor me with their patronage. EDWARD VAN RANST.

J. W. MASON, MANUFACTURER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER in all kinds of Chairs, Wash Stands, Settees, &c. 377 & 379 Pearl Street, New York. Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, in Boxes, for Shipping.

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FULLMER AND WOOD CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS, 239 West 19th Street, New York. Horse shoeing done with despatch and in the most efficient manner, and on reasonable terms.

W. E. KNAPP'S NEWS DEPOT, 279 BLEEKER ST., near Barrow street, subscriptions for Dishes, Weeklies, and Monthlies, which will be served as soon as issued.

CHEAP PERIODICAL AND PAMPHLET BINDERY, No. 50 Ann street, N. Y. F. S. PITMAN, successor to H. H. Randall, Mr. Gouverneur Carr and N. S. Pitman have purchased an interest in the concern.

AUG. BIENTANO, SMITHSONIAN NEWS DEPOT, Books and Stationery, 618 BROADWAY, corner of Houston street. Subscriptions for American or Foreign Papers or Books, from the City or Country, will be promptly attended to. Foreign Papers received by every steamer. Store open from 6 A. M. to 11 P. M. throughout the week.

P. C. GODFREY, STATIONER, BOOKSELLER, AND GENERAL NEWS DEALER, 331 Broadway, New York, near 13th street. At Godfrey's—Novels, Books, &c., all the new ones cheap. At Godfrey's—Magazines, Fancy Articles, &c., cheap. At Godfrey's—Stationery of all kinds cheap. At Godfrey's—All the Daily and Weekly Papers. At Godfrey's—Visiting Cards Printed at 75 cents per pack. At Godfrey's—Ladies Fashion Books of latest date.

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JOHN D. WEBB, BOAT BUILDER, 718 WATER STREET. My Boats are of models and materials unsurpassed by those of any Boat Builder in the World. Give me a call, and if I don't please you, I will disdain to charge you for what does not entirely satisfy you. JOHN D. WEBB.

SAMUEL SNEEDEN, SHIP & STEAM-BOAT BUILDER.—My Office is at No. 81 Corlears street, New York; and my yards and residence are at Greenpoint. I have built Ships and Steamers for every portion of the Globe, for a long term of years, and continue to do so on reasonable terms. SAMUEL SNEEDEN.

ALANSON T. BRIGGS—DEALER IN FLOUR BARRELS, Molasses Casks, Water, and all other kinds of Casks. Also, new flour barrels and half barrels; a large supply constantly on hand. My Stores are at Nos. 62, 63, 64, 69, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Rutgers Slip; at 235, 237, and 239 Cherry street; also, in South and Water streets, between Pike and Rutgers Slip, extending from street to street. My yards in Williamsburgh are at Furman & Co's Dock. My yards in New York are at the corner of Water and Gouverneur streets; and in Washington street, near Canal; and at Leroy Place. My general Office is at 64 Rutgers Slip. ALANSON T. BRIGGS.

FULTON IRON WORKS—JAMES MURPHY & CO., manufacturers of Marine and Land Engines, Boilers, &c. Iron and Brass Castings. Foot of Cherry street, East River.

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STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 11.]

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
STEPHEN H. BRANCH,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

McDonald Clarke had the dyspepsia badly, and would board at the Graham House while his money lasted, and then Goss would request him to leave. At the table he always created infinite mirth. I often met him on the Battery, (with his pockets filled with stale Graham bread,) and at Mercer's Dining Saloon, at the corner of Ann and Nassau, and on the steps of the Astor, and while rapidly promenading Broadway, with his eyes riveted on the ground. I also saw him every Sabbath in front of Dr. Taylor's Grace Church, at the corner of Rector street and Broadway, where he used to await the arrival of Miss Jones, and almost stare her into fits, and to whom he addressed such lines as those through the public journals:

Her form's elastic as a willow tree,
Glorious in motion, when the winds are free:
She moves with timid dignity and grace,
While thought is thrilling through her sweet young face.

In his last days, he often came to the Graham House, and Goss was very kind to him, and did not charge him for his meals. He called on Sunday morning, when all were at church save myself. I was ill, in the rocking chair, and for an hour he amused me with his incoherent flights of eloquence, and the recitation of his choicest poetry. He came several times during the week. On a stormy evening, while I was seated by the stove, he rushed in and took a seat beside me, and wept aloud, and spoke of his intense affection for Miss Jones, (the daughter of the wealthy Banker, and President of the Chemical Bank,) whom he supposed was ardently in love with him. He said that he had been twice invited to her parties, but that on ringing the bell, he was twice ejected by the servant. The cards of invitation were forgeries, but those who imposed on McDonald, assured him that they were genuine, and were written by Miss Jones. I strove in vain to disabuse McDonald's mind, who said he should make the third attempt the following week, and, if possible, he would have an interview with the precious object of his affection. On the afternoon of the following Sunday, he came to the Graham House, and violently rang the bell, and dashed into the parlor, greatly excited, and took a seat on the sofa, where I was reclining, and exclaimed: "Why, Branch, people call me crazy. But you don't think I'm crazy, do you, Branch? I know you don't. You love me, don't you,

Branch? I know you do. Heigh ho! I'm not long for this world. I'm going to Heaven in a few days, where I shall fare better than among the unkind people of this world. Yes, I rambled through Greenwood, last week, by the Silver Lake, and selected the lovely and romantic spot where my poor bones will soon repose and wither. (His tears now began to fall like summer rain.) And there will be the sacred bells, and the Grace Church exercises, conducted by the pure and eloquent Dr. Taylor, and the mournful music, and solemn procession, and the Sexton's dreary hearse and spade, and the pale white monument. And those who now deny me bread, and call me crazy, and trifle with my affections, will then sadly miss me, and my beautiful poetry, and lament my melancholy fate. And they will come and stand before my monument in Greenwood's Silver Dell, and weep, and profoundly regret that they always neglected poor McDonald Clarke. Yes, Branch, I see my snowy monument by the Silver Lake, and I shall soon be there. O God! Yes, I shall too soon be in that dismal vale. But you will come and see me, won't you, Branch? I know you will. I know you will, O God! O God! My destiny is very hard." And he buried his face with both hands, and cried with all the simplicity of childhood, and I strove to restrain my tears, lest he would not cease his lamentation, if he saw my eyes moistened with nature's sympathising waters. And I breathed kind words into his lacerated heart, and he leaned his head upon my shoulder, and was silent for some minutes, when he sprang to his feet, and said he would like a bath, and went to the bathing room. In half an hour, he returned, went to the tea table, ate sparingly, came into the parlor, went to the window, and knelt and prayed in whisper tones. The clouds had suddenly dispersed, and the moon was full, whose soft rays rested on the sad face of McDonald. He then got the Bible, and read a chapter, and was absorbed in a second prayer, just above a whisper, when a transient boarder (from Boston) entered the parlor, and sat on the sofa, and began a spirited conversation with a friend who had long been waiting for him. McDonald, while engaged in prayer, in a kneeling posture, sprang to his feet, and rushed towards the two gentlemen in lively conversation on the sofa, and told them that if they did not cease to laugh, and talk so loudly, he would smite them on the spot. They were amazed and terrified, and dared not speak. McDonald then rapidly paced the parlor, and exclaimed: "I am only 40 years old, with nearly half the period

often allotted to man yet to run, and I am near my journey's close." And then, with a sudden halt in the centre of the parlor, he again riveted his wild eyes on the gentlemen seated on the sofa, who had excited his ire, and stamped, and most violently exclaimed: "How dare you talk and laugh in God's holy hour? This is the all-glorious Sabbath, and it is sacrilege to talk and laugh beyond a whisper. Do it again, and as sure as my name is McDonald Clarke, I will paralyse you where you sit. Silence, I say, (stamping,) silence!" The two gentlemen then arose, and left the parlor, in pursuit of Mr. Goss, and McDonald went to the window, and delivered a glowing apostrophe to the moon and stars, and asked me to play sacred music on the piano, which I did, and he strove to sing, but his voice was severely weakened, and nearly lost, by his nervous excitement, and through his severe anathema of the two gentlemen who had just left the parlor. As I played, he stood beside me, and hummed and beat time with his hands. I closed the piano, and he went to the window, and prayed again, and breathed the most eloquent and touching soliloquy I ever heard. Such melting pathos and purity of language never flowed from human lips. He rose to the highest inspiration in his allusion to his departed mother, and his anticipated joy at his early reunion with her in Heaven. I have always regretted that I had no pencil and paper on this sad occasion, so that I could have preserved his supernatural soliloquies, which impressed me with the profoundest solemnity. Mr. Goss now came into the parlor, and asked McDonald where he boarded, and he said he had no home. Goss then asked him if he had any friends. He said that James Gordon Bennett was his friend, and had been kind and generous towards him, and had given him money and apparel, and published his poetry in the *Herald*. He also said that he ate, and sometimes slept, at a Dentist's in Park Place, and that he would now go there. I asked him if I should accompany him, and he warmly thanked me, and he put on his cloak and cap, and very carefully adjusted his large red comforter around his neck, and took my arm, and I accompanied him to the residence of his dentist friend in Park Place. I rang the bell, and the servant came, and said the dentist was out, and McDonald then shook my hand, and bade me an affectionate good night, and walked in and closed the door, which was my last communion with poor McDonald Clarke. I called the next day, and the servant told me that McDonald left in half an

hour after my departure on the previous night, and had not returned. I went in pursuit of him, but could not find him. The next I heard of him was through the newspapers, which stated that he was found at midnight, by a Policeman, in Broadway, near St. Paul's Church, in a terrible storm, and in a state of raving insanity, with his apparel partially gone,—that he was conveyed to the Tombs,—that neither the Policemen nor any of the officers at the Tombs knew McDonald, nor was he sane enough to disclose his name,—that on going to feed him in the morning, his place of confinement was partially filled with icy water, (in which he was bathing himself,) which had been running all night, and which gave him a chill of death,—that he was finally recognised by one of the Tombs' officers, and conveyed to the Alms House Hospital, where he soon died. I called to see him before he died, but he did not know me. His reason entirely returned just prior to his death, when he called for a custard, (of which he was always extremely fond,) and he ate a little, and said he was glad his hour had come, as he was tired of earth. He bade his nurse an affectionate farewell, and died without a contortion or a moan. His sudden and pauper death produced great excitement, and the newspapers severely lashed his murderers, who strove to make him think that Miss Jones loved him dearly, and had invited him to her aristocratic parties. But the names of the villains were not published, (as they should have been,) because they belonged to the upper circles. Some kind friends erected a monument to his memory, on the very spot McDonald had selected, by the Silver Lake in Greenwood, for which they received much praise. And thus closes my sad allusion to poor McDonald Clarke.

(To be continued to my last sun.)

A Melodious Fragment!

TO ALL WHO LOVE ENTRANCING MUSIC.

READER:—Did you ever behold the tumultuous excitement of the populace at a Race Course, as the furious steeds neared the judge's stand on the last heat? Then go and see Gazzaniga's reflection of the passions at the Academy of Music, and behold the glow and palor, and joy and terror, and stamps and screams of the excited and enraptured multitudes. Did you ever see the moon emerge from a tranquil ocean, or the sun descend a wild horizon? Then see Gazzaniga. Did you ever see a peerless virgin at the altar, or on her journey to the sepulchre? Then see Gazzaniga. Do you remember the merry laugh of childhood, or your fond mother's gentle tones? Then see Gazzaniga. Do you lament Ophelia's sadness and mournful destiny, and the fatal grief of Portia at the absence of Brutus? Then see Gazzaniga. Do you love the murmurs of the riyulet, or of summer zephyrs on the moonlight waters? Then see Gazzaniga. Do you love the melody of the birds, and the bees of the pastures, and the romance of the forest, and the perfume of the foliage, and the silence of the wilderness, and the beauty of the vales, and the majesty of the mountains? Then see Gazzaniga. Do you love the security of a calm, or the sublimity of a storm? Then see Gazzaniga. Have you seen Niagara or Vesuvius, and admired and trembled in their gloriou and awful presence? Then see Gazzaniga. Have you read and dreamed of Antony and Cleopatra? Then see Brignoli and Gazzaniga. Have you read Caesar's hatred of Cassius and Horace Greeley, and his love of Matsell and fat men? Then see Ullman and Armodio. Do you love to roam in dells and caves and deserts? Do you love the pensive meditations of genius in cavern solitudes? Do you love to gaze at Heaven's Panorama, in the silence

and glory of midnight? Do you love your parent's admonitions, and the sweet tones of your brothers and sisters, and wives and children? Do you remember your early love, and pleasant rambles with your devoted and beauteous Juliet? Do you love to witness the reflection of your own heart? Do you love to shed tears of joy at the triumph of the virtuous, and to paralyse the vicious with your terrible execrations? Have you breathed Italian skies, and wandered by Italian streams, and fondly lingered on Italian sunsets? O then go and see and hear Gazzaniga, whose mighty soul reflects the smiles and tears—lovers and misanthropes—beauties and melodies—calms and storms—rainbows and landscapes—plains and mountains—cataracts and volcanoes—thunder and lightning—rain and hail—tornadoes and earthquakes—witches and angels—devils and demons—ghosts and hobgoblins, and suns and globes and caravans of Universal Nature. O Gazzaniga! Thy tranquil music is the echo of a Choir of Angels, and thy frenzied strain is the yell of a gang of devils. More than a thousand millions of human pilgrims rove in the romantic paths of earth, but in all this mighty throng, on its march to a common sepulchre, there is but one Gazzaniga in the delightful realms of melody.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S "ALLIGATOR" CAN BE obtained at all hours, (day or night,) at wholesale and retail, at No. 128 Nassau Street, Near Beekman Street, and opposite Ross & Tousey's News Depot, New York.

Human Devils.

Some \$10,000 have been expended in building fences, and improving the forest grounds at the corner of Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets and the Sixth Avenue? We have received a card, heralding a "Palace Garden," signed by De Forest and Tisdale, Proprietors. Mr. De Forest was the Treasurer of the Crystal Palace Ball, and Mr. Tisdale is the Treasurer of the Hunter Woodis Benevolent Society. A few loaves of John Hecker's bread, distributed among the poor, was the only charitable result of the Academy of Music Ball, and none of John Hecker's bread, nor of any baker, nor any necessities of life were distributed among the indigent, as the result of the mighty and lucrative Crystal Palace Ball. Both of those Balls were given by the public—for the benefit of the Poor—in the name of the self-constituted members of the Hunter Woodis Society, and De Forest and Tisdale, who control the vast receipts of that Society, now open an Ice Cream and Lager Bier Saloon on a scale of unprecedented magnitude and magnificence, while the poor creatures are starving, who own all the surplus funds in the vile grasp of the Hunter Woodis Society, and of the outside scamps, who partially control those pauper funds. De Forest and Tisdale (who thrice cunningly assured me that all the members of the Hunter Woodis Society were Know Nothings) beckoned me last week to their gorgeous chariot on Broadway, and told me that they were "snags," and through dagger eyes, and ferocious gestures, and stunning declamation, threatened my utter annihilation, for my recent exposure of their plunder of our generous citizens, and the private paupers, whose funds they withhold and squander. If one of the huge villains of these devilish days in which my lot is cast approaches me with menacing look or attitude, he will be a dead thief before he can implore the God of truth and justice and mercy to forgive him for his awful crimes.

Where the \$40,000 that were doubtless received by the Managers and Treasurers of the Academy of Music and Crystal Palace Balls; and where their vast private collections have all mysteriously vanished, will never be disclosed to the poor of this, nor of coming generations, but, at the Throne of God, these consummate villains and infernal scamps will have to confront the famishing creatures they have robbed and starved, when they will be convicted, and condemned, and hurled from Heaven's resplendent heights into a gulph of yelling devils, who will pinch them, and prick them, and bite them, and lance them, and roast them through wasteless ages.

O, what I hear, and what I see,
Makes me from earth yearn to be free.

James Gordon Bennett's Editorial Career.

Bennett and John Kelly.

Bennett—John, the wall cracked again yesterday, and I fear this old ruin will soon fall, and bury us in death. So, after you have folded those papers, you can take them and the broom, and I will take my memorandum book and easy slippers, and we will go to the new quarters that I hired yesterday in Broadway. The rent is very cheap, and I am not to pay it until the end of the month, which is a godsend in these days of poverty.

John—I have only got fifty papers to fold, and I will soon be ready.

Bennett—Hurry, Johnny, for the building may fall before we get out. (John folds papers mighty fast.)

John—I am ready, sir.

Bennett—Come on then. (They depart for Broadway, with all their luggage, consisting of fifty *Heralds*, a broom, memorandum book, and Bennett's easy slippers.)

Enter Landlord.

Landlord—Mr. Bennett, I told you that you could pay your rent at the end of the month, but I have concluded to require it in advance.

Bennett—I have not the money to spare, but I will let you have my watch as security.

Landlord—I have no pawnbroker's license, and I fear it would be a violation of the law to take a watch in pawn.

Bennett—I have let Anderson & Ward have it as security for the payment of my papers some fifty times, and they have not been arrested.

Landlord—Is it gold or silver?

Bennett—Silver.

Landlord—What is its value?

Bennett—Twenty dollars.

Landlord—Does it keep good time?

Bennett—It goes well, don't it, Johnny (giving him a wink.)

John—Yes, sir. (May God forgive me for this lie.)

Landlord—I will take it, but you must try to pay the rent before the close of the month.

Bennett—I will, sir. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, ain't it, Johnny?

John (pale as death)—Y-e-s, s-i-r. (O, Heavenly Father, do forgive me for another lie.)

Landlord—Good day, Mr. Bennett, and may success attend your enterprise.

Bennett—Good by, sir, but don't call again until the very last week in the month.

Landlord—I will be as lenient as I can. Good day. (He goes.)

Bennett—John, why did you say y-e-s, s-i-r? This is no time to draw your words. And I saw your lips quiver, and your eyes and arms directed to Heaven, as though you were engaged in silent prayer. This won't do, sir. My case is desperate. Can't you lie, in matters of business, without invoking the celestial pardon? If you can't, you will soon ruin me. What say you, John?

John—My parents will not let me tell lies. They would kill me, if they caught me in the two lies I have told for you to-day. They are extremely indigent, but they are as honest as poor Burns, the great poet of your native land, who said:

"The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

And who also said:

"O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Bennett (stamping the floor)—Darm it, boy, this is no time for poetry. Hang Burns, who was an old fool, and lived on air, like all the poets. I prefer Richard, who said:

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

Or Iago:

"This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite."

Or Ophelia, with whose beautiful aphorism I closed my leading editorial, in the first number of the *Herald*:

"Lord, we know that we are,
But know not what we may be."

But darm the rhyme. We want bread and butter. I have been starving on truth and poetry, and I intend to lie, and cheat, and black mail, during the residue of my days. Do you understand me?

John—Yes, sir, but I can't lie. I had rather be poor, and tell the truth, than lie, and cheat, and wrong my fellow creatures, and be loathed by my parents, and be despised by myself, and by others, and have sleepless nights, and be in constant fear of death, and be in danger of a prison or the scaffold. So, you had better get another boy.

Bennett—I am sorry to part with you, dear Johnny, because you have been so true and kind to me.

John—I would like to remain, but I must leave, if you require me to lie. And yet I dread to inform my poor father and mother that I have left you, and have no means to aid them. But I had rather go hungry than tell lies, and I hope and believe that my parents will forgive me for leaving you.

Bennett—I fear you are too conscientious to be my associate in the reckless and unscrupulous career of journalism before me, and therefore I shall advertise for another boy to-morrow.

John—Very well, sir. (John takes his hat to go.)

Bennett—Don't go until I get another boy.

John—I must go now, because you have proclaimed yourself a dishonest man, and I should be unhappy if I remained longer in your presence.

Bennett—How much do I owe you?

John—Nothing.

Bennett—Yes I do.

John—You can have it, because I fear you did not get it honestly, and I do not want it. (John goes.)

Bennett (soliloquises)—This boy's rebuke is terrible. And now I am alone. O God! if I only had his integrity, I would make any sacrifice. That boy has got the principles of Washington in his breast, and the world will hear of him. No earthly power can crush the love of truth in the heart of that dear little boy. And now what shall I do? His merited castigation has unnerved and unmanned me. I know not which way to turn. I have but little money. I cannot get another boy so faithful as Johnny. I must strive to sell my papers in the stores alone, now that Johnny is gone, and, if I fail, I am forever ruined. But this won't do. I must not despair. I must rally. (He arises, and paces his office rapidly, with compressed jaws and lips, and distended nostrils, and clenched

fingers, and ferocious gesticulation.) I must not whine now. I must cut and snash, and detract and terrify the innocent, and levy thousands on the affluent, or I am forever lost. I have no associate, nor friend, nor kindred in all this land, and I can only degrade myself, as my aged parents are in the deep mountain glades of Scotland, and can never hear of my degradation. So I will be a devil. I will advertise for another boy, and if I get one who will conspire with me in my contemplated villainy, my fortunes will yet be vast. (He writes an advertisement, and puts it in the *New York Sun*.)

(To be continued.)

Peter Cooper's Fanny Little Grocery-Groggery, at the Corner of the Bowery and Stuyversant Street, in 1820.

PETER BEHIND THE COUNTER.

Enter Female Customer.

Customer—I want two candles, and a quart of soft soap, and a pint of gin.

Peter—There's the candles, and there's the soap, and now I will get the gin. (Measures it.) And there's the gin.

Customer—Pnt it all down on the book.

Peter—I will only put it on the slate, as I want you to pay me by Saturday evening.

Customer—O, certainly. (She goes.)

Enter Jim, a Darkey.

Jim—Mr. Cooper, I want a plug of tobacco, and a glass of rum, and I will pay you on Saturday night, when I get my week's wages.

Peter—I can't trust any more to-day, as I have just let a woman have some candles, soap, and gin on credit, and I shall ruin myself if I trust so much as I have recently. My capital is very small, and my credit is so bad that I have to pay cash for nearly all I buy, and if I trust much, I shall have to fail again, and shut up my little shop for ever. So, Jim, I can't trust you any more.

Jim—Then I will trade elsewhere. I have been drinking your rum for a long time, and I have always paid you for it, and I have got drunk many a time on your rum, and now you won't let me have a glass on credit. You must have an iron heart.

Peter—Jim, you have drunk a large quantity of rum at my bar, and you have always paid me for it, as you declare, but I am going to turn over a new leaf, and trust no more. But if you will promise never to ask me to trust you again, I will let you have as nice a glass of rum as you ever drank.

Jim—Agreed.

Peter—(pours out some cheap and nasty rum, and squats down behind the counter so that Jim can't see him, and adulterates it about two-thirds with old Manhattan water, that had been in the pitcher all day)—There's your rum, Jim, and now drink it, and enjoy yourself.

Jim—(drinks, and can hardly taste the nasty rum, and makes wry faces.)—How much bilge water did you put in this mean rum, and how much do you intend to put down on the slate against me for this disgusting dose of rum and water?

Peter—That is nice rum, Jim, and I shall charge you my usual price of three cents a glass.

Jim—Take that, and that, and that, you stingy old villain. (Throws most of the rum and water into his face, and strikes him twice, and knocks him down, and runs down the Bowery.)

Peter (solus and nose bleeding profusely)—I fear the black rascal has broken my nose and ribs, and blackened my eyes badly. I will close the shop, and go and see a physician,

and I suppose I shall have to run up quite a Doctor's bill before my wounds are entirely healed. (Shuts the shop and goes to an Apothecary.)

Peter—Doctor, nigger Jim has just struck me several times with all his might, and I fear he has mutilated me for life. Just examine my nose and ribs, Doctor, and dress my nose and eyes as soon as possible, so that they will soon heal.

Doctor—Why did Jim strike you?

Peter—Well, Doctor, he wanted some rum on credit, and because I hesitated, and finally gave him some very poor rum (rather freely adulterated), to get rid of him, he got angry, and threw the rum and water in my face, and then most cruelly beat me.

Doctor—Mr. Cooper, why don't you stop selling rum, and especially to such low characters as nigger Jim?

Peter—O, I can't stop selling rum, as I make more profit on that than any thing else. In fact, it is nearly all profit, if properly and judiciously adulterated.

Doctor—But don't you impoverish and degrade and render vicious all to whom you sell your poisonous alcohol, and expose their wives and children to all the horrors of poverty, and the brutal ferocity and insanity of a drunken father?

Peter—O, I don't know any thing about all that. All I know, as a business man, is, that I get a mighty large profit on my rum, and if my customers get drunk, and abuse and starve their families, and commit theft or murder, that is their fault, and I shall not be responsible for it here, nor hereafter.

Doctor—I fear you view this matter altogether in the light of selfishness.

Peter (terribly cornered)—Doctor, no more of this. I have come to have you examine and dress my wounds, and if you can't do it, without a tedious homily on temperance, I will go to the other Apothecary, down the Bowery, who has long been your rival, and would like the job mighty well. (This was a clincher, and smashed the Doctor's impregnable position.)

Doctor—That is all true, Mr. Cooper, and I will discharge my painful duty. Here, Samuel, bring me some warm water. (Washes Peter's bloody nose and dark eyes, and dresses them. He then feels of his bruised ribs, and finds them unbroken, though very sore and inflamed.)

Peter—Doctor, what is your charge?

Doctor—Twenty-five cents.

Peter—Business is very dull now, and your rival Apothecary, down the Bowery, would not have charged more than twenty cents. Can't you take twenty, Doctor?

Doctor—Twenty will do, if you will promise to come again, when nigger Jim beats you.

Peter (very slightly blushes)—I will certainly come again, when I have any more business in the Apothecary line. (Gives the Doctor an old pistareen, and departs, with poultices and bandages over his eyes and nose.)

SUNDAY EVENING.

Peter's Groggery full of political strikers and vagabonds and criminals of every hue—A primary election to come off early in the morning.

Peter—Now, boys, I want you to put me through to-morrow.

Thieves—We will—we will.

Peter—If you will, I'll give you all the most glorious drunk you have had since the last election.

Head Thief—We will elect a majority of our friends to the Convention, and you may regard your nomination as sure.

Peter—Give me your hand on that delightful news, and now, boys, what are you going

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 12.]

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

Benaett, Barnum, and Gerard.

*Three precocious villains stripped to the skin.
—Precious, and startling, and thrilling
under-current revelations for the people.—
Read! Read! Read!*

Bennett's daily urgency of the immediate creation of a Tax Payer's Party is one of his old tricks, and is the detected burglar's hoarse cry of stop thief. Bennett got me to introduce Alfred Carson as a Candidate for Mayor, just after his exciting Fire Report of 1850. I wrote several articles in favor of Carson for the Mayoralty, and Bennett published them, when lo! one rainy morning, I awoke, and opened the *Herald*, and the hypocritical old villain had another Candidate. I asked him if he intended to drop my old friend Carson, and he said no, but he thought he would try to bring another candidate into the field, just for a little fun, and that I could write about three editorials a week for Carson, and flatter him as much as I chose, and he would publish them. This was on Monday. On Wednesday, I caught him closeted with a formidable candidate for the Mayoralty, and on Saturday, he very cautiously introduced a third Candidate for the Mayor's honors. As these were all wealthy men, and as Carson was very poor, and perceiving that Bennett unquestionably intended to sell Carson, and perhaps had already done so, I went to him in a towering rage, and charged him with treachery to myself and Carson. He smiled like Richard and Iago, and assured me that he should support Carson down to the last hour of the election. But I could not believe him; so I went to Carson, on Sunday morning, and wrote his famous declination of the Mayoralty, which rocked the parties of that day to their foundations with infinite delight, as every traffic politician had trembled to his toes, since the introduction of Carson's potent and honest name for the Mayoralty. When I carried Carson's Card to the *Herald* office, on Sunday evening, Mr. Bennett was absent, having gone to the country with Judge Russell and his lady. But Frederic Hudson was there—(his Aminadab Sleek Secretary,) who expostulated, and strove by every artifice in his prolific resources, to induce me not to publish Carson's Card until I had seen Mr. Bennett. But I demanded him to let the Card appear on the following morning, and told him that himself and Bennett should be ashamed of themselves for striving to sell Carson through me, and that I believed Bennett had already received thousands of dollars for his contemplated sell of Carson, in favor of one of the wealthy can-

didates. My withdrawal of Carson led to the election of Ambrose C. Kingsland, a very illiterate man, and one of the meanest of the human species, and the oiliest and biggest conspirator and public thief since the days of the Roman Cataline. In 1853, Bennett asked me to introduce the name of Alderman A. A. Denman, of the Sixteenth Ward, as a candidate for Mayor, to whom I was imparting the rudiments of the English language, at his house in Nineteenth street. Denman was Chairman of the Committee that reported favorably at my request, on awarding the Corporation Printing to the *Herald* at \$3,000 per annum, and the other journals at \$1,000. Bennett seemed grateful to Denman for his favorable Printing Report, and I really thought he was sincere in his contemplated advocacy of Denman for the Mayoralty; and I saw Denman, and he permitted me to use his name in connection with the Mayoralty, and I began to write articles, and published them in the *Herald*, strongly recommending Denman to the Mayoralty. At this time, Denman was one of the most popular men in the democratic party, and his announcement for Mayor, confused the leaders and aspirants of all parties. Presto! Bennett announces another candidate, in a sort of a half-and-half black mail way, and I instantly withdrew Denman, who was sadly disappointed at the loss of the Mayoralty honors, and joined the most bloated thieves of all parties, in the odious Common Council of 1852 and 1853, and he was soon forever lost as an honorable public man. And now this Scotch reprobate comes forward, without a blush on his vicious cheeks, and prates of a Tax Payer's Party, in order to effect some hellish thievish purpose. Perhaps his object is to nominate Judge Russell, or Fire Marshal Baker, or Galbraith, or some of his roguish go-betweens and thimble-riggers for Mayor, so that he can occupy the pleasant relations of Peter Cooper to Mayor Tiemann, his amiable son-in-law. But how the intelligent tax payers of the Metropolis can be so easily and so often bamboozled by this superficial Scotch Juggler, is a mystery to me, when they all know that he has always favored vice, and stabbed virtue. And if there ever was a candidate for office, during Bennett's long editorial career, whom he did not sell, or if there ever was a truly virtuous aspirant for public honors, whose election Bennett ever sincerely advocated before the people, without a cash consideration, I should like to see the most extraordinary anomaly. Bennett very ingeniously plasters his victims with disgusting panegyric, for a brief period, when

he lets loose the dogs of Tartarus, and while they devour them, he fills his coffers with gold from every candidate in the field, to whom he has pledged his support. But he is very old, and the devil will soon have him, and millions will rejoice when old Nick drags him to his fervent realms, and begins his merited tortures. And it will require wasteless years to burn the sins from his infamous and loathsome and nauseous carcass. The creation of James Gordon Bennet's Tax Payer's Party, after his cash advocacy of all the abandoned scamps of America to office for thirty years, is the most amusing proposition of the age. And yet the omnipotent ballot stuffers may come to his rescue, and adopt his plans. And why should they not? Is not Barnum again abroad, and about to shake the world with another humbug. Barnum has grown prodigiously affluent since the Hard times began, and since money became scarce, and since people began to starve, and since the elements of Pluto leveled his Oriental Palace to the ground, (which was highly insured!) and above all, since he took as partner, that cunning old rat, James W. Gerard, who, like Dick Connolly and Simeon Draper, is ever found in all political camps. Gerard was the real originator of the Joice Heath imposture, and all of Barnum's humbugs, and has borne him through all his financial clock troubles, for which he has got enough from Barnum to enable him to sustain his chariots and postillions and magnificent establishment in Gramercy Park until he dies. It was Gerard who introduced Kingsland for Mayor, and other successful candidates, and, in the dark, advocated Fernando Wood's course down to his disastrous exodus from public life. And it was Gerard who sustained Matsell through all his infamous career, down to the famous meeting in the Tabernacle, and in the Legislative lobby, even going into the seats of members, and coaxing them in various ways to spare Matsell. And it was Gerard who, after Wood had fallen, went into the camp of Tiemann, where he is now, in order to cut the throats of Tiemann and the Coopers the first opportunity, and is at this moment, in collusion with Bennett in the formation of a Tax Payer's Party. "All things to all men" is the motto of Gerard, and he has played his card adroitly for nearly half a century. But he has now probably got his last set of false teeth, and his last wig, and will probably soon die of old age like his old friend Bennett, who have operated together in ambuscade, for thirty unbroken years, in all the political villainy that has been concocted during this long and event-

ful period. No matter who succeeds in the elections, Gerard and Bennett are in the triumphant camps, as now: Bennett in Buchanan's White House, and Gerard in Mayor Tiemann's confidence, and both playing into each other's hands, like Draper and Connolly. Piccolomini is the last card that these jugglers will play. Gerard is a snob and a dandy, and an Opera exquisite, and it was he, (through Barnum,) who introduced Jenny Lind to the Americans, and got Bennett, for a large sum, to abuse Barnum and Jenny Lind, as an advertisement. Bennett did not get less than \$20,000 from Gerard and Barnum for his daily abuse of Jenny Lind and Barnum. I was daily in the *Herald* office in those days, and I often saw Barnum closeted with Frederic Hudson, and James Gordon Bennett. And Gerard and Barnum have already arranged with Bennett, and paid him the cash down, to abuse Piccolomini, while the *Times* and *Tribune* and many other journals are to be paid to praise her. And such a yell as we shall have on her arrival, will frighten the rats and cats. For, in this funny world, blarney is regarded as sincere praise and evidence of merit, while detraction is persecution, which verdant people won't tolerate, and especially when hurled at such fascinating creatures as Fanny Ellsler, or Jenny Lind, or Piccolomini. This is certainly a very curious world, and, like Dr. Franklin, I am curious to know if our spiritual existence is to be as curious as our material; and I am extremely anxious to learn if Bennett, Barnum, and Gerard are to have an eternal abode in Heaven?

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S "ALLIGATOR" CAN BE obtained at all hours, (day or night,) at wholesale and retail, at No. 128 Nassau Street, Near Beekman Street, and opposite Rosa & Tousey's News Depot, New York.

The Fourth of July--General Washington in Tears--The Decline of American Integrity and Patriotism.

There was a formidable mutiny in the Army of the Revolution, arising from the inability of the Government to pay the officers and soldiers, who assure Washington that, in order to provide food and raiment for their wives and children, they should return to their homes, and cultivate their neglected fields, and pursue their various peaceful avocations, if their salaries were not paid on a stated day. Washington invites the prominent leaders to meet him, and they accept his cordial invitation. The Hall is filled at an early hour with the bravest officers of the American camp, whom the village bell summons to hear an Address from their great Commander, and as its doleful reverberations expire on the evening air, Washington enters with unwonted dignity and gloom, and ascends the rostrum, and seats himself, and unfolds his Address to his noble and impoverished comrades. He sits, with one hand on his heart, and the other over his temples and unearthly eyes, and is apparently absorbed in grief and prayer. The silence of the tomb pervades the martial audience, and all seem to regard the hour as the most momentous in human history, as the return of the officers and soldiers to their homes, at this solemn crisis of the Revolution, might prove to be the funeral of liberty, and of patriots throughout the World. Washington approaches the desk, and stands like a statue, when neither whisper nor respiration can be heard, throughout the mournful throng. With haggard cheeks, and without repose for three successive nights, he wipes the copious tears from his blood-shot eyes, and moistens

his parched mouth with water, and strives hard to articulate, but his big heart is so full, and his lips quiver so rapidly, and his tears fall so fast, that his speech is paralysed, and his vision blinded. The officers regret their rashness, and breathe heavy sighs, and recline their heads in silent grief, and some weep aloud, which kindles their feelings into a general lamentation, and the patriotic ladies thrill the entire assemblage with their piercing ejaculations. Washington strives to summon his wonderful self-possession, (which never deserted him till now,) and he rallies his resources like the dead of the resurrection, when he breathes these figurative truths, in the voice of a celestial being: "My beloved Companions: You know that I have grown gray in your service, and now you perceive that I am growing blind." And while he utters these touching words, his iron nerve again succumbs, and he moistens his manuscript with the waters of his supernatural heart. He seats himself, and buries his face, and weeps as in his spotless childhood. The valiant officers, (who had never faltered amid the carnage and thunders of battle,) are utterly overwhelmed by Washington's tears, and they depart for their respective quarters, and relate what has transpired, which infuses new fortitude and patriotism and unconquerable valor in the breasts of the desponding and timorous soldiers, who rush to arms with the wild and irresistible impetuosity of Greene and Putnam, and the liberties of America are soon achieved. What a withering rebuke is this to the public thieves and traitors of the present generation. The only hope of our country is in the early appearance of a race of men like Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Adams, Hamilton, Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. With such corrupt and brainless wretches at the head of the American Press as Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond, with their gangs of mercenary scribblers in collusion with official robbers in the Municipal, State, and National Capitols, may the Good Being who heard the prayers of Washington (amid the snow, and blood, and hunger, and nakedness of the Revolution) have mercy on the great body of our people, who are threatened with general pillage and despotism by the vampires whom editors—in collusion with bands of thieves and assassins—fraudulently elect to the highest posts of emolument and honor. The official robbers of a nation's treasury are the uncompromising foes of the toiling millions, and of human freedom. O then let the virtuous and industrious classes rally, and drive back the pernicious burglars of their firesides. And on the coming National Sabbath, let the pure and patriotic youth and meritorious age go up to the Altars of our Fathers and our common God, and swear a ceaseless crusade against the plunderers of our country, and the dastard monsters who would distract, and divide, and alienate the affections of our countrymen, on whose fidelity to Washington and the Union impend the hopes and happiness and liberty of the human race for eternal years.

Let the Supervisors watch the operations of Richard B. Connolly, who has prowled around the Aldermen and Councilmen and Supervisors for several years, from whom he has had not a farthing less than \$1,000,000 since he has been County Clerk. The Supervisors alone voted him \$316,000 for the printing of his musty and worthless Records, which no paper manufacturer would have purchased, nor even carted to their factories as a donation. And they are of less value to the public in their printed form, than to the paper makers. It is a study, and a sad one for the tax payers, to see Dick Connolly and George H. Purser sitting in the Boards of Aldermen

and Councilmen and Supervisors at almost every session, for many years past, watching and nudging and coaxing the members to vote for their plundering enactments. These two scamps have never been naturalised, and have perjured themselves, since they cast their first ballots. But they don't perjure themselves any more in that way, as they don't dare vote, and have not voted since I exposed their alienage, three years since. They have packed more Grand and Petit Juries, and condemned and imprisoned and hung more innocent men, and robbed the City and Albany Treasuries to a greater extent than any other two public thieves and precocious monsters who walk the streets of New York. And both of these precious rascals now announce themselves as candidates for Comptroller! And they intend to buy their nomination and election with the very money they have stolen and are stealing daily from the people. O that there was a Brutus or Circinnatus to rebuke these villains, and to stab them down, and to thus shame and scourge the people for permitting such villains to go unpunished.

I will soon show some of the mysterious currents of the Metropolis, and establish the friendly relations of Horace Greeley and Dana with Dick Connolly and Simeon Draper, in reference to the Alhus House Spoils, and other extensive pickings and stealings. It is amusing to me to often see *Greeley's Tribune* whitewash the rakish and thievish Ten Governors. I will also show how Connolly and Draper hold their influence with the *Courier and Enquirer*, *Evening Post*, and *Commercial Advertiser*. And how Dick and Sim silence the mercenary growls of the *Herald*. Fred Hudson and Galbraith and Bennett and Fire Marshal Baker could disclose these little matters, but as they could not do it without implicating themselves in stupendous villainy, I shall have to show how the black mail growls of the *Herald* are quickly silenced. The Institution of Death is a clincher to these devils. O, if such scoundrels as Connolly and Draper and Hudson and Bennett could only live always, they would have a nice time, but when they see a funeral, or have a deadly gripe in the direction of their wicked livers, they shudder with horror, and pray harder and louder than a stout noisy Methodist darkey minister, until the gripe has passed away, and they have a fresh hold on dear life again, when their nerve returns, and they steal more, and oppress the tax payers and poor consumers with less remorse than before they had almost a fatal gripe. But the worms and the devil will soon grab their thievish flesh and bones, and then, O Moses! what a precious feast they will have.

O the grave! the grave!
Mourns for the poor slave;
But for public thieves,
The grave never grieves.

The Lives of PETER COOPER and JAMES GORDON BENNETT are omitted this week. My Journal is so small, and my advertisements increase so rapidly, that I shall not be able to continue the lives of these distinguished men in every issue. But in my next number, the Lives of Cooper and Bennett will appear. These men have silenced those who have threatened to publish their wicked antecedents, but they will never silence me, only through imprisonment, or poison, or assassination, which I have reason to believe they contemplate. All the wholesale dealers stopped selling the *ALLIGATOR* three weeks since, lest Bennett would not let them have the *Heralds* for their country agents. I strove to fasten the fact upon him, that he directed the wholesale dealers to stop selling the *ALLIGATOR*, and if I had nailed upon his forehead his Napoleonic edicts to suppress the liberty

and circulation of the American Press, I would have deliberately gone into his office, and shot him dead. No foreign unnaturalised scab like Bennett, shall trample with impunity the precious rights, and the glorious liberty that George Washington and my Grandfather bequeathed to me. So, Mr. Bennett, and Fred. Hudson, just have a care, and I implore you in your persecution, to keep your keen eyes strongly riveted on the last feather that broke the poor camel's back.

It is very strange what has become of the stereotype plates containing James Gordon Bennett's curious relations with Fanny Elssler, during her famous sojourn in America. Can you inform me, Ross & Tousey, where they are? If you will tell me, I will not tell Bennett that you told me, which will not give him a pretext to stop your supply of *Heralds* again, by which you told me you lost several thousand dollars. Besides, if he does, you can get rich fast enough by selling the *Ledger* and *ALLIGATOR*. So tell us where these mysterious plates can be found. Perhaps they are on storage in Philadelphia. "Who knows?" as the amiable Dr. Wallace very often says at the close of his abrupt and hurried *Herald* editorials, when he is thirsty or hungry, or wants to go to the Theatre or Opera.

Mr. Erben, the Trinity Church Organ Grinder, will please inform me if he owns a house in Baxter street, and if the character of the inmates are as respectable as himself, and especially the females. James Gordon Bennett will also please go into Baxter street, and ascertain and inform me if Mr. Erben's house is as reputable as Helen Jewett's old residence, at No. 41 Thomas street. Speak out, Satans Numbers One and Two.

I had to omit the continuation of my *LIFE* this week, which will appear in the next number of the "*ALLIGATOR*."

Mayor Daniel F. Tiemann's Forced Seduction of a Lady on Randall's Island—Simeon Draper's Lascivious Propensities—Most Damning Revelations

Some years since, there was a lovely domestic circle in our city, consisting of a husband, wife, and three children. The father died, and the widow was east upon the world, without means to feed and clothe and educate her precious offspring. She had been the favorite daughter of affluent parents, and was educated by the ablest teachers. In conversation, she was eloquent and impassioned, and her fluent and melodious words, as they flowed from her red and pouting lips, and her even and pearly teeth, fascinated all who had the envied fortune to linger on her luxuriant language, and pretty smiles, and dimples, and most extraordinary purity of expression. Governor Simeon Draper fastens his voluptuous eyes upon her, and her fate is sealed. Three years since, Gov. Draper proposes that she become a matron on Randall's Island, and she accepts his proposition, and he procures her a situation. After she began to discharge her matron duties, Governors Draper and Bell (now Supervisor), entered her domestic apartment on Randall's Island, and asked her what she had in the next room, pointing their fingers to her bed room. She said they might look for themselves. They replied: "What are you afraid of?" She said: "I am not afraid, but I do not desire to go into a bedroom with two gentlemen." They then seized her, and strove to drag her into her bed room, when she resisted and finally screamed, which alarmed them, and they withdrew their hands, and said: "You need not be afraid to go with us into the bed room, singly, as we know that you have let a *friend* go with you into your

bed room ever since your husband died, and enjoy your fascinations to his heart's content." She said: "If my *friend* has done the thing of which you speak, neither of you shall." Governors Draper and Bell then retired, but Draper soon returned, and proposed to buy two cloaks for two handsome girls who were about to leave the Institution, and said that she should go to the city and buy them, and at the same time purchase one for herself, regardless of price, and send the bill to his office, and he would pay it. She objected on the ground that if she accepted the proposition, he would expect licentious favors in return. Draper said that he was so anxious to stay with her, that he would not mind giving her \$50 in cash. She said that she feared her *friend* would hear of it, and withdraw his affections, and might kill him, and perhaps her, as he truly loved her, and was of a very jealous and impulsive nature. Draper said she needn't be afraid, as he could never hear of it. She then accepted his proposition to go to the city and purchase the cloaks, and directed the bill to be sent to his office, which was done, and he paid it. At this time, a fervent friendship was budding into bloom and blossom, between herself and Governor Daniel F. Tiemann, to whom she immediately disclosed all that had transpired between herself and Governors Bell and Draper. Tiemann affected great exasperation, and wrote her statement, (which terribly excoerated Draper,) with the design of presenting it to the Ten Governors in open session. This alarmed her, and she told her *friend* what had occurred, and that Governor Tiemann was about to expose Governors Bell and Draper to the Board of Ten Governors, and to the whole world, to which he strongly objected, as it might involve them in a common ruin, and he urged her to request Governor Tiemann not to present the document. And he assured her, if she permitted Governor Tiemann to do this favor for her, that he might soon want her smiles and beauty and caresses and embraces, (like Bell and Draper), as a requital for his apparently disinterested and meritorious services in her behalf. She saw Tiemann, and the document was suppressed. Draper heard of her movements, and became jealous of her partiality for Tiemann, and he had her suspended. But Tiemann had her reinstated. When Bell and Draper's time expired as Alms House Governors, Gov. Tiemann immediately resolved that her *friend* should not visit the Island, as the first movement to his contemplated seduction of the beautiful matron. And he was so determined, that he resorted to the daring effort to exclude him, even after he obtained a permit. For Gov. Tiemann clearly saw that while her *friend* visited her, he (Tiemann) would have a poor chance to gratify his own lust. Tiemann finally succeeded in ejecting her *friend* from the Island, and on a dark and rainy afternoon, slyly meandered into her apartment, and after some loving smiles, and dulcet words, and melting sighs, and tender glances, he drew his chair towards her, and began to feel of her. She long resisted his extraordinary amorous movements, and struck him twice, and scratched and bit him, and terribly exhausted him and herself in their mutual struggles, and thought she had conquered him. But in his last desperate rally, he overpowered and vanquished her, and she had to let him go his whole length, and he accomplished his most hellish purpose. Her boy was living in the West, and wrote to her, that he was not only displeased with his relatives, but with the western country, and desired to return to New York. She showed the letter to Gov. Tiemann, and told him that she had not the money to spare to defray his expenses home. He asked her how much it would cost. She said \$15, when he gave her

\$40, assuring her that he would not have it known for the world, that he let her have money to pay her son's expenses home. She quieted his fears, by assuring him that she would never disclose it. She sent the money to her boy, and he came home. Gov. Tiemann then got him a situation, but the boy had seen Tiemann take improper liberties with his mother, and as he strongly suspected he had allured her from the paths of virtue, he very indignantly refused to accept the situation tendered by Gov. Tiemann. But in eight months afterwards, Gov. Tiemann obtained another place for the boy, and after unceasing importunity, he finally persuaded the boy to accept a situation in Broadway, where he now is. Last Autumn she had an interview with her *friend* in this city, when he charged her with sexual intercourse with Governor Tiemann. She burst into a tremendous flood of tears, and cast herself into his arms, and craved his forgiveness in rending accents. He asked her why she had long permitted Governor Tiemann to use her beautiful person. She said that as he was poor, and Governor Tiemann rich, and had foiled Draper in her suspension, and had elegantly furnished her apartments on the Island, and had paid the expenses of her boy from the West to the city, and had got him a good situation in Broadway, and had made her magnificent donations in jewelry and apparel, and had let her have money when she asked him,—and fearing that if she refused to gratify his lust, he would instantly have her dismissed as Matron, to endure again the tortures of penury,—that in view of all this, she had let him have sexual intercourse with her whenever he desired. But that she despised him for his wickedness, as he was a Church Member, in good standing, and as he professed to be one of the leading Reformers of the age. Her *friend* asked her how much money he had given her, and she said: "Quite a large sum, some of which I have deposited in a Bank," and she told him the name of the Bank. She also told him where the chairs, sofas, mirrors, stoves, &c., were purchased, and showed him the receipted bills, which she placed in his hands, and he has them now. She then besought his pardon, and assured him that she would leave the Island, and come and live and die in his affectionate embraces. He forgave her, and she returned to the Island, and told Governor Tiemann that she desired to leave and return to her *friend's* humble abode, which alarmed Tiemann, who implored her in tears to remain, and he would protect her as long as he lived, and when on the eve of death, he would make ample provision for her support during her life. They were together in her apartment, for ten successive hours, in a most exciting and harrowing scene, when he promised to give her \$500 on the following day, and she finally yielded, and remained, and is at the Island now, both as a Matron and as Mayor Tiemann's Mistress. Her *friend* was so exasperated with her double treachery, that he went to one of the Ten Governors, (who is now in the Board,) and disclosed in writing under his signature the entire villainy of Tiemann. The Governor in question sent for Tiemann, and asked him if the statement was true, when he colored into a ball of fire, and left in shame and silence. The Governor did not expose Tiemann, in consequence of his innocent and interesting family, and his aged father, and his numerous relatives, including the versatile Peter Cooper, whose adopted daughter Mayor Tiemann married. These revelations will cause the worthy citizens of New York to bend their heads in sorrow, to behold a man of Mayor Tiemann's exalted professions of purity and piety, guilty of crimes that should consign him to the rack, and to an eternal hell.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

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STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Life of Stephen H. Branch.

While Horace Greeley and myself were in conversation over our breakfast at the Graham House, Goss escorted Fred Douglas and lady to the table, who took seats near us. I knew not who they were, nor do I know that Greeley did, but I think he did. They had arrived the previous night, and this was my first knowledge that Goss kept colored boarders, who politely helped them, and took a seat beside them, and conversed on their favorite theme of anti-slavery. I stared at Goss and Fred and lady and at Greeley, who gave me a sly glance, and ate his bran mush and molasses as though nothing unusual was transpiring. I finished my mush, and retired, and felt that Goss had perpetrated a gross impropriety. And although I was then teaching negroes in the kitchens of New York, amid slush and kettles and frying pans, and thus evinced my warm desire to elevate the whole African race, yet my feelings were so grossly outraged by this unnatural and disgusting amalgamation, that I went to Major Mordecah M. Noah, (who published a daily evening paper,) and told him the whole story, who opened a tremendous broadside on Greeley, who dared Noah to reveal the name of his informant, although he knew I must be the man. I besought Noah not to disclose my name, as I did not desire to have a controversy with Greeley about Graham bread and Africans. Noah promised he would not, but he discharged such caustic and unceasing broadsides, and poked so much fun at Greeley, for breakfasting with negroes, that he again ferociously demanded Noah to disclose the name of his cowardly informant. I again implored Noah to stand firmly, and not to divulge my name. Noah said that he did not see how he could avoid it, as Greeley had made such a savage demand. But I induced him, after long and plaintive importunity, not to expose me, and Noah soon withdrew his forces from Africa, and attacked Greeley on his native hills of America, on the subject of the Tariff and other themes. And in their deluge of words and detraction, I did not molest Noah, nor any of his descendants, save to pawn some of my traps occasionally to pay Goss my weekly board. Greeley snarled and growled at me for weeks, but he had a conciliatory nature, and magnanimously forgave me, and, (as after the quarrels of two enthusiastic lovers,) we were better friends than ever. I admired the humor and genial

nature of Major Noah, and I respected the transcendental talents of Horace Greeley, but I did not wish to be devoured by their gladiatorial collisions, although I was the sole origin of their editorial combat. Rhode Island was now on the verge of civil war. My father addressed the first assemblage at the old Town House, in Providence, against the revolutionary doctrines of Thomas Wilson Dorr, and harangued the friend's of Law and Order in various parts of the State. My brother Henry came to New York, and told me that my father had received letters from the insurgents, warning him to prepare to meet his God, and was insulted by ruffians while crossing Providence bridge, who threatened to destroy his property, if he did not cease his inflammatory speeches against them, and that father defied them, and told them that they might burn his houses, but they could not burn his land. I went to Providence, and was saluted by father in tones of the purest affection. I slept at his house, for several nights, and joined the City Guards, and my company was assigned a position on the west side of the bridge, to guard the city from sunset till sunrise. News came that old General Green's Kentish Guards, (cherished by Washington,) of East Greenwich, commanded by Captain Allen, had fired on the insurgents at Pawtucket, five miles from Providence, and killed and wounded half a dozen of the rebels, and my Company was immediately sent to relieve the Kentish Guards. Just prior to entering Pawtucket, the Dorr women belched from their doors and windows the most disgusting ejaculations, and I heard one virago exclaim: "Au't you a precious gang of soldiers? You look as though Providence had taken a powerful emetic." This was a hard dose, but it came from one who bore the form and garb of a lady, and we had to swallow it without a murmur. Ex-Governor Earle came from Pawtucket on the wings of lightning, and told us it would be instant death for us to enter Pawtucket without more men, but, much to my regret, our Captain ordered us to follow him into the town, whose streets were crowded with desperate outlaws, who were hooting and hurling stones and fragments of iron at the Kentish Guards, who were literally surrounded by the mob. When Captain Allen saw our Company approach, he instantly arrayed us against the insurgents for fatal action, and, taking out his watch, told the beligerent thousands present, that if they did not disperse in ten minutes, he would fire upon them. I suffered more in these ten minutes, than in all my life, because I feared the rascals

wouldn't go, and we would have to fire at them. I had the dyspepsia most horribly, and had all my pockets stuffed with chunks of Graham bread, for a warrior's rations, and was reduced to an utter skeleton, and could hardly hold my heavy musket perpendicularly, and my bones fairly rattled when the bloody words of Captain Allen fell upon my ears. I had never fired a gun but once, and that was at a snake at Topsfield, Massachusetts, and although the muzzle was within an inch of his head, the ball passed into the ground, and the snake fled before I could reload my gun. And yet I feared I might shed human blood, and perhaps kill one or more, if Captain Allen ordered my Company to fire at the Dorrites. And I was very sure I would fall like a dead man, from the effect upon my dyspeptic nerves of fright and thundering noise caused by the simultaneous discharge of one hundred muskets. And I actually envied the rebels who could escape from peril, while I could not, as I had a gun, cap, and knapsack, and was hemmed in by my comrades. I could not exchange my clothes, and was closely watched by the insurgents, and if I left the ranks, I might be shot by my own companions in arms, and if I escaped their fire, the insurgents themselves might instantly dispatch me. The fatal ten minutes had nearly expired, and I supposed my time had come, as I felt sure if we fired, that two thousand ruffians would rush upon us, and hack us to bleeding fragments. I looked up to the brilliant stars, but with all their cheerfulness and fascination, I feared to have my soul approach their glittering realms. I looked down upon the green earth, and I desired not an eternal abode for my butchered carcase below its fragrant surface. To kill a man I thought would be horrible, and forever cause unpleasant dreams. But to be killed myself, by the enemy, seemed still more horrible. And I resolved to put nothing but powder in my gun, so that I could not kill or wound the Dorrites. I regretted that I could not slyly tell them of my humane resolves, so that they could evince similar elemency towards me, when we came together hand to hand, and foot to foot, and nails to nails, and nose to nose, and belly to belly, and teeth to teeth. The ten minutes elapsed, and the rebels remained and yelled and stoned and defied us. Captain Allen passed along the line, and told us we had got bloody work before us, and besought us to be firm, and reload our muskets quickly, and fire at the hearts of our adversaries, and we would conquer them, although they numbered thousands, and we only hun-

dreds. I came near falling at this intelligence, and leaned very heavily against the soldiers on either side of me, who threatened to shoot me if I didn't stand straighter, which straightened me mighty quick. Captain Allen spoke of American patriotism, and our duty to our native State, and to the United States, and of the valor of Green and Perry, but I scarcely heard what he said, as my terrified mind was contemplating the horrors of an instant and bloody doom, and my gloomy prospects beyond the grave. Captain Allen takes out his watch, and draws his sword, and I look towards Heaven, and engage in a most solemn silent prayer, as I now expect to die in about five minutes.

(To be continued to my last gun.)

A Primary Election at Peter Cooper's Funny Little Grocery-Groggery, at the corner of the Bowery and Stuyversant Street, in 1820.

HALF AN HOUR BEFORE DAYLIGHT.

Peter—Well, Jack, where are all the boys you promised me?

Jack—They are asleep in the market.

Peter—Zounds! Jack! Arouse them, or we are lost.

Jack—They have one eye open, and the gilded stuff will soon open the other.

Peter—Jack, what do you mean? Have I not kept open house for three days and nights, and swilled yourself and comrades with liquor for a week, and haven't you all been drunk at my expense for several days? By Jupiter! Jack! you won't desert me, after drinking so much of my best rum, will you?

Jack—The boys won't expose their eyes and nose, and teeth and skulls, and bellies to the sharp claws and big fists, and stones and clubs of your political adversaries, without some money in advance, to tickle the palms of the surgeon and nurses at the Hospital. For doctors and nurses won't trust the poor, you know, and especially the boys who get their skulls cracked at the primary elections.

Peter—Well, Jack, tell the boys that I will fill them with good rum until the primary election is over, and then, if I am victorious in the Nominating Convention, I'll reward them liberally with money.

Jack—(With his fingers whirling like a windmill over his nose)—The boys an't so green as to trust the politicians until they have fought their bloody sieges, and elected them to offices where they can steal fortunes from the people, including many a chunk of choice grub from our own mouths. No, no, Peter. It won't do. Down with the cash, and all will go well.

Peter—Have I not often got yourself and friends out of the Watch House?

Jack—And have we not long bought your grog, although you adulterated it more than other liquor dealers? And have we not fought your public battles, and exposed ourselves to imprisonment, and periled our lives to give you political influence to liberate us from the Watch House, when we got into a bad scrape on your account?

Peter—You lie, you thief and drunken vagabond, if you say I adulterated my liquor more than other rum sellers.

Jack—Have a care, Peter, have a care, for did I not catch you in the very act of pouring water by the pailfull into a rum hogshead last week, that was only about half full of spurious alcohol, when you began to adulterate it?

Peter—I was afraid the boys would drink so much, that they would not be sober enough to whip my political enemies to-day, if I did not adulterate my pure and strong rum, which came from Jamaica only last week.

Jack—That will do, Peter—that will do, for you always could tell a smoother and bigger lie than me, and I give it up.

Peter—Come, come, Jack—this won't do. The sun will soon be climbing the eastern hills, and there's no time to be lost. What's to be done?

Jack—Fork over, Peter, and we'll die, if necessary, in our effort to stuff the ballot boxes, and keep them stuffed all day, and drive your foes from the polls, and seize the boxes at sunset, and count the votes in favor of your delegates to the Convention.

Peter—Will you be true?

Jack—As money to the poor man.

Peter—Then awake the boys, and let them all come quickly, and get some stuff.

Jack (Scampers to the market)—Get up, you lazy drunken thieves, and run for your lives to Peter Cooper's, and get some precious stuff. (They all spring from the butcher stalls, and run like bloodhounds for Peter's groggery.)

Jack—Here we are, Peter.

Peter—So I perceive. (They all slyly smile and wink, and screw their expressive mouths.)

Jack—Shall I help the boys to some grog, Peter, while you are counting out our primary wages?

Peter—O yes, but don't give them too stiff a horn, Jack, as I fear they will all get dead drunk before sundown, and then I'll surely be defeated, as the hardest fighting will be after the poles are closed. So, boys, please drink moderately until the election is over, and fight like bull dogs till the result is declared, and then, if I am the conqueror, you can all get drunk on my toddy for a week or month.

Jack—That's the talk. Them's our views, an't they, boys?

All (drinking)—Well—they are.

Peter—There, Jack, there's your share, and now you divide the balance among your honest and noble companions.

Jack—Boys—do you hear the compliments of our candidate?

All—Well—we do, and he is a man of his word, and we'll put him through.

Jack—(Putting all the money in his pocket)—Scissors! boys! Look down the Bowery! There come, on the full jump, about forty bullies with Ned, the murderer, at their head, screaming and beckoning his bloody gang to follow him.

Peter—O God! Stand by me, friends, or I'll be murdered before the polls open. For Ned threatened to kill me yesterday, if I didn't withdraw my name as a candidate. So, don't let him and his desperate band murder me. For I'm sure they will, if you abandon me. O dear! Do stand by me, brave young gentlemen! Won't you? Please do? (He begins to cry.)

Jack—Here they come, and they are armed with clubs, knives and pistols.

Peter—O Lordy! (And he crawls under the counter, and gets behind a rum cask, and is as quiet as a young rat.)

Ned (bursting through the door, and his cronies smashing the windows)—I understand you stuffed the ballot-box last night for Peter Cooper, and intend to carry the election to-day, by spurious ballots already deposited.

Jack—You are a liar. (They close, and Ned throws Jack, and mauls him awfully.)

Ned—Go in, boys, and give no quarter, and drag Peter Cooper from behind the rum cask, under the bar, and give him a dreadful flogging, for not withdrawing in favor of my candidate.

Peter—O spare me, Ned, spare me, and I'll withdraw from the field.

Ned—Shut up, Snarlyow. Give it to him, boys, and knock his teeth down his throat, and make his nose as red as his crimes, and his eyes as black as his heart. Hit him again, and avenge his robbery of his poor old Aunt.

Peter—O spare me, kind gentlemen, and I'll give you all the rum I've got in the bar, and down cellar, too.

Ned—Close your jaws, Shylock. Your time is come. (Jack now rallies, and a bloody collision ensues, and two are stabbed, and one shot, and Peter is terribly beaten, and thrown into the cellar, but soon crawls up stairs, and Peter's friends fly for their lives.)

Peter—(sitting on a rum cask, with his nostrils blocked with coagulated blood, and his face mashed to a jelly, and Ned and his bullies drinking, laughing, singing, and dancing)—O dear me, I wish somebody would come and relieve me from the clutches of these awful men.

Ned—(throwing a glass of rum in the face of Peter)—No impudence, Peter. Another insolent word, and I'll skin you. (The Police now rush in, and, after a bloody struggle, arrest Ned and all his followers, and drag them to prison.)

(To be continued.)

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S "ALLIGATOR" CAN BE obtained at all hours, at wholesale and retail, at No. 114 Nassau Street, (Second Story), near Ann Street, New York.

A Precious Fossil.

Mayor Tiemann's trickery and treachery to the Americans thoroughly exposed.

The following CARD was placed in every house and store and workshop in 1848, by direction of Daniel F. Tiemann, and was published in all the newspapers of that memorable period:

"TO THE VOTERS IN THIS HOUSE.

The inclosed Ticket is presented by the American Republican Party, for your suffrage—it is composed exclusively of Americans who have withdrawn from the great contending parties of the day, for the sake of the country and its institutions; their character and standing in the community is well known to be unexceptionable and highly honorable; they have pledged themselves, if elected, to support and carry out the principles of this party, which are as follows, viz:—

1st. We maintain that the Naturalization Laws should be so altered as to require of all Foreigners who may hereafter arrive in this Country, a residence of twenty-one years, before granting them the privilege of the Elective Franchise; but at the same time, we distinctly declare, that it is not our intention to interfere with the vested rights of any citizen, or lay any obstruction in the way of Foreigners obtaining a livelihood or acquiring property in this country; but on the contrary, we would grant them the right to purchase, hold and transfer property, and to enjoy and participate in all the benefits of our country, (except that of voting and holding office,) as soon as they declare their intentions to become citizens.

2d. We advocate the repeal of the present Common School Law, and the re-establishment of the Law, known as the Public School Law.

3d. We maintain that the Bible, without note or comment, is not sectarian—that it is the fountain-head of morality and all good government, and should be used in our Public Schools as a reading Book.

4th. We are opposed to a union of Church and State in any and every form.

5th. We hold that native Americans, only, should be appointed to office, to legislate, administer, or execute the Laws of their own country.

These are our principles—if you like them, we ask your support for the enclosed Ticket. We believe the time has come when we may, with truth, exclaim, "Delay is dangerous." The above principles aim at existing evils,

which have grown to such enormity as to threaten seriously our dearest and most sacred rights. We have waited long and anxiously for some movement from among other parties to check these evils, and we have waited in vain. The only hope that remains, is for Americans to organize a new party, to combat and counteract them. This we have done. The Presidential question we have nothing to do with.—We invite you to our Standard: it is raised in the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty, and no true American can fight against it. It is the same Banner that was raised by Americans in '76.

DANIEL F. TIEMANN, *President.*

J. B. DENNIS, *Secretary.*

New York, November 1, 1843."

This will do pretty well for a man whose father is a Holland Dutchman, and cannot now speak the American language so as to be easily understood,—who is appointing the ejected garroters of European Capitals, to the most lucrative and honorable positions, while poor and honest and intelligent Americans (for whom he professed such boundless love in 1843,) are haughtily denied the humblest appointments in his gift,—who has toiled with sleepless vigilance,—since his recent election as Mayor by the Americans,—to reinstate the odious George W. Matsell, and who has, after an arduous struggle, succeeded in effecting the reappointment of Captain Leonard, a Canadian, and of Captain Dowling, an Irishman, (both of whose naturalization papers I would like to see, or the man who has seen them,) who were smuggled back to their old quarters by Cooper, Gerard, Tiemann, Bowen, and Stranahan, to cut the throat of Seward, and to diffuse poison through the Police Department, and to re-create the perjured carcass of Matsell on the ruins of Tallmadge and Wm. Curtis Noyes, his noble son-in-law. Tiemann aspires to the honors of a Governor, and himself and his brother Edward Cooper, (the Street Commissioner, and the own son of Peter Cooper,) are appointing all the ruffians of both hemispheres to office, to effect the nomination and election of Tiemann as Governor of the Empire State. But Peter, and Daniel, and Edward will be foiled. No man can attain the distinguished honors of America, who prostitutes his own integrity and that of his fellow citizens, to effect his ungodly designs. Aaron Burr and other ambitious rogues tried that experiment, and they were resisted and foiled by the God who loves and protects our beloved America, and they went down to ignominious graves, whose ashes will be loathed and trampled by a thousand generations. Mayor Tiemann is a ninny and a hypocrite—has basely disowned his native Holland skies—has never been naturalized—bamboozled the Americans in 1843 and 1857—loves neither American nor foreigner, nor his God—but adores himself and Peter Cooper, and fears George W. Matsell and his Matron Mistress on Randall's Island, whom he forced and nearly strangled, while he committed a deed of hell, in the violation of her person, for which, in any city of Europe, he would be dragged to a dungeon or the block, and perhaps torn to pieces in the market place, by the indignant and phrensied populace.

Editorial Career of James Gordon Bennett.

JOHN KELLY'S HOME.

Enter John in tears.

John's Mother—Well, dear Johnny, why do you cry so hard? Where on earth did you come from? Have you been fighting, and did you act the coward, and get whipped, and run home? Speak, my darling boy, and speak quickly, so that your dear mother can sympathise with you.

John—(still crying)—Dear mother, my heart is so full of woe, that I cannot speak.

Mother—(begins to cry)—O, God! I fear something awful has happened to my adored son, and that he is injured internally, and will soon die. (Falls on her knees, and clasps her hands, and wails in piteous tones, and implores God to spare her son.)

John—(seizing her)—Don't cry, dear mother, my heart, not my form, is bruised.

Mother—And who bruised your big heart? Did a ruffian throw a stone, or kick you, or strike your heart with his fist? O tell me quickly, so that I can fell him to the earth.

John—Neither, good mother, neither. I spoke figuratively, when I said my heart was bruised.

Mother—And an't figures facts? How strangely you talk, dear Johnny. Did not your old mother go to school, and did she not cipher as far as Distraction? And when you say your poor heart is bruised figuratively, you talk from the Rule of Distraction, don't you? Mr. Daboll used to say so, before you was born. Go to, my son, go to, for your old mother is not so far distracted as not to understand figures as far as Distraction.

Father (just emerging from a profound nap)—What is all this row about?

Mother—Some rowdy has bruised Johnny's heart.

Father—Where is my hat? I'll pursue the rascal.

John—Hold, father, hold, and you, mother, please calm your nerves, and listen to my brief but plaintive story.

Father—Go on, dear son.

Mother—And we will judge impartially.

John—I have left Mr. Bennett.

Mother—Good Lord! For what?

John—Because he wanted me to tell lies.

Mother—(falling)—O God! O God! We are hungry and nearly naked, and may soon be houseless, but thou hast blessed us with an honest boy, which is a far more precious boon than food and raiment and shelter. (And she utters a long and fervent and grateful prayer to God, for the unwavering integrity of her beloved son, while Johnny and his father weep aloud on their bended knees.)

Father (the distracted mother still prostrate on the floor)—John: Did Mr. Bennett pay you what he owed you?

John—He offered to, but I would not take it.

Father—Why?

John—Because I thought he got it dishonestly, as he wanted me to tell lies.

Father—My landlord was here to day, and I told him I expected some money from Mr. Bennett for your services, and he will be here this evening, for his rent, and I fear he will turn us into the street, when I tell him that I cannot pay him.

John—I am very sorry, father, that you will be cast into the street, on my account. (The father weeps, and the mother springs to her feet, and kisses Johnny, and swears that if the landlord attempts to drive them into the open air, she will dash his brains out.)

John (putting on his hat, and with one hand on the latch)—Don't cry, dear father and mother, nor be excited and unhappy in my brief absence.

Mother—Where are you going, Johnny?

John—I am going round to the fire engine house, to see a noble young fireman, who is a warm friend of mine, and whose father is very rich, and I am sure he will cry when I tell him that my poor old father and mother are sick and hungry, and are about to be thrust into the street.

Mother (on the verge of despair)—Tell him our mournful story, Johnny, but do not beg. No, my Johnny, for God's sake, don't beg. Let us all die before we implore alms. Your

mother is too prond to have her son descend to that. Don't beg, Johnny, don't beg, I implore you. It is my last prayer to my dear son.

John—I could not beg, mother. I would die before I would thus degrade myself and noble parents, who have seen fairer days than these. Besides, my friend is humane, and so are his parents, and I am sure I will not have to beg him to relieve us. It will be sufficient for him to learn of our destitution, and that we became utterly poor, because I would not tell lies for James Gordon Bennett.

Father—Go, my son, to your young fireman friend, and tell your story in your own way. I'm sure you will never degrade your father and mother, after your refusal to lie for Mr. Bennett.

Mother—Go, Johnny, and soon return to your distracted parents, and let them know their fate.

John (kissing his mother, and warmly pressing his father's hand)—Good bye, father and mother, and I'll soon bring you pleasing news, and a deliverance from abject penury. (He goes.)

Evening—Enter Landlord.

Landlord—Well, Mr. Kelly, have you got my rent?

Mr. Kelly—No, sir. My son has left Mr. Bennett, because he wanted him to tell lies.

Landlord—For what?

Mr. Kelly—Because he wanted him to lie.

Landlord—What a fool your son must be.

Mrs. Kelly—Don't you call my son a fool, sir. God loved George Washington because he would not lie, and made him the Liberator of his country.

Landlord—That's all gammon. Washington was an old Federalist, and an old knave and fool, and could swear and lie as hard as a delinquent tenant.

Mrs. Kelly (throws the tea pot, full of scalding water, at his head)—Take that, you miserable old tory and miser. (The landlord rushes upon Mrs. Kelly, when Mr. Kelly, forgetting his rheumatic leg, flies at him like a tiger, and while they grapple, and level their deadly blows, with Mrs. Kelly pouring hot water down the neck and back of the landlord—in comes John, and his young fireman friend, who both seize the landlord, and hurl him down stairs, and kick him into the street, amid the frantic yells of all the neighbors. John then introduces the young New York Fireman to his father and mother, who receive him with courtesy and fervor.)

(To be continued.)

Fools.

Bennett and Hindson (through their influence with the wholesale news dealers,) supposed they could check the circulation of the "ALLIGATOR," among the honest masses, who have been kicked and cuffed and sold by the Bennett's, and Greeley's, and Raymond's, since the immortal Pudding Dinner of Benjamin Franklin, to the wicked aristocracy and Tories of Philadelphia, who threatened to crush Franklin's bold and independent Journal, but who got egregiously mistaken. Stop my "ALLIGATOR!" Eh? You could as easily dam the thundering torrents of Niagara, that have sublimely rolled into their rocky beds for unnumbered ages. Withhold my "ALLIGATOR" from the glad embraces of the intelligent and industrial classes! Eh? First strive to roll back the Father of Waters to its sources in the mountain wilderness, or beat back the God of Day, or stop the Revolutions of the Globe! Stop my "ALLIGATOR!" Eh? Fools, fools, fools!

I have received the first number of "The Fact," whose editors are Wm. B. Smith and D. A. Casserley. It is about the size of the "ALLIGATOR," and full of interesting matter. I hope it will be liberally patronised.

STEPHENS H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 14.]

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

Conference of Methodists.

The miser Harpers still Harping on the Dimes—The self-degradation and downfall of the Harpers, who "played on the Harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfic!"

John Harper—Brothers: These are desperate times.

Wesley Harper—Yes, and something must soon be done, or we must again suspend.

Fletcher Harper—That's so.

Evil Genius—Go ahead!

Good Genius—Beware!

Jack—Our stock in the *Courier and Enquirer* don't pay. We have had the best place and the largest type in the columns of that Journal for 20 years, and I tell you, brothers, it don't pay. While young *Fletcher* had stock in the *Times*, we had the best place, and the biggest type, but you all know it didn't pay. Nor do any of the public journals yield a fair return for our enormous advertising investments.

Jim—*Jack*: What in the devil are you driving at? Upon my soul, you positively alarm me. Why, I declare, I never saw your eyes roll so, nor your jaws close so fiercely, nor your fist fall so heavily on your knee. Now, for the Lord's sake, do disclose, in common parlance, what you mean by your mysterious declamation. (*Wesley* takes out his pen knife, and cuts his nails, and *Fletcher* takes a fresh end of tobacco, and crosses his legs.)

Jack—I have had an interview with *James Gordon Bennett*.

Jim—*Fletcher*: Hand me that fan. *Wes*: Please open the window. *Sam*: Bring me a glass of ice water. Now, *Jack*, proceed.

Jack—*Bennett* spoke of other days, and inquired after our health.

Jim—Whose health?

Jack—Mine and yours.

Jim—What the devil did he mean by that? My health is always good. I never had the rheumatism or gout, like you, *Jack*. What did the old reprobate mean by inquiring about my health? I'll thank him to mind his own business.

Jack—*Jim*: Listen: For thirty years, you have imposed on me the financial department of our vast establishment, until I have racked my brain, and nearly worn myself into the grave, and I am pursued in my old age, by our creditors, as never before. True, we recently resumed payment, but we know that we did that for effect, and before we were fairly out of the woods. I tell you, brothers,

we are in a very critical condition. People want bread, instead of books and papers, in these days of famine and commercial desolation. Now, brothers, I am desperate, and I favor a resort to desperate measures, to save the credit of our House.

Jim—I think I smell a skunk. To save our pecuniary credit, you would sacrifice our honor. Talk out, *Jack*, for I too am growing desperate, when the scuffle is between credit and honor, and I will die in defence of the latter.

Jack—Is not our *Weekly* declining, and our *Monthly* rapidly decaying, and our general business nearly paralysed. Must we not pay our notes? And how can we do that, unless we adopt the course of *Bonner*, who is devouring all the publishers of the civilised world. Now, *Jim*, it is very pleasant for you to sit here two or three hours every day, and talk about temperance, (and take a glass on the sly occasionally,) and praise Methodism, (and go to the Theatre, and some other very curious places of amusement,) and hold political meetings in our counting room, which you fill daily with a gang of seedy political vagabonds, who once, (with the aid of Divine Providence, and Methodists, and *Daniel F. Tiemann*, and *Peter Cooper*, and *Judge Sidney Stewart*, and the politicians of the Second, Sixth, and Eleventh Wards,) set a ball in motion, that elected you Mayor of New York, from which you did not make a cent, and did not add a cipher to your private fortune,—I say, all this is mighty pleasant for you, but not for me, as the entire financial department of our immense establishment has ever been on my shoulders, and I am getting very old, and I now am about to change our tactics, or we are forever lost.

Jim—Go on, *Jack*—go on. But stop a moment. *Fletcher*: Just open the desk, and pass me the bottle of brandy. (Takes a stiff horn.) Now, *Jack*, go on, for I am prepared for anything.

Jack—I told *Bennett* that I thought of publishing his biography favorably in our *Weekly*.

Jim—And what did the old devil say to that?

Jack—His eyes brightened and glistened with perfect delight, and he said it was a darn fine idea.

Jim—*Wes*: Do you hear all this?

Wes—O yes: I was with brother *John*, at the interview with *Bennett* and *Hudson*, at the *Herald* Office.

Jim—And *Fletcher*: What have you to say?

Fletcher—I was there, too.

Jim—Here, *Ike*, run for your life to the

Apothecary, and get me some Camphor and Assafetida. *Sam*: Bring me a lump of ice, and hold it on my head. My blood rushes with great violence to my brain. *Fletcher*: Just pass the brandy bottle this way once more. O my God, my good brothers, I fear you will be the death of your brother *James*. I never thought we would come to this. *John* is nearly seventy years old, and I am on the winter side of sixty, and *Wesley* is sixty, and *Fletcher* is nearly sixty, and after a long life of toil, and the preservation of our business honor, and with children and grandchildren soon to fill our places on the field of action, it is now proposed to prostrate ourselves at the feet of a man, who has led a life of infamy from his youth to the present hour, and who has pursued to the grave many a virtuous and timid female, and many a noble merchant, who were so unfortunate as to get in his wicked clutches. O, brothers, I had rather starve, than succumb to *Bennett*, who has abused us all our days. We can survive our present misfortunes, without disgracing our *Weekly* with the panegyric of *James Gordon Bennett*, which will injure our respectable family journal more than we shall realise from our advertisements and all the puff we can squeeze from *Bennett*. There's my private fortune. Take it, and I will gladly return to a one story dwelling, and to utter penury, before I will sacrifice my self-respect, and my honor, to such a monster as *James Gordon Bennett*.

Jack—Myself, and *Wesley*, and *Fletcher*, have long considered this, and we are unchangeable, as we deem it our only means of salvation. It is incontrovertibly true, that *Bennett* has the largest circulation of any paper in America, and if he will permit us to advertise, and puff us like *Bonner*, why, I am willing to make any sacrifice.

Jim—I perceive the old liar has been as quiet as a mouse about his prodigious circulation, since he had to swear in the *Carr* libel case, that his circulation was only about 50,000. The old scamp, just prior to his oath, declared that his circulation was nearly 100,000. Once a liar, always a liar, is my motto, and I don't believe the *Herald's* circulation is as large as that of the *Sun*, which is conducted by *Moses S. Beach*, who is an honest man, and a true Christian, and a meritorious gentleman.

Jack—Say what you will, *Jim*.—*Wes*, and *Fletcher*, and myself are resolved to extend our hands to *Bennett* in terms of the warmest friendship.

Jim—Well, brothers, you are three to one, and as ours are democratic institutions—that

is, as the country we have adopted, is democratic (for some of us are of English birth, and the rest of us had a very narrow escape, although the world is ignorant of the fact)—I say, that as you are all against my judgment in this matter, and as I don't like to leave you in my old age, why, I shall very reluctantly, and in tears—as you see—(he cries) consent to sell ourselves to James Gordon Bennett, whom I have always regarded as the incarnation of a lie, and of the devil. And now, brothers, I am prepared to go to the *Herald* Office, and for your sake, affectionately press Bennett's hand in hypocrisy, and publish his biography, in our *Weekly*, daubed all over with whitewash, and without any severity of allusion to Helen Jewett, or Grinnell, or any of his black mail victims, or the numerous males and females whose early graves he dug. And now I'll take another copious draught of brandy, and then I'm ready for our degradation, and for the first step in the eternal downfall of the Harpers, who have preserved their business honor all over the world, until this evil and melancholy hour. Now, brothers, come on, and I'm ready to face Bennett and the devil himself, and kiss their toes, if it is your behest. (They all go to the *Herald* Office, two abreast, with their numerous posterity, three abreast, in the rear, young *Fletcher* leading the younger tribes, with a *Weekly* and *Monthly* in either hand, to show Mr. Bennett as a sample.)

(To be continued.)

Randall's Island.

The evening sun gilds the trees and spires—
The lily and rosy and classic Mistress on her couch reclining.

ENTER GOVERNOR DANIEL F. TIEMANN.
Amorous Dan—Good evening, my pretty VIOLET.
Violet—A warm salute to my kind protector.

Dan—Has Governor Simeon Draper been here to-day?

Violet—Yes, and Governor Bell. Simeon forced a dozen kisses from my lips and cheeks.

Dan—O, the scamp! (Sits by her side, and sips luscious fragrance from her cherry and rosy lips, while she archly reclines on the sofa that he purchased for her)—Sim is a bold villain. Did he seek more than a kiss?

Violet—He again strove hard to ravish me.

Dan—But you foiled him?

Violet—I did.

Dan—O, my love, let me reward thee with these grateful lips. (Kisses her twenty times in rapid succession.)

Violet—O, dearest, I fear you will smother me with gratitude. Do not strangle me with such emblems of affection.

Dan—I love thee too fervently, my charming Violet.

Violet—I'm sorry you have a family.

Dan—And so am I, my fair one. But neither kin nor stranger shall blight our sweet relations. Thou art all to me. Without thee, I am most desolate.

Violet—I fear Simeon Draper will mar our happy destiny.

Dan—Why?

Violet—Because he loves me.

Dan—His love is of a lustful nature, while mine is from the purest rivulets of the heart.

Violet—I know you adore my spirit, while he only loves my form.

Dan—And dost thou avow so much? O, breathe those sweet tones again.

Violet—Shall I sing them, dearest?

Dan—O what bliss is this! Sing, O sing, my beauteous Violet, and entrance my heart with thy celestial music.

Violet sings—For many a day,
With doubtful ray,
I gazed for thee,
O'er lea and sea:

And from my heart,
Thou ne'er shalt part,
So dear to me,
Thy love will be.
So on my bed,
Repose thy head,
And from my lip
Choice honey sip.
Dan—O my! and O thy!
I will ever try
To please thy fair eye,
So happy am I.
Violet—Come, O come with me,
And most happy be.
Dan—O, O, O!

(They retire for the night.)

MORNING TWILIGHT.

Dan—Dear Violet, if Sim comes to day, and strives to coerce you, scream to the peak of your lungs, and terrify and threaten to expose him. I love you so devoutly, that I cannot live if he continues to molest you. I have already expelled your *Friend* from the Island. My affection for my fair Violet has the intensity of Othello's for Desdemona, ere Iago maddened the honest Moor with fatal jealousy.

Violet—Simeon Draper threatens to have me suspended. He got me my situation as Matron, and as he has been a Governor much longer than you, and as himself and Richard B. Connolly have long controlled the Island, had I not better be a little familiar with Simeon, so that I will not arouse his wrath to such intensity as to peril my situation as Matron? Please view these matters with discretion, my noble Daniel.

Dan—I can't consider them for a moment. Draper may be powerful, but he has not the might and wealth of the Tiemanns and Coopers. So, don't be alarmed, dear Violet. Myself and Peter Cooper can protect you against the world. When did Simeon threaten to suspend you?

Violet—Yesterday.

Dan—Did he assign the cause?

Violet—Because he thinks I love you better than him.

Dan—How did he learn my intimacy with you?

Violet—When you came to see me last week, he was sitting on the sofa with me, while you knocked at the door.

Dan—Good gracious! And where did he go when I entered?

Violet—He ran into the bed room, and got under the bed.

Dan—Thunder and lightning! O, if I had only caught him. And why did you not tell me, my constant Violet?

Violet—Because I feared you would kill him.

Dan—You were right, and exercised great prudence, and probably saved his life, as I might have slain him. (Paces the room in great agitation.) Gods! I feel murderous! When do you again expect him?

Violet—Never, as he emerged from under the bed in great anger, after you left, and cursed me long and fearfully, for keeping him under the bed so long, while you were permitted to enjoy the beauties of my person.

Dan—What did he threaten when he left?

Violet—To have me suspended immediately.

Dan—I dare him to make the attempt. I would spend my last dollar to have you reinstated. And I will instantly depart for the city, and put wires in motion that will paralyze his wicked purpose.

Violet—I fear you are too late, as he left in a desperate rage, and has probably decapitated my Matron head already.

Dan—I, too, am in a furious rage, and I am resolved to defeat his unhallowed project. So, a sweet adieu, my lovely Violet, and when we meet again, we'll embrace and entwine our forms and hearts with unwonted hilarity and fervor.

Violet—(Weeping). Good-by, sir.

Dan—And why do you weep, my fair and gentle lady? Have I offended thee, sweet angel?

Violet—No, but you were going to leave me without your wonted kiss.

Dan—O, my pretty and tender Violet, do forgive my cruel mental absence. For my distracted mind was riveted on Simeon's plots to destroy you. So, there, (kissing her), and there, and there, and—

Violet—That will suffice. I fear your enthusiastic and endless kisses will again threaten me with strangulation. O, Daniel! Daniel! thou art a dear and fervent lover, and I do hope you will return to-morrow, and pass the night with thy devoted, and pensive, and lonely Violet!

Dan—I will—I will:

And now a very brief adieu,
While I Sim Draper do pursue.

(He goes towards the shore, and she fastens her tearful eyes on his prancing form, until it fades from her dismal view, and she retires to her lonely apartment, and weeps like the wretched Niobe.)

(To be continued.)

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S "ALLIGATOR" CAN BE obtained at all hours, at wholesale and retail, at No. 114 Nassau Street, (Second Story), near Ann Street, New York.

My Indictment for Libel.

When I was a little boy, a classic youth passed me, on a bright summer day, in Westminster street, in Providence, Rhode Island, whose name was Sylvester S. Southworth. His cheeks were so rosy, and his form so beautiful, and his face so graceful, that I paused and gazed until he descended my farthest horizon. In later years, I formed his acquaintance, and he became my friend, and in all my vicissitudes, he has evinced the fidelity of an affectionate brother. When William Tell was about to hurl an arrow at the temples of his child, he inquired, in the presence of Gesler: "Have I a friend here?" when a brave youth leaped forth, and exclaimed: "Yes, Tell, you have," which thrilled the populace with delight, and made Gesler tremble. On Wednesday last, when in custody of the Sheriff, and in pursuit of bail, I looked in the direction of Heaven, and I could see a friend there, in the spirit of my lamented Father, but in the cheerless pavement, and in the cold faces of the multitude, I could discern no friend, and my poor heart was bereft of its wonted buoyancy. But when Mr. Joyce, the kind hearted Sheriff, accompanied me to the editorial room of Sylvester S. Southworth, of the *New York Mercury*, and I inquired: "Have I a friend here?" he sprang and seized my hands, and exclaimed: "Yes, Branch, you have," and he became my bail, and my heart bounded from the gloom of a dungeon, to the liberty of a mountain. For twenty years, I have gratuitously written for the public journals of New York. For seven years, I wrote the Reports of Alfred Carson, against Municipal thieves, including Mayor Tiemann, who was then an Alderman. For two years, I pursued George W. Matsell, Richard B. Connolly, George H. Purser, and other perjured aliens. What I have suffered through severe toil and illness and penury, in my pursuit of public plunderers, and unnaturalized

aliens, no inspired mind can ever truly describe. For three months past, I have exposed such bogus philanthropists and public thieves and rakes as Peter Cooper and Mayor Tiemann and Simeon Draper. And I most solemnly swear, that I will never cease my exposition of public robbers and villains of every grade, until the arrow of death penetrates the core of my heart. The Press and the People may conspire against me, and a Jury may soon consign me to the solitude of a dungeon, but while I enjoy the blessings of liberty, I will hurl shafts of political death at such monsters as Cooper and Tiemann and Draper, who have bamboozled and plundered the people for thirty successive years. So, come on, ye incarnate demons, and (through power and gold and bribes, and packed juries, and your official vassals and ruffians,) drag your victim to a prison or the scaffold, but God has erected a wall between you and my soul, that the sabres and bullets and verdicts of your hired assassins can never penetrate.

Pirates on the Captive and Pauper and Crazy Islands.

Gov. Anderson recently officially declared, that Gov. Isaac J. Oliver was a public robber. So that we have plunderers and Mistresses and Rakes on Randall's and the adjacent isles. I thought I felt the shock of an earthquake last night. O God! thou art most forbearing, to spare the Tiemanns and Olivers so long. And if one of Thy most awful physical visitations should level the habitations of these two wicked men, do, O do spare their spotless wives and precious little ones. Read, citizens, read, and go home at sunset, and bar your doors, and do not permit your wives and lovely daughters to leave your presence, after the first pretty little star appears. And warn them to beware of the Tiemanns and Olivers, when they cross their path, as poison and death are in their gaze, and amorous and thievish motions.

From the New York Tribune of July 7.

"An Episode—How Contracts are Awarded—In the course of a controversy about the iron work of the Island Hospital, some remarks passed between Messrs. Oliver and Anderson more piquant than polite. Gov. Anderson said he did not want to hold any intercourse with so corrupt a man. Gov. Oliver would not take any notice of such language, except to hurl it back with scorn in the teeth of the one that uttered it. He dared any one to name a single fact that would show that he was corrupt. Gov. Anderson said that he was guilty of a very corrupt act when, in opening the bids for certain iron work, he endeavored to induce his fellow members on the Committee to give the contract to a man who was not the lowest bidder, more especially as they had since discovered that two of that bidder's tools—one of them his foreman, and the other a Methodist parson in his interest—were among the bidders.

Gov. Oliver said he did not know anything about these two men; the reason he urged that the contract be awarded to his friend was because he liked to serve his friends, as the other Governors did theirs, (here several Governors protested against their names being called in question,) and because the lowest bidder did not do business in the city. Some other words passed between Messrs. Ander-

son and Oliver, evidently very much to the annoyance of the other members of the Board, who kept nervously remonstrating, and tried repeatedly, but in vain, to get the Board to adjourn.

The discussion wound up by Gov. Oliver asserting that if any charges could be brought against his integrity, he hoped they would be referred to a Committee; either he or Gov. Anderson was evidently unfit to sit in the Board.

Gov. Anderson said he was quite willing to refer the matter to a fair Committee, and if he did not substantiate the charge of corruption against Oliver, he would resign, provided that Oliver agreed, in case the charge was proved, to leave the Board.

At this interesting juncture, an indignant demand for adjournment from Gov. Maloney prevailed, and the troubled waters once more resumed their wonted tranquillity.

Subsequently the members opened the bids for the iron work on the Island Hospital. There were six bids, the highest being \$26,875; the lowest, by J. B. & W. W. Cornell, \$18,364."

Gov. Anderson assures me that Oliver is a very corrupt man, and that he will soon give me the evidence of his corruption, which I will publish as soon as I receive it. The firemen will grieve to learn that Gov. Anderson, their faithful Ex-Chief Engineer, is indisposed, and seeks the bracing air of Long Island for his restoration. Anderson and Carson led the firemen long and bravely, and of the million inhabitants around us, there are no two gallant spirits whom I more profoundly revere than Cornelius V. Anderson and Alfred Carson. Both are the soul of chivalry and honor. And may they ever prosper, and be healthy and happy, and be warmly cherished by the firemen and by all good citizens.

From the New York Express of Tuesday last.

"A NOVEL REGATTA.—Last Saturday afternoon, quite a novel exhibition of aquatic skill came off at Blackwell's Island, on the occasion of a boat race, gotten up under the auspices of some of the Governors of the Alms House. The boats are six oared barges used for conveying passengers from the various institutions on the Island to New York. The following were the entries which competed for sweepstakes:

Alms House boat, manned by vagrants, ent. money	\$3
Work House " " paupers, "	5
Penitentiary " " thieves, "	5
Lunatic Asylum " " lunatics, "	5

Sweepstakes, \$20

The race was around Blackwell's Island, a distance of four miles, starting from a stake-boat moored off the Penitentiary wharf. The race was witnessed by the Governors and friends, and a large number of spectators on New York side of the East River. The Work House boat came in victor.

After the race, Governors B. F. Pinckney, P. G. Maloney, and Isaac J. Oliver, with a large number of invited guests, sat down to a jolly good dinner, furnished by order of the Governors, at the Lunatic Asylum. The tables were supplied with every delicacy of the season, with an abundant supply of brandies, wines, champagne, &c. It has been hinted by some malicious persons, that the proceedings at table were worthy of the place where the feast was held."

These cruel and lazy Governors must have looked funny, sprawled on the velvet banks, with public rum and segars in their bladders and jaws, and obscenity and blasphemy in their

filthy mouths, gazing at the unfortunate creatures, (rowing for their lives beneath a burning sun,) whom the public kindly placed under their supervision. What a gang of drones, and thieves, and squanderers, and unblushing scamps! O that Maloney and Pinckney and Oliver could be made to earn, by hard labor, a tithe of the thousands they rifle from the honest and industrious classes.

The HARPERS are dead! They have played their last card, and sung their last lay! Their death was horrible and harrowing to their friends. Read their melancholy and most deplorable Obituary, on the first page of their *Weekly Journal* of July 10, which contains the sprawling likeness of James Gordon Bennett, with a most glorious coat of whitewash over the sweet form of Helen Jewett, and a host of black mail inns and slaughtered victims of his vengeance and cupidity. Read, O read, and behold the price of a puff, and weep over the irrecoverable downfall of the Harpers, including James, the unnaturalized Englishman, who was an American Mayor! O, jokers and thimble riggers! where are you? Appear! appear! appear! and strive to crush your rivals!

All is not sung from pious lung!
Mayor Tiemann is an Episcopalian:

If high or low,
Dam if I know,
Though deeds will show,
As vane the blow.

The Harpers are smooth and quiet Methodists,

And value pence
More than defence
Of sacred Altars,
Or pious paupers.

Gov. Oliver is a rough and noisy Methodist,

And blows wind like a bellows
To many verdant fellows,
While in Pauper contracts,
He seeks Robbers' barracks.

The Police and Public Robbers.

Now that Captains Leonard and Dowling are reinstated, and as new brooms sweep mighty clean, and as they will probably make more arrests and rip up more rascality than their associates during the next two months, I will direct their attention to the tax books, to ascertain the amount of taxes paid by De Forest and Tisdale before they established the Hunter Woodis Society. Also, what their associates paid. Accredited rumor says that all the members of the Hunter Woodis Society were drones and paupers before they began to collect indigent funds for the Hunter Woodis Society, and before they cunningly devised (in connection with Cooper, Tiemann, Gerard, and others) the Calico Balls at the Academy of Music and Crystal Palace. They now have their carriages, (gold and silver mounted,) and fast horses, and elegant mansions, and have even had the silly boldness to open an Ice Cream and Lager Bier Saloon, on a scale of dazzling splendor and unprecedented area, that would fascinate the Frenchman, and bewilder the German, and will astonish the American. So, just examine the tax books, Leonard and Dowling, and give me the startling statistics, and I will publish them. And I'll bet largely in advance, that they were panpers until they stole and appropriated the fascinating and noble name of Woodis, to consummate their unhallowed schemes, to rob the Poor of the Metropolis. "That's all," as Dr. Wallace too often says at the close of his Junius editorials in the *Herald*:

O Doctor, Doctor, Doctor!
You are a funny Proctor!
O De Forest and Tisdale,
You'll soon have worms, and grow pale.
Leonard and Dowling: To your task,
And in my rays, you yet may bask.

STEPHENS & BRANCH'S ALL IN A GATOR.

Volume I.—No. 15.]

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

[Price 2 Cents.

James Gordon Bennett and Fanny Elssler.

FANNY'S PARLOR.

Bennett (Softly knocks)—Fanny, dear, are you in?

Fanny—Who's there?

Bennett—Thy friend.

Fanny—Thy name?

Bennett—James Gordon Bennett.

Funny—Gracious Heaven! (She unlocks the door.)

ENTER BENNETT.

Bennett—Good morning, sweet Fanny.

Funny—A kind salutation to my noble friend.

Bennett—Where's Wyckoff?

Funny—I don't know.

Bennett—Will he return soon?

Funny—I guess not.

Bennett—Then come and sit in my lap.

Funny—I will. (She bounds to Bennett's knees.)

Bennett—Now kiss me.

Funny—There! (Smack! smack! smack! and the last on his lips.)

Bennett—O! how sweet!

Funny (archly)—You don't say!

Bennett—Yes, I do.

Funny—And so do I.

Bennett—Then give me another cluster of kisses.

Funny—I'll give you a dozen or a hundred, if you will only puff me well, and fill the theatre every night.

Bennett—Have I not puffed you well, my darling?

Funny—W-e-l-l-y-e-s. Wyckoff says I am increasing my popularity every day. And now if you will only continue to puff me, my dear Mr. Bennett, I will hug and kiss you, and love you ever so dearly. And do you know that I intend to give your beautiful wife some precious jewels?

Bennett—Wyckoff said you contemplated a splendid donation to my fair lady.

Funny—O yes, dear Mr. Bennett, the jewels are all purchased, and your dear wife shall have them soon.

Bennett—Hush! fair creature! Don't talk so loudly. Is the door locked? I hear footsteps. Some one ascends the stairs. If you are seen in my lap, old Mordecai M. Noah will get hold of it, and put it in his Candle Lectures, which bite me terribly.

Funny—The door is locked, and you need not be afraid, as it is only the servant coming to bring me some wine and water, and to dust my parlor.

Bennett—Well, give me one more fervent kiss, and let in the servant, and I will depart, and return soon, unless you expect Wyckoff. It won't do for us both to be here at the same time, you know, eh?

Funny—I hardly think it will, although I love you both.

Servant—(Knocks.)

Funny—Busy! (Servant goes down stairs.)

Bennett—Which do you love best—me or Wyckoff?

Funny—I love you the best, dear Mr. Bennett. Most people call Wyckoff the handsomest, but I think you are the prettiest man I ever saw. Your voice is so sweet, and your complexion so fair, and your features so Grecian, and your smile so lovely, and your heart so kind, and your figure so commanding, and your eyes so expressive of a large humanity. O, Mr. Bennett, I most dearly love you, and now I desire to know if you love me, and how much? And before you tell me, there's another luscious kiss on your fragrant lips. And now, dear friend, do tell me how much you love your grateful and affectionate Fanny?

Bennett—O, I love you most ardently, and I have a mind to give Wyckoff a touch of the Italian, and marry you, and hide ourselves in some deep mountain glen of my beloved Scotland.

Funny—O, if you would only do all that.

Bennett—What! kill Wyckoff, and marry you, and desert my devoted wife and child?

Funny—To be sure. Did you not say you would?

Bennett—O Heaven! Fanny! I am very nervous. Your extraordinary fascinations will ruin me, and I must fly.

Funny—Whither?

Bennett—To my office.

Funny—What! Haven't you the pluck to kill Wyckoff, and marry me, and all my jewels, and the vast possessions I have acquired through my grace and agility?

Bennett—Darn it, Fanny, no more to-day. Give me a parting kiss, and I will go, and we will resume this delightful theme to-morrow, when Wyckoff is promenading Broadway, or arranging your affairs at the Theatre and the printing offices. So, good-by, my adored Fanny—farewell, my precious solace and incomparable divinity.

Funny—A fond adieu, my charming admirer. Come again to-morrow, or I shall die. (She cries like a female Crocodile.)

Bennett—Farewell.

Funny—Farewell—my benefactor. O farewell!

(He goes, and Fanny leaps, and dances, and

laughs, and screams, and wildly rejoices over his departure.)

The reader must now imagine the lapse of many years.

BENNETT'S OFFICE.

Bennett—Mr. Hudson, don't let Ross & Tousey have any more *Heralds* for their country agents.

Hudson—Why?

Bennett—Because I learn that they have got all my little private arrangements with Fanny Elssler stereotyped, and intend to publish my connection and black mail operations with Elssler and Wyckoff, which will mortify me extremely, and forever degrade me in the eyes of the people, and of my wife and children.

Hudson—I will see that Ross & Tousey obtain no more *Heralds*.

Bennett—Give the order immediately, to expel Ross & Tousey forever from our establishment.

Hudson—I will. (Rings the bell.)

ENTER PAPER SUPERINTENDENT.

Superintendent—What is your desire, Mr. Hudson?

Hudson—Let Ross & Tousey have no more *Heralds*. They have offended Mr. Bennett.

Superintendent—Is it possible? I'll see that they get no more *Heralds*. (He goes.)

(*Hudson goes to Bennett's private room.*)

Hudson—I have given your order, and it will be instantly obeyed.

Bennett—That will suffice. (Hudson retires.)

(To be continued.)

Richard B. Connolly and other Conspirators against my Liberty.

In 1855, Richard B. Connolly said he would give me a clerkship in the County Clerk's Office, if I would not expose his unnaturalized alienage. I declined his infamous proposition. He then got Alderman John Kelly to read a letter to the Board of Aldermen, declaring that he was born in Ireland, and first landed in Philadelphia, where he got naturalized in Independence Hall, and that he valued the frame that contained the evidences of his naturalization, more than any piece of furniture in his house, and invited all to call at his residence, and behold its graceful suspension on his parlor wall. I called, and his wife assured me that her husband was absent, and that his naturalization papers were in a trunk, and that he had got the key. Alderman John H. Briggs called, when Connolly was at home, but he was not permitted to see the evidences of his naturalization. Other citizens, and many of Con-

nolly's most intimate friends called and desired to see his naturalization papers, but he declined to show them. I then went to Philadelphia, and got certificates from the clerks of all the Courts, that Richard B. Connolly, of Ireland, was never naturalized in the Philadelphia Courts, and I returned, and published the results of my visit to Philadelphia in the *New York Times*, and other journals, and also stated that Connolly strove to bribe me not to expose his alienage. At the election of County Clerk, which followed these events, Connolly did not vote, and when taunted with his refusal to vote by his adversaries, he excused himself on the ground that he had bet largely on several candidates, and dared not vote. This was the very small aperture through which he crawled. And this is the scamp who is to impannel the jury by which I am soon to be tried for the alleged libel of Tiemann and Cooper and Connolly's most sacred friend, Simeon Draper, with whom he was long a clerk, and with whom he has been connected in schemes of plunder and political villainy for nearly a quarter of a century. From Connolly's notorious character as a sly and cunning and treacherous rascal, and Jury Packer, and ballot stuffer, and public robber, I have every reason to believe that he will pack the jury that will try me. And he has four powerful motives for packing my jury, and sending me to Blackwell's Island: And firstly, to avenge my exposure of his perjured alienage, and secondly, to prove his fidelity to his old friend, Simeon Draper, and thirdly, to win the favor of Tiemann and Cooper, and secure their support of him as Comptroller, and fourthly, to incarcerate me while he seeks his nomination and election as Comptroller, so that I cannot expose his perjured alienage and nefarious crimes, during his efforts to obtain an office, which will enable him to steal millions from the Treasury, and thus rob the toiling millions of their bread and raiment and shelter from the pitiless elements, and drive many a lovely virgin, of sick and indigent parents, to the horrors of prostitution. In 1852, he was almost penniless, but now he is worth a million of dollars, which he has stolen directly from the pockets of the honest and laborious classes, for whom he professes exhaustless love. With the Mayor and nearly all the Executive Departments, and Connolly, Draper, Sickles, Hart, and the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Tribune*, and other journals, and Peter Cooper, and Ex-Mayor Kingsland, and other millionaires against me, it seems almost impossible to escape a sojourn at Blackwell's Island, but I have confidence in God and truth and justice, and I defy all the powers of earth to vanquish my soul. And I most fervently thank the Great Disposer of Events, that if I am consigned to a felon's cell, it will not be for robbing the friendless multitudes, like such thieves as Tiemann, Cooper, Draper, and Connolly, who may not be incarcerated and tortured for their deeds of villainy while living, although a terrible retribution awaits them beyond the grave. Stephen, of old, was stoned for his virtues, and Socrates poisoned, and the Saviour crucified, and a poor, humble, and friendless being like me, may be imprisoned, and forced to die in a dungeon, for exposing the public robbers of the present generation. But I will not murmur at the terrible ordeal through which I am about to pass. For my fidelity to the people, I may lose my liberty. Be it so. And when the public thieves have consigned me to a lonely and dreary cell, and my frail form slowly wastes away, and I am forever gone, my absent soul will only crave a humble mound, and the tears of the virtuous, to bless and fertilise the pretty flowers that prance over my grassy hillock, in the mild summer perfume.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S "ALLIGATOR" CAN BE obtained at all hours, at wholesale and retail, at No. 114 Nassau Street, (Second Story), near Ann Street, New York.

My Trial.

Mr. Sedgwick informs me that I will be tried on the first Monday in August. I shall be ready, and I dare Mayor Tiemann to meet me on that memorable day. It grieves me to know that my witnesses will overwhelm him with disgrace, because his wife and children will be degraded through all their posterity. But for Tiemann, and Peter Cooper, and Edward Cooper, I have no sympathy, because they have been recreant to the people, in their appointment of thieves and assassins to the most lucrative and honorable offices. Daniel F. Tiemann has been a hypocrite and a public thief, since he was Alderman in 1838. Peter Cooper has been a public plunderer since he was Alderman in 1828, and a heartless miser through all his days; and Daniel and Peter are training young Edward to imitate their pernicious example. Peter Cooper is the father of illegitimate children, who reside in the vicinity of his Glue Factory, at Bushwick, and Daniel F. Tiemann has long kept a mistress on Randall's Island, and committed other deeds of hell, as I will prove on the first Monday in August. Let there be no postponement of the trial, as I yearn for a conflict, that will consign the foes of the people to undying infamy.

National Degeneration!

What a consummate band of scamps wield the destinies of this nation. From President to Treasurer, and Collector, and official Sexton, all is black-mail, fornication, ballot-stuffing, and unblushing robbery. Who can respect a President, who will permit such a villain as James Gordon Bennett to be a guest at his table, and dictate his domestic and foreign appointments, and demand the publication of the "List of Letters" in his chameleon and most infamous Journal, to the exclusion of the *New York Sun*, which has the highest city circulation, and which should publish the Letters according to the Acts of Congress. Did not Bennett first support George Law, and then Fremont, down to the last hour of the election? And did he not traduce Buchanan, as no other man in America? And why does Buchanan kiss the rod that strove to smite him? And why does he permit him to visit the White House, as his most distinguished guest? Is it because he fears he will expose the motive of his intimate relations with Daniel E. Sickles, and give some curious reminiscences of Fanny White's notorious tour in Europe, while Dan was his Private Secretary and flying Minister to Spain? Ostensibly, it was Buchanan's fear of Bennett's hostility to his Kansas views, but in reality, it was his dread of Bennett's disclosure of hellish domestic events, during Fanny White's European pilgrimage, that induced Buchanan to proffer Bennett the freedom of the White House, and that forced him to unite Bennett and Sickles in perpetual friendship. I can show where Bennett squints at Dan and Fan and Buck in the *Herald*, which shook the White House to its deep foundation. Two famous barlots long kept Daniel E. Sickles and Emanuel B. Hart, and the latter lives with a woman now, on the principles of Turkish Free Love. Fanny White kept Sickles until he went to board with a dancing master, whose wife he soon allures from the bed of her husband, and drives him from his own house. He then seduces their daughter, a mere child, who became six month's pregnant. He now fears

the law, and gets Bishop Hughes to marry him to the lovely and youthful creature of his seduction. He then introduces Mayor Ambrose C. Kingsland to his wife's mother, with whom Kingsland has sexual intercourse. He then asks Mayor Kingsland to give him a certificate, that he had been married six months before, to cover the pregnancy of his wife. Kingsland hesitates, when Dan threatens to expose his sexual intercourse with his wife's mother. Kingsland becomes alarmed and gives Dan the marriage certificate, and all is tranquil. When Dan became James Buchanan's Private Secretary, at the Court of St. James, Fanny White visited London, and was very intimate with Buchanan, and Dan gave her passports all over Europe, as Mrs. James Gordon Bennett. Bennett ascertained this, and hence the long and bitter quarrel between Dan and Bennett. Dan got the Hon. John Wheeler to give Fanny White letters of introduction to certain parties at Niagara Falls, as Mrs. James Gordon Bennett. Fanny White now lives in New York, and Dan is still friendly with her, although she is kept by another. Emanuel B. Hart was long kept by Eliza Pratt, who got tired of him, and discarded him. He subsequently took a notorious wanton, named Louise Wallace, from a house of ill-fame, and lives with her now, and introduces her into the first circles of society. Sickles is now a member of Congress, and the most influential man under Buchanan in the White House, and Hart was appointed by Buchanan, Surveyor of the Port of New York, which is considered next in importance to the office of Collector. And yet there are no earthquakes. And the people tamely submit to this monstrous degradation. And these revelations may lead to a scuffle of death between Sickles, Hart, and myself. But if I were sure that my brains were to be strewn upon the pavement, I would disclose to the American people, that their public servants are thieves, and fornicators, and ballot-stuffers, and black-mailers. Public men who will keep vile women, or (what is infinitely more degrading,) be kept and fed and clothed by concubines, like Hart and Sickles, should be exposed and loathed by all virtuous minds. And Buchanan should be more despised than Hart and Sickles, for his known intimacy with them for years, and with Fanny White, and for his appointment of Hart as Surveyor, and for chopping off the heads of a hundred worthy officials, at the instigation of such a notorious rake, and thief, and ballot-stuffer as Daniel E. Sickles. Buchanan fears Sickles, Hart, Bennett, and Fanny White! God of Heaven! How the national morals have degenerated during the present century. At a recent dinner at the White House sat the President, Bennett, Russell, Hart and Sickles. The President sat beside Mrs. Dan Sickles—Bennett sat next to Mrs. Judge Russell—Russell sat alone—Emanuel B. Hart sat next to his Mistress, and Sickles next to Fanny White. What a mournful sacrilege! Violated shades of Washington! Jefferson! and Jackson! O Vernon! and Monticello! and the Hermitage! may thy hallowed verdure be forever green and fragrant. And paralysed be the monsters who trample thy mounds, and blight thy pretty violets. And is there an American, or a naturalized foreigner whose cheeks do not crimson at a bacchanal like this, in the sacred atmosphere of great Washington's mausoleum? What! Shall a gang like this be permitted to desecrate the halls and seats once occupied by the most illustrious patriots that ever graced the earth? O, Father of Heaven! Do not abandon the honest Americans, nor the patriot pilgrims to these happy shores, who still are grateful for Thy protection of their immortal Fathers, and who will strive to elect men to wield their destinies, who cherish Thee, and will legislate for the honor and welfare and glory of their

beloved country. Do not desert them, O God! is the fervent prayer of millions of noble Americans, and of all naturalized foreigners, who truly love Thee, and the free and sunny land of their adoption.

Does Mayor Tiemann know what became of the Lime Kiln Man? Most horrible disclosures! In God's name, where are the People?

William O. Webb, now Superintendent of Potter's Field, who was appointed by the Ten Governors, sold and delivered last winter, five hundred corpses to the body snatchers, and has sold about the same number for several winters past, for which he and others received \$17 for each corpse, forming an aggregate of \$8,500 that was received each winter. The bodies are disinterred in the night, during the favorable tides, and carried from Potter's Field to the Dead House, on the shore of Ward's Island,—sometimes in a sleigh, and sometimes in a wheelbarrow,—and delivered to the body snatchers, awaiting their arrival at the Dead House. William O. Webb directs the grave diggers to give no corpses to the body snatchers, who died of small pox, or other contagious diseases, nor badly mutilated bodies. Michael Gilmore was an Assistant Grave Digger, and is now a clerk of the Superintendent of Potter's Field. Wm. O. Webb's salary is \$800 per annum—a house free of rent—a farm—fuel, and provisions, from the Ten Governors—and four paupers and a servant to manage his farm. Sometimes he has fifteen paupers to work his farm. Webb's clerk receives \$400 a year, and his wife \$200, and they have a large house and extensive grounds, and a servant and fuel and provisions from the Ten Governors. Webb employs a boy, about sixteen years old, who buries the dead, and who has \$300 per annum. This boy receives the dead bodies, and selects such as the Doctors desire, immediately on their reception at Potter's Field. Sometimes an arm or a leg is dismembered, and sold to the Doctors. After the bodies are removed, the coffins are sawed and chopped, and packed in bags, and taken to Harlem, and used as fire wood. The bodies are stripped of their dead clothes, and the best part sold in the city, as apparel, and the residue as rags, which constantly exposes the city to contagion. The Ten Governors are familiar with these facts, and have some knowledge of what is done with the money that is received for the dead bodies. William O. Webb has long been the warm personal and political friend of Governor Daniel F. Tiemann, whose mutual relations have been of such a *peculiar nature* that, although Gov. Tiemann has often been apprised of Webb's monstrous proceedings, yet he dared not advance a step towards his removal. Webb's expenses as Superintendent of Potter's Field are \$5,000 per annum. A respectable man, with the best security, proposed to Mayor Tiemann, when he was Governor, to assume the management of Potter's Field, for \$1,000 per annum, without the salaries, houses, farms, paupers, and servants, fuel, and provisions that the Superintendent and Clerk, and their wives then and now receive, forming an aggregate of \$5,000 per annum, exclusive of the \$8,500 received by the Superintendent and others for dead bodies. And yet, such were the *peculiar relations* subsisting between Gov. Tiemann and Mr. Webb, that the former dared not accept a proposition so favorable to the Treasury of the City, for whose economical disbursements Gov. Tiemann professes such anxious regard. One of the grave diggers refused to sell the body snatchers any more bodies, and informed Gov. Tiemann of his determination, who exclaimed, with much levity: "If you interfere with their business, there will be no inquest held over

your body." Webb sold the corpse of his wife's uncle, whose name was Brown, a builder, and when Brown's relatives desired his body for respectable interment, Webb placed another corpse in the coffin, and sent it to them, which they interred as their dear relative. The Lime Kiln Man was borne to Potter's Field, and when his friends heard the sad intelligence of his death and pauper interment, they raised funds, which they gave to Webb, with directions to exhume and respectfully inter him. But Webb could not find the Lime Kiln Man, and placed another corpse in a coffin, and buried it, and when the friends of the Lime Kiln Man came to Potter's Field, Mr. Webb led them to a grave, which he assured them was the Lime Kiln Man's. At my trial, on the first Monday in August, I shall summon the Doctor, and the body snatchers connected with him, and the superintendent, clerk, grave diggers, and all others engaged in this awful sacrilege, to unmask the scoundrels connected with our public institutions.

Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond.

New York is the seat of Commerce, affluence, intelligence, and journalism, and the devil has placed at the head of the Press, three such rogues as Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond. I have personally known these desperate jugglers for twenty years, and if the reader is sceptical, when I brand them as unparalleled scoundrels, let him refer to the files of these editors, who fiercely denounce, and clearly prove each other to be incomparable villains, and in parallel columns, they assume to be the censors of the public morals, and anathematise rogues of every grade and country, whom they strive to allure to the embraces of the sacred virtues. The mighty destinies of our country are in the grasp of heartless black mail editors, and Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond never unite in matters of public good, nor in the election of meritorious citizens to public office. And when they scream loudest for the propagation of the public virtues, and the creation of wise public measures, their eyes are fastened on the devil, and hisimps, and overshadowing schemes of public plunder. Their opinions have not half the force and purity of the humblest citizens, and yet, like foreign despots, they thrust their heresies into our skulls, and in connection with officials, as infamous as themselves, (whom they elect,) they trample our most sacred rights, and slyly appropriate the public treasure, and violate all laws, human and divine, and from whose editorial edicts there is no appeal. And thus the public evils of our country flow from such polluted sources, as the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Tribune*. If these three editors were as pure and patriotic as they profess to be, they would unite in the advocacy of honest men for office, and discharge their thievish correspondents at Albany and Washington, (who are in collusion with official robbers, by direction of their employers,) and invariably oppose the election of vicious men to office. Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond, and other editorial rogues, never advocate the election of a man to office, without the pledge of a share of his influence and spoils, which is the real source of our public evils. They black mail on a scale of startling magnitude and boldness. They watch, with ceaseless vigilance, for facilities to seize the pap from the private and public purse. They level their fleetest and most envenomed arrows at the subordinate municipal officers, Mayors, Governors, National Collectors, Representatives, Senators, Cabinet officers, and the President, himself, whom they force to yield to their demands, or they spread terror into the camps of these public vultures. Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond have obtained their prodigious power, through the large

number of fools that read their nonsense, and black mail philippics. If these idiots would cease to read their vile and selfish stuff, and patronise those editors who proclaim the truth, and strive to promote the public welfare, such men as Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond would soon become the paupers and loafers and scamps of twenty years ago, when they had no place to lay their wicked skulls, nor credit for a loaf of bread.

The Peter Cooper Institute!

In front of this sham Institute is painted, in blazing letters: "These Stores, and the Story above to Let. Enquire in office, 2d story." And Peter might have advertised a portion of the stories above the two lower stories, as he has rooms to let in every story of the building. Even around the lecture room, in the second and third stories, he has constructed small rooms to let to any adventurer who comes along. Such was his avarice, and so greedy was he to gouge all the area he possibly could from earth and Heaven, that he dug as far towards China as he dared, and approached Heaven's dome, until his architect warned him to stop, lest the whole edifice tumble into one common ruin, so feeble was the building's foundation. And now, Peter Cooper! I demand you to instantly surrender your right and that of your heirs, (including Mayor Tiemann and Edward Cooper,) to the building known as the Cooper Institute. You have made a great noise, for half a dozen years, about your extraordinary philanthropy, and you have publicly proclaimed, a thousand times, that you intended to give your "Art and Science" edifice to the city, *entirely* for educational purposes. And you have got its tax of \$8,000 reduced with this plea. And you have also got the Croton water tax removed, although you have got a steam engine in the building. And yet you still hold the property, in the name of yourself and heirs, and from what I know of your penurious propensities, I could almost swear that you never meant to give it to the city. Was not the building publicly dedicated long since? And where are the three thousand pupils, with green satchels, with whom we all expected to see the building team? There is more cheerfulness and utility in the deserts of Arabia, and the classic ruins and crumbling desolations of the Ancient States, than in the dismal and Shylock echoes of your bogus and uncomely structure. And why do you still clutch it to your heart, like an expiring miser, his miserable dross? And why did you so construct the building, as to render it utterly inappropriate for students? You have told beggars, high and low, for half a dozen years, that you could not give them a crum of bread, because you were devoting all your surplus means to the construction of the Cooper Institute. And now that it is erected, and you have got all you desired, (and have toiled thirty years to achieve,) in the election of Tiemann, your son-in-law, as Mayor, through your specious and fallacious Philanthropy, and in the appointment of Edward Cooper, your own son, as Street Commissioner, by Tiemann,—after you have reached the goal of your miserly and ungodly ambition, and have got all New York in your breeches pocket, I find you apply your fingers to your infernal nose, and hurl defiance at the people, whom you have bamboozled, and evince a disposition to forever hold the building over which you have raised such a clatter for half a dozen years, and now actually advertise the stores and rooms of nearly the entire edifice, and of course, will put the rents in your yawning pockets, in the name of the President and Board of Trustees of the immortal Cooper Institute, which illustrious Chartered Body only comprises Peter Cooper! O Peter! Peter! you are a consummate impos-

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 17.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

Price 2 Cents.

TRIAL OF STEPHEN H. BRANCH, FOR LIBEL.

For want of room we omit the evidence and insert summing up of counsel for defendant, remarks of Mr. Branch, sentence by the Recorder and opinions of the Press:

[From the N. Y. Express.]

SUMMING UP FOR DEFENCE.

Shortly after the opening of the Court, Mr. Ashmead rose and commenced to sum up for the defence. He opened by pointing out the responsibilities of the Jury, stating that should they find a verdict in favor of the prosecution, it would establish a precedent which would strike a serious blow at the liberty of the citizen. He characterized the prosecution as one of the most extraordinary character. In commenting on the experience of the opposing counsel, he said he remembered a comment by a most eminent divine, on the words of Solomon, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread," namely, that what Solomon had not seen he had. He spoke strongly against the fact that the prosecution had originated with the Grand Jury, instead of taking the action before a committing magistrate, having a preliminary examination. Here was a citizen, humble if they pleased, on one side, while on the other was the Mayor of the greatest city in the New World, and these officers of the Grand Jury, forgetting that in this republic all should be treated alike, encroached upon the liberty of this citizen by stepping out of their usual course. Should the jury adopt the precedent of convicting a man under such circumstances, then God help the liberty of the citizen; but the consequences would rest upon the heads of them and their children. [Mr. Ashmead here read extracts from the opinions of eminent Judges, showing that a prisoner had a right to a preliminary examination before the case could go before the Grand Jury.] But this unfortunate man was not so served; he knew nothing of the accusation, nor was he brought face to face with his powerful accusers. Were this man immaculate, he stood, under these circumstances, subject to all the lightning eloquence of the opposite side, and was not able to do as was his right, namely, bring an action for damages against his accusers, because the responsibility rested with the public prosecutor.

Mr. Ashmead continued to read from the same book, contending that no indictment should be smuggled into a Grand Jury room

as this had been. The Mayor, or the Governor, or His Honor on the Bench had no right to adopt a system denied to the meanest citizen; and in their anxiety to punish crime, they should take care that they did not strike a blow at the liberty of the community, nor should Judicial Legislation take away the rights of the citizen. The Jury should take care that this man was not made a victim through the variation of the Grand Jury from the usual course; but they should follow the example of English Grand Juries, and take care how they struck a blow at Constitutional rights. He next referred to the noble speech of Robert Emmet, before Lord Norbury, who several times attempted to stop the criminal when speaking before he was sentenced. He said: "Though I am to be sacrificed, I insist that all the forms be gone through." Let the Jury, then do as Emmet did to Lord Norbury—make the Mayor go through the forms. (Here McKeon smiled.) And though the District Attorney should smile at these remarks, this matter was serious, and a laugh and a sneer were not an argument. He referred to the case of the libel of MacIntosh, where, it was asserted, there was on one side a Napoleon, the ruler of the greatest empire in the world, and on the other, as in this case, a poor and obscure citizen; yet in that case a British Jury taught future generations a lesson, and showed an example which an American Jury should endeavor to follow.

Mr. Ashmead next read from the revised statutes, showing that an accused person should have a preliminary examination before being indicted, and contended that a great privilege had been taken from his client, and by this means a blow had been struck at the liberties of the citizen. He alluded to the fact that Mr. Draper had not been before the Grand Jury at all, and yet this poor man had been indicted for a libel on him; this was a proceeding which if sanctioned by the Jury, would establish a precedent of breaking down all the safeguards of the law which surrounded the citizen. He insisted that the prosecution had taken away every privilege from this man, and environed him by a wall, so that he could not escape, by getting up this Trinity of indictments. These three indictments were united so that one should support the other. The Recorder had said that Mr. Draper was old enough to take care of himself, but wisdom didn't come with length of years, and certainly Simeon Draper was not bred in the school of Chesterfield, for he forgot common courtesy by saying the alleged libel was a lie. Mr. Ashmead then commented on the conduct

of the prosecution in putting in only one half of the libel in the indictment, and keeping out that part which had a foundation in truth, which he said was a piece with the remainder of these proceedings. Such conduct struck a serious blow at our free institutions, and as Erskine said if such proceedings were to obtain, our halls of justice would be turned into altars, and the poor victim would be immolated at the shrine of persecution.

Mr. Ashmead then proceeded to explain the law of libel, contending that it was necessary that "malice" should be proved, in order to sustain an indictment for libel. He spoke of the law in England, which would not permit the truth to be given in evidence, and contrasted such with the laws of New York, which provided that if an article was published without malice, it was not libellous; for it permitted a reporter to publish the proceedings of a meeting or of a legislative body without holding him liable, provided it was proved that it had been published without malice. The counsel then commented on the remark made by the Recorder relative to his taking no decisions but his own, and that Mr. Ashmead's points would not be fit for a Kamschatka Court, and proceeded to justify his own course in the matter.

The Recorder remarked that Mr. Ashmead must have forgotten his own observations, he had said that "a certain decision had been made by one of the Judges of this Court" and that caused his Honor to make the remark to which he had alluded.

Mr. Ashmead replied that it had been so ruled in this Court in the case of Coleman vs. Magoon, in 1818. The Counsell then pointed out the fact that Mayor Tiemann had testified that he had been spoken to on this subject nearly a year ago, and wanted to know why he had not then pursued the originator of these stories. This showed clearly that Branch did not originate the alleged libel, and that therefore there was no malice on his part.—He complained that the testimony for the defence had been entirely shut out by objections, and asked why the Mayor did not come in manfully and clear his skirts of these charges, without shielding himself under technicalities. He, however, did not pursue the originator of this story, but when this poor man who considered himself a sentinel upon the watch-tower of this great city, exposed what he considered to be corruption in high places, then the Mayor pounced upon him. Why did not the Mayor go into the civil court, as he could have done, and then this poor man could stand on an equal footing with him, and tell his own story? In God's name if

they wanted a victim let them take him, but they should not condemn him without show of a trial. If a sacrifice was required Mr. Branch was ready to be immolated; but here was an extraordinary fact. Why did not Mayor Tiemann bring forward the matron? He had seen her before witnesses. If this thing was done, no one knew it but his Excellency the Mayor, and this lady. No eye but that of the Omiscient One above, saw the act if it had occurred? Why, then, did he not bring this lady here, and then if she swore that it did not occur, there was an end of the matter. But they might ask, why did not he (Counsel) bring the lady? For a very sensible and legal reason, because, if he had brought her into Court, she would become his own witness, and he could not bring evidence to contradict her, whereas, if Mayor Tiemann had put her on the stand, and she had told her statement, then they could have cross-examined her and brought Evans and other witnesses to contradict her. If, therefore, the prosecution had examined her, and other evidence would have been admitted which had been shut out, but by the course the prosecution had pursued half the defence was made non-effective. He admitted that what was acknowledged by the Mayor did not amount to proof, yet it was very extraordinary. The Mayor admitted that there was a friend who visited the lady whom he ordered should not be allowed on the island.—There was no impropriety shown in these visits; he came every Sunday, he behaved himself, and yet he was interdicted. Now there was other matrons there; they had friends, no doubt, and yet this lady was the only one selected for deprivation of her friend's society. This to say the least of it was very extraordinary. Another thing, the Mayor had lent this lady money, but he lent money to no other matron. Now this was curious, if he was simply friendly to this lady he would not prevent her other friends from coming to see her, or did he give this money to the lady, and give her the money for her torn dress to compensate her for interdicting her friend from visiting the island?

But this was not alone.—Mr. Draper suspended this lady, and the Mayor persuaded her to write an apologetic note, and so she got restored. Now this was a friend indeed a friend he was going to say that "sticketh closer than a brother" (laughter), but he allowed her to have no friend but himself, although one would suppose that a lone woman should be surrounded by friends. Now these little things loomed up curiously, but his honor was not content with being her friend, he was the friend of her boy? He said it was his duty to procure situations for boys; yes, certainly; but this boy was not then in New York at all—he was in the far West, and not under the control of the Alms House Governors at all. He had been sent safely away from the temptations of this great Metropolis: and yet the Mayor brought him back, and provided for him—proving himself the friend of the boy's mother in every way, except that of letting her other friend come on the island. The Mayor was willing to lend her money, to get her boy a situation, to get her friend, Waters, a situation, and to do everything for her except to allow her friend to see her. He did not say that this proved anything against Mayor Tiemann; he was an honorable and upright man, as far as Counsel knew; but these little circumstances looked suspicious, and it was curious that the Mayor had shut out the rest of the testimony. The whole case however showed that Mr. Branch had not fabricated these stories, and certainly did not publish them with malice; and therefore he ought to be acquitted. Mr. Ashmead then referred to an extraordinary conversation between Justice Buller and Mr. Erskine, in a libel case, where the Jury returned a verdict of "guilty of publishing ONLY"

the Judge wanted the word *only* left out, and Mr. Erskine defended the verdict, notwithstanding that the Judge threatened to proceed in another manner. Erskine replied that he knew his duty as an advocate, as well as His Lordship knew his as a Judge.

Mr. Ashmead then submitted several points,—upon which he argued,—namely: That if the libel was published with an honest motive, then the defendant was guiltless: that the Jury, in libel cases were judges of the law as well as of the fact, they having the right and the sole right to determine what was and what was not a libel, and this was the law in England and Ireland, also. He contended that according to the Mayor's testimony the base of the libel was true, and if so, he begged and pleaded that the Jury would not, for the sake of truth, for the sake of an innocent man, for the sake of a newspaper publisher, who did not fabricate what he wrote, for the sake of the liberty of the press, immolate this humble citizen. But, he concluded, if Branch must be immolated, he had only to say in the words of that immortal Irishman Curran:—

"If it be determined that because this man would not bow to power and authority, because he would not bow down to the golden calf and worship it, he should be cast in the fiery furnace, I do trust in God that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution which will go with the sufferer through the flames and preserve him unharmed by the conflagration."

Mr. Ashmead sat down amid a burst of applause, which was immediately checked. His speech which occupied about an hour and a half, was spoken of by several as one of the most brilliant specimens of logical eloquence which has been heard in this Court for years. It was listened to with breathless attention by the largest audience which had assembled inside those walls since the Huntington trial.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S SPEECH.

My counsel has done well. He has made an effort of which I am proud, and of which your Honor ought to be proud.

The Recorder.—I am, sir,

Branch.—I am sorry that I have not prepared to address you. I came to this country thirty-five years ago, a poor boy. I got a clerk's station at \$2 a week. Then I went to Leary's hat store, in Water Street. Afterwards I went to Harper's, then to the New York American, and afterwards to the Evening Post. Then I returned to Rhode Island, and went afterwards to Boston, Hartford, Springfield and New Haven, and worked at the printing business, and was the first compositor on the Washington Globe, and set up the first article on that paper, which was a comment on the conduct of General Jackson, from the pen of Amos Kendall. I then took a room with Edward Dodge, of Philadelphia, and roomed with him some time. My father sent me a letter from Providence, and procured for me a situation in the Post Office, and I was there four or five years. I became ambitious, and studied at night. I studied with Thomas F. Carpenter. I left the Post Office, and went to study Greek and Latin studies. I returned to the Post Office, but such was my desire for learning that I went to Cambridge Law School, and studied under Judge Story. I mingled with Southern students, and spent much money. They were high-blooded, and I spent a dissolute winter. I came back, and went to Andover, where I resumed my studies in Greek and mathematics. I then left for Providence, and was unfortunate in my domestic life. I left Providence and went to Washington, where I got \$10 a week at the printing business. I went next to Columbia College, when I would take my basket of bread and butter, work all day at the job office, walk back to the College at ten o'clock at night, and study till daylight. I would then get to the office at seven in the morning. I lost my health in doing this, and was reduced to the verge of the grave. My father remained true to me, notwithstanding my domestic misfortunes. I came to New York, and saw an advertisement in a paper, that a teacher was wanted in Alabama. I secured the situation, and afterwards went to Apalachicola, thence to Alabama, and taught school. I found they were cruel to slaves there. The lady on the plantation used to whip the slaves early in the morning; it disgusted me, and I went to New Orleans. My brother Albert printed the New Orleans Times. I advertised for a situation as teacher, and soon secured one. I remained there till my brother Albert died—no, I am mistaken, he did not die then—I came to New York, and had but little money left. I could not work at the printing business. My father sustained me in the sun and rain, although he was a man of no means, though of high position, for he was a Judge of Rhode Island. I left Providence and went to New York, where I introduced me to his brother Lewis. I told him that I wanted to teach colored scholars. I suppose you will call me a lunatic for that. I told him my qualifications, and he sent me to Mr. Van Rensselaer, under the Journal of Commerce. I taught a colored boy for him, for which he gave me my board. I lost my health, and finally—no, I went to New Orleans. I taught a candidate for Alderman of the Fourteenth Ward. That was the first public man I ever taught in New York. There was a man named Gouraud, a Frenchman, a teacher of the art of memory. I found he was trying to humbug the public. I saw he was an impostor, and exposed him. He had secured the press and the people, and I exposed him. I attended his lectures, and saw there William Cullen Bryant, Horace Orelly, Judge Tenley, and all the leading men and women of the city. His system was an exploded system of the Sixteenth Century. I exposed him in various titles. I exposed him, and stopped him. He was denounced in Philadelphia. Through educating public men, I got into politics. There may be a desire to get me into prison as soon as possible, and so I will be brief.

The Recorder.—There is no desire to get you into prison, Mr.

Branch.—I taught the Aldermen till the California mania broke out, when I went to California. I wrote a letter to the New York

Herald, about alligators on the Isthmus, which gave me the title of "Alligator." I taught servants and public men. Alfred Carson wanted me to write his reports for him, which I did. In 1855, I got into the Mattell campaign. I pursued him. You all know the result. I went to Brandon, England, to find his birth-place, and I found it. Soon after I saw Carson. I found that the editors of the city were very corrupt. Carson asked me to write his reports. He informed me that the officers around the City Hall interfered with the affairs of the Fire Department. I advised him to resist it. I wrote his reports for some years. I got through with the Frenchman, Gouraud. I got through with teaching public men and servants, and with the fire and Mattell campaign. I thought I would start the Alligator. I did, and I don't regret it. There is a gang of thieves around the City Hall, and your Honor knows it, and we all know it. I pursued them hard, days and nights for years, in defence of honesty, industry, and the tax-payers, rich and poor, but especially the poor, who go to corner groceries, barefooted, naked, who live in attics. I—a lunatic, so-called, have passed my days in their defence. Ask Carson; ask Harry Howard—I saw him here to-day—ask the editors, if I have not passed the midnight hours in their editorial habitations—if I have not been true to them, to Carson, and all for whom I professed friendship—to all whom I found advocating the cause of the poor tax-payers? Do I regret the establishment of the Alligator? No; and why? I have attacked thieves indiscriminately. Hitherto these men had reputation as public officers, and amid their offences, my shafts have fallen harmless. But now, I have struck at a dynasty which has existed in this city for thirty years, the Peter Cooper guild. He was Alderman in 1828, '29, and '30. Tiemann was Alderman in 1839, '44, '62, and '63. Through Deoman, who was a pupil of mine, I first heard that Tiemann and Cooper were corrupt men.

The Recorder.—Mr. Branch, I must stop you. You cannot be allowed to use such language in this Court.

Mr. Ashmead.—Will your Honor remember the case of Lord Norbury, to which I drew your attention this morning?

The Recorder.—I remember Lord Norbury, and every other lord, but I cannot permit such language.

Branch.—I will spare your feelings. Peter Cooper and his daughter I taught in his own house. He does not deny it; but, I had taught my father, and was satisfied he was corrupt. I would trample him down. I have attacked the Mayoralty, and for that I am on my way to a prison. Send me there. I will walk with a firm step to my dungeon. Before God—before God, I declare with my hand on my heart, that this is the happiest moment of my life. What have I stolen? Whom have I murdered? What crime have I committed? I have pursued the plunderers of the masses, and for that you send me to a dungeon. You can desert me—the prosecution can oppress me, but God—but God will not desert me. Your prisoner is ready.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

New York, Saturday, August 14, 1858.

IN MY CELL.

On either side of me are three murderers, and my cell has a murderer's lock. My bed is straw, with a blanket. I slept well last night, and had a good breakfast this morning, which my keeper kindly procured for me, and who has extended the kindness of a brother towards me, in obtaining every thing I desired for my comfort, and in permitting my friends to visit me. I have read all the daily papers; and to Horace Greeley, Doctor Frank Tuthill of the Times, and to James and Erastus Brooks, for their genial sympathy, I express my cordial gratitude. The Courier & Enquirer is silent, and that is preferable to denunciation, in my shackles and dungeon gloom. Bennett lashes me with the stings of a scorpion, who has fattened on libel and obscenity, and blasphemy, and black mail, from the dawn of his infamous editorial career. In his aged visions he often beholds the poor creatures whom his defamation hurled into premature graves. Halleck, of the Journal of Commerce, is brief but bitter in his comments on my alleged lunacy. The Daily News I have not seen, but I learn that its anathema of me is terrible, and has a bulletin against me written in letters of blood. Its former editor, Mr. Auld, is the Mayor's Clerk, which accounts for the severe comments of the News. But the article in the Sun grieved me more than all the philippics of my editorial adversaries. The Sun has clung to me for a dozen years, and to have it desert me now, is like the fatal stab of Brutus at Caesar. But I will forgive Moses S. Beach and John Vance of the Sun for their deep and unexpected gashes in my heart. Let all my friends be cheerful, when I inform them that neither sighs nor tears have passed from my lips or eyes, and that I only grieve at the official stabs at the liberty of speech and of the press, which the people will be sure to avenge, and soon consign the Grand Jury Inquisitions to an ignominious destiny.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[From the N. Y. Express.]

THE BRANCH LIBEL CASE.—Stephen H. Branch has been convicted of a gross and malicious libel upon Mayor Tiemann, Simeon Draper, and Isaac Bell, and has been sentenced to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for one year, to pay a fine of \$250, and stand committed until that sum shall be paid. The scene at the closing of the Court on Wednesday was a very melo-dramatic one, and fully in keeping with all the previous steps in this extraordinary case. Mr. Branch being asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, made a long speech, in which he reviewed the various events of his somewhat eccentric life; but just as he commenced to allude to the libels, and to speak thereon and the persons aggrieved, the court stopped him. The prisoner bore himself with the air of a martyr to the cause of public virtue, and said it was the happiest and proudest day of his life; but his excitement at the close of his address was very great, and his delivery vehement and earnest almost to weeping. The court was full of his sympathizers, who did not scruple to say that they believed the convict to be more sinned against than sinning.

This extraordinary case will long be remembered. The libels published and circulated by Mr. Branch were the most outrageous ever perpetrated in this city, and the prosecution has been in keeping with the provocation, amounting in its virulence almost to a persecution. Circumstances on the trial favored the presumption that the whole of the proceedings had been decided upon in advance, even to the wording of the recorder's charge and sentence. His honor himself informed the counsel for the prisoner that he had considered his possible application for a suspension of judgment, had examined the point, and had made up his mind that such a motion could not be allowed. Every precaution had been taken. The whole power of the corporation—executive, legal, judicial—was invoked to annihilate Mr. Branch, and the end was attained. The offence was outrageous, and will admit of no palliation; but it was hardly good taste in the powerful complainants to take every advantage of a criminal whom many believe to be a monomaniac, and by the extreme vindictiveness of the prosecution, give to the administration of public justice the appearance of private revenge.

The arguments in the case were worthy of the best days of the criminal bar of New York. Mr. Ashmead distinguished himself highly in his appeal for the prisoner, and had the case gone to the jury before the cool and dispassionate reasoning of Mr. McKeon had partially weakened the effect of Mr. Ashmead's eloquence, the result might have been different. The charge of the Recorder was decidedly against the prisoner, and his sentence, it will be seen, was severe in its terms to an excess that was not called for. The punishment imposed was the extent of the law, and was by no means disproportioned to the offence; but it was entirely gratuitous on the part of the Recorder to drag into his remarks matters extraneous to the issue, and not at all connected with the present trial. The Recorder's announcement of the rod he has in pickle for certain other libellers who he intimates are shortly to be tried, will probably put those prospective culprits upon their guard, and they will at least have this advantage over Mr. Branch that they will not be taken unawares.

We congratulate the distinguished citizens whose characters have been cleared again by this conviction of Mr. Branch; but can assure them that their fair fame by no means suffered so much from the attacks of the "ALLIGATOR" as they presumed that it did.

We understand that Mr. Ashmead will to-day prepare a bill of exceptions, and move in

the Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari and stay of proceedings. The bill will not be settled until late in the day, and the motion in the Supreme Court cannot be made until to-morrow. In case, therefore, that Mr. Branch should be sent to Penitentiary to-day, the motion will not avail him. It is hardly to be presumed that when a motion for arrest of judgment was denied without argument, the prisoner will be allowed time to benefit by an appeal to the Supreme Court.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

STEPHEN H. BRANCH was yesterday convicted of a gross libel on Mayor Tiemann and others, and sentenced by the Recorder to the Penitentiary for one year, and to pay a fine of \$250. Considering that the libel, however groundless essentially, appears to have had a real foundation in statements made to Branch by persons whom he undoubtedly believed, and whom his counsel had ready to produce (but their testimony was not allowed), we must consider this sentence a severe one. We believe it will excite for him a sympathy which it is unwise to provoke. Branch, we believe, has been trying pretty hard to libel us in his abusive little sheet; but we have never considered his slanders worth any sort of notice. It may be well to stop his career, but not to make him a martyr. And we say most decidedly, that considering the libel for which he was indicted was really based on information furnished him by persons whom he had reason to believe, we deem his sentence a harsh one, and trust it may be mitigated by pardon.

[From the New York Times.]

The verdict and the sentence started a great many people. BRANCH was immediately surrounded by a troop of friends, who nearly shook his hands off with their greetings. He was followed to the Tombs by a large crowd, who only left him at the gates of that edifice. But though incarcerated in prison, we have not as BRANCH says, heard the last of BRANCH.

ALLIGATORS.

PANAMA, New Granada, }
Jan. 7, 1849. }

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
Editor of the N. Y. Herald:

When three miles from Panama, I saw two spires of the largest and most imposing cathedrals here—larger than any church in America. On either side I beheld the Cordilleras and the Andes, towering high up towards the glorious sun—the Cordilleras connecting the Andes with the Rocky Mountains. As you near the city, you are gradually led upon a beautifully paved road—paved by Pizzaro, the fiend, under whose superintendence the path from there to Cruces was made, through which Pizzaro, with his terrible banditti, often passed. On entering the city, the natives outside the gates were singing and dancing merrily in honor of some festival. Boys were flying their kites on the road, which they seemed to enjoy like the youth of all countries. These kites were made in the form of a coffin, and fringed on the sides with a very curious tail, partially resembling a rattlesnake. The more genteel natives wore white dresses and Panama hats. These hats are not made in Panama, but at St. Helena, and other places on the coast, which was news for me. Panama contains an impoverished population, whose leading maintenance is a few merchants of very little energy, who deal in British drillings and manufactures of various kinds. There are some choice relics of the old Castilians who are never seen in the streets by day, but who walk in their rear balconies in the evening to inhale the tropic air. The female Castilians are as beautiful as the Georgians or Circassians, and will not recognize the common natives, nor even the English

or Americans, nor, the aristocracy or nobility of any country as their equals. I had the fortune, through influential letters to a large mercantile house here, to get an introduction to a Castilian family, and I was invited to a rural gathering of the friends and relatives of this family. The loveliest girl I ever saw is the daughter of the gentleman who is at the head of the family. To attempt a description of her accomplishments and extraordinary personal fascinations, would be as impossible as to describe the horrors of a trip up the Chagres, and especially the defile from this to Cruces, which still haunts, and will haunt me for a long period. The best description I can convey to my countrymen of the river Chagres, is its comparison with the river Styx, and you can form a slight conception of the defile between this and Cruces by its comparison with purgatory, as described by an illiterate and boisterous parson; and you can appreciate the loveliness of this Castilian female, by fancying that she is the very prototype of the unearthly Cleopatra, the accomplished and captivating queen of ancient Egypt, who was familiar with all the dialects of the East (thirty in number), whose glowing eloquence and brilliant eye, and majestic form, and perfect symmetry of mind and body and feature, only could have allured the eloquent, rich, and noble Anthony from his ambition of military glory and his love of his native country. The Cathedral is dingy and very gloomy. All the bells are cracked, and their doleful tones thrill the senses. I saw the leading priest to-day, who seems very old and infirm. In front of the Cathedral, are the Twelve Apostles, with the Saviour. The spires are adorned with pearls, with which the coast abounds. I have visited the temples, jails, churches, old governors' palaces and trenches, and my heart was filled with pensive emotions, as I gazed on these crumbling ruins of other generations. The best idea I can give about this place, is its comparison with New York, after the great fires of 1835 and '46. The tortures and mode of life here are very peculiar. I slept on a bare cot, and with only one sheet over me—sweat like blazes. The meats and cooking are extremely novel. Lizzards, spiders, mosquitoes, galinippers and ants, crawl around and over me, and often penetrate the ears and nose. Some lizzards gathered around my head the other night and awoke me, which I scattered very quick. I think they were preparing to play some trick on me, and perhaps even contemplated the decapitation of my beloved proboscis, as one of the rascals was smelling around my nostrils when I suddenly awoke. I hate lizzards, but I can stand spiders and alligators, and the other animalculae of the country tolerably well. A girl only ten years of age was married to-day. This seems incredible, but you may repose implicit confidence in its truth. Females mature more rapidly here than in any other part of the earth. At eight and nine there is often every indication of puberty. I saw the young "lady" of ten, who was married to-day. I was utterly astonished at her prodigious maturity. She was extremely beautiful, and her glances were bewitching, and she seemed very devoted to her young and enthusiastic lover. It rains or pours in these latitudes ten months in the year, which the natives call the wet season. The other two months are called the dry season, when it only rains about twelve times a day. The lightning is sometimes incessant, and the thunder is terrific and makes the alligators look glassy about the eye. We had a shock of an earthquake last night which lasted some seconds. It created quite a sensation among the emigrants, but it did not terrify the natives, as they are used to earthquakes. A small lizzard crawled into the ear of an emigrant, who lives near the shore, which nearly killed him. I attended the Cathedral this morning, and the music and

ceremonies were grateful to my heart. After the solemn scenes of last week, and the death of a beloved friend on Tuesday last. The attendance was not large. Youth, age, decrepitude, competence, affluence, penury and utter rags, all knelt side by side. Six priests of various grades were present. As I gazed on these splendid ruins, at the images, paintings and costly decorations, and grasped a retrospect of the long line of generations of Spanish nobility who had worshipped in its sacred aisles, and gazed down to the sepulchres of their fathers, contrasting this dismal structure with its tottering walls and spires, with its ancient glory, and as I gazed on its wildness and dilapidated magnificence, I was impressed with the most solemn and overwhelming emotions. Last evening I visited the ramparts, that encircle a portion of the city. The work is truly beautiful and exhilarating at early twilight, when the burning sun is gone, and when, as in last evening, the full moon was emerging with uncommon splendor from the far horizon of a tranquil sea. A group of lovely children just passed my window, followed by their slaves, with gorgeous turbans clad in red, white and blue. A passenger just entered my apartment and informs me that while dozing in his canoe on the banks of the Chagres, he was suddenly aroused from his slumber and saw an enormous alligator crawling over the base of his canoe, when he sprang and leaped to the shore and ran for his life up the embankment with the alligator in hot pursuit, which nearly caught him by the tail of his coat. He rushed into the hut of a friendly native, and closed and barred the door, and flew to the roof, where he found piles of stones for defensive operations, and immediately opened a battery of flying stones at the alligator, causing him to retreat and disappear beneath the waters of the Chagres. There are turkey buzzards in countless thousands hovering over the city, which greatly alarm the natives. Suck flocks were never seen before. The timid and superstitious natives predict the most awful visitations from the sudden appearance of so many buzzards, which darken the air like a cloud with their hideous presence. Some of the natives prognosticate a famine, or others fatal convulsions of nature. My chum predicts extraordinary heat (thermometer now about 100 in the shade), and a shower of rain (only rained six times to-day,) and other calamities. But I do not fear these terrible disasters from the advent of large flocks of turkey buzzards, as I have been taught to scout every thing in the form of representation.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

AN IMMORTAL PETITION.

The Wise Peter Cooper, and his most extraordinary proposal of a Tank on the summit of the City Hall, for the extinguishment of disastrous conflagrations.

[Document No. 13.]

BOARD OF ALDERMEN,
February 6, 1854.

The following petition of Peter Cooper, in relation to the prevention and extinguishing of fire, and to give greater efficiency to the Police Department, was received and laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

D. T. VALENTINE,
Clerk.

To the Hon. the Mayor and Common Council of the city of New York.

The subscriber takes this method to present to your Hon. Body, certain improvements for the prevention and extinguishing of fires, to give greater efficiency to the police and greatly lessen the labors of the Fire Department, and at the same time give greater security to life and property, and the government of our city. Your subscriber is of the opinion, that these

improvements will, if adopted, result in great benefit to the City, State and Nation.

A good government in this city, like the heart of a great body, will make itself felt throughout our State, our Nation, and to some extent throughout the world. Desiring greatly to secure for my native city, the inestimable blessings of good government I have ventured to propose and urgently recommend, to the serious consideration of your Hon. body, a plan founded on a principle, that I believe will do more to bring about security, order and good government, than any and all other measures, that are within the range of our municipal powers, to adopt. The plan and principle to which I allude, will make it directly the dollar and cent interest, of some three-quarters of all the officers in the employ of the city government to faithfully perform their duty.

If this can be shown to be conveniently practicable, it must be admitted that it would bring about greater efficiency in the execution of all useful laws and ordinances, than any other means which have ever been applied to the government of our city.

Before I attempt a description of this plan, I will state that it will require greater conveniences for the extinguishment of fires than those now provided by our present arrangement.

The necessary facilities for conveniently putting out fires, can be arranged in a short time and at comparatively small expense, by placing a boiler-iron tank of some thirty feet in height, on the top of the present reservoir on Murray Hill. This tank to be filled and kept full of water by a small steam engine provided for that purpose.

And as an additional security I would propose that the present City Hall be raised an additional story, and covered with an iron tank that would hold some ten feet of water. The outside of this tank to be made to represent a cornice around the building.

If an additional building should be put up, to take the place of the one lately destroyed by fire, it should be so formed as to be in harmony with the present City Hall, and covered with a similar tank, and cornice to correspond. With this greater head and supply of water always at command, and ready for connection with the present street mains, the moment the signal is given from any Police Station, it will be apparent that all the hydrants will be made efficient to raise water over the tops of the highest houses in the city.

I would, in addition propose, that there should be placed at convenient distances in every street, a small cart containing some three hundred feet of hose. These carts should be so light that one man could draw them to the nearest hydrant to the fire, and bring the water on the fire in the shortest possible time. With this arrangement, I propose to make it the interest of every man in the police, to watch against incendiaries and thieves, and to use every possible effort to extinguish fires as soon as they occur. To make it the interest for the police to perform their duty faithfully, I propose that the Corporation should set apart as a fund, two shillings per day, in addition to the wages of each man, to be held by the Corporation to the end of each year, and when it shall be ascertained that the loss and damage by fire, and the loss of property stolen, shall have been reduced below the average of the last ten years, then this fund of two shillings per day, in addition to their former wages, shall be equally divided between the men forming the Police Department.

In addition to this I propose that the Corporation should request all the Insurance Companies interested in the property of this city to bid or offer the largest per centage that they are willing to give on all, that the loss and damage by fire can be reduced below the average agreed upon.

This fund to be added to the Corporation fund of two shillings per day, and to be equally divided with the men forming the City Police.

This would enable every one of the members of the police to secure for himself sufficient to pay his rent every year over and above his present wages. They would also have the elevating satisfaction of knowing that while they are saving one dollar for themselves they are saving fifty dollars for the community, and in addition saving thousands of individuals from that wretchedness and misery annually produced by the desolating ravages of fire.

A police appointed for and during good behavior, with the liberal salary they now receive, and with the additional privilege of securing to themselves annually so large an amount over and above their regular salaries might always be relied on to forward every measure that would tend to secure order and good government. A department so formed, whose duty it would be to traverse every street of the city by day and night, would find it their interest as well as duty to watch against incendiaries, and when a fire was discovered they would instantly signal for as many hose carts as desirable, with directions for every next man to double his walk. When such men come to a fire they would all be armed with police powers to protect property, and to bring and use the carts with hose on the fire, until the general alarm became necessary to summon the firemen to the charge, which would seldom happen with such facilities and such an interest to extinguish fires. One of the best features in this arrangement will be the constant tendency and interest there will be to draw into the department good men and crowd out bad men. They find it their interest to have every man turned out who is either drunken, idle or dishonest, and to have in their place those that are sober, honest and efficient. They find it their interest to close every rum shop that is selling without license, and they will not be long in finding out that a large part of the fires arise from drunkenness and the degradation and carelessness that are the natural results of dissipation.

[Conclusion in our next.]

Owing to an unusual amount of matter in this number, we have omitted our advertisements. They will be inserted in next issue.

Advertisements--25 Cents a line.

Credit.—From two to four seconds, or as long as the Advertiser can hold his breath! Letters and Advertisements to be left at No. 114 Nassau-street, second story, front room.

COREY AND SON, MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, WALL street, New York, Notaries Public and Commissioners.—United States Passports issued 36 hours.—Bills of Exchange, Drafts, and Notes protested.—Marine protests noted and extended.
EDWIN F. COREY,
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HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR Proof Safe, with Hall's Patent Powder Proof Locks, afford the greatest security of any Safe in the world. Also, Side-board and Parlor Safes, of elegant workmanship and finish, for plate, &c.
S. C. HERRING & CO.,
251 Broadway.

SANTE MENTO.—No. 29 ATTORNEY STREET, NEAR Grand, has a superior assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, made to order in the most fashionable and approved Parisian styles, and at short notice. Let gentlemen call and patronize me, and I will do my utmost to please my customers.

J. VAN TINE, SHANGHAI RESTAURANT, No. 2 DEY street, New York.

S. & J.W. BARKER, GENERAL AUCTIONEERS & REAL ESTATE BROKERS. Loans negotiated, Houses and Stores let, Stocks and Bonds Sold at Auction or Private Sale. Also, FURNITURE & FADS attended to at private houses. Office, 14 Pine street, under Commonwealth Bank.

CARLTON HOUSE, 406 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Bates and Holden, Proprietors. THEOPHILUS BATES. ORBEL J. HOLDEN.

GERARD BETTS & CO, AUCTION AND COMMISSION Merchants, No. 108, Wall street, corner of Front street, New York.

SAMUEL SNEDEN, SHIP & STEAMBOAT BUILDER.—My Office is at No. 31 Corlears street, New York; and my yard and residence are at Greenpoint. I have built Ships and Steamers for every portion of the Globe, for a long term of years, and continue to do so on reasonable terms. SAMUEL SNEDEN.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 18.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

Price 2 Cents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We conclude, the public feel slightly interested in our libel case; therefore we shall take the liberty to lay before our readers a few extracts from the weekly press of our city, as we did in our last the opinions of the dailies.

[From the *N. Y. Weekly Despatch*.]

During the last three months Branch's *Alligator* has been the talk of the town. Through the columns of his little sheet, Branch has made charges of the most serious nature against prominent citizens and office holders. At first no notice was taken of these attacks, finally, however, these charges were so generally talked of that it became necessary for the parties assailed to notice them. Mayor Tiemann, Simeon Draper and Supervisor Bell united in a complaint before the Grand Jury, who found an indictment; whereupon all the rest of the individuals who had been honored with the attentions of the *Alligator* set to work to aid in bringing Branch to justice. His case was set down for trial in the sessions on Monday last. When the case was called, Branch announced himself ready for trial; the District Attorney, however, said he would not be ready till Tuesday. An attempt had been made on Saturday to prejudice the case by one of his bondsmen, being induced to surrender Branch, and on Tuesday, in the middle of the trial, Mr. Southworth, the other bondsman, went into Court and surrendered him. In both cases other parties came forward and took the places of these pretended friends. By applying the sharpest rules of legal practice, his testimony was ruled out and Branch was convicted, and without giving him time to breathe, he was sentenced to pay a fine of \$250 and to be imprisoned in the Penitentiary for one year. The Recorder in his remarks volunteered the gentle hint to the rest of the newspapers, that there were a number of other editors whom he meant to put through a similar course of sprouts. While we do not care to quarrel with the verdict of the jury, and certainly do not wish to be understood as advocating the license of the Press to assail unjustly the character of any individual in the community, we must say to the Recorder and the parties to the trial, that we hardly think they will find any other case in which they will be permitted to put an editor through with quite such railroad speed, though we admit that if justice were as promptly administered in all cases, the Court of Sessions would stand much higher in public estimation. Of the real merits of Branch's case we have no means of judging. That he

believed the truth of the charges he made we have not the slightest doubt. If there was any falsehood in the matter, he was the dupe of it and not the perpetrator, and we sincerely regret that the prosecutors saw fit to avail themselves of legal technicalities to shut out what his witnesses had to say. It is quite as unfortunate for them as it is for Branch. While their suppression consigns him to prison it leaves the prosecution open to invidious comments, all of which might have been silenced by dragging the slanderers (if such they are) into the light of day and refuting these calumnies. That, however, is their business, not ours. In the meantime poor Branch has been consigned to the tender mercies of the Ten Governors—one of whom, at least, has publicly announced his determination to "put him through the roughest course of training any man ever got on the Island." We were surprised to hear that the Governor in question had made this heartless speech. We supposed him to be a *Christian* and a *man*, but we cannot reconcile the idea of striking a fallen and powerless brother as either an evidence of *Christianity* or *manhood*, and we trust the Governor will yet see the impropriety of attempting to put his threat into execution. We see by this morning's *Express*, that Branch was on Friday seen in the quarry with his hands all a mass of blisters, working away under a broiling sun. This looks as though the Governors intend to give him the full benefit of his sentence.

The *Herald* takes the occasion of Branch's conviction to read us a lecture on the enormity of scurrility and libel. No other print in the country is so well qualified for the task. Bennett evidently thinks New Yorkers have short memories, not to recollect the obscene and licentious character of the *Herald* in its earlier days. He has used Branch as often as any other paper in New York to abuse people towards whom he had incurred a hostility. But now he is down, Bennett kicks him with the rest. We perceive that George Wilkes has commenced a libel suit against Bennett for what he said of *Porter's Spirit*.

[We have taken the liberty of italicizing a portion of the above article—*El. Alligator*.]

[From the *Sunday Times*.]

LIBEL CASE CHARACTERISTICS.—The conviction of Stephen H. Branch, before Recorder Barnard, on Wednesday, of a libel on Mayor Tiemann and two other public officers, naturally created a sensation. So did the remarks of the bench. Sentencing Mr. Branch to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary and a

fine of two hundred and fifty dollars, while such a man as Peter Dawson is subjected to incarceration for only sixty days, is not likely, however, to exert a wholesome effect upon the public mind. We have no doubt the recorder meant, by his severity, to make an example of Branch, in order to deter other indiscreet men who are more led by their impulses than their judgment from indulging in similarly reprehensible publications; but we conceive that justice administered with such rigidity, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, might seem to wear the aspect of persecution; and converting Branch into a martyr, neither elevates the character of the court, nor wins the moral sympathy of public opinion. The general mind has really appropriated the idea that because Branch attacked so important a person as Mayor Tiemann, the whole power of the corporation has been consolidated into one grand vindictive effort to crush out the courageous but silly slanderer. Every one naturally murmurs, therefore, if this be so, who may not be the next sacrifice? Common rumour does not hesitate to insinuate that the character of the proceedings taken against Branch, and the peremptory treatment bestowed upon the counsel for the prisoner, were the result of a preconcerted arrangement of the authorities. This assumption believed, who feels secure of justice should he be unfortunate enough to incur the enmity of a coalition so potent?

Mr. Branch's libels were coarse, scandalous, and boldly reiterated. It was difficult to believe them wholly foundationless, because an investigation was demanded with such persistent audacity. Branch openly avowed his readiness to establish all his statements, however defamatory; and although they criminated citizens whose good names we had always been taught to esteem, they started our incredulity, and set every thinking mind astir with painful distrust. We were glad, therefore, to find a legitimate course adopted, and an appeal to the laws made to decide the truth or falsity of the accusations.

Mr. Branch, as a libeller of the most extravagant kind, merited condign punishment; but, after all, it is very clear that Mr. Branch's strange, wild, energetic, incoherent nature, has been made use of by somebody else to accomplish his own purposes. Branch has been the catspaw of some deeper and more sanely plotting intellect behind the curtain; and we regret that the Recorder considered it necessary to rule out the testimony which might have introduced us to the principals in this offensive operation, instead of their harum-scarum instrumentation. It would have been, as far as the

libelled ones are concerned, much better to have probed the whole affair to the bottom, even if the exact rule of evidence had been made to yield temporarily to the exigency. It would have been better for them to let the public perceive precisely on what ground all this edifice of mendacity had been constructed. It would have exhibited the confidence which belongs to conscious innocence. It would not only have exposed the real wire-workers of this game of wholesale calumny, but, in demonstrating the integrity of the parties assailed, it would have left no unexplained mystery, no dubious point of fact, around which malice might still gather the shadowy wind-breath of current scandal. If, however, they are satisfied, we ought to be. We are not convinced that Randall's Island is a paradise of official morality, and the great public would not credit us were we to hazard an assertion to that effect; but we are satisfied that the particular charges made by Mr. Branch are untrue, though imposed upon him as truths, and we hope that, having had their probity completely substantiated in the premises, the gentlemen so recklessly accused by Mr. Branch are not disposed to be vindictive.

In conclusion, we must be permitted to say that we do not admire the tone of the Recorder's remarks on passing sentence. It is the first time we have had occasion to allude to this gentleman except in terms of merited commendation. We entertain a high opinion of his general impartiality. His promptitude, his disdain for pettifogger's quibbling, his nice sense of justice, and his freedom from those tainted associations which rob the bench in some quarters of dignity and public confidence, have all contributed to place him in the front rank of our criminal magistracy. We do not impugn his integrity, therefore, but the quality of his judgment both in imposing so severe a sentence upon this weak and foolish victim of designing knaves, and in speaking of "other libellers," to all of whom he contemplates meting out a "similar punishment." We know very well that he intended to threaten no respectable press, or to hint at fetters in *terrorem* upon its proper independence—but his language may be easily misinterpreted; and when we consider how liable the most prudent journalist is to daily imposition, the observation that "this verdict settles the fact that no man can make an assertion in a newspaper without being liable to be punished criminally, unless he can substantiate it," seems to us one of gratuitous harshness, and in any body else would be called one of petulance and ill-humor. Branch's excitement, however, had doubtless disturbed the usual current of quiet feeling which characterizes the conduct of the Recorder, and we see the effect. The best of us are open to these influences, and we are not inclined to forget how much the community owes to the general honesty and equity of Recorder Barnard, in our exceptions to what is, perhaps, but a hasty expression or so in the present instance.

Considering that there are at least 10 or 12 suits for libel pending against the *Herald*, for gross and malicious libels upon sundry respectable citizens, it is really refreshing to peruse its comments upon the warning given by Recorder Barnard in the Branch case, to libellers generally. What the *Alligator* is, the *Herald* was; and if the latter has improved in decency in proportion as it has increased in responsibility, necessity, not choice, lies at the bottom of the metamorphosis. We are afraid that the Recorder's hint was purposed, in fact, for the special edification of the *Herald*. And, notwithstanding that journal's sudden disposition to saponize both the gentlemen on the bench of the General Sessions, instead of its customary one, the Recorder may chance to give its responsible conductor a lesson of im-

partirly he little expects by coercing him, despite his self-importance, to keep company with Mr. Branch, as a reward for some of his virulent assaults on private cabaret.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.]

BRANCH'S SENTENCE.—Quite unexpectedly the trial of Stephen H. Branch, for libel against Mayor Tiemann, Simeon Draper and Isaac Bell, was brought up and dispatched, during the past week, with a velocity which would make the most wholesome impression, were the rest of the District Attorney's calendar put through with equal promptness and exemplary effect. Branch was found guilty, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island, and two hundred and fifty dollars fine. The *Tribune*, in alluding to this sentence of Branch by Recorder Barnard, says:

"Considering that the libel, however groundless essentially, appears to have had a real foundation in statements made to Branch by persons whom he undoubtedly believed, and whom his counsel had ready to produce (but their testimony was not allowed), we must consider this sentence a severe one. We believe it will excite for him a sympathy which it is unwise to provoke. Branch, we believe, has been trying pretty hard to libel us in his abusive little sheet; but we have never considered his slanders worth any sort of notice. It may be well to stop his career, but not to make him a martyr. And we say most decidedly, that considering the libel for which he was indicted was really based on information furnished him by persons whom he had reason to believe, we deem his sentence a harsh one, and trust it may be mitigated by pardon."

By the press generally, the matter is regarded pretty much in the same temper, excepting the anomalous instance of the *Herald*! That immaculate sheet takes occasion to give utterance to any extent of wrath and indignation against Branch and his *Alligator*, and characteristically against such of its cotemporaries, present and past, as it would desire to denounce and stigmatise, with an odor which has by no means been washed from its own bedraggled garments. Indeed, as the direct object of the *Herald* would appear to be a malicious fling at the *Spirit of the Times* in view of another case on the Recorder's docket—that of Judge Russell's indictment—so the *Herald* lays itself liable to another indictment, which has been duly entered against Bennett for no less than twenty-five thousand dollars.

The *Herald's* fulminations, and the political pressure brought to bear upon Branch by his prosecutors must inevitably have the effect of exciting a warm public sympathy for their object. Such, indeed, is the manner in which the infliction of the full penalty of the statute is regarded in this case, that the prosecutors themselves will be forced to step in as petitioners for a pardon, or incur no little odium in the business. Besides, what is very sensibly remarked by the *Tribune*, as to the foundation of Branch's charges, it might be added that the public have no means of judging whether those charges are well founded or not. By a course of proceedings altogether extraordinary on the part of the prosecution, the apparent real evidence in the case was completely excluded, and Branch convicted solely upon the oaths of his prosecutors, without an actual investigation of the presumed issue on which the libel originated. The public are largely exercised on the matter, and inquiry is particularly active as to who the "Matron" really is? Why she was not put upon the stand, and what she could have to say for herself? How would her previous character have justified her taking the stand as a witness, or of holding the position she has occupied under the chief magistrate? These points are matters

of curious comment among the people, necessarily provoked by the seemingly harsh and rough-shod procedure in the case. It is to be regretted the matter was not fully cleared up by the production of the entire evidence.

HOW BRANCH CONFRONTS HIS FATE.—The renowned tamer of alligators—I may as well add, *en passant*—was duly surrendered to Warden Finch on Thursday, having been escorted hither to his prison by a little host of friends, whose temper indicated no disposition to desert him. Sympathy is strongly in his favor, on the ground, of course, that, whatever may be thought of his offence, his treatment at the hands of the officials and lawyers, has been such as only a weak and comparatively friendless man like him would meet. You will soon see his prosecutors forced to sue for his deliverance, just as eagerly as they have pressed for his imprisonment.

Besides the sensation created here, it has been noticeable that a general scattering—"on leave"—of certain subordinates, has taken place during the late "inquest." It is doubtful if Stephen will, even here, have a chance to confront the mysterious "matron." The fright of the trial being apparently over, the fugitives from the Alms-House will doubtless return forthwith. Under the discipline of these precincts they will find their best protection, as well from the impertinence of cross-examining lawyers, as from the no less stringent inquiries of a keen public curiosity, mainly aroused by the suppression of the inside testimony which could be found here. The nature and source of this I have already pointed out. Should the motion in arrest of judgment reopen the trial, it will doubtless be for the admission of the main evidence in the case, so mysteriously and adroitly evaded by the prosecution. Then only can the provoking rumors, now so general, be set at rest, or satisfactorily determined.

The fate of Branch here, it appears, will be in no degree lenient, as there is more than one petty tyrant under the vice royalty who seems desirous of venting his spleen upon the unfortunate man. He has taken his place, it appears, already, by direction of the keepers, beside the common fellows in the quarries. The directions of one of the Governors is quoted to the effect that he would be "put through the roughest course of training any man ever got on the Island." I have purposely withheld a variety of matters in connection with these precincts this week, until the interests with Stephen, with regard to the Ten Governors, is more definitively settled.

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

New York, Saturday, August 21, 1858.

If there be one thing more than another on which we had fully made up our minds it is this: that our country is pre-eminently free—yea, the freest in the whole family of nations. But the history of the past week has taught us how very easily it is to be mistaken.

The trial of Stephen H. Branch in our Court of Sessions, a few days ago, teaches us a lesson which we ought not soon to forget. From the time that our great nabob, Mayor Tiemann, associated with the Peter Cooper *guild*, first made their complaint, or "Trinity" of complaints, down to the passing of the sentence in the Court of Sessions, the trial was one of the most vindictive and one-sided affair, on the part of the prosecution, that we recollect during our sojourn on this "miserable globe."

In the first place, it was proved on the trial that one of the complainants, or more properly prosecutors, had never been before the Grand Jury. In the second place, it would appear that indictments by the dozen must have been referred against the accused; for if we recol-

lect aright, he was arrested every day for nearly a fortnight, previous to his trial. And again we have been told—how far it is true we care not to inquire—that one man who professed great friendship for him, and became his bail on the last arrest, two days before his trial, on the following day withdrew his bail, and delivered the unfortunate man up to his adversaries; and in consequence of this latter act realised a contract from the city authorities. "Save us from our friends."

If all this be true, it is one of the most arrant pieces of villany ever recorded of Christian men.

When we come into court we, unfortunately, if possible, find things worse. The ruling of the Judge was altogether too strict—too severe—in fact too arbitrary. The Judge, it appears to us, made it a point of his business to shield, as much as possible, the complainants on the one hand, by interfering in behalf of the Mayor, when he was being cross-questioned by defendant's Counsel; whilst on the other hand he ruled out the principal evidence in support of the defendant, and of course deprived the accused of the slightest shadow of a chance to establish his innocence.

Then comes the Recorder's charge to the Jury. And that we think is in keeping; or, perhaps, we ought to say an improvement on the spirit of the whole proceedings. Let any one sit down and read that charge calmly and dispassionately, and we venture to assert that for severity the reader cannot find a case to surpass it, nor perhaps even to equal it in the history of modern English jurisprudence.

Then, if we consider the hurried manner in which the prosecution got up this trial, and their mode of conducting it, as described above, we must consider the proceedings unwarranted by the premises; and forms a great contrast to the tardy manner in which our Courts meet out their infinitesimal doses of punishment to Thieves, Burglars, Murderers and Desperadoes.

There is still another charge, which in our opinion is the gravest of all. After the rendition of the verdict the counsel for the defence moved a stay of proceedings; now mark the reply of his honor. *That he had yesterday considered the possibility of such an application, and had THEN MADE UP HIS MIND that it could not be granted.* So from this it would appear, that the whole affair was settled before the parties came into court; and so far as the trial goes, it was simply a collateral incident of the proceedings, and not at all an operation for attaining the great end of justice.

Now, we do not say a word as to the guilt or innocence of Mr. Branch. He may be guilty—he may be innocent; we are just as far, if not farther, from that point than we were a month ago; and this is the ground of our complaint.

If such proceedings be allowed permanently to obtain in our courts of justice, then we say that "trial by jury becomes a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

AN IMMORTAL PETITION.

The Wise Peter Cooper, and his most extraordinary proposal of a Tank on the summit of the City Hall, for the extinguishment of disastrous conflagrations.

[Document No. 13.]

BOARD OF ALDERMEN,
February 6, 1854.

The following petition of Peter Cooper, in relation to the prevention and extinguishing of fire, and to give greater efficiency to the Police Department, was received and laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

D. T. VALENTINE,
Clerk.

To the Hon. the Mayor and Common Council of the city of New York.

[CONCLUDED.]

It must be apparent to every reflecting mind

that the great extent of our city already, imposes a burden on the present firemen so great, that we have no right to expect that it will be borne a great while longer by a voluntary Fire Department.

It is evident that something should be done at once to furnish the Fire Department, the relief that they have a right to expect from the excessive labor that is unavoidable in drawing their engines to and from, and the hazzard and fatigue of working them at the numerous fires that take place.

In the opinion of your subscriber, the plan of placing light carts with hose at convenient distances in every street, to be at the service of a body of police, all interested to use this hose for the extinguishment of fires with the greatest possible energy and effect, is the best that can be adopted. By this arrangement it is safe to calculate that the present Fire Department will be relieved from something like three quarters of the duties they are now called upon to perform. As an equivalent for this relief, I propose that the Fire Department shall become the guard of honor for our city, to be called out as firemen or soldiers whenever their services are required by the proper authorities of our city. This arrangement proposes to continue the present Fire Department with every privilege they now enjoy, and relieve them from more than half the labors they are now required to perform.

It is believed by your subscriber, that the plan proposed will make the Fire Department and also the present active Police Department, the most useful and honorable bodies of men in our city. The hearty co-operation of the members of the Fire Department, and also the members of the Police to secure for our city the blessings which must naturally result from this arrangement, will entitle them not only to the pecuniary advantages that must result to themselves and their families, but to the lasting gratitude and respect of every worthy inhabitant of our city.

It is worthy of remark that the insurance companies of this city have now in their employ eighty (80) men, at an expense of thirty (30) thousand dollars a year, to watch against fires. I am informed that they intend greatly to increase this force; in addition, your subscriber, with a great number of merchants and private families, have for years constantly employed private watchmen, to guard our stores and watch our dwellings from robbery and fires. All that these cost, and more, would be gladly contributed to a body of police who would, by a faithful performance of duty, secure the necessary relief for our Fire department, by lessening annually the number of fires, and also by reducing the amount of property stolen below the average agreed upon.

I have taken the liberty to invite the attention of your honorable body to an ARRANGEMENT AND PRINCIPLE by which a large majority of all the officers in the employ of the city will become pecuniarily and otherwise interested in a faithful performance of their duty. Such performance will not only secure to them the large fund provided by the Corporation, and in addition the fund to be recovered from the insurance companies, as a reward for reducing the loss by fire below the average agreed upon, but they would, in addition, find the faithful performance of duty the surest relief from excessive labor, by diminishing the number of fires and the amount of crime that now form so great and so unpleasant a part of their present labor.

The principal idea in the foregoing communication, was presented by your subscriber to a previous Common Council, some twelve years since, under a full sense of the great advantages that would result by saving millions of property annually from destruction, and what is of more value, it would save the health

and morals of thousands of the best and most enthusiastic young men of our city from being broken down and destroyed by their loss of time and the excessive labor occasioned by the numerous fires that take place, and which would mainly be prevented by adopting the arrangement proposed.

All of which is most respectfully submitted.

Yours, with great respect,

PETER COOPER.

We have no doubt that by this time it is pretty generally understood, that we have an engagement to fulfil, with the cooperation which, for the present, requires our almost constant attentions. We offer this as an excuse, partly for some very excellent extracts from the press, which our readers will accept, together with our best wishes. We also indulge in the hope that in our Geological researches among the islands of the sea, that we shall make some valuable discoveries which will be of use to the inhabitants of the earth, and to the dwellers in Gotham in particular.

A CAPITAL HOAX.—Some men plagiarise the thoughts of others, without being at all aware, of the pungency of the fact as regards themselves. The *Herald*, in alluding to a few of the "minor press," gotten up and "spiced" precisely as the *Herald* itself originally was, when it first attracted public attention, remarked: "These fellows must be taught that they cannot use the liberty of the press so far as to make it the vehicle of their dirty thoughts and dirtier expressions, and that an honorable profession is not to be degraded because they hang upon its skirts, like foul birds hovering over their prey." The beauty of it is, this extract is, word for word, the language employed by the *Courier and Enquirer*, in March, 1842, in relation to the *Herald* itself!—*Mercury*.

FRANK LESLIE AGAIN ARRESTED.

RICH SCENE AT THE TOMBS!

[From the Sunday Times.]

Frank Leslie was again arrested yesterday morning, on complaint of Aldermen Reed and Tuomy. The officer told Mr. Leslie that his orders were imperative to take him at once before Justice Osborne at the Tombs, without allowing him to send for counsel or seek for bail. On arriving at the Tombs, they were met by Aldermen Tuomy and Reed, accompanied by Mr. John Graham, their counsel. Justice Osborne asked Mr. Leslie if he demanded an examination. Mr. Leslie stated that he had not been allowed time to send for his counsel, and did not know what course to pursue. Justice Osborne said he could have time to send for counsel and for bail.

Mr. Graham then produced the complaints. That of Alderman Reed set forth that Mr. Leslie had published a picture representing him in the garb of a butcher, with a party of Irishmen driving a miserable and diseased-looking cow, without tail or horns, up to his stall. The leader of the party, Mr. Mike O'Flanagan, is represented as saying: "I read you told the aldermen t'other day that swilled beef was worth half a cent a pound more than any other kind of meat. Here's a beauty, yer honor; doesn't he look fat and luscious? Arrah! don't yer eyes wather to look at it?—Here's the bastie; we've brought it on purpose fer yer. Hand us over the dime!"

Alderman Reed is represented as saying:—"I don't deal in that kind of beef. I stated that as an alderman, not as a butcher."

Ald. Tuomy makes two complaints against Mr. Leslie. In the first one Ald. Tuomy is represented as a ranting, roaring Irishman on board the Ericsson, with a bottle of whisky in one hand and a shillelagh in the other, saying—"If I catch the 'Tribune' reporter I'll throw him overboard, G-d d-o-o him!" The second one embraces an alleged libellous article, and a caricature of Aldermen Tuomy and Reed, in which their nasal peculiarities are most outrageously magnified. Mr. Graham stated to the court that he desired to compel Leslie to give \$2,500 bail in each case; in the two former instances, to keep the peace for twelve months, and abstain from publishing any more caricatures; and in the third case to answer criminally to the Sessions. Mr. Graham proceeded to say that they intended to show these English scoundrels that they could not libel and caricature respectable citizens with impunity.

Mr. Leslie said—"You had better keep cool, Mr. Graham." Mr. Graham, who was evidently very much excited, jumped up and said—"Don't speak to me, you scoundrel, or I shall not be answerable for the consequences. I ask your Honor to note that this is an attempt to intimidate respectable counsel. These fellows intend to caricature the whole court. I'll neck the first man I see take out a pencil. [At this juncture our reporter took out his pencil and began to take notes.] The first acquaintance I ever had with him showed him (pointing to Leslie) to be a d-d scoundrel. If they will meet me on any flat in New York (pointing to Leslie and his friend Watson), I'll take the heads off both of them. I'll show them by the swelling of their chops there's no Miss Nancymism about me!" (shaking his fist in their faces).

Mr. LESLIE—"We are gentlemen—we are no pugilists," Mr. Graham.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.--No. 19.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

Price 2 Cents.

[Reported by Our Reporter.]

A Political Social Party--The Wire-Pullers Taking Notes--What they think of Branch.

[Scene opens in a private room, attached to a drinking saloon, near Bleecker street, where big guns are admitted by checks printed on sundry scraps of cards, which read:—"Admit Mr. —, a tried and proved POLITICAL SUCKER."]

The leaders being assembled, and each one having replenished the inner man by various glasses of doubtful liquor, and settling themselves quietly down to enjoy the luscious flavor of a Havana segar—manufactured in New York from cabbage leaves, &c.—the conversation thus opens:

Sucker No. 1.—I say! gentlemen, we have made a bad strike!—yes, a d—d bad strike!

Sucker No. 2. (looking up in surprise)—How—I do not understand you, Brother?

Sucker No. 3.—Neither do I, unless he alludes to that unfortunate affair of Branch—a poor, unlawful devil, whom our most worthy Mayor and that Prince of Recorders, Barnard, have caused to be employed to "do the State some service." And I say he has received his deserts, as sure as I am called by this fraternity *Sucker No. 3.*

Sucker No. 1.—Yes, brother, that is the worst stroke of political policy we ever made. The Press says so too, with but one or two exceptions, and these exceptions are worthless to us, as nobody cares what the *Satanic* says, (it not being quoted on 'Change;) and as to the *Leader of Democracy*, that is little better than no advocate at all. So you perceive we are at the mercy of a merciless set of editorial scamp's, who take a fiendish delight in exhibiting us to the public in as many colors as the camelion; and, besides, they are backed up by at least two-thirds of the community, who have no particular love for us—all of them, apparently, sympathizing with this scape-goat, Branch. And, I tell you, Brothers, if something is not done for this man, that will bring the Press over to our side, we, as the political heads of this large body of *Wire-pulling Suckers*, had better leave for parts unknown.

Sucker No. 2.—I coincide with Brother *Sucker No. 1.* He speaks very truly. We must check-mate this hue-and-cry of the Press some way or another. It will not do to threaten them with the fate of Branch—that would only make them worse—yes, the very devils in their establishments would set up a howl. No, no! we must avoid all further demonstrations of this kind. The Press will not be threatened. Hence you see the precarious predicament we occupy. No doubt but the

people honor and appreciate the Mayor and Recorder, for they, of course, had to act according to the evidence given, and the rules and regulations of the Court—hence the public will not think anything wrong of them, but it will have a powerful reaction on our party—and particularly ourselves, as the "Trinity" of Political Suckers.

Sucker No. 3.—Then, Brothers, I say to you, as Brothers of this immaculate body of Suckers, it behoves us as Chiefs in command of this fraternity, to get Branch out—no difference as to the means. We can, perhaps, use some of his friends, by furnishing the money, and still keep in the background. The cost is not to be considered; we have too much at stake to hesitate on account of dollars and cents. Our popularity must be redeemed—or whitewashed, just as you please to call the term. What say you, Brother Suckers?

Sucker No. 2 (who appears to be deeply lost in some contract speculation, looks up)—That last contract of ours for pay— Ah! I beg pardon for alluding to a new subject; but the fact is I cannot get those contracts—

Chairman—*Sucker No. 2.* will please not wander from the subject, but confine his remarks to the object for which this meeting was called. By reference to ART. 78 of the By-laws, the Brother will find he has been violating an important duty, which says, "Every member of the Fraternity of Suckers is to conduct himself in the manner of a leech, and never let go to grasp a new object until the life-blood is all sucked out, and the victim left destitute of sustenance." And, further, "It is thus," we read in another part of the Blue Book, "that the fraternity has been enabled to amass such enormous wealth." Therefore, I hope the Brother sees the imperative necessity of first settling the account with our present victim—Branch.

Sucker No. 2.—I admit the justness of the reproof, but I have just conceived such a rich idea relative to those contracts of ours—now being carried on towards completion by our agents, that—

Sucker No. 3 (rising in great indignation)—I call the Brother, *Sucker No. 2.* to order! He is wandering to those infernal contracts again. I hope the Chair will sustain its dignity by compelling the Brother to stick to Branch?

Chairman—The Brother will speak on the subject before the house or remain silent.

Sucker No. 2 (who seems to abandon his contract question with bad grace, sticks to the question—after liquoring all round.)—I perfectly agree with the last proposition suggested by our worthy Brother, and second it as a

resolution. But, about—about those contracts

Sucker No. 1 [who acts as chairman, jumps up suddenly and makes a speech)—Sorry to close the remarks of *Sucker No. 2* so abruptly—can't help it, however, as he will not confine himself to the subject, he must remain silent and stand liquor all round. [No. 2 pays the liquor with bad grace.] There, that refreshes me greatly [alluding to the liquor, of course]; now to the question. The conclusion you have arrived at relative to Branch and the Press, generally, I have been deeply cogitating in my own mind during the last two weeks. These are the most important drawbacks we have ever had to contend against since the organization of this fraternity. God knows we have no sympathy for our victims, and certainly not for Branch; still, I am for pursuing that line of policy which will benefit ourselves. It is not policy to persecute Branch further. Our leech-fangs must be let loose—he must be set at liberty. He can be of great service to us this fall. We must secure a majority of the city government at the next election—that is, have a majority pledged to our interests, no difference what their political creed may be. Suckers, you know, have nothing to do with *principles*. [Here a smile encircles the mouth of each Sucker.] In order to secure the election of those who will best serve us, I repeat, we must have Branch out of prison. He has been of great service to us of late years, and may be again if we can get him out and persuade him that we are his best friends; and, after the election, if he becomes troublesome and seeks to compel us to pay him for a portion of his lost time, we will get him to write some slanderous article and have him sent back again. [Each Sucker winks and laughs as only Suckers can.] I say, Brother Suckers, considering the rich pickings, by way of *contracts*, &c., after the first of January next, this is the best course to be pursued to line our pockets from the public treasury. And now, in conclusion, Brother Suckers, I move we take a glass of *rot-gut* and a *penny* cigar, and adjourn until this night week, when we will again meet here at the hour of 8 o'clock, P. M. During the week you will have time to think over this matter fully, and come prepared to vote and act decisively.

Sucker No. 2.—I like the offer of that *rot-gut* first-rate; your speech was long enough to dry up an *institute* or a street contract. Let's liquor by all means, and go home.

Sucker No. 1.—I hope the Brother does not mean to insinuate the word "Institute" as applicable to me.

Sucker No. 2.—No! not in the least.

[Here Sucker No. 1 called for the liquor and segars, and declared the meeting adjourned.]

Our reporter thinks the last word he heard Sucker No. 2 say, as he stepped out of the door, was something to the effect, that "he would be d—d if he wouldn't have something to say about *those contracts* at the next meeting."

In our next, if our reporter is permitted to listen at the key-hole, (an arrangement which he has made with the bar-keeper,) we will give the proceedings of their next assemblage.

Answers to Correspondents.

"Uno" asks: "If it is a fact that two of the parties greatly interested in the libel against Branch, were on the Island about the time that he arrived there, and used their influence in procuring for him a situation in the worst part of the quarry gang?" We can believe almost anything, but cannot think such to be the case.

"J. L."—It is true that Branch's clerk went to the Island to get instructions as to some of his business matters, and was refused an audience with him on any conditions, even in presence of a third party.

QUERY.—Some people are curious to know when the Mayor expects to collect that "little balance" (which he swore on the Branch trial was still due him) from the pretty matron. And allow us to ask, at the present moment, whether "the matron" has sold her furniture, or who is the individual who has that and her in keeping?

Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

New York, Saturday, August 28, 1858.

Shame--Where is Thy Blush?

The sentence of Mr. Stephen H. Branch affords a very satisfactory commentary upon the impolicy and impotency of an elected judiciary. We challenge the entire history of English jurisprudence to produce a parallel to this one instance—yea, even the annals of those reckless decisions delivered by the infamous Jeffries, when the majesty of the law was temporarily prostituted to subserve political vengeance. We will not say that Mr. Recorder Barnard, in his method of trying Mr. Branch, intended to emulate the example of that notorious magistrate, but this we do say, that he has covertly assailed a great principle—one which, if further attacked, will destroy the cardinal point of our political independence. Mr. Recorder Barnard has virtually abrogated the freedom of the Press,—and, in imposing the heaviest possible penalty upon an individual, has sought to demonstrate, in this era of presumptuous freedom, that the power of the bench is a controlling force over the influence of the Press, declared by the patriotic author of Junius to be the palladium of a nation's liberties. Indeed, Mr. Recorder Barnard, while delivering judgment, alludes, with evident satisfaction, to the prospective tendency of the sentence by him imposed; he tried not only the case before him, but others which he imagined were to come into existence: and, without any evidence of the fact, passed judgment upon an individual for crimes to be committed in the future. He told the prisoner that he had libelled Daniel Sickles, Emanuel Hart, and other worthies. And was there a syllable of testimony delivered before that court, wherein the names of these individuals had even been whispered?

Next to the right of revolution, that of free speech is the most sacred to a liberty loving people. Of all serfdom that of the mind is

the most tyrannical. We, of all nations of the earth, should be most jealous of the liberties of the Press, and in every instance of violation of this glorious prerogative, we should enquire as well into the motives of the individuals as the damage done by his offence. We do not believe the language of the law to be purely technical, and, therefore, deem it unjust to imply criminality unless literally expressed. Mr. Recorder Barnard has probably sufficient acquaintance with criminal law to have encountered the case of John Wilkes, against whom the thunder of the common law of libel fell harmless from the excessive jealousy of a free people, dreading that in his punishment they might inflict a wound upon the body politic. And it was only by reviving antique and absurd laws against sedition and blasphemy, that the ministry of England could procure the conviction of a man, before whose pen they quailed. We desire Mr. Recorder Barnard to take down the volume of the State Trials containing this case, and upon some pleasant afternoon to peruse it carefully. It will teach him a valuable lesson in political ethics; it may temper his evident anxiety to fetter freedom of the Press; it may cultivate in his breast a symptom of charity; and above all, it may teach him the high value the people of England placed upon the principle of free speech by refusing to convict, under the law of libel, a man of notorious obscenity and profanity. John Wilkes was a principle with the people of England, and may not we of this city be permitted to regard Stephen H. Branch in a similar capacity.

It is assuredly grateful to us to have in our midst so inflexible, so agile, so Solomonie a magistrate as Mr. Recorder Barnard, and ever will we bless the day when he condescended to emerge from obscurity and to diffuse the rays of justice from the somewhat dingy court room of the Sessions. And were he not checked by overweening modesty, there is no bound to be placed to the extension of his political dignity. Taking the case of Stephen H. Branch as a criterion of his magisterial greatness, Mr. Recorder Barnard may augment in brilliancy and lucidity, until future generations will honor his name when those of Eldon, Camden, Kent and Storey are forgotten.

But fearing lest Mr. Barnard may not be in a position to glean public sentiment, we will take the liberty of informing him as to the light in which our independent citizens regard the punishment of Mr. Branch.

We regard that, all malice on the part of the prisoner remaining unproven, his punishment far exceeds his crime. We regard that, denial being insisted upon of his offers to prove the sources whence he derived his information, and consequently of the motives for its publication, an undue advantage was taken of his position at the bar. We regard that, taking the ordinary custom of courts for the past few years into consideration, this punishment of Branch draws an invidious distinction between the rich man and the poor one. How many times has that veteran libeller, James Gordon Bennett, practically courted punishment and received it not? We regard that in the person of Mr. Branch, a serious blow has been struck against the principles of a Free Press. Were we to desert him in this hour, we would be ingrates to the truths of American Independence.

A VALUABLE ENQUIRY.

Some Western merchant, evidently mistaking the quality of our journal, has sent us a letter, enquiring the marketable price of putty. Did it not happen that His Honor, the Mayor, possesses a soul above business, we might refer our correspondent to him for a solution of the question.

The Stuffed Beasts at the Hall.

The electric telegraph is a great institution, but the Common Council is a greater. The telegraph only performs marvels, our Common Council are to attempt an impossibility. Overpowered with joy at the completion of the Atlantic cable, our municipal fathers have arranged a programme of festivity, which, as a matter of course, takes in a corporation dinner, for since the days of the Athenian Pericles eating and drinking at the public expense constitute the mainspring of Aldermanic rejoicing. Now, as they cannot fire off a hundred guns, or blaze away fire-works in the municipal tea-room, we, common people, can express our joy by gazing upon these pyrotechnical displays, but when it comes to dinner—we're not there.

Now this proceeding we consider unfair in the extreme, for is it not rational to suppose that, if the joy of an Alderman requires champagne and turtle, the like joy of us, poor devils, cannot be satiated without crackers and cheese? The goose's sauce should be likewise that of the gander? And have we not a right to demand at least a smell of the edibles, so lavishly secured from the public till? If eating and drinking be the standard of our joy at the great event of the age, why not let us all have a chance in? Let us open the soup houses, fill the Croton Reservoir with lager, have hand carts of doughnuts and crullers, and let all hands have a good time generally. But the best of the joke is that our Aldermen are to dine simultaneously with the corporation of London. Now, considering that the sun travels some four to five hours behind the telegraph, our Aldermen will have to shove the old fellow along to dine simultaneously with any body on the other side of the pond. Joshua attempted to regulate the movements of Sol, but then Joshua was not an Alderman.

Peter Funks, High and Low.

Everybody knows Peter, who sells bogus watches; everybody knows his den, his *modus operandi* and the tricks of his trade; he is Low Peter Funk. But we have likewise a High Peter Funk, who, masked in the garb of respectability, looks with contempt upon his baser brothers.

Just imagine a good sized counting-room in the heart of the business part of the city, with sundry clerks in the inside and a red flag on out. And there High Peter himself is the feature of the establishment, a portly man, whose well-lined stomach has been the receptacle of charity food from public dinners for years past. With a gruff voice and an indecent familiarity, he apes the gentleman, but looms out the hog. He don't sell bogus watches, not he. High Peter deals in stocks, town lots, railroad and mining shares, besides holding lucrative offices, just by the way of amusement—that is High Peter.

We may be stupid, but we must say we have been unable to ascertain the precise distinction between the two Peters, although great Puttyman, the mayor, has drawn it down to a nicety. Our Solon makes Low Peter frequently disgorge, when he palms upon a verdant countryman a pinch-back watch, which has at least a nominal value; still he never interferes with High Peter, when the widow, deluded by High Peter's fluent speech, invests her all in some wild-cat railway bonds, not worth beyond the weight of the paper on which they are printed. On the contrary, the Great Puttyman accepts an invitation to dinner, and, in High Peter's fascinating society, demonstrates the admirable fact, that there exists an aristocracy even in Peter Funkism. Notwithstanding this precedent, we must say, we keep aloof from the Peters, and if we have any sympathy at all, it is with Low Peter, who, if he be a thief, is a thief at retail.

The Ten Governors and their Subs.

At a meeting of the Board of Ten Governors, the following preamble and resolution was unanimously passed, upon motion of Mr. Godfrey Gunther:

Whereas, John Fitch, Warden of the Penitentiary, has seen fit to deny the peremptory order of a Governor for a friend of his to see a prisoner under his charge; and *whereas*, the Governors of this Board, by the powers vested in them, are entitled to respectful consideration of the Wardens; therefore,

Resolved, That the Warden of the Penitentiary, on and after his date, recognize the order of any Governor to visit a prisoner then said Governor holds himself responsible for the behaviour and action of the party to whom said order is given; and that a copy of said resolution be forwarded to the Warden of the Penitentiary.

It appears that a few individuals, desirous of conciliating the worst propensities of the meanest beings, placed in power above them, have so far lent themselves to the desires of their superiors as to sacrifice the first principles of humanity to an adulation of the creatures, casually holding dignity of office. These creatures—men we will not call them, fearing that mankind may be disgusted by association with such contemptible beings,—desire to isolate themselves from the good opinions of their neighbors; and bravely have they succeeded in their work of toadyism. The bold rebuke of Mr. Gunther will assuredly call them to their duty; in the meanwhile, allow us to assure them that the stern opinion of the community conceives them unworthy of the trust reposed in them. He who insults the fallen, is to be regarded as the most pitiable of cowards.

Whence the Sigh?

We seldom take up a daily paper without finding in its columns some notice of a suicide, an attempt at suicide, by some of those unfortunate creatures, misnamed women of pleasure. In fact it must be remarked that self-destruction is almost an epidemic among cyprians.

There never can be an effect without a cause, and we think we can solve the mystery of this murderous fever. It is to be attributed to the unwise, uncharitable and unmanly execution of this pitiable class by Mayors of New York, who to gain a passing popularity with irreflexive fanatics, have turned upon these creatures the pack of Metropolitans, deeded as a Pratorian guard to their honors. Here there is the key to the solution and set to this suicidal mania.

A woman, fallen from practice of virtue to what cause we care not, driven from a parental hearthside by the prejudices of the world, is forced to lead a destitute life for the sake of daily bread. In the obscurity of night ventures upon the highway to excite the mercenary lust of some amorous stranger; suddenly she is arrested, dragged through the streets, incarcerated at the station, and there to pine upon the desolation of her low, mean, condition. On the morrow she merges, dragged in finery, and is paraded along public thoroughfares, amid the gibes and jeers of a ruthless rabble and ushered into the presence of His Municipal Majesty. Heart broken, the wretched, homeless child of Eve finds herself in the last stage of degradation, branded worse than a beast, and whither can she turn save to her home beyond the grave, where misery is known?

Think of this, oh! great Puttyman, when seated in thy chair of state, ere thy pillow be disturbed by the wail of the suicide, as that of the fallen cyprian wings itself to that of one of Grace, whose justice thou wouldst fain imitate.

FROM LITTLE SEEDS GREAT ACORNS GROW.

It is confidently believed that the terrace, on top of Peter Cooper's Union, which, according to the worthy designer of that design-institution, is announced to be a botanical garden, is to be converted into a spot wherein the worthy Peter and his companions can sow wild oats.

A New Field of Glory.

The Atlantic Telegraph, beside uniting the two hemispheres, has called into existence a new being to be deified as a pure saint on the American calendar. Mr. Cyrus W. Field now appears as the greatest and best of American patriots, and there can be but little doubt that those, who have never known this Mr. Field personally in his business transactions, really believe him to be a superior being. In fact Archbishop John, in the dedication of the new Cathedral, has placed his name in equal place of honor with the Virgin of Immaculate conception, St. Patrick and the ever to be celebrated John Hughes. Unless a man was tolerably well versed in Latin, and most of all in the very bad Latin of Archbishop John, it would be difficult to conceive unto whom the Cathedral was dedicated—to St. Patrick, the Virgin Mary, or to Cyrus W. Field.

At the first glance, the legend of the Archbishop, which like a lady's epistle, bears a P. S., confers the highest honors on Mr. Field, whom a majority of our readers will recognize as a very extensive dealer in paper and rags in Cliff street. In truth it is well known that Mr. Field, before his entry into the Transatlantic Telegraph business, was addicted to the comparatively contemptible business of paying his clerks the *minimum* of salary for the *maximum* of work done, and that this worthy citizen on one occasion caused himself to be presented with a set of plate, paid for by himself, in the name of his employees and an ungrateful public, contemptibly insinuated that he charged them with the expenses of the supper, incurred upon the event of his proper self-glorification.

We admire the dignity of our citizens in this instance. We have ignored the claims of Maury, of Morse, and of other greatmen, whose genius and sagacity have created the great work, in the success of which we rejoice; we have picked out the smallest, and him let us glorify.

RESUSCITATION.

Never was there a human being, trampled to the earth, who possessed not the power of self-resuscitation, if not in his own person, at least in that of another of his species. For the purposes of self-defence all manhood will be deemed identical. The readers of the *Alligator* have perceived and recognized the means taken for the suppression of this sheet through the persecution, bitter and uncalled for, of its editor; but this action of men merely gifted for the moment with authority and power, will fail of effect, inasmuch as they have, Cadmus-like, sown the teeth of the Dragon, whence for the death of one inoffensive being, a thousand armed men spring into existence. In stifling the voice of a single man, thrown into their power by the maladministration of so called justice, they have evoked expression of opinion from others, probably stronger and more gifted than ever he was to battle in the war of the political elements. Although Mr. Branch may rest in the hands of the Philistines, his spirit lingers behind him, and that spirit induces more than one true soul to follow in the pathway of his martyrdom.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—We observe that the terra cotta covered walls of that unsightly abortion of architecture, called "The Peter Cooper Institute," are commencing to crumble away. In twenty-five years, it is presumed, that entire edifice will disappear, and New York be rid of the most contemptible-looking public building which ever emanated from mortal frenzy.

It is confidentially asserted by the friends of the Great Puttyman, that he intends to decline any renomination. Sensible, Puttyman; but not have a chance.

O Tempora! O Mores!!

The Mayor's Squad—every regiment, even of Police hoasts, an awkward squad—have been covering themselves with glory, and no trouble by a re-descent upon publishers of obscenity. They broke up a store in Ann street, and then went to the Volks Garten, where, in one obscure corner, they discovered a gallery of obscene prints or paintings, which, in the language of an excited reporter, they found to be "exquisitely finished."

Now, we are not troubled from curiosity, but we would like to know what became of these prints or pictures? As a matter of course the grave and potent seniors of the City Hall had to pass judgment upon the obscenity of the treasure trove—it was their duty to view this kind of vice in all its nakedness. It would be disrespectful, if not invidious, for us to insinuate, that our municipal potentates, while thus in the discharge of their duty, may have feasted their eyes in a lascivious gloat over these portraits of lust, for we cannot attribute to these mighty men that animal passion, so common to men of their age, which, when powers of virility are lost by debauch, continues to mount into the brain.

Probably this valuable collection of the Fine Arts has passed into the possession of that most ornamental of ornaments, connected with the most ornamental of polices—the Reverend, the property clerk, but as he is a most pious man, who abominates even the name of Paul de Kock, he would not touch them for the life of him. Oh! no. If these prints have been destroyed, as the law requires, we want evidence of the fact from others, than those connected with the municipal or police department. It were better, if they be not destroyed, to have them open to the public in the Volks Garten, than treasured up for the private inspection of the personal friends of Mayors, Aldermen, and the Judiciary.

Insanity of Joy.

We are all in a state of joy, not such as a man experiences when honored by any super-excellent dispensation of fortune, but a real, good, mathematical joy, so much the square inch, measured out to us by the great dignitaries at the City Hall. The fact is that we are joyful by proclamation, and any man who refuses to be happy, most assuredly ought to be committed for contempt of authority.

Notwithstanding our extreme happiness—for like every other good and loyal citizen, with the fear of the devil and Mayor Tiemann before our eyes, we are wrought up to the very highest pitch of rejoicing. So high indeed, that we think that we can take down the Mayor and Common Council on a good sized hallelujah. We sometimes think, however, we are making fools of ourselves. It may be an idea of ours, and therefore we trust it may not be contagious.

The Atlantic Telegraph, like everything else with which Mr. Peter Cooper has had the misfortune to be connected, has proven itself to be a remarkably slow coach. Indeed, Peter and his fellow laborers have reduced lightning to its lowest possible speed, and, for all practical uses of mercantile life, the telegraph may as well be in the other world as at the bottom of the Atlantic. For instance, the Queen's message, which is about the length of an ordinary darning letter, was commenced one afternoon, cut up and quartered the next, and finally we managed to get the whole of it by the day after. As to the President's answer, from all we can gather, it has not been, as yet, transmitted.

The only thing left the lightning, for the sake of its own reputation, is to get angry and knock down Peter Cooper, and after that little round, to have all connection with that

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.--No. 20

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

Price 2 Cents.

And they Stoned Stephen.

We are told by the Holy Scriptures that one of the Apostles, who, preaching integrity and truth to the Pharisees of old, offended those who belonged to the Tabernacle of libertines was brought before the council, which, by arousing public sentiment in a seditious manner, caused Stephen to be stoned. And in our modern day they have likewise stoned Stephen by placing him, unaccustomed to toil, and guiltless of all crime, save the free exercise of opinion, to labor in a quarry along with felons, thieves, and other obnoxious convicts; and in this wise have our modern Pharisees stoned Stephen.

The Warden of the Penitentiary, suffering from din of public opinion, has seen proper to extenuate his conduct by stating that he was compelled, by rigidity of duty, thus to place Mr. Branch in a position of labor. Thus has he communicated his thoughts for publication to the editor of the *Sunday Mercury*, and when he uttered them he was well aware that they were a mere subterfuge to avoid personal indignity. And now we challenge the Warden to show one single word in his instructions rendering it compulsory upon him to employ any one soul in the quarrying of stone. On the contrary, his instructions particularly enjoin upon him the exercise of moderation and forbearance as a taskmaster, and most explicitly direct that no prisoner, incapable of physical labor, shall be employed at manual servitude. The law of the State, despite the tendencies of Mr. Fitch, recognizes every being, created in human form, to be possessed of a soul, as well as being of value to the commonwealth; for a man incarcerated in the penitentiary, is not devoid of civil life as is the case with a convict to the State prison, and wherefore then did he stone Stephen?

Mr. Fitch, the Warden, may remember that a woman, convicted of the most brutal of crimes, which the law unfortunately has left unvisited by proper punishment, that of the murder of the innocents, as yet unborn, was, during her residence at the Island, favored not only with the comforts, but the luxuries of an easy existence. And still they stoned Stephen.

The Warden, in addition to this instance of the famous Madame Restell, may remember that a French gentleman, convicted of a most gross and obscene libel upon the Rev. Mr. Verien, was not only suffered to remain in idleness, and without the prison clothes, but was absolutely lodged in the Warden's house, remunerating him for his comfortable existence by instructing his daughters in a knowledge of the French tongue. And still they stoned Stephen!

The Warden may remember, moreover, that Mr. Judson, convicted of a misdemeanor in exciting the Astor Place riot, was allowed two days of weekly absence to attend the publication of a journal by him published—a fact notorious to every reader of *Ned Buntline's Own*. And still they stoned Stephen!

We are sorry that the Warden so far committed himself as intentionally to persecute a harmless, unoffensive man, whose true crime is a steady adherence to truth. Allow us to assure him that while we admire his penitence for the moment, we cannot forgive the fact that he stoned Stephen!

Is the Atlantic Telegraph Actually Complete?

It is still doubted by many whether the Atlantic cable is actually laid and perfect, as is reported. There is, we believe, no actual proof of the fact, beyond that in the hands of those who have a pecuniary interest in its being completed. It is said that the Queen's message and the President's reply have been transmitted. Have they? Who knows?

Mr. Field has notified the public that the line will not be opened for its use in much less than a month—that he also has resigned the directorship. Has he sold his stock, and thus disqualified himself from holding office? And will most of the stock have changed hands within the month? And will something have happened to the cable in the meantime to render it useless? Will the directors prove the fact of the cable being securely laid and in working order, by transmitting a message and returning an answer, if it is but a single sentence? If they are able to transmit one word they can do this. It would certainly be too bad if it should prove to be a Kidd salvage affair. Then all the gas which has been evolved, and all the powder burnt in the extreme jolification, would be a total loss; together with part of the City Hall, and Justice into the bargain. We certainly would advise those who have been lately canonized to show these surmises to be false before their honors grow dim.

A Commotion in the Jarsies.

The ALLIGATOR, feeling himself some pumpkins, on Sunday last, ventured upon an excursion to the Jarsies, as much from a desire to have universal absolution by a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Quietus, as from a longing to fraternize with the gallant Zonave, so particularly enamored with the "blunt." Basking in the smiles, literal and liquid, of the Hotel Napoleon, and, sunned by the presence of the fair hostess, the Alligator was enwrapped in a pleasant reverie, much after the owl-like manner, in which the sedate and philosophical Peter Cooper presides over a reform convention. But his repose was broken by learning the astounding fact that the Jersies, and especially Hoboken, was in a state of political insurrection, and that for the moment the authority of James Buchanan, President of these United States, was despised, contemned and absolutely denounced,—and even one rebel, unconscious of the Alligator's presence, absolutely expressed a fervent desire to punch that dignitary's venerable head. It seems from all that we can glean, that the Executive of this Republic, feeling the salvation of the country to depend upon the electors of Hoboken and the parts circumjacent, directed the renomination of the representative in Congress, at present representing that district. This, it seems, was too much for Jersey patience, exhausted as it is from passive submission to the tyranny of Camden and Amboy; and, therefore, Hoboken has raised the standard of revolt in the person of a learned judge, who is to mount the stump to vindicate the honor of Jersey, and perhaps of its lightning. How the unterrified democracy will survive this disaffection, we are at a loss to imagine—for the loss of Hoboken, which familiarly styles itself our sister city, and a very infant of a sister at that, must be a bitter pill to an Administration in a tight place. One hope only is left. Cannot the President induce John McKeon to reduce the rebellious people to a perpetual slumber by one of his soporific orations; and even should this fail, perchance Mr. Justice Whitley might be induced to talk to them for half an hour. We are convinced that the people of Jersey would do anything rather than submit to this final calamity.

To Our Readers.

During the past few weeks, it has been currently reported in some quarters, that D. W. JOYSON, Esq., is now conducting the *Alligator*.

That is not so. Mr. JOYSON never had—has not now, and, for aught we know at present, never will have anything to do with the *Alligator*.

Answers to Correspondents.

"VAN."—Your communication will appear in our next issue, it being received too late to be of use for the moment.

THE ALLIGATOR.

New York, Saturday, September 4, 1858.

More Advice to Mr. Barnard.

When Mr. Recorder Barnard sat in Solomonian judgment on Stephen H. Branch, he evidently forgot for the moment the dignity of a judge, and assumed the questionable attributes of a politician. That Mr. Recorder Barnard is nominally a lawyer we will admit, for he comes under all provisions of the New Code, which creates lawyers with the celerity of machinery; but that he understands the law, we emphatically deny. Before Mr. Barnard mounted the Bench, was his name ever known to the community as a successful barrister? Was he ever intrusted with any important civil or criminal case? Did he ever make a speech the most common-place reporter thought worthy of being reproduced in type? Not one of those tests of popularity, which appertain to the career of the most common of attorneys, seem to apply to the case of our learned Recorder, upon whose brow honor and glory have stumbled as it were by accident.

Mr. Barnard, in sentencing Mr. Branch, evidently desired to impress the public mind with an idea of his individual authority; forgetting that he was armed with the sword of mercy, he wielded only that of justice, and with a vindictiveness, as reckless as it was violent, loaned himself to the wishes of partizan leaders, who daily stand in dread of exposure from an unbridled press. As vermin cannot dwell in certain atmospheres, these men stifle coming in contact with the air of a free press; and it is to them we owe the bitter persecution of free opinion, as is glowingly instanced in the judgment passed upon Branch. A self-same punishment would have been meted out to any offending editor, who may touch the dignity of the confederated band, who thus attempt to throttle speech, whose freedom should be indigenous to the soil.

How long has Mr. Barnard learned that a convicted editor is a mere felon? That he should be maltreated, disgraced, and placed even below the level of thieves and malefactors? The case of Mr. Branch is probably the first on record, wherein a man condemned for libel was compelled to submit to prison discipline, intended only for a minor class of felons. But as this case has occurred, it has afforded to our people a fair opportunity of judging upon the irresponsibility. We will not say imbecility, of an elective judiciary. Catch the most insignificant errand-boy in the nearest lawyer's den, and he will give you a better legal, if not more humane, exposition of the true genius of the laws than was publicly enunciated by Mr. Recorder Barnard, who indirectly repudiated pure maxims of jurisprudence, and substituted vagaries of vengeance. Let us, therefore, profit by this casual display of sentiment; for say we to all quarters of the city, with a voice as of that of a watchman in the hour of alarm, that none, not even the pure and guileless, are safe while fantasies such as these are suffered to be intimated from a criminal bench. And likewise mind, we draw a grave distinction between our civil and criminal judiciary. Unfortunately, the highest and most respected of our judges are occupied solely with the rights of property, and we have committed the rights of the person to the most obscure of obscure attorneys, accidentally thrust from pure partizan influence

upon the Bench. While the truly learned Justice Clerke, a lawyer such as the way of Christian life would make him, is simply occupied in matters of dollars and cents, our lives, our persons, our future, immaculate, are intrusted to the supervision of such learned pundits, as Mr. Recorder Barnard and City Judge Russell.

Liberty of speech is a right, paramount to that of every other consideration; it has been measured as the key-stone to the great, unwritten Constitution of Britain and of our own land; it is the vital essence of our political existence, and its abuse has been judicially tolerated that the spirit shall be perpetuated. But as Mr. Recorder Barnard has not probably indulged in the intellectual luxury of perusing Hallam's Constitutional History—such a work being unknown to the New Code—we will excuse him from any implied admiration of that respect, yea, adoration, for personal rights, which animated the manly soul of Algernon Sidney and fired the patriotism of John Hampden.

We simply wish to inform Mr. Recorder Barnard that he labors under a delusion when he presumes libel to be a misdemeanor in the literal sense of the word, and although the law may be virtually misconstrued in such a wise as to authorize interpretation that it may verge upon misdemeanor, still the practice of Courts, presided over by Kent, by Eldon, and by Camden, has essentially abrogated any such pretence in fact. In meeting out to Mr. Branch the doom of a common thief, in disgracing and degrading him before the eyes of a community, he attempted in a feeble way, it may be observed, to instruct and enlighten. Mr. Barnard and his statelites not only erred in tempor, but in absolute legality. They have reaped a harvest of glory in the unrummured cases of a sympathetic public who will profit by the lesson we have received, and hence forward seek not such servants as these.

The Law's Delay.

It was confidently expected that a revision of the judgment upon Mr. Branch would have been had in the early part of this week. We, however, learn from Mr. Ashmead, that the Court being pre-occupied by civil business, have postponed consideration of his motion until the month of September, when the learned counsellor feels assured that the relief he prays for will be granted, and a new trial be had.

In this sacrifice of personal rights to the emolument of that of property, we notice the inconsistency of the law which thus creates an invidious distinction between things animate and inanimate. Here, then, we have a person kept in jail, in a state of vexatious misery, while the Court is occupied by the consideration of some quarrel of Smith and Jones over a bale of cotton, or some other trivialty in a commercial point of view. Now, the most valuable of all rights is that of locomotion, and the dearest of all writs is that of *habeas corpus*, instituted expressly for the relief of the individual from unjust detention. And still all the provisions of this famous act are neutralized the instant the prisoner gets into the clutches of the judiciary, whose slow motions are too often a cause of unintentional wrong-doing.

In the case of the People vs. Haines, the prisoner served his time out in the State Prison, and was afterward granted a new trial and found not guilty. Ashley, tried for forgery, served eighteen months, when upon a new trial he was found guiltless of the crime charged upon him. Much as we talk about the freedom of our institutions, the rights of prisoners are too little respected by the tardy process of legal procedure. We trust that when the new constitution be framed that preference will be given to all cases involving personal liberty.

The First of September---let us remember.

It was observed by an English writer the heart of an alderman lays in his belly. It may be true of an English alderman, but with ours the centre of all affections rests in the pocket—touch him there, and you draw his life's blood. Dining is the mere relaxation with our aldermanic council, by which they occasionally while away the fatigues of mathematical calculations on the gross profits of contracts. They eat not as a matter of duty, but from absolute necessity. We are to have a municipal banquet on the first of September, to testify our joy at the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable; and the same gentlemen, who did the mourning over James Munroe, have kindly condescended to do our merriment over the cable. Our Aldermen have acute sensations; at one moment they are plunged in the depths of woe, at another they are frantic with delight. In a word, they do everything, even praise God, not in church, but at the Crystal Palace.

We being of the poorer class feeders on pork and beans, are not expected to have stomachs, capable of being with fat capron lined, so we, tax payers will have to imagine the splendor of the scene, seen through the gloomy columns of a morning newspaper. And therefore let us riot in imagination and taste the pleasures of the honor in anticipation.

We see before us, seated in his chair of state, the great Puttyman, and we worship his Worship like unto the mighty Bendimeer, for him to speak, for us to hear. And as the words of humid eloquence are distilled from his lips, we will wonder how we could unfold so sound, unvarnished a tale, and admit that painting spoils the lilly and the rose, until weighed down by the profundity of magisterial love, we unconsciously droop to balmy slumber. And then we shall have Alderman Clancy, whose soft persuasive tones shall wake thunders of applause, as he extols the fighting glories of the Sixth, and promises that if the cable has necessity of gallant defenders, he knows a band ready to fight for it.

And then there will be the grave and illustrious Peter, who will act the part of the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, with an occasional smile as a token of our approaching smile. He will make but few remarks; the most telling of which will be a short sentence, offering the use of the basement cellar of the Institute wherein to coil away the tail end of the cable.

And then we will have Simeon Draper, the facetious prince of diners-out, whose portly presence was never known to fail a municipal feast. He will illuminate us with jokes, such as were wont to enliven the monotony of an Alms House board. And then we will mourn to think that some day must come when the Corporation Yorick will be no more.

It will be a great feast!—a revelry of wit, humor, and sentiment; a gathering together of all imaginable elements of greatness, from every quarter of the city, and it is only to be regretted that the Lord Mayor of London and him or Dublin cannot be sent, per the cable, to participate in the scene of self-glorification, it would afford them such an instructive lesson in the principles of municipal democracy. But as they are requested to dine simultaneously with our body corporate, so shall the *Alligator*, in an humble manner, it must be conceded, for we dine at our own expense—a consideration not entering into the heads of our authorities. At the exact moment when Simeon Draper cracks his sixth joke, the *Alligator* will honor Waterman with a command for "cin lager!"

Long Branch and Short Branch.

While Branch rnsicates upon the Island, Long Branch has had the honor of a most distinguished assembly, lay, clerical and divine. While Alderman Clancy, pink of municipal Nestors, has consented to bloom away from Blossom Lodge, and here to perform the duties of the Mayoralty, his Honor, the great Puttyman, comfortably dozes to the music of Jersey musquitoes, his repose only broken by the unwelcome intrusion of John McKeon—the leanest of Pharaoh's lean kine. His Honor and the inevitable John, although doubtlessly the master spirits of the mysterious conference held at the Branch, and which will probably be elucidated after the next election, however played second fiddle to Archbishop Hughes, a venerable prelate, who, well aware of the qualities of putty, can mould it at his will. What Peter Cooper does at the conference beyond yarning, it is difficult to imagine, his peculiarities being generally limited to that operation of the muscles. If these worthy gentlemen can conceive that they can use the Archbishop for their political purposes, they are slightly mistaken, for that enthusiastic prelate is too old a bird to be caught by any kind of chaff, and we doubt whether Puttyman & Co. can manufacture salt enough from the Atlantic ocean to be placed on his venerable tail. We may remind this scheming crew, that, some years ago (Governor Seward and his private governor, Thurlow Weed, attempted a sale of the worthy Archbishop, who, in return for the compliment, bought himself in and sold out his would-be purchasers at a remarkably low figure. With this decided case before their eyes, we beg to caution poor Puttyman and Peter to keep their eyes skinned, otherwise they may be found embalmed within the new Cathedral.

All for a Quarter.

We read in the daily prints that a gentleman by the name of Hoey, while returning from Rockaway, in company with a gentleman and lady, in passing a turnpike gate, gave the girl, attending the bar, a coin which he presumed to be a good American quarter dollar, but which the girl pronounced to be bad. The turnpike man, who chances to be a justice of the peace, immediately caused the arrest of all parties, who were forced to send to Rockaway for bail. Even after the arrival of the bail the party were detained several hours from lack of the necessary printed blanks, while Mr. Justice and turnpike man Pearsall, copied the process from a musty law tome. It is needless to add that upon the appearance of Mr. Hoey and counsel from New York, all proceedings were dismissed as frivolous.

Gross as this outrage may appear at the first blush, and intense as was the stupidity of the Long Island Dogberry, it can be daily paralleled by the actions of our own law courts, especially when we extract our police magistrates from barrooms and grogeries. Now one question: Have we one single police magistrate in this city who ever swept out a lawyers office, much less ever studied the profession? They are doubtlessly intelligent and well-meaning men, but then they are not lawyers, and consequently unfit to be entrusted with the custody of our personal independence. No right can be dearer than that of free locomotion, and therefore we should be more particular in the selection of these judges, than those controlling the right of property. Imprisonment, like the dew of heaven, falls alike upon the rich and the poor, and no citizen should be jeopardized as to personal liberty and representation without the strongest possible precaution.

News from a Watering Place.

Peter Cooper, the learned, astute, and never to be forgotten Peter, finds it to be invaluable to his health, to snuff the sea breeze in the classic freshness of Long Branch. Archbishop John, fatigued with the cares of Cathedral dedication, found it likewise to his advantage to smell the air in the same locality, and for fear of want of amusement he brought with him the Vicar General of his diocese, and a brother of some order—probably of the Redemptorists, or of some other evangelical pawnbrokers. And a very strange peculiarity in the atmosphere brought to the self-same spot, our most illustrious municipal executive Daniel F. Tiemann. And being mutual acquaintances, on Sunday last, they enjoyed a most comfortable chat, regulating the moral, sanitary and religious condition of our citizens, when Peter suddenly disappeared, and his body was only recovered a few hours before night-fall, when he was discovered thoroughly impregnated with a speech, which he will probably transmit to posterity upon the walls of the Institute, but which in reality is the personal property of Archbishop Hughes. And on the morrow Peter, like his saintly namesake, being a fisher of fish as well as of men, went forth to angle with the Vicar General, and the tansured monk, but what caught he beside religious truths, which ever hang like diamonds upon the voices of the Archbishop's town friends, we regret to say we could not learn. There must be something over refreshing in the air of Long Branch, some resuscitating principle which can allure to that spot such a bevy of worthies, who, to while away their leisure, have probably settled in every manner, not only the Apostolic succession, but Mayor Tiemann's re-election.

We would like some of our contemporaries to tell us what the people have gained in the election of Daniel F. Tiemann and the defeat of Fernando Wood. The latter is a statesman, a fine lawyer, quick perception, brilliant talents, and with all the accusations against him, proved himself an able, efficient magistrate. But Tiemann, what shall the historian say of him? Echo answers write—on his tomb stone—"Here lies the paint manufacturer, Daniel F. Tiemann, who was unfortunately elected Mayor of New York, through a mistake of his friends. He's gone—speak gently of his errors—the city debt mourns—the people they say—nothing."

Owing to the large and increasing demand for the ALLIGATOR, we are induced, by Mr. Branch's friends, to enlarge, consequently next week will appear a full grown monster—covering eight pages. Look out for next number. It will be rich and racy—full of spice.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.—Mayor Tiemann, in his epistle to the Lord Mayor of London, remarks, with respect to the Atlantic Telegraph, that "to God be all praise." We are glad that the Mayor has, like Saul of Tarsus, seen a great light, for last week Cyrus W. Field monopolized all the praise.

NIAGARA ECLIPSED.—We had always thought that Niagara falls were the greatest extant, but we are mistaken. We have lately discovered one fall infinitely greater than the above—Mayor Tiemann's fall from the good opinion of the citizens of New York into the arms of James Gordon Bennett.

"A STICK!"—By all means, at all times, we would have our friends *stick* beside us; but the assumed friend, who, seeking help, helped himself with our *composing stick*, from *beside us*, may be soon need a *crutch*.—[D.]

A Pertinent Series of Queries.

To the Editor of the Alligator:

New York, August 24, 1868.

Sir.—There are a few things which I, with many others of my acquaintances, wish to know, relative to the assistant matron of Kendall's Island, who figured so conspicuously in the press and in the questions, I would just say—as the subject of the note is a lady—if this were the first piece of scandal the citizens of New York had any knowledge of in connection with our city appointments, I, for one, would have been the first to have had this savory morsel consigned to the "comb of all the Capulets." Unfortunately it is not so. It is a well known fact that those who are fortunate enough to receive the patronage of the corporation of New York, and of all the lesser organizations in any way connected with our city, must, at least possess *one negative qualification*—they must be thoroughly destitute of honesty. Add to this a great talent for plundering the public treasury, drinking any quantity of rum, talking profanely, and well skilled in flattery, drinking *swill milk* and eating *self-fed beef*, and, in a word, in bamboozling everybody. It would appear, from disclosures lately made in certain quarters, the qualifications for the female portion of the appointees is in no way higher than the male portion.

The first question is—Did the Ten Governors, or any of them, know that this woman cohabited, as alleged in the *Alligator* and not disputed on the trial, with the individual represented as her friend? If so, this is a sad spectacle to be exhibited before our wives and daughters.

In the second place, why did Mayor, then Governor, Tiemann, if he did not know, prevent this *particular friend* from visiting the Island, while he permitted all the lady's other friends to visit her?

In the third place, how came this lady to be in want of small sums of money at different times, and how came she to make her wants known to Governor Tiemann? And far more wonderful still, that he should supply them repeatedly, without the former advance being liquidated? This seems to me passing strange when we come to reflect on the fact that this woman receives for her services on the Island \$800 per year; no small sum for an assistant matron.

In the fourth place, if all any of the above be true—and it may be true for any thing I know—(the trial of Branch did not at all touch these questions)—why is the lady not removed from the Island, for she is totally unfitted for the responsible situation she now fills? If the charges be false, why does the lady not take immediate steps to clear herself from this heinous scandal? The public have a right to demand that she either clear her character or that she be removed from the Island.

A WORKING MAN.

☞ The *Sunday Mercury* reads us a homily, and attempts to whitewash the conduct of the Warden of the Penitentiary, John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, is a great man in his own estimation, and it is a pity that the appreciation extends no further.

☞ The *Tribune* attempts to advise the Tammany Committee with regard to their political action. This is extremely civil as well as kind, and in return for their civilities will probably vote a Republican ticket. There is nothing more useful than perseverance, if we except putty.

Supreme Court.

In the matter of Stephen H. Branch undergoing sentence for libel.—Mr. Ashmead said he had obtained a writ of error in this case. He was at first disposed to let the judgment be affirmed by this Court without argument, in order that it might go to the Court of Appeals, but he was informed by Mr. Branch's friends that he is failing so fast that the question is doubtful whether he will live until the Court of Appeals meets.

Judge Davies—There is no other business before the Court.

Mr. Ashmead asked to have a day set down for the argument in this matter.

Judge Davies—No, sir; we cannot meet again until the third Monday in September.

Mr. Sedgwick, Assistant District Attorney, could not consent to the case going on out of the regular order. He had no doubt but Mr. McKeon would like to facilitate the argument; he was, however, out of town, and Mr. Sedgwick could not name any day.

Mr. Ashmead said that the defendant's points were so very clear and the exceptions taken so indisputable that he had no doubt that the case could be disposed of in fifteen minutes.

Mr. Sedgwick said the reason he could not consent was that Mr. Ashmead had intimated that he would make no strenuous opposition to a judgment for the people in this Court, in order that the case might go to the Court of Appeals at the next term; Mr. McKeon had left town with that understanding, but a few days since Mr. Ashmead gave notice that he would like to argue the questions here; counsel for the people were not therefore prepared.

Mr. Ashmead would consent to judgment for the people *pro forma*, but Mr. Branch's friends were importuning him to have the matter disposed of, as they feared he will not survive until the Court of Appeals meets in September.

The Court suggested that if Mr. Branch's health was such that his life was endangered, he could be admitted to bail.

FALL ELECTION.

STATE OF NEW-YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 2, 1858.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:
SIR—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AT THE GENERAL ELECTION to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A GOVERNOR, in the place of John A. King;
A LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, in the place of Henry R. Selden;
A CANAL COMMISSIONER, in the place of Samuel B. Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Whallon, deceased;
AN INSPECTOR OF STATE PRISONS, in the place of William A. Russell;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth Wards in the city of New York.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth Wards in the city of New York.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards of the city of New York, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Wards of Brooklyn.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards in the City of New York.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth, and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York;

And also, A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States for the Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-second Wards in the City of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

SEVENTEEN MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY:
A SHERIFF, in the place of James C. Willett;
A COUNTY CLERK, in the place of Richard B. Connelly;

FOUR COBENORS, in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Edward Conroy, Robert Gamble and Samuel C. Hills;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chapter 320 of Laws of 1858, a copy of which is printed, for instructions in regard to their duties under said law.

Submitting the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same to the people of the State.

CHAP. 320.
AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the People of the State:

Passed April 17, 1858—three-fifths being present.
The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The Inspectors of Election in each town, ward, and election district in this State, at the annual election to be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to receive the ballots of the citizens of this State entitled to vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written and printed, by those voters who are in favor of a Convention, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to Revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And by those voters who are opposed thereto, the words: "No." And by those voters who are in favor of a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." And the citizens entitled to vote as aforesaid shall be allowed to vote by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in which he resides, and not elsewhere.

§ 2. So much of the articles one, two and three, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as regulates the manner of conducting elections and challenges, oaths to be administered, and inquiries to be made, of persons offering to vote, shall be deemed applicable to the votes to be given or offered under the act; and the manner of voting and challenges, and the penalties for false swearing, prescribed by law are hereby declared in full force and effect in voting or offering to vote under this act.

§ 3. The said votes given for and against a convention, in pursuance of this act, shall be canvassed by the Inspectors of the several election districts or polls of the said election in the manner prescribed by law, and as provided in article four, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the said act, passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as far as the same are applicable; and such canvass shall be completed by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in each election district or poll for a convention, and the whole number of votes given against such convention, in the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspectors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the number of ballots received in relation thereto, and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." Such statements as aforesaid shall contain a certificate, stating the day on which, and the number of the district, town or ward, and the county at which the election was held, and in all respects, which certificate shall be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the office of the clerk of the town or city.

§ 4. The original statements, duly certified as aforesaid, shall be delivered by the inspectors, or one of them, to be deposited for that purpose, to the supervisor, or, in case there be no supervisor, or he shall be disabled from attending the board of canvassers, then to one of the assessors of the town or ward, within twenty-four hours after the same shall have been subscribed by such inspectors, to be disposed of as other statements at such election, are now regulated by law.

§ 5. So much of the articles first, second, third, and fourth, of title fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of the act entitled, "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," and the acts amending the same, as regulates the duties of County Canvassers and their proceedings, and the duty of County Clerks, and the Secretary of State, as aforesaid, shall be deemed applicable to the canvassing and ascertaining the voters, shall be applied to this State in relation to the proposed convention; and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes or ballots given in and returned as aforesaid are against a convention, then the said canvassers are required to certify and declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed by them, and filed with the Secretary of State; but if it shall appear by the said canvass that a majority of the ballots or votes given as aforesaid are for a convention, then they shall by like certificates, to be filed as aforesaid, declare that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a copy of such certificate to both branches of the Legislature, at the opening of the next session thereof. Yours, respectfully,
GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, August 4, 1858. }

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,

Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be paid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 24, part 1st, page 140.

FRANCIS B. BALDWIN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CLOTHING & FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, No. 79 and 73 Bowery, between Canal and Hester streets, New York. Large and elegant assortments of Youths' and Boys' Clothing. F. B. BALDWIN, J. G. BARNUM.

F. B. BALDWIN has just opened his New and Immense Establishment. THE LARGEST IN THE CITY! An entire New Stock of GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, recently manufactured by the best workmen in the city, is now opened for inspection. Also, a superior stock of FURNISHING GOODS. All articles are of the Best Quality, and having been purchased during the crisis, WILL BE SOLD VERY LOW! The Custom Department contains the greatest variety of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS.

Mr. BALDWIN has associated with him Mr. J. G. BARNUM, who has had great experience in the business, having been thirty years connected with the leading Clothing Establishments of the city.

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JAMES DONNELLY.

WILLIAM COULFER, CARPENTER.—I HAVE LONG been engaged as a Carpenter, and I assure all who will favor me with their patronage, that I will build as good houses, or anything else to my line, as any other carpenter in the city of New York. I will also be as reasonable in charges for my work as any other person.

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Near of 216 East Twentieth street, New York.

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GEO. KNAPP,
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H. JONES & HOFF, whose place of business is in front of the Astor House, keep all the latest publications of the day, including all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers. The public patronage is most respectfully solicited.

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AGOSTO BRENTANO, CORNER OF HOUTSON STREET and Broadway, has all the latest Publications, and receives all the Foreign Papers by every steamer. He also has the latest numbers of almost every paper published, including Branch's "Alligator."

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Mr. Sedgwick said that he could be bailed by an order of the Court.

Judge Davies said this Court would adjourn to-morrow or Saturday, for the purpose of hearing the argument, but Mr. Sedgwick could not say when Mr. McKeon would return. Upon the suggestion of the Court, the case took the regular order, to come before the General Term on the third Monday of September, which would give them time to go before the Court of Appeals on the fourth Tuesday of that month.

Mr. Ashmead said that he had searched the books, and from the time of Charles the Second down to the present day, there is no such sentence to be found on record.

The Court adjourned *sine die*.

The following is the substance of Mr. Ashmead's points for Branch:

1. In refusing to receive the testimony of the three witnesses who offered to prove that they told Branch the matters which he published, and which were charged as libellous, in order to rebut the implication of malice.

2. In charging the jury that if the defendant justified or proved the truth as to two of the parties charged, yet, that inasmuch as the indictment embraced a libel on three, he must still be found guilty.

3. That the whole proceedings are *coram non judice*, the Court having no jurisdiction to originate bills in case of misdemeanor.

4. In charging the jury that the law presumed malice from the publication of a libel, without instructing them at the same time that it was only a *prima facie* presumption, and could be rebutted by evidence.

BRANCH'S CONDITION.—A gentleman, upon whose statements we can place the utmost reliance, tells us that a day or two ago he visited Branch at Blackwell's Island. After crossing the river and reaching the Island, the gentleman was shown into a small office attached to the Penitentiary. At this place he saw one of the clerk's present an order from one of the "Governors," to be permitted to see Branch. After a few moments the unfortunate Alligator, but still indomitable Branch, presented himself. His face was paler than when in the city, and his general appearance was that of a man who was suffering from a want of nutritious food and the usual comforts of life. Branch was dressed in the prison costume, his hair was cropped and his whiskers shaved. He stated that he was now employed in carrying the tools used by the people of the quarry, and that, although the work was not necessarily so severe, yet the fact that he was confined all day amid the dust of the quarry, and fed on food which his system and appetite revolts at, he was rapidly losing his strength, and was threatened with a paralysis of his left side. He stated that he had to get upon several times in the night to rub his limbs, and that his case was aggravated from the fact that he was denied the use of slippers, and had consequently to stand on the stone floor whenever he was obliged to rise from his bed. He says that if the present severe discipline is not alleviated, he will not live six weeks, and his chest is severely affected by the dust of the quarry and the hard labor he has to perform, without adequate food.—*Daily Times*.

A story is told by Sir Walter Scott, of a Scotch nobleman who had a very ugly daughter called "Muckle Mouthed Meg," whom nobody would look at. Having caught a young man of good family on his estate in some scrape, he had him tried and condemned to be hanged. When the young man appealed to him, he told him, "The only way I can save you is by your marrying my ugly daughter." The young man said he would be hanged first. When brought out to the gallows and the rope was seen hanging ready, the young man cried out, "Let me have another look at her."

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLI GATOR.

Volume I.--No. 21.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

Price 2 Cents.

What Peter Said.

The great Cable celebration at the Crystal Palace was apparently a cut and dried affair, for the few speeches transmitted to us by the press were not only written, but printed in advance of delivery—a comfortable method of reporting, very satisfactory, but not quite literal, as well as undignified in the orator of the day reading off his speech, schoolboy-like from the crown of his hat. Peter had his say, and a very funny say it was, so much so that we are inclined to believe that Archbishop John, while “stuffing” at Long Branch, intentionally quizzed that venerable duck. Peter, when it came to his say, was chuck full of electricity; he sparkled and snapped like an aurora borealis; he was better charged than the cable, and his eloquence went off with a series of flashes like the detonations of a Leyden jar. He told us “his labors which required the indomitable courage, the far-seeing and electrifying mind of Cyrus W. Field to inspire and stimulate.” Cyrus then is the electrical eel of this new era, and should be carefully preserved within non-conductors from fear of shocking accidents. Then Peter got poetical, and travels in the great garden of the world within and the world without, and clothes a man there with power. This great garden could not be that of Eden, for there nobody went clothed with anything. And then Peter got surgical, and goes into midwifery, calling the cable “the umbilical cord that binds the mother continent to the child.” Then Peter grew prophetic, and tells us what electricity will do some day or the other. And then Peter got enigmatical, and didn't know what he did say, and then he said that language failed him, and upon this giving out he sat down and looked profound at everybody and everything for the remainder of the exercises, bestowing on the audience an occasional yawn.

A New Scheme.

So the repairs to the City Hall are to be made by the jobbing system. The contract system, money-making as it is, is too liable to be exposed to the inspection and judgment of the people, but a large job that is split up into a dozen or more little ones and given out to as many individuals, pays better, and can be more secretly conducted; therefore this job which might be done reasonably low by a contractor, is to be *highly jobbed* out piecemeal. Verily, we live in a great age, have great city fathers, an illustrious Mayor and plenty of paint and putty.

Puttyman turned Merriman.

The anecdotes of great man are the treasures of local history, and are generally presumed to lend some light upon the trivialities of State life. Daniel F. Tiemann is reported to have remarked, in a serious manner it must be observed, for Daniel is thought to be a teetotaler, and rarely dons the motley, that when the Lord Mayor of London hears of our celebration and burning of the City Hall, he would return the compliment by setting fire to the Mansion House. There can be no doubt that this charitable ebullition of etiquette will be accomplished, and were it not for the extreme modesty of the worshipping Tiemann, there is little doubt but that his Lordship would be induced to re-enact the part of Guy Fawkes, and throw in the two houses of Parliament by way of a superior pyrotechnical display. The thanks of the British public are unquestionably due Puttyman for his moderation, for were he to will it, the Atlantic Cable might require the immolation of Gog and Magog, and, peradventure, the importation of the Bow Bells. But Puttyman says he was only joking, and in alluding to the Metropolitan edifice, intended merely to call forth a sally of wit instead of a blaze of pure genuine flame.

The first appearance of Mr. Puttyman in his new character of Merriman, is highly creditable to a new beginner, and we have little doubt that after a suitable intellectual training by Mr. Gossin, and a few stray tricks from Signor Carlo, he will be able to perform a creditable engagement with Dan Rice. Indeed, we do not know but with the aid of lamp-black and a dictionary, he might be converted into an excellent Brother Bones, if not a joker in all the spirit of Tom Brown, and the quaintness of the late inveterate Horn. When other occupations are gone. Mr. Puttyman, from this specimen of jocularly, is entitled to a front seat in the saw dust.

EUREKA.—There having been great inquiry made as to whom the statue in the City Hall Park represents, we are happy to inform the inquisitive that we learn by a dispatch sent us by the Atlantic Telegraph, that it is the *fac simile* of the great Puttyman.

A GREATER UNION THAN THE TELEGRAPH.—The political junction between Peter Cooper and Tiemann. The cable can't stand comparison with the cement of putty and glue.

How to Shed a Ray of Light.

At the Cable demonstration on the 1st, Aldermanic politeness showed itself in its true colors by the virtual expulsion of reporters from the Crystal Palace. Immediately previously to the commencement of the exercises, Mr. Lowber, a protege of the reformer's, whose name may be remembered in connection with a claim against the city, ordered the removal of the tables and benches allowed to the press. Alderman Thomas McSpedon, whose name will become famous to the press before the whole of the documents in the Hall of Records are printed, forthwith directed the removal of the pressgang, which, like the Joseph Walker, was held by Mr. Lowber to be a nuisance. This summary proceeding was characteristic of aldermanic wisdom, by forgetting that while the wide world was interested in the cable, our astute gentleman imagined that he had it safely coiled in his breeches pocket. Luckily all the addresses, which had the sanction of the Common Council, were in print for a few days before their delivery, and that portion of our municipal greatness has escaped certain loss. Unfortunately there are two sides to a question as well as an address, and as the British recipients of the addresses, as well as the Captain of the Niagara, were not up to the mysteries of the Tea-Room, their replies are forever lost. We have doubtless lost the wheat and secured the chaff.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—We read in the *Herald* the other day, that, in the opinion of that oracle, the successful laying of the Trans-atlantic Cable would change the whole moral aspect of human affairs—the *Herald* included. Now we must confess we do belong to that class of persons which believe that physical agency and morals are intimately allied, and that the great achievement of submerging the cable will produce more or less a moral effect. Still we are doubtful of the *Herald*. We are equally doubtful whether the successful laying of two cables and a half dozen other scientific victories much greater than anything that has yet transpired, could produce an improvement in the moral character of the *Herald*. Bennett is too great and too hardened a sinner. Still we have heard of repentance at the eleventh hour.

A GOOD IDEA.—Our devil suggests that the great Puttyman would do well to hire Jobson to edit the *Satanic*. This might be beneficial to Puttyman, but we doubt whether Mr. Jobson would consent to lend his brain in such a filthy channel. The great French historian can do better.

THE ALLIGATOR.

New York, Saturday, September 11, 1858.

Out with Them.

Our people have by this time purchased the significant lesson that it is impossible to create an elective judiciary, worthy of esteem and capable of discharging the onerous functions committed to their custody. The learned Sancho Panza observed, with respect to the impossibility of creating silk purses out of sows, ears. We can do likewise as to the utter inability of manufacturing judges, worthy of the ermine, from raw material, such as Mr. Recorder Barnard and City Judge Russell, neither of whom would be selected to decide upon the merits of a cock fight, much less to determine the rights of personal liberty. Is the evil to be longer endured, to be incessantly repeated, or are the people to take the matter in their own hands that we may divest ourselves from the burdens which Sinbad-like we are compelled to bear on our shoulders?

We have thoroughly tested the question of an elective judiciary, both theoretically and practically, and we have arrived at one conclusion—that we obtain politicians instead of judges, and thereby jeopardize the very foundation of our national liberties. We have done more, and openly pandered to the lowest vice in suffering the right of ballot to be prostituted in order that the most unworthy of men may creep into the judiciary. We have emptied the tap-rooms and bar-rooms of their tenants, and have thus sullied the dignity of the ermine. We have also done everything in our power to neutralize the benevolent intentions of our republican institutions, by corrupting the only safeguard for their perpetuation. And this series of calamities is chiefly attributable to the introduction of the political manoeuvre of rendering the judiciary elective, and thus we have sacrificed the wisdom of our revolutionary ancestors.

A few years ago, when the judiciary were appointed by the State Senate, and served until physical infirmities limited the term, the New York Bench were unrivalled for learning, courtesy and literary acquirements. Our criminal judges were particularly distinguished, and the name of Richard Riker, for many years Recorder of New York, will be remembered as that of a worthy and respected magistrate. Whence have we receded to secure Russells and Barnards? Nay, we have even gone to the length of creating offices which are perfectly useless, and filled them with idle incumbents. Will any man say that the City Court exists as a matter of necessity, or that the duties of the officers do not belong to other authorities? If not, why not erect a courtroom and not compel its presiding dignitary to lounge a hanger-on the Court of Sessions. Probably it is better for the common weal, and more in accordance with Mr. Russell's antecedents, that he be suffered to continue in this way of life, in which the extent of mischief may be kept within limit. In the approaching constitutional convention, the question of an elective judiciary will be fairly at issue, and it is one duty that we owe to ourselves to reorganize the magistracy, that its ancient character for integrity and truth may be revived and perpetuated. This work of purification will probably be strenuously opposed by those of our politicians, who are dependent to the gaugs of shoulder hitters, and brothel pimps, now infecting our city and rendering the elective franchise a political caricature. If we suffer this opportunity to escape us, we are unworthy the character of freemen, and deservedly the cellars of a judiciary, as incompetent as it is useless, and as useless as it is expensive.

The Tail of the Cable.

We have had our gay old time; our citizens have had fireworks, and crackers, and cheese; our boys have had a turn-out, and our country cousins have had a most stunning display of municipal greatness,—in a word, we have glorified God, the Atlantic Cable, and the Field family. This is all very well in its way; but when we come to pay for the piping, we naturally inquire the reason for all this fuss and commotion—for the only thing which appears to be quiet is the cable itself, which neither works nor gives evidence of any inclination towards labor. Now that we have had the fun, let us pay for it.

The people of England, who own the Telegraph, each end being limited to British soil, and the whole line under control of British capitalists, seem to have rejoiced over the success of the great event of the age in a most rational and sensible manner, while we have apparently gone mad with joy over an affair which, in nowise, can be construed into a national subject. Degrading as it may be to our personal pride, Peter Cooper, the Field family, and Archbishop John, to the contrary notwithstanding, the Atlantic Telegraph is essentially an English triumph; and in expending a large sum of money in an ebullition of passing insanity, our citizens have only rendered themselves subjects for merriment. Who will deny that, although the project of an Atlantic Telegraph was first broached on this side of the Atlantic, almost the entire credit of its success has been committed to British hands. The money was raised in England, and three out of four vessels, engaged in the enterprize, bore the British flag. And now have we any just excuse to run mad with joy, and to add some fifty thousand additional taxes to our already over-taxed community?

The very character of the procession which went through our streets was a polite satire upon the occasion, as it can mainly be regarded as an illegal method of advertising one's wares, which, if persisted in, would prove ruinous to the Sunday papers. We had cracker bakers, alcohol dealers, gas stoves, and all that sort of thing, from the beginning to the end of the chapter; and one, unacquainted with the nature of municipal rejoicing, would conceive the demonstration to have been the American Institute house-moving on the first of May. And now that the reign of folly has past, and the festivity of the occasion wasted into air, a second, sober thought suggests to us that we have been manufacturing a very large quantity of excitement upon a very small capital; and the more serious this consideration will become as the moment of payment presses on us. We have no right to squander public moneys, no more than that of embezzling from private persons; still we are well aware that a different standard of morality governs the actions of officials from those of the same beings in a mercantile character. Now that we have reached the tail of the cable excitement, let us propound a simple query: What have we gained by all this frenzy beyond the glorification of one or two individuals, who have suddenly discovered themselves to be great? We have foolishly spent a large sum of money—we have made an exhibition of ourselves, and have no equivalent to show in exchange for our funds and our honor. By the tail of the cable hangs a curious tale indeed.

TOO TRUE BY HALF.—One of our City Fathers, upon being solicited for a ticket to the Cable Dinner on the 2d of September, refused, giving as a reason that he could not venture to invite any of his friends, from fear of introducing improper characters.

The Paupers at the Town Table.

If any man hangs around a public house, dependent upon the charity of visitors for a drink, even if it be absolutely necessary to his health, he is commonly honored with the epithet of a "bummer;" but when a highly distinguished politician or other man, too indolent to do his own work and subsisting from the public till, hangs around the City Hall, awaiting the chances at the public table, we fail to recognize the similarity of his condition with the dry and athirst of the common tap-room. Now we are blind enough not to see the distinction between these two classes of worthies, and we are stupid enough to enumerate both as under the same category. It matters little to us whether the guzzler at the Metropolitan feeds at the public expense, or Brown at the Pewter Mug drinks from the involuntary contributions of Jones or any other private individual. In both instances the principle is the same, and a man who dines at the public expense, even if it be in the name of Cyrus W. Field, is as much of a sucker as the loungeur who insists upon participating with you in a smile. They are both paupers, and should be deservedly esteemed as such by an intelligent community. There is nothing like calling things by their proper names, although they may be distasteful to our so-called Reformers.

It is exceedingly strange that any body of men, pretending to advocate retrenchment in our finances, will so barefacedly and undisguisedly seize upon a large sum of money belonging, as they honorably admit, to a most over-taxed municipality, and squander it for the least profitable of animal passions. Three thousand dollars could be better expended in a monument or other testimonial of our Cable joy, than to be guzzled down by a bevy of hungry hounds, who would have claimed boon-companionship with Judas Iscariot to get an invitation to the Last Supper. If it be necessary to express our joy, why not do it in a rational manner, like men gifted with reason, and not guzzle and swill like beasts of the field? Still the invincible selfishness of our Aldermen demanded an Aklermauc banquet, whence a majority of our officials will in all probability be carried home on a shutter, if they do not succeed in procuring accommodations at the public expense in the Fifteenth Ward Station. Where better to end the benechanian revel? We had believed that, when the iniquity of the tea-room was suppressed, and the bevy of loafers who were wont to breakfast, dine and sup from the free lunch of our Municipal tea-room, the whole fabric of guzzling would be cast down, so that every intelligent and reputable man would conceive it a species of larceny to dine at the expense of the poverty-stricken tax-payers. But that which is bred in the bone cannot come out from the skin, and this habit of dining is too deeply seated to be eradicated from these veterans at the public table. It would be a curious study for a statesman to compute the amount of groceries, wet and dry, consumed by some of these well fed officials, and, when published, would afford a very instructive lesson in municipal economy. We will venture to say that Simeon Draper alone, in the course of his public services, has deemed it a part of his duty to consume edibles and drinkables to the extent at least of three thousand dollars. Here, then, is a question for disputation at the Institute that, if the official keep of one man costs such a sum, how much would it cost to support an army.

☞ God made man, and he rested; then he made woman and rested; then he invented the Beecher family and rested again, and then he created the Field family; and there, let us hope, we come to a full stop.

Fish and Fowl.

Notwithstanding the heavy demonstrations of the Common Council, by word of mouth and by strength of lung in favor of the Atlantic Cable, it seems that the reception of the crew of the Niagara was entirely overlooked by these distinguished characters, who, in their ovations to Mr. Cyrus W. Field, and such like magnates, ignored the existence of such a poor set of individuals as the absolute toilers, who live by the sweat of their brow. To make up for this deficiency in courtesy, a few gentlemen invited and gave a species of demonstration, wherein they expected to realize something digestible for the poor Jacks of our navy, who, in an humble way at least, contributed to the success of the great event. Well, these gentlemen in hiring a room wherein the speechification could be made, naturally stumbled upon the great Peter Cooper Institute, first from the connection Peter had with the tail end of the cable, and, secondly, from the fact that they labored under the impression that the building had been given to our municipality for the encouragement of arts and sciences, and, assuredly, what could be more encouraging to science than a hearty meal after scientific labor?

The committee waited upon the proprietor of the Institute and discovered the nightly rent for the use of the hall of the building, so magnanimously donated to the city, to be \$100. However, the breasts of landlords are not always of stone, and the illustrious Peter, taking into consideration the object and the occasion, kindly consented to receive from the friends of poor Jack but one-half the usual price for the loan of a building, vulgarly conceived to be public property. Now who dares to assert that Peter, the great and liberal minded Peter Cooper, never does things by halves?

Cable Jollification.

Cyrus, the great, has been out on a fishing excursion; he has fished with a long line, a keen hook, fine bait, and in deep water—caught a fine kettle of fish and many shiners, over which the Cooper guild and corporation feel disposed to make themselves jolly. This may all be very well, but to us it looks very much like using an opportunity to make a display and have a good time generally to glorify somebody at the expense of the people.

With respect to the merits of this cable, Franklin bottled lightning, Morse discovered the telegraph principle, Maury the telegraph plateau, and Cyrus, with the assistance of Brooks, put the two together, for commercial purposes, for which Cyrus is to be glorified forever, while Franklin, Morse and Maury are forgotten. The whole cost of the cable celebration, to the city, will not fall much short of \$150,000. Cold winter will soon be here, and thousands cold and hungry, without the means to supply themselves with food and fuel; and we venture to say not \$500 could be raised from the corporation outside the usual appropriations, to keep them from starvation or freezing. All this is the result of a nice little arrangement by the city fathers, who are mighty fond of guzzling at the public crib whenever an excuse can be manufactured. This cable laying furnishes a good one, but the cable is laid, so let "God be praised," but not until Cyrus has had his share.

OVERDONE.—It is now understood that the persecutors of Mr. Branch have separated from co-partnership with Recorder Barnard, whom they charge with having overdone matters. It is a pity, but Mr. Barnard will learn that he cannot serve both God and man at the same time.

A Great Chance for Peter.

Now that we are going to have a new story on the City Hall, would it not be an excellent opportunity to try the highly ingenious scheme of the venerable Peter Cooper, of converting the new portion of that public edifice into a water-tank? What a refreshing idea in the dog-days!

If Peter had only studied political economy as deeply as he has hydraulics, he might have improved his scheme of fire-extinguishing and rendered it at least self-paying, it not a source of revenue. During the summer months, this artificial pond could be rendered an excellent bathing-school, where, beneath the supervision of some of the unoccupied police, small boys could be allowed, at a shilling a head, to indulge in a hydropathic luxury of a dive and come up again. Beyond this, during the winter, the pond being subject, we suppose, to the ordinary afflictions of a cold, might be advantageously employed for the healthy relaxation of skating, during which performance the venerable Peter may patronize the public by an exhibition of his highly respected person, after the manner of his great predecessor, Wouter Von Twiller. By this ingenious arrangement the great water-tank of the great Peter may be rendered as great an institution in a sanatory point of view, as his Institute is to the intellectual world of our Atlantic Metropolis. Peter should be a water-cure doctor.

A Wonderful Invention.

Much has been said about the Albany Regency, whose lawgivers are Thnrlow Weed, Seward & Co., but they cannot compare with our great Puttyman, Cooper, Draper & Co. For cunning reforms, soft soap and putty they have no competitors. While the former has dined on politicians, the latter has luxuriated on live alligators—of the short and long branch species—until they are looking fat and greasy. We advise Weed and Seward to look well to their pickets and walls at Syracuse on the 8th of September, or our great city reformers will not leave them an atom of power or greatness. Let Weed remember that these great lights of Metropolitan glory, have a *peculiar* way of doing business, unknown to the scientific of the present day. The invention is said to be despotic and arbitrary in its sway over the masses, but this can hardly be, for our Metropolitans are clear-sighted people and would certainly have made the discovery if such was the case; hence their popularity must originate from the true greatness of their invention and the entire approval and encomiums of the Pres during the last three or four weeks. It is seldom that any new invention confers honor, fame and fortune upon the inventor, but this "Branch Incarceration" invention is a new era in science, law and philosophy. The inventors are deserving of a monument to perpetuate their memories to future posterity. Oh, great Puttyman, little did you think, when superintending your humble paint manufactory, that you would ever be connected in such a great discovery. How great, how powerful is genius—God-like. Praise God, Puttyman, that you and your fellow-inventors are not like other men.

CITY HALL BELL.—This loud, cracked-toned sentinel, having become ashamed of the corruption in and round the City Hall, has left the top of that institution and located itself outside on a wooden tower.

CENTRAL PARK.—Supposed to be completed about the year 1880—judging by the last two years' progress. Cost, impossible to estimate.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALLIGATOR.

NEW YORK, August 23, 1858.

SIR:—Hitherto I have refrained from addressing communications to the newspapers upon *any* subject of interest to the community, feeling better satisfied in reading the comments of persons other than myself. The course of the prosecution towards the unfortunate Mr. Branch leads me, for the first time, to speak to the public through the columns of a public journal, and suggests to me a number of ideas which, I think, bear upon the subject. I am not a personal friend of Mr. Branch, never having had half a dozen words of conversation with him. I look upon the prosecution (or, more properly speaking, the persecution) of Mr. Branch as a wholesale violation of the rights and privileges of the citizens of New York, and a violent outrage upon the spirit and tenor of our laws. For the first time in the history of our criminal jurisprudence, we find a man charged with the commission of an offence against our laws, arrested, indicted, tried, convicted, sentenced, and placed in the vilest servitude, all within the space of two short weeks. In this extraordinary trial we see, and painfully too, the establishment of a precedent to take away our rights and subject our persons and property to the ruthless grasp of an interested prosecution. 'Tis true that the prosecutors in the case of Mr. Branch were *wealthy and in positions of influence, and it was therefore to be expected that justice should lean toward them*, to the taking away of the rights of a citizen who could not boast of *wealth*. I assert, and without fear of truthful contradiction, that two-thirds of our community to-day sympathize with Mr. Branch, and look upon the course of the prosecution as a gross violation of their own individual rights, and such a violation as loudly calls for the indignation of the people; and it is indeed pleasant to reflect, that to-day the persecutors of Mr. Branch are entitled to, and willingly receive, the supreme contempt and unmitigated scorn of every lover of justice; and I tell you, sir, that scorn and contempt will manifest itself at the ballot-box to such a degree, that *certain persons* will wither beneath the loud condemnation of the honest citizen; and the time will come when justice shall not be thwarted by the mere wink of two or three *self-interested* individuals, who cannot boast of any *particular merit*. I take the position, that whether Mr. Branch be guilty or *not* guilty, the trial was unfair and the sentence unjust; and no evidence appears to my mind causing me to doubt but that Mr. Branch's assertions were correct. Would it not have been much better, in order to the proper vindication of the character of the person against whom the charges were made by Mr. Branch, that all the circumstances connected with the affair should have been brought to light by an even-handed, above-board trial? Then, if the charges were false, the prosecution would have established their honor and integrity in a manner which would have satisfied the community, and not led them to look, as they now do, with suspicion. Beyond all this, Mr. Branch was *denied* the right of a preliminary examination; thus showing that the first step taken by the prosecution was illegal and unjust. These facts, when presented to the mind of an enlightened public, present such formidable proof of the injustice practised towards Mr. Branch, that it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that Mr. Branch has been more sinned against than sinning. In conclusion I shall say, that, from what I have discovered of public opinion, it is high time that something should be done to rid ourselves of the present administration, and to put in office men who can be relied upon; believing as they do that Mr. Branch has been the victim of political persecution.

Let us hope that the time will soon come

when the rights of the community will be preserved, and their persons and property protected by an enlightened, intelligent and honorable judiciary. VAN.

The Genuine Cable.

No single enterprise better illustrates the go-ahead-ativeness of Americans than the purchase by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., the Broadway jewellers, of the entire surplus of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, left on board the Niagara. They have no possible use for it, beyond the selling of pieces as specimens to be preserved as curiosities; and yet, on this speculation they have advanced some \$30,000 or \$40,000 hard cash. In some cities, and some countries they would inevitably find themselves "stuck," as the newsboys say; but here, they will, assuredly and deservedly, reap a rich reward. They are selling the pieces, plain and mounted with *fac simile* certificates by Mr. Field, at all prices, from 50 cents upwards, about as fast as they can cut them off.—*Sum.*

Now, of what real utility is a piece of this supposed cable? None whatever. We strongly suspect hundreds of mechanics are employed daily in manufacturing a *fac simile* of the Atlantic Cable, and doubtless will continue to be so employed as long as a purchaser for a piece of "that Cable" can be found. For gullibility, New Yorkers are certainly the greenest of the human species. Still, perhaps, an imitation of "that Cable" will answer every purpose, and enrich the retailer at the expense of the credulous. We intend to get a monster "cable" manufactured, "to order," to cable up our *Alligator* o'nights.

A showman giving dramatic entertainments in Lafayette, Ind., was called upon by Terrell, of the *Journal*, who tendered a bushel of corn for admission. The manager refused to accept of it, telling Terrell that all the members of his company had been corned for the past six weeks. Our city fathers have been *sham-paigned* and *cabled* for the last two weeks.

Our devil thinks it a national loss that the Limekiln man did not live long enough to be elected Mayor. No doubt of it—lime is more substantial than paint:

Wonder if the great Putty-man has ever paid Bennett that little bill for paint advertising? We suppose so, as Bennett is now using plenty of *varnish* of the putty calibre.

Advertisements---25 Cents a line.

Credit.—From two to four seconds, or as long as the Advertiser can hold his breath! Letters and Advertisements to be left at No. 114 Nassau-street, second story, front room.

COREY AND SON, MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, WALL Street, New York, Notaries Public and Commissioners—United States Passports issued in 36 hours.—Bills of Exchange, Drafts, and Notes protested.—Marine protests noted and extended.

EDWIN F. COREY,
EDWIN F. COREY, Ja.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR Proof Safe, with Hall's Patent Powder Proof Locks, afford the greatest security of any Safe in the world. Also, Sideboard and Parlor Safes, of elegant workmanship and finish, in plate, &c.

S. C. HERRING & CO.,
251 Broadway.

J. VAN TINE, SHANGHAI RESTAURANT, No. 2 DEY street, New York.

S. & J. W. BARKER, GENERAL AUCTIONEERS & REAL ESTATE BROKERS. Loans negotiated. Houses and Stores Rented, Stocks and Bonds Sold at Auction or Private Sale. Also, FURNITURE SALES attended to at private houses. Office, 14 Pine street, under Commonwealth Bank.

CHARLTON HOUSE, 406 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Bates and Holden, Proprietors.

THEOPHILUS BATES,
OREL J. HOLDEN.

GERARD BETTS & CO., AUCTION AND COMMISSION Merchants, No. 105, Wall street, corner of Front street, New York.

SAMUEL SNEDEN, SHIP & STEAMBOAT BUILDER.—My Office is at No. 31 Corlears street, New York, and my yards and residence are at Greenpoint. I have built Ships and Steamers for every portion of the Globe, for a long term of years, and continue to do so on reasonable terms.

FULLMER AND WOOD, CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS, No. 239 West Nineteenth street, New York. Horses shod and harness put in dispatch, and in the most scientific manner, and on reasonable terms.

FALL ELECTION.

STATE OF NEW-YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 2, 1858.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AT THE GENERAL Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A GOVERNOR, in the place of John A. King;
A LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, in the place of Henry R. Selden;
A SENATOR, in the place of Samuel B. Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Wallon, deceased;
AN INSPECTOR OF STATE PRISONS, in the place of William A. Russell;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth Wards in the city of New York.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth Wards in the city of New York.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards of the city of New York, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Wards of Brooklyn.

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards in the City of New York;

A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth, and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York.

And also, A REPRESENTATIVE in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States for the Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-second Wards in the City of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

SEVENTEEN MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY;

A SHERIFF, in the place of James C. Willett;
A COUNTY CLERK, in the place of Richard B. Connolly;
FOUR CORSEKS, in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Edward Conroy, Robert Gamble and Samuel C. Hills;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chapter 329 of Laws of 1853, a copy of which is printed for distribution in relation to the following, to wit: "submitting the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same to the people of the State."

AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the People of the State.

Passed April 17, 1858—three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The Inspectors of Election in each town, ward, and election district in this State, at the annual election to be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to receive the ballots of the citizens of this State entitled to vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written and printed, by those voters who are in favor of a Convention, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to Revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And by those voters who are opposed thereto, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to Revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." And all citizens entitled to vote as aforesaid shall be allowed to vote by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in which he resides, and not elsewhere.

§ 2. So much of article one, two and three, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officer," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as regulates the manner of conducting elections and challenges, oaths to be administered, and inquiries to be made, of persons offering to vote, shall be deemed applicable to the votes to be given or offered under the act, and the manner of voting, and challenges, and the penalties for false swearing, prescribed by law, are hereby declared in full force and effect in voting or offering to vote under this act.

§ 3. The said votes given for and against a convention, in pursuance of this act, shall be canvassed by the Inspectors of the several election districts or polls of the said election, in the manner prescribed by law, and as provided in article four, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of the said act, passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as far as the same are applicable; and such canvass shall be completed by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in each election district or poll for a convention, and the whole number of votes given against such convention, in the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspectors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the number of ballots received in relation to such convention, and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." Such statements as aforesaid shall contain a caption, stating the day on which, and the number of the district, the town or ward, and the county at which the election was held, and at the end thereof a certificate that such statement is correct in all respects, which certificate shall be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the office of the clerk of the election or city.

§ 4. The original statements, duly certified as aforesaid, shall be delivered by the inspectors, or one of them to be deputed for that purpose, to the supervisor, or, in case there be no supervisor, or he shall be disabled from attending the board of canvassers, then to one of the assessors of the town or ward, within twenty-four hours after the same shall have been subscribed by such inspectors, to be disposed of as other statements at such election, are now required by law.

§ 5. So much of articles first, second, third, and fourth, of title fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of the act entitled, "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," and the acts amending the same, as regulates the duties of County Clerks, and the Secretary of State, and the duty of County Clerks, and the Secretary of State, and the Board of State Canvassers, shall be applied to the canvassing and ascertaining the will of the people of this State in relation to the proposed convention; and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes or ballots given in and returned as aforesaid are against a convention, then the said canvassers are hereby authorized to declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed by them, and filed with the Secretary of State; but if it shall appear by the said canvass that a majority of the ballots or votes given as aforesaid for a convention, then they shall by like certificates, to be filed as aforesaid, declare that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a copy of such certificate to both branches of the Legislature, at the opening of the next session thereof. Yours, respectfully,

GIDEON T. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, August 4, 1858.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,

Sheriff of the City and County of New York. All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above one in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 2d, part 1st, page 140.

FRANCIS B. BALDWIN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CLOTHING & FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, No. 70 and 72 Bowery, between Canal and Hester streets, New York. Large and elegant assortments of Youths' and Boys' Clothing.

F. B. BALDWIN,
J. G. BARNUM,

F. B. BALDWIN has just opened his New and Immense Establishment, THE LARGEST IN THE CITY! An entire New Stock of GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTH'S and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, recently manufactured by the best workmen in the city, is now opened for inspection. Also, a superior stock of FURNISHING GOODS. All articles are of the Best Quality, and having been purchased during the crisis, WILL BE SOLD VERY LOW. The Custom Department contains the greatest variety of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS.

Mr. BALDWIN has associated with him Mr. J. G. BARNUM, who has had great experience in the business, having been thirty years connected with the leading Clothing Establishments of the city.

JAMES DONNELLY'S COAL YARD—TWENTY-SIXTH Street and Second Avenue. I always have all kinds of coal on hand, and of the very best quality, which I will sell as low as any other coal dealer in the United States.

JAMES DONNELLY.

WILLIAM COULTER, CARPENTER.—I HAVE LONG been engaged as a Carpenter, and I assure all who will favor me with their patronage, that I will build as good houses, or anything else in my line, as any other carpenter in the city of New York. I will also be as reasonable in charges for my work as any other person.

WILLIAM COULTER, Carpenter,
Rear of 216 East Twentieth street, New York.

W. W. OSBORN, MERCHANT TAILOR, 9 CHAMBER street, near Chatham street, New York.

SANTE MENTO.—No. 29 ATTORNEY STREET, NEAR Grand, has a superior assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, made to order in the most fashionable and approved Parisian styles, and at short notice. Let gentlemen call and patronize me, and I will do my utmost to please my customers.

FULTON IRON WORKS.—JAMES MURPHY & CO., Manufacturers of Marine and Land Engines, Boilers, &c. Iron and Brass Castings. Foot of Cherry Street, East River.

ROBERT UNDERDONK.—THIRTEENTH WARD Hotel, 405 and 407 Grand street, corner of Clinton street, New York.

WILLIAM M. TWEED, CHAIR & OFFICE FURNITURE Dealer and Manufacturer, No. 239 Broadway, corner of Read street, New York, Room No. 15.

FASHION HOUSE—JOSEPH HYDE PROPRIETOR, corner Grand and Essex street. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best brands invited his friends to give him a call. Prompt and courteous attention given his patrons.

WILLIAM A. CONKLIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR at Law, No. 176 Chatham street, New York. Any business entrusted to his charge from citizens of this city or any part of the country, will receive prompt and faithful attention, and be conducted on reasonable terms.

WILLIAM A. CONKLIN.

GEO. KNAPP & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Poultry and country produce, No. — Clinton Market, opposite Page's Hotel, New York.

GEO. KNAPP,
H. D. ALBERS.

H. JONES & HOFF, whose place of business is in front of the Astor House, keep all the latest publications of the day, including all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers. The public patronage is most respectfully solicited.

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AMERICAN GLASS COMPANY, MANUFACTURE AND keep constantly on hand at their Warehouse, Plain, Moulded, and Cut Flat Glass Ware, in all its varieties. Also Druggists' and Perfumers' Ware of all kinds. Wholesale Warehouses, No. 163 Pearl street, New York, and No. 54 Kibbey street, Boston. (Factories at South Boston.) D. Burrill & Co., Agents, New York.

JNO. WARD, JR., REAL ESTATE AGENT, OFFICES No. 5 Tryon Row, corner Chatham street, (opposite the Park,) New York, and 4th Avenue, near 126th street, Harlem.

P. C. GODFREY, STATIONER, BOOKSELLER, and General News dealer, No. 331 Broadway, New York, near 13th street.

ACOST BRENTANO, CORNER OF HOUSTON STREET and Broadway, has all the latest Publications, and receives all the Foreign Papers by every steamer. He also has the back numbers of almost every paper published, including Branch's "Alligator."

CLINTON LUNCH, OYSTER AND DINING SALOON, No. 19 Beekman street. The best of Liquors and Cigars. GEO. W. WARNER,
SAMUEL M. MILLER.

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J. W. MASON, MANUFACTURER, WHOLESALE AND Retail dealers in all kinds of Chairs, Wash Stands, Settees, &c., No. 377 and 379 Pearl street, New York. Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, in Boxes, for Shipping.

BENJAMIN JONES, COMMISSION DEALER, IN REAL ESTATE, Houses and Stores and Lots for sale in all parts of the City. Office at the Junction of Broadway, Seventh Avenue, and Forty-sixth street.

STEPHEN HURD RANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

Volume I.—No. 23.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

Price 2 Cents.

Early Boyhood and its Merry Pastimes.

I remember the woman's school at four years old, and the merited chastisement of the school marm; my desperate descent on the sugar bowl; the military company of which I was commander; my annual cries in the trundle bed at 12 o'clock and one second, A. M.: "I wish you merry Christmas, Ma.—I wish you happy New Year, Pa.—now gim me cent;" with my father's: "Go to sleep, you young rascal, or I'll come and spank you;" the two cents I always got on the 4th of July, if I had been a good boy, and the solitary penny if I hadn't; the death of my mother of twins; the copious tears of my father and Aunt Lucy; my grief at her sudden demise; the country boarding school, and the blast of lightning that felled me to the earth, while whittling on the summer green; my eyes soon open on the glories of the lurid universe, and I scamper into the pretty cottage, and bound into the arms of my aunt, who nearly smothers me with affectionate embraces; the storm passes; a bow appears, with crimson arrows, and lingers on the concave's rosy verge, till Venus gleams through the twilight leaves, when its gorgeous hues are vailed by the revolving spheres, and it descends the dazzling west,

Whose Archer follows the resplendent sun,
Before whose darts the stormy Furies run;

the moon ascends the east in matchless splendor, and roams in tranquil beauty through infinitude, spreading its snowy light on vale and mead, that vie with lakes of liquid silver; my aunt lingers at my bed, while I say my evening prayer, and invests my heart with sacred feelings; myself and brother William, on our way to school, through a dreary wood, espy a boy in a wagon, when I exclaim: "Why, Bill, there's our brother Albert;" Bill stares and says: "Steve, your perceptions are very foggy, and I begin to think you ain't got good sense;" I closely scan the boy, and smile, but elicit no response, the little rogue riveting his bright blue eyes on the vacant air; Bill passes on to school, with: "Steve, you are raving mad, and I'm going to tell Aunt Freeman so;" when I address the stranger thus: "Little boy, you look like my brother Albert, and this horse and wagon resemble ours, and won't you please to tell me if you ain't my brother Al, who lives far away from here, in a place called Providence? I always dearly loved him, and I haven't seen him for a long time now, and I would like to see him very much; come, now, little boy, ain't you Ally Branch, and if you are, won't you please to tell me so?" Tears roll down his pale cheeks, followed by the sweetest smiles, (like simultaneous rain and sunshine), extending his arms, with: "How do you do, dear brother Steve?" I scream; dart into the wagon, and, placing my arms around his neck, fondly kiss him. And then I made the woods ring with my cries for Bill to return, and behold our dear brother, found so mysteriously alone in the forest wild. Bill slowly returns; and I hear the echo of a laugh, and see a man emerge from the monarch oaks, whom I discern as father, whose playful stratagem blazes brightly before my enraptured vision. And with the velocity of light, I spring from the wagon, and at a bound, am in the embraces of my adored father. The vall drom passes from the eyes of Bill, who stands like a statue in the dim perspective, crying lustily over my triumphant conquest. We all shout and wave our hands, and Willie duns into Albert's and father's arms, whose fervent kisses soon dispel his tears; when his crescent and revolving eyes gently threaten to eclipse the sun and moon with hilarious splendor; three happy brothers then rock the forest solitude with merry vociferations, and run like deer, and sing like infant Jubala, with sweet responses from congenial birds, prancing on the onks' majestic branches. And with hearts of gladness, we spring like hounds into the wagon, and return to Aunt Freeman's, and that I regard as one of the happiest days of my early boyhood. On the following morn, we leave for Providence, which I scarcely reach, ere our yard is a camp of boys, eager to embrace their favorite commander, after his long captivity in the desert wilds of Woodstock; myself and Albert soon go to another country school; we board with

a minister who has a large family, and a small salary, which was tardily and scantily paid with very poor provisions; myself and Al don't like the fare; has fried pork too often for breakfast, and pork and beans for dinner, with a cold cut of pork and beans at nightfall; and we enter our solemn protest against so much fried hog, and so many baked beans; we protest, too, against his not fastening the doors and windows nights, as father does at home; we hear strange noises nights, while abed; and respectfully implore him to put locks on the doors, and nails in the windows, who refuses, and says, that good boys are never afraid of robbers or assassins; we still hear dreadful sounds at midnight; and busy ourselves, head and all, in the bed clothes; sweat terribly, and nearly smother; grow pale; lose flesh; get very weak; have cold night sweats; finally despair, and threaten to leave for home; write long letters to father, full of bad writing and spelling, who doesn't answer them, because he can't read them; we start for Providence; our sacred host pursues us on a cadaverous horse, whose ribs rattle, and captures us in the haunted woods, where, in old times, a man was murdered, and two lovers hung themselves, because their parents wouldn't let them marry: I and Al were hurrying through this dreadful wood, when old cadaverous and the parson pounce upon us, who threatens to whip us if we don't return, and onto a switch for the purpose; his eyes roll terribly, and, as I once heard he was slightly insane at times, and, fearing he might murder me, I gave the wink to Al, and we concluded to return, very gently shaking our heads and fists, with threats of telling our father all about it some day, who was a Justice of the Peace, and could lock up any body, and have them hung beside; to silence our unceasing clamors, the parson gets some cheap second-hand locks, and rusty nails, fastens the doors and windows nights, and gives us fried liver twice a week for breakfast, and lets pork and beans slide awhile, with very tender veal instead; don't hear strange sounds at night any more; sleep very soundly; don't hear the cheerless midnight winds as of yore; get fat as butter; are very contented; Fourth of July close at hand; father comes after us; shed tears of joy, and run and jump like wild cats, and get home alive once more from a country boarding school; go to a party on the night of our arrival; Oscar Rivolet and Clara Violet are there; at the party's close, I can't find my hat, and while in its vigorous pursuit, Oscar takes the arm of Clara, when I step up and whisper in his ear, that I will chastise him very next day for cutting me out; Oscar and Clara depart; I find my hat in the oven, where Oscar doubtless put it, and begin to cry with rage; to console me, my aunt places the arm of Flora Rosebud in mine, who was a dashing little belle, with whom I slowly ramble towards her home beneath a brilliant sky; soon after I bid Flora good night, at her father's door, a dark cloud rapidly arose and obscured the moon, and I became afraid, and ran fleetly home, expecting to meet an assassin at every corner's turn, but when I heard the cheerful watchman's cry of "half-past eight o'clock, and all's well," and beheld his noble form in the distance, my fears are tranquilized, and I walk as erect and firm as the hero of many battles, and loudly boast of my courage, after I get snugly in the trundle bed with Albert, the shield of my father's voice above me, to fortify my pretended valor. On the following day, my step-mother struck me on the head with a jacket with brass buttons, for my impudence at dinner in my father's absence, because she wouldn't give me more boiled onions, of which I was very fond; the blood flowed freely, and she was terrified lest I would bleed to death, and she be hung; she dressed the wounds most tenderly, and gave me plenty of onions and sugar, and warmly coaxed me not to tell father when he came to tea, lest he would gently chide her for her laceration of the skull of the prolific brain of the darling son who bore his own father's promising name of Stephen; and for many days she gave me candy and peanuts, and gave me so many onions that I have leathed them since; she even poulticed my lacerated head with boiled onions, which I smell to this day; I had the car-ache, and she even put a small roast onion in my ear to check the pain; I once passed through Weathersfield, (where onions are as thick as leaves in the Vale of Vallambrosa,) whose atmosphere caused us to fertilize its

streets with bile; my step-mother finally stops my supplies of sweetmeats, and I threaten to tell my father of her violent blow, and show him my scars, when she surrendered, and gave me sweet things for a long period; and she saved me many a whipping from my father, when I was mischievous, lest I would tell and show the relics of her trouncing, which gave me a boundless latitude for pranks until the scars all passed away; at this time, my dog Watch was drowned, but he rose the ninth day, and I buried him at the foot of my father's garden, with funeral honors, a neighboring dog, in traces, bearing his precious body to the grave, over which I placed turf and stones in memory of a dog I dearly loved; after the funeral, Cornelius Snow, nicknamed Flop, called me names, and I told my father that "Flop Snow had called me names, and I meant to lick him for it," when my father effected a reconciliation, by allowing Cornelius to call me Steve as long as I called him Flop. He had long been at the head of my class, at school, and I had never been at the head, which mortified my father, who told me if I would get above Flop through good spelling, he would give me a sixpence; I tried long and hard, but I couldn't do it; so, on a very stormy day, while myself and Flop were the only boys of our spelling class at school, I told him that if he would make a mistake in spelling, and let me keep at the head until school was over, I would give him three cents; Flop consented, and broke down on beef, which he spelled *b-e-e-p-h-f-e*, for which the teacher boxed his ears, and made him see ten thousand sparkling stars; I got sixpence from my father, and gave Flop half of it; there was a full class the next day, and down I went to the foot, my usual place; my father learned of my collusion with Flop, and gave me a tremendous whipping; the next day I went several miles down Providence river, in a canoe with Elias Smith and Joseph Fuller, and was gone four days, and all the town was terribly excited lest we were lost; but Mr. Proud, a neighbor, of whose peaches and melons I was very fond, stuck to it like beeswax, that I would never be drowned, while hemp grew in Kentucky; the day after my return, my step-mother whips Albert for stealing a small lump of sugar, at about 11, A. M.; father usually came to dinner at 12, M.; Ally cried for a long time; but he began to lull, and I was afraid he wouldn't hold out until father got home; so, I got Ally down cellar, and pinched him, and pulled his hair, to make him keep it up, until father got home; it being near twelve o'clock, and my step-mother knowing my influence over Ally, told me if I would pacify him before father came to dinner, she would give me as much sugar as I wanted for a whole week; I accepted the bribe,—but Al overheard us, and declared that he would cry like thunder, until father came, if I didn't give him half the sugar; we finally compromised, by allowing Ally a quarter of all the lumps I got; a few days after, while returning from a Saturday excursion down the river, my brother Bill cut up so, that the boat capsized, in very deep water, a short distance from the shore; Jim Baker and myself got on the bottom of the boat, while Bill's feet and head were entangled in the ropes and sail; Sam Thurber and others swam to the shore; Jim Baker and myself couldn't swim, and we expected to be lost; and we belloyed murder like fury; amid this awful scene, the owner of the boat came down the shore, and cried: "Pay for that boat, you rascals, pay for that boat;" he had scarcely breathed these brutal words, when down went Jim Baker and myself to the river's bed; I rose to the surface first, and went down again, when Jim grabbed my leg, and we came up together, and a noble sailor seized and bore us to the shore, where we were put in barrels, and pints of water squeezed out of us; Jim and myself open our dewy eyes, shake hands, and walk home arm in arm, with the sailor behind, thrashing the boat proprietor for demanding pay, instead of coming to our rescue, whose unparalleled inhumanity the gallant tar couldn't tolerate. I went to bed, and had a horrid night-mare, and dreamed of sharks and whales. On the day after the boat calamity of Jim Baker and myself on Providence river, I arose with the glorious sun, at a spare repast, and went to school. My stomach yet complained of salt water, and my head and books were at rapier's points. The teacher, SAW, vainly chides me for my idolence, and summons me before him,

and demands my spelling-book, and gives me *genuine*, which I spell "*gen-ner-vine*." The school is convulsed in the wildest screams. Shaw seizes his lignumvite ruler, darts through the aisles, rolls his big gray eyes, and bangs the desks until the dust rises into clouds, when the mirthful tumult is hushed into the silence of a tomb, and he bids me take my seat, with furious cuffs of both ears. My brother Bill had been sulking in his hat, and aleeve, and handkerchief, until he had saturated them all with his hilarious tears, and, as I passed him on my way to my seat, he burst into a *genuine* Branch laugh, and all again was chaos. The scholars were more uproarious than before, and Shaw rages furiously, and calls up Bill, when all is silent terror, and every eye is riveted on its book. Shaw demands Bill to extend his right hand, which he declines to do, because he has a felon, and tender warts all over his knuckles. Shaw then commands him to hold up his left hand, and Bill obeys, when Shaw's eyes flash sparks of fire, his cheeks are deathly pale, and his ferule descends with tremendous violence.

On the vacant air,
As Bill's hand want'n there!

The scholars roar again, and clap their little hands, and stamp their feet in the wildest ecstasy, when Shaw bellows like a rabid bull, and gesticulates fatality to the rebellious scholars, whose eyes fall quickly on their books, and all violently move their pallid lips, with pretense of study, while a terrible revenge rankles in their hearts, for Shaw's cruel treatment of Bill, who has so many warts and a felon, with salt water still gurgling in his ocean belly. At Shaw's wrathful behest, Bill again raises his trembling hand, and keeps his eye fastened on Shaw's; and as the ruler nears his palm, he dodges, when Shaw dies to his scholastic throne for his cow-skin, and descends his ramparts with the pomposity of a king, calmly surveying his juvenile and affrighted subjects, and directs Bill to remove his jacket, who firmly declines. Shaw seizes him, and Bill cries murder; the girls weep and faint, and water is sprinkled on their cheeks and foreheads; the boys shake their fists, and dare each other to rush to Bill's rescue, but Shaw threatens them with utter annihilation if they interfere, and the belligerent and affrighted boys leave poor Bill to his unhappy fate.— Fortunately for Bill, Shaw is short, and of very slender mould; Bill is stout, knows well the physical weakness of his adversary, and proves himself fully equal to the awful crisis before him. For, while Shaw strives to get Bill across his knees to switch and spank him, Bill, by a sudden and very elastic movement, gets between, and coils himself, like a snake, around Shaw's legs, and pinches, and bites, and tears his pants, and finally trips him, and down they go, with Bill on Shaw, and with both hands so firmly and desperately clenched in Shaw's white cravat, as to make his tongue protrude. The girls faintly titter, while the stoutest and bravest boys bang their desks, and wildly shout with joy. The panting combatants spring to the floor, and, like two roosters, have a moment's respite; Shaw is pale, and trembles with shame, and relents, and in feeble and broken accents, directs Bill to take his seat; the silence of a Capulet pervades the school, when my tremendous horse laugh breaks the calm; the scholars scream again with frantic contortions; Shaw's eyes roll like a demon's, and his voice rises high above the universal clamor, which slowly subsides, and all is still again; Shaw then comes on tiptoe to my desk, and grabs and drags me to the aisle, with one hand clutched in my throat, and the other in my long hair, when I grab him in a tender spot, and make him squeal; and so severe and unrelenting is my grasp, that he gladly gives freedom to my throat and hair, and implores, in tones of excruciating agony, to release my hands. I slowly do so, when he re-seizes me, and, dragging me several feet by my hair, kicks away the scuttle, and casts me headlong beneath the school-house, closing the scuttle over me; I can hardly sit upright in my new abode; all is darkness; I smell the awful perfume of a dead skunk; little mice squeal, and run over me, and nibble at my mouth and nose, and big and hungry rats approach, and violently attack me, which I keep at bay with my feet and hands, and hideous yells, and they finally scamper to their holes, while a myriad of mice remain to torment me; I chew tobacco, to drown my abject sorrow; it is the first cud that ever graced my mouth; I cover it with the fragment of a newspaper, to prevent my giddy exhilaration through a too strong taste of tobacco; I soon got deathly sick, and thump and scream for Shaw to let me out, who heeds not my piteous cries; I am desperate, and resting my hands and feet on the ground, I get an irresistible purchase, and with a mighty movement of my back, I burst the scuttle with a tremendous crash, and dart from my narrow and dreary cavern into the school-room, and run down the aisle, vomiting at every step; the scholars are nearly gone; as I approach the door, Shaw grabs me, when I belch the purest bile plump in his face, which, of course, was purely accidental; Shaw is blinded with tobacco bile, and wipes his cheeks, and nose, and mouth, and eyes, and commands me to go to his desk; I refuse; he then expostulates, and breathes kind words, which allay my anger, and check the flow of tobacco and salt water bile; I go to his desk; he dismisses the few scholars that remain, save my weeping brother Bill, curled in the corner; Shaw laments the sad occurrence; hopes we will be better boys, and permits us to go home; on our arrival, father is at tea, listening to brother Albert's version of the story; Bill and myself seat ourselves at table, when father directs each to give his melancholy narrative; Bill is hungry, and slowly begins, and lacks vivacity, and the impatient father turns to me for the rapid and vivid analysis of the horrid scholastic anarchy and recontra then flying on exaggeration's wide-spread wings, and distracting the peaceful firesides of Providence; I swallow the delicious food already in my mouth; cleanse my throat with a prolonged swallow of commingled tea and sugar, and tell my story in a nervous strain; my father's eyes are large, and fixed on mine, throughout my exciting narrative, at whose close, he gets his hat and cane and autumnal mantle, and bids myself and Bill to follow him; we penetrate the

pitchy darkness, and after varied street meanderings in the turbulent and piercing evening winds, we ascend the steps, and tap at the door of Shaw; we enter his pale presence, who is extremely courteous to father, who is a member of the Visiting School Committee, and invested with power of a teacher's dismissal, which Shaw now fears; father opens his deadly batteries, and Shaw, perceiving no possible escape, pleads extenuation for the violent temper that nature gave him; spoke of William as a very good and studious boy, (a truth,) and of Stephen as a meritorious and enthusiastic youth, who dearly loved his books, (a lie,) and deeply regretted that his heated passion led him to the chastisement of William, and the incarceration of Stephen; and declared in tones of warm sincerity, that if father would forgive him, he would never whelp nor imprison us again, but lead us up the hill of science through gentle and persuasive means; father pities and admires his humility, and, rising to depart, directs Shaw to inform him every Friday by letter, how many days William and Stephen have played the truant during the week, and with what facility we recite our lessons, and what our general conduct is; Shaw's eyes flash joy at these delightful and magnanimous behests, while the eyes of Bill and myself flash guilt and fury at Shaw's apparent conquest, because all our future sport is spoiled, and mine, especially, as I played truant about twice a week, and Bill once a month; and because I seldom got my lessons well; Shaw and father extend their hands, and shake a warm good night; and while they linger at the outer door in friendly conversation, I slyly crawl through father's legs, to get into the street as soon as possible, and away from Shaw's victorious presence; the last shake of hands transpire between father and Shaw, who slowly closes the door with a beatific smile; father, myself, and Bill muffle ourselves in our fervent garments; it snows and blows very hard; and, as we walk slowly homeward against the snow and wind, father delivers an affectionate and mournful lecture, gently chiding us for the trouble we had caused him, and the rapid increase of his snowy locks; kindly warning us that we were constantly exposed to the sad fate of orphans, our tender mother being already gone forever; and with a trembling voice implored us to be good boys, to study hard, to be kind and obedient to Mr. Shaw, to cultivate manly virtues, and strive to become intellectual giants, and the pillars of our country, in peace or war, after the fathers of his generation had passed from the field of action. We both wept bitterly, and besought our dear and indulgent father to forgive the past, with assurances of our efforts to please him and our teacher in the future. We reach home, and father kindles a crackling, hickory fire, and gives us cider and walnuts, and tells us pretty stories, and puts on extra bed clothes, because the night is so piercing cold, and tucks our bed at the sides, to keep out the biting air, and then directs us to clasp and raise our little hands to God, and say after him our evening prayer of

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;"

and then gives us a parting kiss, and pats our little foreheads, and breathes sweet tones of affection until he passes from our view, Bill and myself make good resolves for the future, and breathe a fond "good night!" and then embrace the tranquil slumber and innocent dreams of early childhood.

Office---114 Nassau Street

THE ALLIGATOR.

New York, Saturday, September 25, 1858.

The Alligator Lives for Another Week.

The Ladies have saved the ALLIGATOR for six days more, in which God made the gorgeous realms of infinitude! Last week, I proclaimed that unless advance subscribers or patriots came to the rescue of the wounded and bleeding ALLIGATOR, he must soon expire amid the tumultuous exultations of his proscriptive adversaries. The gentlemen responded in companies, but the ladies in battalions, and soothed and rescued the poor ALLIGATOR from the jaws of immediate death.* Without the sympathy of woman, man soon droops, and totters, and expires. Woman is the prolific source of all that glorifies the cottages, and mansions, and palaces of the globe. And her benevolence ameliorates the poor, and oppressed, and disconsolate in every region of the earth. From Eve to Mary, the mother of Washington, the history of woman is a brilliant constellation. Without the pure and patriotic Mary, there would have been no Washington,—and without Washington, the Americans would have had no country, and

the oppressed of all lands no asylum of liberty and prosperity. In the sacred bosom of her family, woman is like the queen of night amid the pretty stars. In our infant years, she nourishes, and shields, and cheers us in our precarious journey to maturer years. She imparts the first kiss, and moulds the first prayer, and is prouder of her offspring than a queen of her throne. As the child buds, and blooms, and blossoms, and ascends the hill of moral and scholastic science, she watches every pace with breathless solicitude. And in penury or affluence, in bondage or freedom, in power or on the scaffold, she clings with intense affection to the adored objects of her creation. Every family is a dominion. The father is a king, and the mother a queen, and the children their subjects. The same laws govern a family as a kingdom. Judicious penalties follow disobedience, and a good mother imbues the heart and mind of her offspring with humanity and wisdom that govern the world. And over all presides a Being of beneficence and ubiquity, who wields the destinies of a Universe. Woman, under God, is the source of all that cheers and ennobles man in his weary pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, and to her sympathies am I greatly indebted for my recent liberation from captivity and the partial resurrection of my declining fortunes. God bless her, then, and in my sacred orisons and soliloquies, on land or ocean, I will ever cherish her with those grateful emotions that I inherited from the genial heart of my departed mother.

* If the ALLIGATOR dies, advance subscriptions will immediately be returned to my generous patrons, with my fervent wishes for their prosperity.

WILLIAM MACRAE is the only person authorized to collect subscriptions for the "*Alligator*." And here is his likeness, that when he calls to solicit subscribers, all may know him by a comparison of this accurate engraving with his living face. My Office is at No. 114 Nassau street, second story, front room, where advance subscriptions will also be most gratefully received.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.



The tomb of Franklin—if a palm flag-stone with the earth can be so called—is concealed from the public view by a venerable brick wall at the corner of Fifth and Mulberry streets, Philadelphia. The remains of the lightning philosopher are deposited there in the old burial ground belonging to Christ Church. An appropriate monument has been accidentally reared above them, in the shape of a telegraphic post, and the lightning is at constant play over, if not under the eye of the man who first chained it to the earth.

Stephen and his Adult Pupil.

THE FIRST LESSON.

Stephen.—What do you first wish to learn?
 Pupil.—I desire first to review my figures.
 S.—How far have you cyphered?
 P.—I went through the book several times, when I was a boy.
 S.—Whose Arithmetic did you study?
 P.—Mr. Dollbay's.
 S.—Daboll's, I suppose, you mean.
 P.—Ah, yes, it was Daboll's; and I remember him very well.
 He was a fine man, and understood figures very well.
 S.—Then you went through his book several times?
 P.—G yes, I can take my oath of that.
 S.—How much is twice nothing?
 P.—That is two, of course.
 S.—How much is nothing times two?
 P.—That is two.
 S.—How much is one-half times one?
 P.—One.
 S.—How much is four and a-half times four and a-half?
 P. (scratching his head).—That must be about thirteen.
 S.—How much is three-quarters times five-eighths?
 P.—I never saw that in Daboll, and to be candid, Mr. Branch, I have long been accustomed to rush of blood to the head, and I had a slight rush just now, and I guess I won't go any farther in figures to-day; but I would like to renew my Grammar studies.
 S.—Very well: whose Grammar did you study in boyhood?
 P.—Mr. Murphy's.
 S.—I presume you mean Lindley Murray's?
 P.—Ah, yes, it was Murray's, and he once dined at my father's.
 S.—As it is absolutely essential to understand spelling, before we embark in Grammar. Can you spell well, sir?
 P.—Yes; and I hope you don't mean to insult me with such a question.
 S.—Certainly not. Spell Grammar?
 P.—Grammar.
 S.—No.
 P.—Grammar.
 S.—No.
 P.—How do you spell it, then?
 S.—Grammar.
 P.—That's the way I spelt it.
 S.—No, sir.
 P.—If I didn't, I intended to.
 S.—That may be. Spell sloop?
 P.—Sloop.
 S.—No.
 P.—That's the way old Captato Tallman spelt it, when I was a boy.
 S.—It is spelt sloop in these days.
 P.—Ah, yes, that's correct, I remember.
 S.—Spell dough?
 P.—Doe.
 S.—No.
 P.—My grandmother used to spell it so.
 S.—It is spelt dough.
 S.—Spell God?
 P.—Gorde.
 S.—No.
 P. (is silent for some seconds, and grows pale, and sweats profusely).—Merciful Heaven! And do you say Gorde is incorrect?
 S.—I do. It is spelt God.
 P.—Ah, yes, I was mistaken. That's the way I have always spelt it.
 S.—Spell scholar?
 P.—Skoller.
 S.—No.
 P.—Skollar.
 S.—No.
 P.—That's the way I always spelt it, and I'll bet a dollar that's the way to spell it.
 S.—That's a bet.
 P.—How shall we decide it?
 S.—Have you got a dictionary?
 P.—Yes. (Examines it.) Well, I declare, you have won the dollar. What a curious way to spell scholar, to put *ch* for *k*. Mr. Ersuch: who invented language?
 S.—The Egyptians.
 P.—What old fools they must have been?
 S.—Those Egyptians who discovered the alphabet, were the wisest linguists of the human race. And those Arabians who discovered the digits, were the profoundest mathematicians. And, as you can neither spell nor cypher well, I advise you to defer your arithmetic and grammar lessons until you learn orthography.
 P.—I don't know what you mean by linguist, nor by digits. And what or earth do you mean by orthography?
 S.—Orthography means spelling.
 P.—Ah, yes, I thought that was it. Now, Mr. Branch, I am in public life, as you know, and I am very anxious to make a good speech and write a good letter; and, in order to do that, I must understand Grammar. And I think I can spell well enough to study Grammar, Mr. Branch. You have only examined me in a few words, and because I slightly broke down on them, you must not suppose that I can't spell well enough to study Grammar. Just try me in a few more words.
 S.—Spell sidlerman?
 P.—Gildermon.

S.—No.
 P.—Gildermon.
 S.—No.
 P.—How, then?
 S.—Alderman.
 P.—Ah, yes. That's the way I was just agoing to spell it.
 S.—Spell Common Council?
 P.—Konon Kouussil.
 S.—No, sir. It is spelt Common Council.
 P.—Is it possible?
 S.—Yes. And now spell municipal?
 P.—Dam if I don't give that up; for, although I have been a member of the municipal government, I never could spell that awful word without looking at the dictionary two or three times; and it always took me a mighty long time to find municipal, even in the dictionary. Now, do try me on some easier word than that, —won't you, Mr. Branch?
 S.—Spell Mayor?
 P.—Mare.
 S.—No.
 P.—How, then?
 S.—Mayor.
 P.—Ah, yes,—I forgot. That's it exactly.
 S.—Spell contracts?
 P.—I can spell that fast enough. Kontrax.
 S.—No.
 P.—Kontracks.
 S.—No. It is spelt contracts.
 P.—I begin to think my memory is getting bad, for I once could spell all these words. And I have had so many contracts from the Corporation, and have written that word so often, that I am sure I used to spell it correctly. Now give me one more easy word, and if I break down, dam if I don't surrender.
 S.—Spell Cable?
 P.—I have got a few shares in that precious stock, and I'll bet \$5 I can spell it correctly.
 S.—Done.
 P.—Kabell.
 S.—No. It is spelt cable.
 P.—There's a V. And now, although I have spelt several words incorrectly, yet, as I am growing old, I desire to learn as fast as possible; and I want you to give me grammar lessons and teach me spelling at the same time. And if you will learn me very fast, I will let you have one share in the Atlantic Cable, for your instructions.
 S.—I would rather have the cash, as I cannot believe that a cord about the circumference of my thumb can permanently connect the hemispheres.
 P.—Very well, sir. I have perfect confidence in the Cable enterprise, and I don't care about parting with my stock. So I will pay you in cash for your tuition. Now please give me a lesson in grammar.
 S.—Well, I will strive to gratify you,—although I again assure you, that orthography is the basis of grammar, and we shall encounter ruinous obstacles in the construction of the grammatical pyramid, in the absence of orthography and orthepy.
 P.—For the land's sake, what is the meaning of the last word?
 S.—Orthepy means pronunciation.
 P.—How queer your jaw opens and closes, when you pronounce that strange word.
 S.—I suppose so. I will now give you the first lesson in grammar.
 P.—Let me first take a good stiff horn of brandy to brace my nerves. (Drinks.) Now, sir, I am ready for Grammar, which, I repeat, I studied when a boy; and I only desire to review what I know already.
 S.—How many parts of speech are there?
 P.—What do you mean by that?
 S.—I mean, into how many parts of speech is language divided?
 P.—Well, by golly, I don't know exactly,—but, from the immense number of words in the Bible, and in all the books at the Harpers, and in the Historical Society, and in all the newspapers, I should think there must be, at the lowest calculation, about five hundred million parts of speech.
 S.—There are only nine parts of speech.
 P.—I begin to think you are crazy; for, do you think you can humbug me by saying that there are only nine different words, or parts of speech, in the English language? I shall consider it to be my duty to have you put in the Lunatic Asylum, if you talk in that way.
 S.—I still assert that there are only nine parts of speech, which are: a noun, article, adjective, pronoun, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, and interjection.
 P.—Ah, yes, I recollect.
 S.—Well, what part of speech is iron?
 P.—As near as I can recollect, iron is the seventh; and it may possibly be the ninth part of speech.
 S.—No, sir,—it is one of the nine parts of speech I just mentioned.
 P.—Ah, yes, excuse me,—I understand. Well, iron must be a conjunction, because it can be heated and spliced.
 S.—Iron is a noun.
 P.—Ah, yes, I recollect perfectly well that iron is a noun, and I am surprised that I did not remember it, as I have long dealt in iron, and know all about it.
 S.—That will do for to-day, and I will resume your grammar lessons to-morrow. Good day, sir.
 P.—Good day. I am much pleased with my progress in grammar, and I will see you again to-morrow with much pleasure. Good day, sir.

Stephen H. Branch, in his Cell at Blackwell's Island—A Mournful Scene.

A lovely Family, at the iron door, peeping through its small perforations.

The Father.—What is your name, sir?
 Stephen.—My name is Branch.
 Father.—For what are you confined?
 Stephen.—For an alleged libel.
 Father.—On whom?
 Stephen.—On Mayor Daniel F. Tiemann, Simeon Draper, and Isaac Bell, Jr.
 Father.—What is the period of your imprisonment?
 Stephen.—Gue year. I think I have seen you before. What is your name, sir?
 Father.—H—d.
 Stephen.—Where do you reside?
 Father.—In Charleston, South Carolina.
 Stephen.—Ah! The dearest associations of my life are connected with two students bearing your name, who were from Charleston.
 Father.—My wife and children: I think the keeper has directed us to the Lunatic Asylum, instead of the abode of convicts. Let us go and ask the keeper to show us to the prison.
 Stephen.—Stop, sir. I now most positively discern the relics of your early features. Were you a student at Cambridge in 1835?
 Father.—I was.
 Stephen.—And your brother also, who was rescued from a watery grave in Boston Harbor?
 Father (leans against the iron door, and his frame trembles, and his face assumes a deathly palor).—God of Heaven! And are you the son of Judge Stephen Branch, of Providence, Rhode Island?
 Stephen.—I am, sir.
 Father (wiping sweat from his forehead and tears from his cheeks).—Dear Stephen: Give me your hand, after our long separation. Alas! my poor brother is dead, whose life you saved in that dreadful squall, in Boston Harbor, twenty-three years ago. (All weep, and his eldest daughter sobs aloud.)
 Stephen.—Where and when did your noble brother die?
 Father.—In Switzerland, ten years since; and in his last days he spoke most kindly of you.
 His Wife (in profuse tears).—Have you a wife, Mr. Branch?
 Stephen.—Neither wife, nor child, nor parents, nor hardly a relative on earth. And I am glad they have gone down to their happy graves. And I almost wish that I was reposing by their side. The earth is no place for me, nor for those who expose the licentious officials and plundering monsters of this age, who allure spotless females into the horrors of prostitution, and drive the friendless masses into cellars and attics and crowded and pestilential habitations, and into the inclement atmosphere.
 Wife.—But why rejoice over the eternal departure of nearly all your kindred?
 Stephen.—Because it would have blighted their health and fondest hopes to have beheld me in a felon's dungeon.
 Wife.—But you have committed no crime?
 Stephen.—I could not do that. And I am in prison, because I have exposed the crimes, and resisted the gilded bribes of official plunderers for a dozen years, and utterly refused to join them in their various deeds of infamy. I could have been affluent, and had my liberty, if I had joined the public thieves, and shared their plunder. And if my parents were alive, although they would rejoice at my exposure of vicious public men, yet they would weep over the cruelty of those who consigned me to this dungeon, without an honorable trial, and rudely thrust me into the chain-gang of the quarries, and even yearn for my life.
 Wife.—Yours seems a hard fate?
 Stephen.—Yes; mine is indeed a mournful destiny.
 Her Eldest Daughter (whose lovely eyes gleam with tears).—I weep over your misfortunes. I have often heard my dear uncle, whose life you saved at the peril of your own, speak of you in tones of deep affection, and here is a diamond breastpin he gave me in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva, on a tranquil moonlight evening, only ten days before his soul's departure for the spirit realms. Take it, dear Mr. Branch, and keep it in remembrance of his affectionate niece. To no other being would I present a sacred gift of my departed uncle.
 Stephen (with overwhelming emotion).—Please accept my profoundest gratitude for your precious donation, which I will wear near a heart that dearly loved your departed uncle, with whom I passed some of the happiest hours of my life.
 The Youngest Daughter (who is about ten years old).—Dear Mr. Branch: Will you take this sweet rose from me, and let me kiss you through the grate?
 Stephen.—O God! This is too much for my poor nerves. (I shed copious tears, and all weep.) Yes, my pretty little girl, you can kiss me through the grate. (And her father holds her up, and I place my pale, and cold, and haggard cheek to a perforation of my cell door, and this affectionate little girl imprints a fervent kiss, which I cordially reciprocate.)
 Father.—God has blessed me with great prosperity, and I will devote my fortune to your restoration to liberty.
 Stephen.—Mr. Ashmead, my able and faithful Counsel, assures me that I will soon emerge from prison, through the Supreme Judiciary. I most sincerely thank you for your extraordinary generosity, and for the visit of yourself and wife, and daughters, whom I will cherish all my days.
 Father.—When you obtain your liberty, you must come to Charleston, where you will be received with our warmest hospitality.
 Wife.—If you come, you shall never leave us.
 Eldest Daughter.—You shall have the vacant seat of my uncle at our table.

[Execunt,

1860

STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S WEEKLY STAR.

Vol. 1.—No. 13.

OFFICE, 14 & 16 ANN STREET.

Price One Cent.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

A NEW YORK CLERGYMAN IN THE DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE!

Rev. George Potts, Pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church, living on the proceeds of the sale of fifty-six Slaves!

A few weeks since we published a review of portions of a Thanksgiving sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. George Potts, of New York, in November, 1859, in which he uttered abolition sentiments of the most decided cast, and inveighed against the "language of the statute books that degraded human beings to the level of a chattel, as shocking to the common sense of Christendom, and entirely beyond vindication." Dr. Potts had further seen fit to say that "the crying evil of the system of slavery was the liability to the breaking up of the domestic bond, by the separation of families;" that "it demanded as prompt redress as can be applied," and that the existence of these separations at all "was at war with the fundamental principles of Christian rights and duties." Commenting upon this language, we felt called upon to observe:

"It is not such as coming from one who had spent fifteen years at the south; who owned slaves here and thought it no sin; who sold his family slaves when he left here without fear of the vengeance of the Almighty, and who now enjoys the fruits of slave labor and slave property—it is not such as we expected, coming from him. His sentiments cannot be and are not the doctrine of his church. There now lies before us a file of the *Natchez Courier*, of January, 1854, in which, in a suit against that reverend gentleman, his large plantation of 1,200 acres in Washington county, together with fifty-six slaves, all set forth by name, and their natural increase for the preceding sixteen years, are exposed for sale, and that, too, without a word being said about "the breaking up of the domestic bond by the separation of families," or the "degradation of human beings to the level of chattels," about which the doctor in the year 1859 so fearfully and glibly mourns. If he has ever thought the system abhorrent, where was his conscience from 1828 to 1854."

Had we known fully the facts of the case thus briefly referred to, our language in regard to Dr. Potts would have been much more severe. We knew enough to be sure of the lack of Christian propriety, consistency or moderation, which his sermon evinced; but, to spare the feelings of one who stood so high in this community, we avoided using expressions which would have been perfectly justifiable. A further tracing, however, of the case to which we referred, leaves us no choice

in the discharge of duty, and to set ourselves right, but again to allude to it, and to let his denunciatory sermon be judged in the light of facts which must be well remembered by him, as they are ready to be proven by the judicial records of our State.

We supposed that the sale referred to was to satisfy a judgment against Dr. Potts; and thought him censurable, that if he had given a mortgage upon fifty-six slaves and their natural increase, he, entertaining the views thus expressed, had not provided in that mortgage against "any breaking up of the domestic bond by the separation of families," in case the exigencies of life or business should compel the foreclosure of the mortgage and the sale of the property so conveyed; and hence the comparative mildness of the censure we cast upon the wide inconsistency between his views in 1833 and 1854.

But the facts are really different, and show a more glaring inconsistency, and a much grosser fault upon the part of Dr. Potts, than we had supposed. Dr. Potts was not the real defendant in the suit, but was really the plaintiff; and it was on his application that the negroes were sold, and to defray the debt due him. The mortgage was executed to him in May, 1833, to secure a debt of \$18,892, with ten per cent. interest thereon; and the suit was commenced by him in the Southern District Chancery Court at Natchez, to foreclose this mortgage. An English house (Dennistoun & Co.) intervened in order to render a subsequent mortgage given to them by the same party available, and the contest was really between George Potts and Dennistoun & Co., which should save their money, principal and interest, out of the plantation and fifty-six "chattels," and the natural increase of those "chattels;" and that, too, without the slightest reference to the "domestic bonds" of those "chattels," or any consequent "family separations," so long as the amount due and interest for years at ten per cent. could be secured thereby.

Dr. Potts succeeded in the Chancery District Court, and Messrs. Dennistoun & Co. appealed. The case was argued and re-argued before the High Court, and decided in April, 1853. The decision was that Dr. Potts' mortgage on these "chattels" held priority to that of the Messrs. Dennistoun; and that Dr. Potts' ten per cent. interest was not an usurious transaction, as was alleged, it being to secure a loan of money. The sale of "chattels" was ordered in January, 1854, without a word being said about "family separations," and the sale was accordingly made. The Rev. Dr. Potts received his principal and ten per cent. interest, in all about \$49,000, which he securely invested in other property, and upon the interest of which he now lives in affluence, to

preach before a sympathizing congregation about the language of "Southern statute books degrading human beings to the level of "chattels," and to arouse them to a realization of how shocking a thing it is, and how entirely beyond vindication to speak of chattels at all; and how inhuman and how much at war with Christian rights and duties it is to expose human beings to the breaking up of domestic bonds, and to the separation of families.

After his Thanksgiving Philippic to his no doubt delighted auditory in the Fifth Avenue, New York, we should like to have read in his and their bearing the record of his long continued and strenuous endeavors, successful at last, to realise out of such chattels his \$18,892 and his ten per cent. interest for nearly fourteen years.

We have wondered somewhat why Dr. Potts has never replied to our notice of his sermon. We gave him every opportunity, and sent him a marked copy. We can now understand the motive of his silence:—"The least said, the soonest mended."

— So again, good night!

I must be cruel only to be kind;

Thus bad begins—but worse remains behind!

Good bye, Dr. Potts. The next Thanksgiving sermon against slavery had better be preached by some one who is not enjoying the fruits of the sale of fifty-six "chattels" and their natural increase.

The reader is referred to vol. 4 "Cushman's Mississippi Reports," pages 13 et seq., for any further information in regard to the appeal case of Dennistoun vs. Potts.—*Natchez Courier, of Mississippi.*

♦ ♦ ♦

VERY PROPER.

It has been reported for some time that the fattest thieves of New York contemplate a visit to the Fowlers at Sing Sing and Cuba—Frank and Ike—the first an Emigrant thief, and the last a Post Office robber. I dreamed the other night that Manhattan Island would soon be destroyed by an earthquake, and I fear my vision will be fulfilled. I don't see how all America can be saved from the contaminating influences of the public thieves of New York, save in the utter destruction of Manhattan Island.

It seems hard for the virtuous to be engulfed with the vicious, but there seems to be no alternative. The strong sympathy of the uncaged public thieves for their caged and exiled brethren, demands a speedy and terrible retribution,

Or America will be a den

Of devils in the forms of men.

A TREMENDOUS ALDERMANIC CONTEST

BETWEEN DRAKE AND SEAGRIST.

The approaching struggle between William Drake and Nicholas Seagrist, for Alderman of the Twenty-second Ward will closely resemble the contest between the American and British Champions at Farnborough. I learn that the betting is in favor of Drake, who twice represented the Twenty-second Ward in the Common Council. Bill Drake is a powerful man, and I pity the being who receives a blow from his mighty arm. While he navigated the beautiful Had-on, he was called Commodore Drake, and was considered the very soul of chivalry, and in the most terrible midnight storms, would pursue his way towards Albany when all other navigators sought shelter in the coves beneath the Had-on's mighty cliffs. On land or sea, Bill Drake is regarded as a daring soldier and mariner, and while an Alderman he was the prolific source of wit and hilarity, and always kept the Board in a roar. I hear that thousands of electors desire his return to the Board of Aldermen, and that much dissatisfaction is evinced in the Twenty-second Ward at Alderman Seagrist's course in reference to the Japanese Bill and other matters. Although he did not finally vote for the appropriation, yet it is said that he secretly favored the action of the infamous Japanese Committee, who gave him a large number of tickets which he sold at very high prices. I know nothing of these reports, but they are whispered all over the city, and have been published in the daily and weekly public journals. If Alderman Seagrist is innocent, it is his duty to deny them under a question of privilege in the Board, or publish a card in the papers without delay. There is said to be unparalleled excitement in the Twenty-second Ward about the approaching Aldermanic election, and betting seems largely in favor of the gallant Drake.

THE JAPANESE EXPENSES.

SCENE—*Brown Stone's Hotel.* SHYLOCK, JEFFERSON BRICK and LIVER, present.

Brown Stone.—Well, Shylock, how are the Bulls and Bears to-day?

Shylock.—They are fighting as usual, like the Bulls of Spain and the Bears of California.

Jefferson Brick.—I must go to the office, as I have a long editorial to write on the Japanese appropriation.

B. S.—Ah, yes—well, Jeff., go it strong for our hotel, and all will be right.

Liver.—How much will be our share? The "Times" are hard you know. Bonner don't advertise much now, and Tammany Hall is down, and Tiemann and Cooper are lame ducks, and Greeley is triumphant at Chicago, and Weed is dead at Albany, and we have no pap at Washington or elsewhere, and altogether we are in a tight place, and in view of all this, perhaps it will be well to have a very definite understanding. What say you, Brown Stone?

B. S.—O, Liver, don't you be alarmed. I'll do the clean thing. If you do it up brown and help us get the appropriation through the Common Council, your share shall perfectly satisfy you.

L.—If you deceive us, we shall open terrible batteries on your old sores. (Shylock and Jefferson Brick nod assent to Liver's threat).

B. S.—I understand you, and you shall be satisfied. List! I hear music and cannon, and I do believe the Japanese are coming up Broadway. (He looks out of the window.) My eyes! they are within ten blocks.

S.—I guess we will retire, as our presence might excite suspicion.

J. B.—And I think so too.

L.—And I.

B. S.—No, gents, you must remain and be introduced to the Japanese.

Trio.—You must excuse us. (A basket of Champagne is broken, and they drink and sing, "O we are a band of brothers," and the trio leave, and Brown Stone and his illustrious brothers take their position on the balcony to behold the Japanese,

On their way
Up Broadway.

(To be continued.)

SCOTCH TOADS.

Bennett is puffing and blowing the Prince of Wales into a balloon, and while he thus enacts the toad himself, he warns others to beware of fulsome adulation of the Prince. Bennett only lives to punish the Fifth Avenue aristocracy for his long ejection from their pleasing society, and he finds that he can deeply plunge his steel into their hearts, through his slaves Wood and Buchanan. For through these high officials he recently monopolized the Japanese, and would not let the Fifth Avenue aristocracy see them without kissing his hands and toes, and now he hopes to monopolize the Prince of Wales through Wood and Buchanan. His only formidable rivals are wealthy British American residents, and he has almost silenced their opposition, and is in a fair way to have the Prince all to himself, when he will sweetly repose on his laurels, and revel and reel and totter and expire in the absence of more warriors and princes and sovereigns to conquer.

And then in turn the worms will feast
On the carcase of this vile beast.

WHITEWASH.

I wonder what Jefferson Brick got for his recent whitewash of the notorious Erben. It won't do, Henry. You must get a better endorser than the bogus presbyterian of these degenerate "Times." Try old satan. He may possibly restore you to good society.

A PRECOCIOUS VILLAIN.

It really seems, as I go to press, that the Common Council has agreed to eject Tappan and Craven, and appoint Wood and Bennett Croton Commissioners. I predicted this three weeks since, and as Bennett now recommends the payment of the Japanese bill immediately, and as the Wood-Bennett-Chatfield injunction proves, as I predicted, a flash in the pan, and got up to coerce the Common Council into the appointment of Wood-Bennett Croton Commissioners—in view of all this, I guess that the money will soon be paid, and Wood-Bennett Croton Commissioners appointed. Bennett is a precocious villain, and loves money and power as intensely at seventy-five as he did at twenty-five years old.

A BLOODY STRUGGLE FOR CONGRESS.

Ben Wood, Dan Sicles, Amor Williamson, Hiram Walbridge, and Steve Branch are in the field for Congress, and are marshaling their forces from sun to sun. Ben and Dan rely on the "Repeaters"—Amor on the "Masons"—Hiram on the Boarding House Keepers—and Steve on the patriots of '76. I ran for Alderman, Congress, Mayor and for the Alms House. I got a few votes for Alderman and Congress, one vote for Mayor, which was my own, and two hundred and fifty votes for the Alms House, which was not very flattering, as the dear people seemed the most inclined to send me to the Poor House. But I shall persevere, and if I do reach Congress, O my golly,

How the feathers will fly,
Not towards the fair sky,
But where big demons lie
In wait for thieves that die,
Down in the blazing pit,
Where they soon will be lit.
And roasted forever
For stealing pale silver.

REPORTS.

It is said that the invisible proprietors of "The Daily World" have purchased the "New York Sun," and that the subscribers and advertisers of the latter will be transferred to the former as rapidly as possible. The "World" proprietors have their cannibal eyes and jaws and claws on the "New York Daily Times," and then the "Herald!" But they will have a mighty hard scuffle before they get my "Star" in their fangs. There is not gold enough in the "World" to buy my brilliant and priceless and glorious "Star," which I will love and defend

Till time with me shall be no more,
And Sexton Brown knocks at my door.

CLEAR THE TRACK.

Blow the bugle and bang the drums,
And stretch your eyes when Purdy comes!

It is not probably known to this generation that in 1823 the triumphant rider of "Eclipse" was the uncle of Elijah F. Purdy, the great "War Horse" of the present age and Supervisor of the County. And it is not also generally known that Elijah is to run a mighty race in the Congressional arena in the coming Autumn, when it is supposed he will easily distance all his antagonists. Indeed, one of his constituents told me the other day, that Purdy would *Eclipse* his distinguished uncle, and run like a whirlwind on the storm—or like Mazeppa in the wilderness—or like the impetuous steeds of Murat, Napoleon, Washington, Jackson and Garibaldi, amid the havoc and thunders of battle.

On! Purdy! on!
To Washington!
And vote to hang!
The traitors' gang!

IMPORTANT.

Advertisers must bring their advertisements by nine o'clock in the evening. It is utterly impossible to work off my stupendous and overshadowing edition in time for my subscribers, if my advertisers are so dilatory. Classification is out of the question, as the classification column is deluged now. This notice must be regarded as peremptory, from which there can be no appeal!

THE JAPANESE RECEPTION BILL AND THE KOSSUTH ENTERTAINMENT.

The Japanese Embassy and their suite—some seventy persons in all—were here thirteen days. For keeping them at the Metropolitan Hotel, riding in carriages, and music and bad entertainment, the city is charged \$105,000.

On the 16th of November, 1851, Kossuth and suite—altogether numbering sixty-seven—arrived in this city. They were entertained at the Irving House, then the leading hotel of New York. A month and ten days they were the city's guests. During that time they feasted on the best the New York market afforded, enjoyed carriage riding to their heart's content, and had two balls given in their honor. The total bills for their entertainment footed up \$19,000, of which \$10,000 was the hotel bill. Against the payment of the hotel bill two or three Aldermen stoutly protested, insisting that it was extravagant. The bill, however, was paid, and thus wound up this reception of nine years ago.

New York is a great city. Look on the two pictures. Comment is unnecessary.—World.

GEORGE A. BUCKINGHAM & Co., CIVIL ENGINEERS.

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PURGES THE BLOOD & CANNOT FAIL TO CURE WHEN ENFORCED IN TIME.
AND LET ME SAY THAT THIS KNOWLEDGE IS SECOND ONLY TO CHRISTIANITY IN THE BENEFITS IT IS CAPABLE OF CONFERRING UPON MANKIND.
LET NOT MEDICAL MEN PERSUADE YOU BRANDRETH'S PILLS ARE A QUACK REMEDY. IT IS NO SUCH THING.
WHAT I SELL TO YOU FOR 2 SHILLINGS THESE MEN COULD NOT SUPPLY FOR ONE DOLLAR.
MY HERBS AND EXTRACTS ARE ALL PREPARED IN MY OWN LABORATORY WHERE A STEAM ENGINE OF 140 HORSE POWER IS EMPLOYED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THIS PURPOSE BESIDES AN EXTENSIVE WATER POWER.
IN USING THESE PILLS YOU RISK NOTHING FOR THEY HAVE BEEN USED BY MILLIONS.
SO THAT SHOULD YOU FEEL DISPOSED TO TAKE A BEE DROSE YOU WILL BE CERTAINLY ABLE TO LIVE THROUGH THE OPERATION; AND YOU MAY HAVE THE LAUGH ON YOUR SIDE, WHEN THE DOCTOR TELLS YOU THAT HE HIT YOUR CASE EXACTLY WITH HIS LAST MEDICINE. GO ON IN THE USE OF THE PILLS THEY WILL CURE WITHOUT HURTING YOUR TEETH OR GUMS, AND IN EVERY WAY IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH, IN FACT GIVE YOU SUCH AS WAS ENJOYED BY THE PATRIARCHS OF OLD
Solely of BRANDRETH'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE 291 CANAL STREET NEW YORK AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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A large assortment of second-hand type and presses always on hand.
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Stamps of all kinds engraved to order.
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William Titterton Wm. H. Havens.

JOHN B. WEBB, Boat Builder, 14 South Street, and 716 and 718 Water street, has a rare assortment of oars, skulls, sweeps, handspikes, gipseys bars, &c., constantly on hand. My boats are of superior models. Please give me a call.
JOHN B. WEBB.

BENJAMIN JONES, Commission dealer in real Estate. Houses, and stores, and lots for sale in all parts of the city. Also Farms for sale or exchange. Office next to North-East corner of Forty-Sixth street, in Seventh avenue.

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I HAVE RECENTLY ENLARGED MY PLACE. I have Birds, Flowers, Fountains, and the choicest Wines and Brandy. My Bird Cage is the largest in the world, being 40 feet long, and 40 feet wide, and 40 feet deep.
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400 Grand st. cor. Clinton.

MORRIS K. JESUP keeps constantly on hand a very large assortment of Railroad iron, Railroad Chairs, Railroad Spike, Locomotives, Cars, Wheels, Axles and Tyres, and will sell all of the above in small or large quantities cheap for cash, at No. 41 Exchange Place.

"HEAL THE SICK."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Hundreds of the unfortunate are disappointed of a cure by not calling on Dr. HUNTER at first. The Hunterian Dispensary, No. 3 Division Street, New York City. Established in 1834, for the preservation of Human Life.

PRIVATE CONSULTATION.—DOCTOR HUNTER has for thirty years confined his attention to diseases of a certain class, in which he has treated no less than fifteen thousand cases, without an instance of failure. The remedies are mild, and there is no interruption to business or change of diet. Doctor HUNTER is in constant attendance from 7 in the morning until 10 at night, at his old office, 3 Division st. Charges moderate, and a cure guaranteed. Separate rooms, so that the patient sees no one but the Doctor himself. Inviolate secrecy in every instance. His great remedy, HUNTER'S RED DROP, cures certain diseases when regular treatment and all other remedies fail; cures without dieting or restriction in the habits of the patient; cures without the disgusting or sickening effects of all other remedies; cures in new cases in less than six hours; cures without the dreadful consequent effects of mercury, but possesses the peculiarly valuable property of annihilating the rank and poisonous taint that the blood is sure to absorb unless this remedy is used. This is what he claims for it—what no other will accomplish. Its value in this respect has become so well known that scientific men in every department of medical knowledge begin to appreciate it; for hardly a week passes that he is not consulted by druggists, chemists, and physicians, in regard to some pitiful patient who has exhausted the whole field of the faculty, and still the disease will appear. What human being with any pretension to Christianity will say that this medicine shall not be made known far and wide? Its popularity is so great that there is not a quack doctor in the city that has not attacked it; and when they find that their lies are not so easily swallowed, they then pretend that they make it. It is \$1 a vial, and cannot be obtained genuine anywhere but at the old office, 3 Division st. Book, 300 pages for nothing.

COREY & SON, Merchants Exchange, Wall st., New York. Notary Public and Commissioners. United States Passports issued in 36 hours. Bills of Exchange, Drafts, and Notes protested. Marine protests noted and extended.
EDWIN F. COREY,
EDWIN F. COREY, JR.

JOHN B. WEBB, Boat Builder, 718 Water street. My boats are of models and materials unsurpassed by those of any boat builder in the world. Give me a call, and if I don't please you, I will disdain to charge you for what does not fully satisfy you.
JOHN B. WEBB.

SPRING AND SUMMER.
SEASON CLOSING: prices greatly reduced; saving fully 25 per cent. to the purchaser. The most tasty and fashionable assortment of ready made clothing, suitable to all and in every variety. Children's department not excelled.
F. B. BALDWIN, Nos. 70 and 72 Bowery.
The largest store in the Bowery.

FULTON IRON WORKS, James Murphy & Co. Manufacturers of marine and land engines, boilers, &c. Iron and brass castings. Foot of Cherry street, East river.
We recognize no superior in our pursuit.

BILLIARDS. PHELAN'S BILLIARD ROOM Corner of Tenth street and Broadway, is closed for renovation and alterations. Due notice of the reopening will be given in this paper. All business orders in the meantime will be attended to at the manufactory, 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.
PHELAN & COLLENDER.

MACARTHY'S SIGN SHOP,
CORNER OF ANN AND NASSAU STREETS.



I am ready! Where's the Job?
HOUSE, SIGN, AND STORE PAINTING
Promptly Attended to.

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" J. BOWE.

801-08

GENERAL NOTICES.

SAMUEL SNEDEN, Ship and Steamboat builder, Greenpoint. I am now prepared to build either wood or iron steamboats, of any atyle or magnitude, either for rivers or the ocean, at the shortest possible notice.

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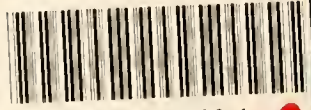
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