

# STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.

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## 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 Mordecai 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: "An'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 carcass 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 clemency 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 pailful 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 1843, 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 sympathize 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 proud 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 Hudson (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 Padding 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.

## 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.

**NOTICE TO FARMERS AND MARKET GARDENERS.**—CITY INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT, New York, June 18, 1858.—In conformity with the following resolution, the space therein mentioned will be permitted to be used as a place, by farmers and gardeners, for the sale of vegetables and garden produce, until the hour of 12 o'clock, M., daily—the use to be free of charge:

Resolved, That permission be, and is hereby, given to farmers and market gardeners, to occupy daily, until 12 M., free of charge, the vacant space of the northern and southern extremities of the intersection of Broadway and Sixth avenue, between Thirty-second and Thirty-fifth streets, without infringing upon the streets which the said space intersects, for the purpose only of selling vegetables and market produce, of their own farms or gardens, under the supervision of the City Inspector.

Also, by resolution of the Common Council, The use of Gouverneur slip is granted to farmers and gardeners for the sale of produce from wagons.

GEO. W. MORTON, City Inspector.  
JOSEPH CANNING, Sup't of Markets.

**NOTICE—TO PERSONS KEEPING SWINE.** OWNERS OF PROPERTY WHERE THE SAME MAY BE KEPT, AND ALL OTHERS INTERESTED. At a meeting of the Mayor and Commissioners of Health, held at the City Hall of the City of New York, Friday, June 18th, 1858, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, A large number of swine are kept in various portions of the city; and whereas, it is the general practice of persons so keeping swine, to boil offal and kitchen refuse and garbage, whereby a highly offensive and dangerous nuisance is created, therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Board, of the Mayor and Commissioners of Health, deeming swine kept south of (36th) street, in this city, to be creative of a nuisance and detrimental to the public health, therefore, the City Inspector be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to take, seize, and remove from any and all places and premises, all and every swine found or kept on any premises in any place in the city of New York southerly of said street, and to cause all such swine to be removed to the Public Pound, or other suitable place beyond the limits of the city or northerly of said street, and to cause all premises or places wherein, or on which, said swine may have been so found or kept, to be thoroughly cleaned and purified as the City Inspector shall deem necessary to secure the preservation of the public health, and that all expenses incurred thereby constitute a lien on the lot, lots or premises from which said nuisance shall have been abated or removed.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions shall take effect from and after the first day of July next, and that public notice be given of the same by publication in the Corporation papers to that date, and that notice may be given to persons keeping swine by circulars delivered on the premises, and that all violations of this order be prosecuted by the proper legal authorities, on complaint from the City Inspector or his officers.

CITY INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT,  
New York, June 18, 1858.

All persons keeping swine, or upon whose property or premises the same may be kept, are hereby notified that the above resolutions will be strictly enforced from and after the first day of July next.

GEO. W. MORTON, City Inspector.

**FRANCIS B. BALDWIN, WHOLESALE and RETAIL CLOTHING & FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,** 70 and 72 Bowery, between Canal and Hester sts., New York. Large and elegant assortment of Youths' and Boys' Clothing.

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.

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**THOMAS A. DUNN, 506 EIGHTH AVENUE,** has a very choice assortment of Wines, Brandy, Cordials, and Segars, which he will sell at prices that will yield a fair profit. All my democratic friends, and my immediate associates in the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen are respectfully invited to call in their rambles through Eighth Avenue, and enjoy a good Havana segar, and nice, sparkling champagne, and very exhilarating brandy. For the segars, I will charge my political friends and associates only five pence each, and for the brandy only ten pence per half gill, and for the champagne only four shillings a glass, or two dollars a bottle.

So call, kind friends, and sing a glee,  
And laugh and smoke and drink with me,  
Sweet Sangaree  
Till you can't see:  
(Chorus—At your expense!  
(Which pays my rents.)  
For my fingers do you see  
O'er my nose yearning free?  
THOMAS A. DUNN, No. 506 Eighth Avenue.

**J. VAN TINE, SHANGAE RESTAURANT,** No. 2, Dey street, New York.

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**WM. 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.

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**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.

**FOLEY'S CELEBRATED "GOLD PENS,"** For sale by all Stationers and Jewellers.  
OFFICE AND STORE,  
163 BROADWAY.

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SOLOMON BANTA.

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**WILLIAM M. TWEED, CHAIR, & OFFICE Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer,** No. 289 Broadway, corner of Read street New York. Room No. 15.

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WILLIAM A. CONKLIN.

**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, for plate, &c. S. C. HERRING & CO., 251 Broadway.

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ENVELOPES of all patterns, styles, and quality, on hand, and made to order for the trade and others, by Steam Machinery. Patented April 8th, 1856.

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We now introduce the "BOUQUET D'OGARITA, or Wild Flower of Mexico," which is superior to any thing of the kind in the civilized world.

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SAMUEL SNEDEN.

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O come to our Hotel,  
And you'll be treated well.

BARTLETT & GATES.

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**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.

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**J. AGATE & CO., MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS** and Shirt Manufacturers, 256 Broadway, New York. Shirts made to order and guaranteed to fit.  
J. AGATE, F. W. TALKINGTON.

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O'CONNOR & COLLENDOR, Sole Manufacturers.

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**L. A. ROSENMILLER, DRUGGIST, NO. 172 EIGHTH AVENUE,** New York. Cupping & Leeching. Medicines at all hours.

# STEPHEN H. BRANCH'S ALL IN GATOR.

Volume I.—No. 13.]

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 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.

While Horace Greeley and myself were in conversation over our breakfast at the Graham House Goss escorted Fred Douglas and lady

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 revolution-

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.

# STEPHENS & BRANCH'S ALLIGATOR.



Volume I.--No. 16.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

Price 2 Cents.

## Peter Cooper's Institute!

PETER'S AGENT AT THE DESK IN THE 2D STORY.

[ENTER MERCHANT.]

MERCHANT.—What's the rent for the stores below?

AGENT.—From three to five thousand dollars.

M.—Is the entire first story to-let?

A.—Yes, and the entire second story, and a portion of all the other stories.

M.—Are there facilities for storage in the basement?

A.—A lecture-room comprises the basement, which Mr. Cooper lets for College and Academic Commencement Exercises. I would like to have you see it? (They go into the basement.)

M.—What deafening noise is that?

A.—The steam-engine is in motion.

M.—(With his hands over his ears.) Good heavens! Where is it?

A.—Down below.

M.—Where are the massive pillars that support this mighty edifice?

A.—Don't you see them?

M.—(Puts on his spectacles.) My God! do those slender iron bean poles prop the huge mass of stone and iron that tower over our heads?

A.—Yes.

M.—(Takes long strides towards the stairs.) I feel faint, and I think I will go into the open air.

A.—Don't be alarmed, sir,—the best architects pronounce the building safe.

M.—Are you sure they think so?

A.—Very sure.

M.—Well, I will look at the stores.

A.—This way, sir. (They ascend and go into the stores.)

M.—What's the rent of this store?

A.—Five thousand dollars per annum.

M.—Is that the lowest price?

A.—The ultimatum.

M.—What did this building cost?

A.—I do not know, but much less than the public suppose, as Mr. Cooper bought the stone, iron and lumber very cheap from benevolent merchants, as his original intention was to build it for charitable literary purposes.

M.—What are the taxes on this building?

A.—None.

M.—None?

A.—None!

M.—How is that? Why is Mr. Cooper relieved from taxes, when I and others are very severely taxed?

A.—I told you that he first intended to devote this entire edifice to charitable educational purposes, and he told the Legislature so, whose

members cheerfully passed a law, exonerating him from a tax of \$8,000 per annum on the building. For the same reason, the Common Council permitted him to encroach largely on the street, in the construction of the portico. When Mr. Cooper asked the Corporation to give him a portion of the street, the citizens in St. Mark's Place remonstrated, on the ground that it would deprive them of their view of Astor Place and Broadway. The Common Council evinced a disposition to favorably consider their remonstrance, when Mr. Cooper threatened to construct no building for the gratuitous education of youth, but to erect a block of very low and degraded tenement houses in its stead, in order to destroy the respectability of the neighborhood, which instantly brought the proprietors and citizens of St. Mark's Place to their senses, who immediately withdrew their ferocious remonstrance, and Mr. Cooper proceeded in the construction of his building.

M.—What are his water taxes?

A.—Mr. Cooper got the Board of Supervisors to direct the Croton Water Commissioners to exonerate him from his water taxes.

M.—What a shrewd and fortunate man is Mr. Cooper.

A.—Well, yes, he is considered rather smart and lucky in the acquisition of property.

M.—But now that he is letting the entire building to merchants, artists, and lecturers, will not the Legislature and the Croton Commissioners tax it, like all other business habitations?

A.—I think not. For Mr. Cooper anticipated a movement of this kind, and lost no time in securing the nomination and election of Mr. Tiemann, who married his adopted daughter; and as Mayor Tiemann has prodigious patronage, and the appointment of nearly all the Executive Municipal Officers, and has recently appointed Edward Cooper, (his brother-in-law, and son of Peter Cooper,) Street Commissioner, I think Peter, and Daniel, and Edward, and can present a sufficient Lobby force at Albany, and in our Board of Supervisor's to foil the mightiest efforts to impose a tax on this edifice.

M.—And so myself and other tax-payers must cover the deficit of \$8,000 tax on this building, exclusive of the water taxes, from which he is also relieved, amounting in all to some \$10,000?

A.—I suppose you must.

M.—And sir, do you think it is right for Mr. Cooper to thus swindle the City and State of \$10,000 per annum?

A.—Your questions are too direct and pungent, and you corner me too closely.

M.—Can't you answer my questions fairly?

A.—I confess that I cannot.

M.—While I admire your frankness and candor, I must at the same time inform you that I cannot hire a store from the Agent of Peter Cooper. And now I bid you good-day.

A.—Stop, sir. Don't depart in anger. Are you a heavy tax-payer?

M.—Yes.

A.—Well, perhaps Mr. Cooper would let you have a store on more reasonable terms than one who pays lighter taxes. So, come up stairs, and let me show you the entire building. (They go into the second story again.)

M.—I have a friend who I think would like to have one of these rooms.

A.—He must hire one quickly, as they are nearly all taken, as you perceive.

M.—Perhaps a room on the next floor would answer his purpose. (They ascend.) What large room is this?

A.—It is for Church exercises? Mr. Cooper has let it permanently to a religious society.

M.—For what purpose are these small rooms around it?

A.—They are also to let.

M.—I will examine them.

A.—Walk in, sir. The examination of one will suffice, as they are all of the same size. (They enter.)

M.—What's the rent of this room?

A.—Five hundred dollars per annum.

M.—I think my friend would like to have one of these rooms.

A.—Very well, sir. Now let us again ascend. (They ascend.)

M.—What room is this?

A.—It is for political meetings. Mr. Cooper has long been disgusted with Tammany Hall, and he intends to let this room to the purer spirits of Tammany, and smash the Sachems if he can.

M.—What benches are these?

A.—Dr. Spring's old Brick Church benches. Now please come this way. (They go.)

M.—What room is this?

A.—For lectures of every kind.

M.—For Free Lovers, and Rappers, and Fourierites, and Grahamites, and Abolitionists?

A.—O yes, for all who will pay for the room.

M.—What benches are these?

A.—The old Tabernacle benches.

M.—My friend, who will probably hire one of the rooms below, has a clerk whom he would like to have sleep in the building, so as always to be near his place of business. Could you accommodate him?

A.—O yes. Just come up stairs, in the skylight story, and I will show you some dormitory

apartments that were designed expressly for lodgers. (They again ascend.)

M.—What's the price of rooms like these?

A.—Fifty dollars per annum.

M.—I think one of these rooms will just suit his clerk, and the price seems very reasonable. And now we will descend, and I desire you to see Mr. Cooper immediately, and soon inform me what is his lowest price for one of his best stores in this building fronting Third and Fourth Avenues. And also for what price he will let a business room in the third story, and bed-room in the attic story.

A.—I will do so. Who shall I inform him are your references?

M.—James W. Gerard and Aaron Vanderpool, and Henry Erben.

A.—Why, they are his legal advisers, and his political associates, and his warm personal friends, and belonged to the Reform Party of 1854, and Vanderpool conceived and Gerard wrote Mr. Cooper's famous Tank memorial to the Common Council of 1854, which was presented by Alderman Thomas Christy, of the Sixteenth Ward. I am sure Mr. Cooper will be pleased with your references, as he has the highest regard for Gerard and Vanderpool and Erben.

M.—I am not surprised at this confidence in these men, as they are the deepest lawyers, and politicians, and organists of any age or country, and have the lungs of lions, and the hearts of elephants.

M.—This is the vacation of the students, I presume?

A.—How so?

M.—I see no boys about the building, with their sly capers and merry laugh, and bugle tones, and green satchels, and glossy belts, gleaming brightly in the meridian sun, as they bound over the Academic green.

A.—There are no students, nor will there ever be in the building.

M.—What!

A.—I say there never will be any. There is no accommodation for students, nor teachers, nor professors, in the edifice.

M.—Sir: Years since Mr. Cooper publicly pledged himself to gratuitously educate between 2,000 and 3,000 boys in this very building.

A.—Yes, but I have twice told you that he changed his mind, and concluded to have two or three lecture rooms, and the rest in stores, and small rooms, and an imposing portico, to give the building an imposing appearance.

M.—But he still intends to give the building to the people, don't he?

A.—No sir.

M.—But he did intend to, didn't he?

A.—For the fourth time, I tell you yes, but he changed his mind, after the Legislature and the Supervisors relieved him of \$10,000 per annum in the form of taxes.

M.—Peter Cooper must be a very strange man.

A.—Well, perhaps he is. But it won't do for me to say much against him, you know, as I myself and large family are obliged to subsist on the very small salary he allows me for my clerical services.

M.—I perceive your unfortunate position, and I will not press you further.

M.—Is this a Chartered Institution?

A.—It is.

M.—Who is the President?

A.—Peter Cooper.

M.—The Board of Trustees?

A.—Peter Cooper.

M.—The Corresponding Secretary?

A.—Peter Cooper.

M.—The Recording Secretary?

A.—Peter Cooper.

M.—The Treasurer?

A.—Peter Cooper.

M.—Who is Parson of the Church in the Third and Fourth stories?

A.—Peter Cooper's nephew.

M.—Who is the Sexton?

A.—Peter Cooper's grandson. (They go into the street, and stand in front of the portico.)

M.—What do I understand by "TO ART AND SCIENCE," so beautifully inscribed over the imposing columns?

A WAG (hard by)—O it means that the building is dedicated to those receding shoulder hitters of Tammany, and other gentlemen of "Art and Science" who follow the wake of Peter, Daniel, and Edward.

M.—A hit!

A.—Precisely! (They go southward.)

M.—What does yonder imposing inscription of "UNION" mean?

WAG—O, that means the "UNION" of all parties in favor of the election of Peter for President, and Daniel for Mayor and Governor, and Edward for Street Commissioner, with other gilded honors in perspective—[EXEUNT.]

### Stephen H. Branch's Alligator.

New York, Saturday, August 7, 1858.

#### A Hard Fate.

BECAUSE my heart acutely sympathizes with the oppressed and impoverished people, and because I devote my energies and means to their amelioration, the arms of those public men, whose crimes I expose, are raised to fell and bury me. On Monday next, my trial will transpire, unless my foes refuse to meet me, and I am impatient to lance my adversaries. My lot is cast in the largest city of this continent. Around me is suffering that deeply pains my heart. Rents are high, and food and raiment extremely dear, and there is very little employment for the indigent masses. The cunning politicians impose such enormous taxes, that the people can hardly live, and for many years I have exposed the robbers and enemies of the toiling millions. And as long as I can crawl to pen, ink, and paper, I will write in letters of blood, against such sly and sanctimonious thieves and lascivious vipers as Cooper, Tiemann, and Draper, whose overshadowing power I defy. In all my life, I have only one favor to ask of those precious scoundrels, and that is, to meet me in the Court of Sessions, bright and early, on Monday next. As Mr. Sedgwick told me to prepare to meet Mayor Tiemann on that day, I will do so, and give him such a volley of charges, as will shame and confound and overwhelm him in the presence of judge and jury, and the populace, and disgust him even with himself. It will grieve me to strip him before the court, and jury, and people, and lash him until his leprous blood flies in all directions, but outraged justice demands it, and my witnesses yearn to tear his pious cloak from his wicked body, and dissect it to its marrow bone. So, Mayor Tiemann, I again dare you to meet me in the Court of Sessions on Monday next, and confront my witnesses, who will hurl you headlong into the lowest depths of infamy.

#### The Trials of Life.

PETER COOPER had me arrested some days since. I offered Sylvester S. Southworth as bail, which was refused, because Mr. S. was my bail to the extent of \$2,000 in the indictments and arrests in which Mayor Tiemann, Peter Cooper, and Simeon Draper were the complainants. Although Judge Osborne issued the warrant for my arrest, Judge Connolly was on the Bench when I entered the Court, and as Judge Osborne had ordered that Mr. Southworth could not be my bail in my new arrests, Judge Connolly also refused to receive him as bail, but kindly permitted me to go in pursuit of bail. I returned the next morning without bail, and Judge Connolly again let me go after bail. While in my office, officer No. 1 ar-

rested me, and told me that Judge Connolly wanted me, and while on my way to the Tombs, officer No. 2 came and whispered in the ear of officer No. 1, when the latter told me that Mayor Tiemann wanted me, and he accompanied me to the Mayor's office. After I had sat about ten minutes, without any conversation with the Mayor, officer No. 1 told me that the Mayor directed him to take me to the Tombs, and as no Judge was on the Bench, I requested the officer to accompany me in pursuit of bail, to which he readily assented. After two hours' search for bail, I returned to the Tombs, and soon after my arrival, Judge Connolly took his seat on the Bench, and again permitted me to go after bail, assuring me that if I did not obtain bail by ten o'clock on the following morning, he should certainly commit me. I again strove hard to get bail, but I could not do it, and was in peril of a prison. But Timothy Donovan came and saved me. What authority Mayor Tiemann had for dragging me before him, when I was arrested on a warrant issued by Judge Osborne, is far beyond my comprehension. I think he transcended the limits of his powers, and exercised despotic power, and that he is indictable for his attack on my liberty. And what on earth could have been his motive, for such exercise of arbitrary power? Was it to satiate the vindictiveness rankling in his bosom, because I dared expose his villainy and licentiousness on Ward's and Randall's Islands? Or was it to humble and wound my pride and feelings, that he paraded me in the Park and City Hall, through the vast crowd assembled to behold me, and to cast their jeers as I passed along? Or was it an invitation to make degrading concessions to his Majesty, in order to effect my liberty? God only knows what were his motives, but whatever they were, if there is law to punish him for his monstrous outrage, I will apply it to his infamous carcass, to the farthest extent.

#### Thread and Needle and Shirt Store in William Street.

[ENTER BURKHARDT.]

BURKHARDT.—Good evening Mrs. Cream.

MRS. CREAM.—Good evening Charles.

B.—I would like to have your daughter make me six more shirts, precisely like the last she made for me.

MRS. C.—Ah! Mr. Burkhardt, I fear she will never make any more shirts for you, nor any one else.

B.—Good gracious! And is she dead?

MRS. C.—Not dead, but—

B.—But—great heavens! tell me quickly, or your suspense may suspend my pulsation. Speak! O speak! and divulge the worst.

MRS. C.—She's married!

B.—Married?

MRS. C.—Alas!

B.—To whom?

MRS. C.—To James Gordon Bennett.

B.—Crucifixion! (Drops like a corse on the floor.) Water! water! water, I say! Bring some water!

MRS. C.—How pale he is. What large drops of sweat are on his forehead! (She uplifts him, and his tongue protrudes, and his eyes project, and are fixed and glassy.) Burkhardt! Burkhardt! Great God! I fear he's dead or dying! Maggy! Maggy! do come here!

Maggy.—What's the matter?

MRS. C.—Bring water instantly. (Maggy runs hither and thither.)

M.—Here it is.

MRS. C.—Dash it in his face. (She throws it with great violence.)

M.—He rallies, marm! O how he rallies!

MRS. C.—And so he does, good Maggy. Bring the brandy from the closet.

M.—Yes marm. (She brings it, and they bathe his face and temples and pour a little down his throat, which instantly revives him, amid the

wildest joy of Maggy and Mrs. Cream. And Burkhardt opens his eyes.)

B.—What horrid dream is this?

Mrs. C.—It is reality. Your hands and feet are icicles, and you have been at the portal of death.

B.—O where am I?

Mrs. C.—In a safe asylum.

B.—O, Mrs. Cream!

Mrs. C.—O, Burkhardt!

B.—O God! my reason returns. Where's your daughter?

Mrs. C.—She's in the country, enjoying her honey-moon with Mr. Bennett!

B.—She's in hell!

Mrs. C.—O do not talk so, Burkhardt, for it will kill me. I hope my daughter will ever be happy with Mr. Bennett.

B.—That's impossible, Mrs. Cream, utterly impossible.

Mrs. C.—I shall hope for the best.

B.—And so shall I. Your daughter had no equal as a shirt maker, and she could always have sustained herself with her needle, and have been happy and independent. But to marry such an old reprobate as Bennett, is too much for my nerves to bear. But no more, Mrs. Cream, on this painful theme, as I presume it overwhelms you with sorrow. So, if you will let Maggy go to the Park, and hire a carriage for me, I will go home, and go to bed, and strive to survive the terrible shock with which the marriage of your daughter has invested my whole frame. (A carriage is passing, and Maggy hails the coachman, and Burkhardt gets in, and returns home, and retires, and has awful dreams of Bennett and his bride, and their fearful rows in the future.)

#### A Funny Sermon.

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one o' them that beleeves edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I beleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated, and although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I'm a hard-shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the hard-shell Baptists, but I'd rather hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering, and although I've been a preacher uv the gospel for twenty years, and although I'm captiv uv that flatboat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

"I'm not gwine ter tell you edzackly whar my tex may be found; suffice it tu say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere 'tween the fust chapter of the Book of Generation, and the last chapter of the Book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

"My tex, brethren, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kind of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts; then thar's the sperits uv turpen-time, and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good artikel uv them kind uv sperits on my flatboat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says: 'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex; it's fire. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite a segar or pipe with, and then thar's camfire, fire before you're redly to fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex ses: 'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck.'

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my brethren—it's hell fire; an' thar's the kind uv fire as a great many of you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin'—for 'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions in the world. In the fust place, we have the Piscapalions, and they are high salin' and a highfalutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side uv the road—and 'He played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And, then, thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, rnnnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfeeshun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim', and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls, and down he comes kerflummux; and thar's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from Grace, ah! And—'He played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And, then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have bin likened unto a possum on a simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and then the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar; and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the lim', and he clings fur ever, for—'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'"

My printer left me on Tuesday, but I did not blame him. He was twice dragged to the Tombs, and finally yielded to Cooper, Tiemann and Draper. I bought a printing office in half an hour, which I shall surrender only with incarceration, or sudden death.

Timothy Donovan became my bail on Tuesday, for which I shall forever bless him.

Judge Osborne and Connolly were very kind in granting me parol of honor, for which I sincerely thank them. Officer Van Narsdale will ever be gratefully remembered for his kindness. Two other officers, whose names I do not remember, will have claims on me for life.

My advertisers will please excuse the omission of many of their advertisements this week, which will appear in my next issue.

I shall resume the publication of my "LIFE" in the next number of the "ALLIGATOR."

#### The Tears of Daniel Webster.

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS FROM MR. WEBSTER, CONCERNING HIS EARLY LIFE.

The following is an extract from a private letter written by Mr. Webster to a friend, six years ago:—

FRANKLIN, N. H., May 3, 1846.

\* \* \* I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, the best of which is that I can leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable, notwithstanding the railroad.

This house faces due north. Its front windows look toward the river Merrimack. But then the river soon turns to the south, so that the eastern windows look toward the river also. But then the river has so deepened its channel in this stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we cannot see its waters without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us. The history of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefitted, either by my learning or my observation, in this respect.

Looking out at the east windows, at this moment, (2 P. M.,) with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave stones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitable, Abigail, and Sarah; good Scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739—the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy, and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

This fair field is before me. I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Somehow, I could never learn to hang a scythe. I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college, in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

Of a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration—I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field, to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked a while in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm on a haycock. He said—"My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it, as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here."

"My dear father," said I, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest"—and I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. "My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me—I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—learn—learn—and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Philips' Exeter Academy—placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbot, still living.

My father died in April, 1800. I neither left



him, nor forsook him. My opening an office at Boscawen was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age—after a life of exertion, toil and exposure—a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge—everything that a man could be, to whom learning never had disclosed the "ample page."

My first speech at the bar was made when he was on the bench—he never heard me a second time.

He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour—on the contrary, good humored, facetious—showing, even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth all white as alabaster—gentle, soft, playful—and yet having a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown—a frown it was; but cheerfulness, good humour and smiles composed his most usual aspect. Ever truly your friend,

DANIEL WEBSTER.  
ON AGRICULTURE AND POLITICS.  
WASHINGTON, March 17, 1852.

JOHN TAYLOR—

Go ahead. The heart of the winter is broken, and before the first day of April, all your land may be ploughed. Buy the oxen of Captain Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for \$160 for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fattened. You have a good horse team, and I think, in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four year old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stephens oxen, or unyoke them, and send them to the pasture for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need anything, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Buck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you.

Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no pennyroyal crops. "A little farm well tilled," is to a farmer the next best thing to "a little wife well willed." Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even if it costs you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village, that everybody may have a part of them without cost. I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike Representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons who call themselves whigs, who are no whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its just and its constitutional rights, is an enemy to the whole country.

John Taylor, if one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them shall be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this—that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics, our talk is of oxen; but remember this: that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. Jno. Sanborn, or his neighbor Capt. Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in fire; and there are some men who delight in heat, smoke, combustion, and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia than a

Virginian has to say that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State to decide for itself; and if we mean to keep the States together, we must leave to every State this power of deciding for itself.

I think I never wrote you a word before upon politics. I shall not do it again. I only say love your country, and your whole country, and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of other States, tell them "that you mean to mind your own business," and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor, you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the government that does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation, but which holds out to you and to yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor, never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family, remember that he who is the author of this letter must soon follow them to another world.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

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