JOHN OUT IN CLEVELAND.

AFFECTING STORY OF A VETERAN'S BATTLE COAT.

A Talk with a Patriot and a Mason—The Crops Out West—Lazy Farmers—A Walk with a Cleveland Lady—Diagram of a Car on the M. S. and N. J. R. R.

Correspondence of The Sun.

CLEVELAND, February, 1872.—Before I left Elmira I called upon an old friend. In his room was hanging the raggedest coat I ever saw. I observed, "Sam, what in thunder are you keeping that coat for? It looked as though a crocodile had chewed it ten years for a cud, and the missionary who wore it wan't much more use as a missionary."

"Why," said Sam, "that is 'my battle coat.'"

"Ba tle coat?" says I, "what in thunder is a battle coat?"

"Why," said he, "you've seen a battle flag, haint ye? Well, that's a battle coat."

"But," said I, "Sam, them aint shot holes. Them is moth holes; and besides that, Sam, you didn't go to the war."

"Hang it," says he, "I know it, Jack. I know it, but the boy don't. You see I've got a boy growing up. He is old enough now to whittle the bureau and steal the preserves. Well, you see, I know I didn't do nothing in the war, but I want my boy to grow up and think I did. I want that boy to think his father was father of his country, and like the colored troops, fought nobly. So you see, Jack, I am keeping that coat to show that boy when he grows up how his father got shot facing the foes of his country."

"Well," said I, "Sam, do you know what I'd do?"

He said he didn't. Then I told him that if I had a boy and thought that when he grew up he would be cussed fool enough to believe that his father got shot into the back facing the foes of his country, I'd harpoon him, and have a child's funeral, instead of letting him grow and make it more expensive to bury him.

Sam's battle coat has gone to help make a carpet.

TROUBLE IN THE CARS.

I was escorted to the cars by a joint committee. I suppose, as they called themselves a joint committee, they must have been butchers. I started for Cleveland, which is a good ways to go. I conversed with a learned man in the cars. He informed me that "history repeats itself, and we had cow-boys in the Revolution, and we had Bull-Runners in the Rebellion; and in the papers, "Movements in real estate" meant "earthquakes," and that "domestic produce" was "babies;" and he further remarked that "although our Legislature was in session in January, yet it was an august body." But when he swore that he had seen a live newspaper, I got worried, and I asked him did aquatics mean water-melons, and might his name be Mr. Bliss. He said no. Then I told him I'd heard something' about Ignorance was Bliss, and I suspected he might be the cuss.

He didn't say no more, and it turned out that he had got on the wrong cars. He was bound for the Utica Insane Retreat.

A TALK WITH A FREE MASON.

I talked with another fellow. He asked me was I a Mason? I told him no; that the nearest I ever came to Masonry, I had been called a brick. Then he said he was a Mason, and had taken thirty-three degrees.

"Why don't you take more?" says I.

"I can't," says he, "that's the whole of 'em."

Says I, "Sir, do you sit there and try to make me believe there are only thirty-three degrees?"

"That is all, sir," he replied.

"I'll bet on it," said I.

"I'll take the bet," said he.

Then he asked me how I would prove there was more than thirty-three degrees, and I told him I'd leave it to the first thermometer we came to. He got mad.

THE CROPS.

The crops look awful. There sin't no apples onto the trees. The corn has come up dried stumps, and they cut the hair off the country so short last summer that there ain't grass enough in a hundred miles to lunch a nanny goat. Instead of attending to the crops, the farmers are digging their time away around wood piles and fences. The chickens look as though they had been struck with cold lightning, and the only warbles that are heard come from the hoppens. They are very few short-horned cattle up here. All that I have seen around the taverns take awful long horns.

But I must tell you something about Cleveland.

CLEVELAND.

Cleveland is dry and healthy, and to see the folks pour down rye whiskey you would think the citizens were all dry and healthy too. The city is triangular and eighty feet above the lake. It is queer how they contrive to put it up high in the air, but they did it. They have a piece of grass here. They call it a park. It has gotten acres into it. The New York Park Hospital alone has more than ten achers into it. In 1796 there was only one family in Cleveland, and now there are over 80,000. It was named after Gen. Moses Cleveland, and is in Cuyahoga county, and it may have been named after Gen. Moses Cuyahoga for all I know. I stopped at a hotel in Cleveland. All hotel clerks are gorgeous, but this hotel clerk was the most gorgeous cuss I ever saw. His moustache would have been worth a fortune to a schoolmaster for switches, and he had more pride than six George Washingtons, four Christopher Columbuses, and three returned missionerys biled down into one small man.

Says I to him, says I, "Can you say pork pie?"

"Yes," said he, "I can say pork pie."

"Well," said I, "I'm glad don't." That upper lip curls up so I didn't think you could ever get it down to say pork pie."

He didn't like it; so he put me down for room 95,003. Then I asked him was that room easy of access to the street. He said, "Very;" that all I had to do was to the street was to reach out the scuttle and slide down. Then I was mad, and I asked him did he keep a balloon to send folks up there, and he said no. Then I looked at his pindle shanks. Those legs weren't bigger than a hardshell Baptist pump-handle, and I offered to him it would never do for him to visit New York.

"Why?" said he.

"By gosh!" says I, "you wouldn't be in New York five minutes before they would have them bones in them legs of yours sawed up into eatin' house checks."

Says he, "Sam, show this gentleman to his room," and I commenced travelling through a lot of halls with bedrooms on each side.

Sam went ahead with my carpet bag and a tallow candle that belonged to the house. We never spoke but once. We had been walking about an hour and a half, when Sam says he, "this is a nobby hotel."

"Yes," said I "door knobby."

That was all. Not another word passed, and along sometime in the night I reached my room. Sam left me a pair of slippers for fear my shoes would wear out it before I got back to the office, and I was alone with my carpet bag which I undid. I untied my whisky flask, poured some spirits into a glass, and sweetened it, then I sang that song,

"Sweet spirits hear my prayer,"

and undid myself and retired. It was a dramatic entertainment.

A TALK WITH A REFINED LADY.

I spent Sunday in Cleveland. A lady friend showed me round. The hair curled down the back of her neck like she had been living on buffalo steaks. She was chock full of romance. She came of the kind that would make you think a chicken's gizzard was an eagle. She asked me did I ever see a sunset halo? and I told her I had often halloed at sunset. Every time she showed me Lake Erie she had something to say about "broad expanse of waters," until I finally asked her wasn't she sorry she wasn't born a seagull. Then she talked so much about "silvery moonbeams," that I shut her up by telling her I should think that she had been feeding on ten cent pieces for a year. We walked through Euclid street, then by the lake, then through Euclid street, then by the lake, and we kept doing so, until one of the trips we passed a large building. There was a murmur coming from it, and I said to my lady friend,

"I thought you observed the Sabbath very strictly in Cleveland?"

She said, "We do."

"Well, said I, "what is that mill running for on Sunday?"

"Oh," said she, "mercy, that ain't a mill, that's a church."

"Why, said I, "if that is a church, what in the hay of improved lamp wick is that noise?"

Says she, "That is the choir; they are singing."

"You don't say so," says I; "I am really glad you told me that that is a church, and that that is singing, for if you hadn't done so I would have kept laboring under the impression that I was saw mills in Cleveland on Sunday."

She and I walked by the church purposely for to hear the singing, and it set her back somewhat as much as I got a beggar back yesterday. He was holding out his hands for some money, and I told him he would take cold if he kept his "paws" open so much.

JOHN'S BIRTHDAY.

Me and George Washington both have a birthday this year in February. Twenty days more I would have been Washington. Twenty days less Washington would have been me. I was born the 2d, and he the 22d. Wouldn't I have made a healthy father of my country?

I saw a "gross widow" yesterday. It was a cow.

JOHN.

I forward sketch of car I went West in. It shows the position of John and the learned man when they conversed. Also the position of the Mason and John when they conversed. By looking at each end of the car you will see where the learned man and the Mason took their seats when John was done with them. You will also get an idea of how thick the Boston drummers are out West.

JOHN.

CAR.

Warm ice-water.		Cold stove.
Black boy.		Free Mason.
Boston drummer.		Yellow female.
Band-box. Shawl.		Boston drummer.
Lady. Gentleman.		Man. Boy.
Boston drummer.		Boston drummer.
Woman. Boy.		Aged male.
Boston drummer.	Boy selling police pop-corn.	Boston drummer.
Learned man.		Girl. Baby.
John. Umbrella.		Woman.
Boston drummer.		Boston drummer.
Band-box. Shawl.		Free Mason.
Female.		John. Umbrella.
Lad buying pop-corn.		Boston drummer.
Woman chewing gum		Boston drummer.
Boston drummer.		Boston drummer.
Satchel.		Boston drummer.
Boston drummer.		Boston drummer.
Boston drummer.		Boston drummer.
Boston drummer.		Boston drummer.
Boston drummer.		Whiskey flask.
Shawl.		Boston drummer.
Boston drummer.		Hat.
Boston drummer.		Boston drummer.
Learned man.		Nobody.
Cold stove.		Ditto.

TENNESSEEING.

The Treatment a Stranger Received in the London Stock Exchange—How Englishmen Practise Tennesseeing.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: On seeing a paragraph headed "Brokers' Fun" in your journal, I was reminded that I might, upon reference to my old journal, find something similarly funny, which I send to you:

"The members of the London Stock Exchange, as an exclusive body, do not permit strangers to visit their establishment, and summary proceedings are adopted against intruders. One who suffered from the ungentlemanly proceedings of the members thus describes the outrage:

"I turned to the right and found myself in a spacious apartment, which was nearly filled with persons more respectable in appearance than the crew I had left at the door. Curious to see all that was to be seen, I began to scrutinize the place and the society into which I had intruded. But I was prevented from indulging the reflections which seem to suggest themselves, by the conduct of those about me.

THE FIRST ATTACK.

"A curly-haired man, with a face as yellow as a guinea, stopped plump before me, fixed his black, round, leering eyes full on me, and exclaimed without the slightest anxiety about my hearing him, "So help me Got, Mo'e is twelve!" Incredulous of replying in a straightforward way, Mo raised his voice as loud as he could and shouted with might and main, "Fourteen hundred new lives." A hundred voices repeated the mysterious exclamation, "Fourteen hundred new lives!" "Now for a lark! Where is he? Go it! go it!" were the cries raised on all sides by the crowd, which rallied about my person like a swarm of bees round their Mo, by way of proceeding to business, repeating the war cry, staggered sideways against me so as almost to knock me down.

A KIND FRIEND.

"My fall was happily prevented by the kindness of a brawny Sc—tchman, who, hurriedly calling out, "let the mon alone!" was so good as to stay me on my course with his shoulder, and even to send me back toward Mo with such violence that, had he not been supported by a sinewy Irishman, I should infallibly have fallen before me. Being thus backed, however, he was enabled to withstand the shock, and to give me a new impulse in the direction of the Scotchman, who, awaiting my return, received me with a shower of blows as before. And as I found these two worthies were likely to amuse themselves with me as with a shuttlecock for the next quarter of an hour, I struggled violently to extricate myself from the unpleasant situation, and by

AIMING A BLOW AT THE JEW

induced Moses to give up his next bit, and to allow me a moment to regain my feet. The rash step which I had taken was likely to produce very formidable consequences. I had forgotten that I expectated the war became more desperate than ever. Each individual became anxious to contribute to my destruction, and some of their number considerately called out, "Spare his life, but break his limbs!" My situation was extreme, and I looked anxiously around for the means of escape. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to use the gentleman so!" that sort of way," squeaked a shrill implike person, affecting sympathy, and I was beginning to renew the sport, "How would you like it yourself, cried another, "if you were a stranger?" shaking his sandy locks and looking reproachfully at my victim. I made a desperate blow at this offender. It did not take effect from the expedition with which he retreated, and I had prudence enough to reflect that it would be better to recover my ball at my leisure.

TO PURSUE THE ENEMY.

Turning round I saw my unfortunate adversary or "captister," as it was called by the gentry who had it in their keeping, bounding backward and forward between two Italians, who had seized my arms, and were trying to keep me on my legs, against the attack the most opposite to me, but not knowing how to treat a person who had not previously made himself conspicuous approached and interfered, saying, "Really you had better go, you had!" at the same time pointing to a door I had not before seen.

Comment is unnecessary; and however the practice may be repudiated by the members when out of the house, there are few who would not in it act in a similar manner.

JOHN HUSSEY'S MEDAL.

Saving the Lives of Thirteen Human Beings and Seven Horses—A 'Longshoreman's Reward for Humanity.

Recently the American Society presented a beautiful silver medal to John Hussey. Mr. Bergh in handing it to him said:

JOHN: It has come to the knowledge of this Society that on the 9th of September, at pier 47 North River, at the imminent risk of your life, you rescued a horse from drowning, which had accidentally fallen into the river; and considering the circumstances, this act is more admirable; but when it is exhibited on behalf of an inferior animal, one to which it is supposed is denied the faculty of recognizing its benefactor or of testifying its sense of gratitude, the act seems to be all the more meritorious, by reason of the total absence of all selfish considerations. As an evidence of its appreciation of this daring and generous deed, and in the hope and belief that it will be admired and emulated by all those whom it may become known, the Society, yielding to my suggestion, has caused to be prepared, and at its request I now present to you this medal. Receive it, and let it be a passport to the commendation of all good people now, and serve hereafter as an honorable memento to your family.

John expressed his thanks in suitable terms, and said the medal would always be highly treasured by himself and family. Hussey has a beautiful gold medal on his breast given him some time ago by the merchants of South street, in acknowledgment of his gallantry in rescuing thirteen human belngs from drowning. In addition, he has saved seven horses from the water. One firm paid him $25 for saving a team, and this was the only reward John received, except a gold watch, which a bystander had given him after he had saved a poor pile driver who had fallen into the North River off Pier 48.

The medal given by Mr. Bergh's Society is a beautiful work of art. One side bears the emblem of the Society finely engraved. A brutal driver is beating his horse, which has stumbled and fallen under his heavy load. A guardian angel with uplifted arm arrests the brute as he is in the act of raising his club to strike the poor beast over the head. The other side bears the following inscription: "Presented to John Hussey by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as an appreciation of his brave and humane conduct in rescuing a horse from drowning on the 9th September, 1871, at Pier 47, North River. By order of the Committee. HENRY BERGH, President."

"JANUARY, 1872.

Washington Society under Grant's and Fish's Administration.

From the Kansas City News.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2.—Madame W——, well known in Kansas City as the proprietress of one of the most fashionable of the houses of doubtful fame, is here under an assumed name, and queening it in the best society with a grace and elegance that would reflect credit upon the most accomplished ladies of the French Court. She is the chosen one of a prominent M. C., by whom she is introduced into society as his cousin, whom he has brought to Washington city to get a glimpse of life at the capital, and to do the honors as mistress of the elegant mansion he has rented during the session. She was at a party the other night, and a newspaper reporter was so smitten by the charms of her person and manner that in his next morning's paper he gushed forth in a quarter column of rhapsody upon the charming cousin of the honorable gentleman from ——, and devoted the balance of the column to an elaborate description of her toilet, which, he said, was the most elegant and costly of any in the party.

Charley B——, who, you know, was always "fast" while at home, and knew her in Kansas city, called upon her the other afternoon and found the house filled with distinguished company, whom Madame W—— was entertaining with the grace and hospitality of a duchess, seeming perfectly at home in her new position.

Gone to San Domingo.

From the Nemaha Sentinel.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has accompanied her husband, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, on a visit to the Island of San Domingo.

John on the Income Tax.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: I see those old fossils, called the Committee of "Ways and Means," have concluded to continue the income tax. I hope their constituents when next called upon to express their opinions at the ballot box will conclude to let them continue at home the rest of their natural lives. Please tell them to change their names at once from the Committee of Ways and Means to the Committee of Mean Ways.

JOHN.

OUT WEST, Feb. 20, 1872.

FREE LOVE AND THE KNIFE.

THE MURDER OF AN ITALIAN IN THE BLOODY SIXTH.

An Imprudent Wife and a Jealous Husband—The Death-Struggle in the Yard of a Mulberry Street Tenement—The Dirk and the Fatal Wounds.

No. 37 Mulberry street is a bucket shop. To the rear is a tenement inhabited chiefly by Italians. Very few of them speak English. As they are excitable and quarrelsome, the police have trouble with them. There was a fight in this house yesterday afternoon, the results of which are likely to be most serious.

John Patrilla, an Italian, aged 43, has been in this country about three years, and has a wife younger than himself. Patrilla is thick-set, of a florid complexion. His face exhibits rather a brutal expression. He has a small black moustache, and black hair. Occupying apartments in the same house, 37 Mulberry street, was Miguel Rosa, also an Italian, who speaks no English. He is a better looking man than Patrilla, apparently twenty-four or five years old, stands some five feet seven, and is of a dark complexion. He has sparkling black eyes, surmounted by heavy black eyebrows. His hair is very thick and very black.

FREE LOVE AND BLOODSHED.

It appears that Mrs. Patrilla, who is not beautiful, and Miguel Rosa have been of late on intimate terms. No disturbance, however, has hitherto resulted from this intimacy. Patrilla either did not notice the growing liking of his spouse for Rosa, or he preferred to let events take their course for a time. Yesterday being a holiday, both men were idle.

At 1 o'clock yesterday Mrs. Patrilla and Rosa were standing in the yard near the door talking apparently in the most amiable manner. Patrilla descended the stairs into the yard. He approached his wife and Rosa, and at once began to talk in an excited manner, gesticulating wildly. What was said is not known, but the conversation ended by Patrilla seizing Rosa by the throat. A struggle followed in which both men fought like tigers, while Mrs. Patrilla looked on. Twice Patrilla threw Rosa, and twice he regained his feet and renewed the struggle. They went from one side of the yard to the other, each striving for mastery. Ratrilla is the larger man, and Rosa stood but a poor chance for victory.

THE DEATH STROKE.

Suddenly Rosa drew from a pocket a large Italian dirk, a most villainous looking weapon, with a heavy bone hilt rudely carved. The blade is six inches long, and about an inch wide at the hilt, but it is sharp on one side only, and by raising a spring can be made to shut like a razor. The blade and hilt measure a foot. When Rosa drew the knife Patrilla had hold of him. He made a lunge, cutting him in the abdomen. As Patrilla stooped with the pain of the blow, Rosa again struck, cutting him in the back. Patrilla then seized the blade of the dirk with his hand, which was severely cut as his opponent drew it from him. A third lunge was then made, which took effect in the arm. Patrilla dropped exhausted with pain and loss of blood. Rosa dropped the knife and fled.

The quarrel had lasted but a few minutes, and ended with very little noise, and, until Patrilla fell, none outside the yard were aware of the fatal conflict. The news spread rapidly, and soon the entire Sixth Ward was in an uproar. Officer Colahan reached the scene first. He found Patrilla lying apparently senseless in a pool of blood. Meantime, the news had reached the Eleventh Precinct station. Sergeant Miller at once sent all the men available to the scene. Officer Colahan, in company with another officer, conveyed Patrilla to the station, and thence he was taken in an ambulance to the Park Hospital.

PATRILLA'S TERRIBLE WOUNDS.

Dr. Amabile examined his wounds. The cut in the back is three inches long and five deep, showing that Rosa must have used great force in driving the knife, as the blade is but six inches long. The wound in the back is one inch and a half in length and five inches in depth. Than the abdomen is of such a nature that its depth could not be accurately determined; but the intestines protrude some ten inches. Little hope of Patrilla's recovery is entertained.

SEARCHING FOR THE MURDERER.

Meantime the search for Rosa was carried on by Officer Dorsey and other policemen. The dirk was found in the yard near the body of Patrilla. The officers searched the houses 35 and 37 Mulberry street, from cellar to garret, but no signs of the murderer could be found. Then Officer Dorsey made a thorough search of the Italian saloons on Baxter street. Here, too, he was unsuccessful. He then returned to the scene of the murder. Standing on the sidewalk were two women. He asked them about Rosa, and they said he was either in the cellar or up stairs in the building in the rear of 39. They had seen him enter the passage some time before.

Officer Dorsey, accompanied by two others, entered the yard of No. 39. One officer was stationed in the hallway of the building, to prevent egress, another kept guard in the yard to see that no one passed into the street. Then Dorsey began his search. The building was ransacked. Every room and every closet was examined, but the missing man was nowhere to be found above stairs.

WHAT WAS BEHIND TWO BAGS.

The one place remaining which could offer a refuge was the cellar, and to this Officer Dorsey descended. This part of the building is used as a kind of storehouse for old papers, rags, iron, &c. The scraps are put into bags and tumbled into the cellar to be kept until the owner can sell or otherwise dispose of them. The room is very dark, being entirely under ground. The officer felt his way along with his club, and overturned the dusty old bags and loose papers, for a time with no result. He reached the end of the room, and was just about to give up the search in despair, when he saw two bags leaning against each other near the wall. Dorsey divined that by this time had become somewhat accustomed to the light, and he was enabled to distinguish this much.

He kneeled down and felt under the bags. His hand touched something which was neither paper nor rags. It felt very much like a man's knee. He passed his hand up a little further and reached a body attached to the knee. Being then quite sure of his game, he made a quick upward stroke and grasped the man by the neck, with the stereotyped policeman's invitation to "Come out of that." No answer was returned. Again Officer Dorsey spoke, and in more figurative, he said, "I want you." The figure persisted in remaining dumb. The officer, seeing that an English remonstrance was ineffectual with an Italian murderer, forcibly

JERKED THE MAN FROM HIS CONCEALMENT,

and pulled him up the steps to the ground floor. He proved to be the man he was seeking, Miguel Rosa.

He was conducted to the Sixth Precinct station house under an escort of three officers, amid the hooting and yelling of the excited crowd. He had stabbed Patrilla at one o'clock; at a quarter to three he was a prisoner, mainly through the exertions of Officer Dorsey.

An interpreter was brought to the station, but even with his aid it was difficult to get anything like a detailed statement of the circumstances leading to the affray. As the situation of Patrilla was most critical the Coroner was sent for, and the subjoined *ante mortem* statement was taken:

THE DYING MAN'S DEPOSITION.

About 1 o'clock this afternoon I went into the yard of house No. 37 Mulberry street, where Miguel Rosa, who lives in the same house, Rosa was taking indecent liberties with my wife, and I attempted to pull him away and put him out of the yard. While I was doing this, Rosa drew a knife and stabbed me in the abdomen, and then in the back several times. I had nothing in my hand. The knife used by Rosa was a very large one. We have been friends for a long time.

Immediately after this Rosa, in charge of an officer, was taken to the bedside of the dying man, who recognized him as the man who had stabbed him. The weapon itself, which is a large bowie knife—a most terrible weapon—was exhibited. He recognized it as the one with which he had been stabbed. Patrilla then took a pen and, steadied by assistants, signed the deposition. Dr. Amabile, of the Park Hospital, acted as interpreter.

Jake Van Slaak and the Nazarites.

Correspondence of The Sun.

NORTH ALMOND, Allegany county, N. Y., Feb. 18.—There is no important news in these diggings at present. Winter colder than usual so far, and good sleighing most of the time. Protracted meetings have been held in various places in and near this locality; but the fruits so far have been small. Up to this date the Nazarites are one ahead in the number of converts. After holding a nightly meeting for two weeks, the Nazarite preacher concluded to count up and take into full membership all that would signify their wish by standing up. Only one arose, and that one a Dutchman named Jake Van Slaak.

The next day, being Sunday, was set for Jake to be put in full fellowship with the Nazarite Church. The day was fine, a large crowd assembled to see the ceremony performed, and Jake put in his appearance at the time appointed. After some spirited singing by the female portion of the audience and a prayer by one of the deacons, the minister arose and called Jacob forward. After a short exhortation to Jake to be faithful, the minister read over the articles of faith, to all of which Jacob answered, "Yaw." But when the minister came to ask if he would renounce the devil and all his works, Jake said: "No, mine Gott, No! Who will takes care of mine children if I renounces mine vife?"

That ended the ceremony.

PETER LIPPINCOTT.

Furniture, carpets, and bedding. An immense stock, and low prices at R. M. Cowperthwait's, 155 Chatham st. Weekly and monthly payments taken.—*Ade.*

Dooley's Yeast Powder is always full weight; a saving of one-fourth to one-half.—*Adv.*

THE CORRUPT JUDICIARY.

The most Glaring Case Yet against Judge Barnard—Nothing Less than Unpardonable Malfeasance—The 2,789th Article.

At the last Supreme Court Chambers, while Judge Barnard was on the bench, a young limb of the law appeared before him staggering under an enormous bundle of papers. The Judge stopped whittling and gazed at the young man with some astonishment.

"Well," said his Honor, "what do you want?"

The youth with many blushes dumped his bundle upon the Judge's desk, mumbling, "'F yer—Honor—please—hinn—junction."

Judge Barnard raised a few of the papers and looked at them with curious interest. Then he looked at the blushing youth and said: "Who are you?"

The youth blushed deeper than ever and replied, "'F yer Honor p-p-please, my—name's—Bu-Bu-Bu-Burke."

"Oh," said the Judge, throwing down his penknife and resuming his consideration of the papers. The documents were very voluminous. They appeared to have been written in pale ink, by a gentleman who wrote a worse hand, if possible, than Dr. Greeley. The Judge could not read them. After holding them up to the light in various positions, he finally laid them down, and gently said:

"Well, young man, who drew these papers?"

"'F-yer-Honor-please," responded the youth, "ah-ah-I did."

"Yes, so I thought," answered the Judge. "Now, bubby, if I understand this thing, you want an injunction?"

"'F yer Honor please, ah-ah-I do," was the reply.

"Yes, so I thought," repeated the Judge; "and you want an injunction to prevent a man from rolling tenpins in an alley next to the plaintiff's house?"

"'F yer Honor please," said the delighted youth, rubbing his hands, "ah-ah-I do. That's it, exactly."

"Yes, so I thought," said the Judge a third time, "notwithstanding you spell 'rolling' with one l, and your writing is too hard to read. But, you see, bub, you're asking too much. You ask me to enjoin men from rolling tenpins. Now, as a general thing men do not roll tenpins. They roll balls against tenpins, and if they can be enjoined from doing that they can be enjoined from rolling any kind of balls, which would seriously interfere with billiards, bagatelle, and other legitimate games. The fact is, bubby, your papers are the worst I ever saw—and that is saying a great deal—and I can't grant your injunction. It might make me liable to impeachment."

The Judge then returned the papers with a gracious smile. The youth received them with outstretched arms and an open mouth, and vanished through the door like a magician's automaton.

It is said that this is the only injuction that Judge Barnard has ever refused. Mr. Burke is now preparing the 2,789th article of impeachment.

GOVERNMENT PENSION FRAUDS.

How the Employees of the Treasury Encourage Swindling—Driving every Respectable Attorney Out of the Business.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: THE SUN has done much in exposing the frauds of the present Administration, and the public is thankful for the same. Even the *Times* had an article on Feb. 3 on the frauds committed by or in the Pension Bureau, alleging that about one-third of the persons now being paid are frauds, thus admitting that the Government is being swindled by this means alone at the rate of from eight to ten million dollars per annum, but says it cannot be helped. How absurd. Why the whole thing is corrupt—rotten. A little investigation into this matter will show that the entire management of the pension, arrears of pay, and bounty departments at Washington has been in the interest of fraudulent agents and swindling operators for the last three or four years.

At the commencement of the war some of the first members of the bar undertook to collect the pension arrears of pay and bounty due to soldiers, and for three or four years did the most of the business. Never was a complaint heard or a defalcation known. The sharks and swindlers, however, soon found that it was a rich placer for them; but in order to work it they must drive out all the honest and honorable men in the business. This they soon succeeded in doing by getting the heads of the departments to impugn their motives, and to put them under surveillance such as no honorable attorney could submit to without feeling he had sacrificed his manhood. So the honest men withdrew from the business, and could not be hired to prosecute a claim at any price. This left the sharks a clear field.

The following is a specimen of the thousand and one ways employed by these sharks: First they procured the appointment of a certain man, who had been released from the penitentiary for attempting to blackmail, as special detective for the Treasury Department. This man finds in one of the most respectable firms in the business a certificate of the Second Auditor, which they refuse to deliver to the party claiming, giving as a reason that they had received information that she was a fraud. They considered it their duty to protect the Government, and had requested her to bring further evidence to prove that she was the person she represented herself to be. To this the special detective replied that it was none of their business, and that if they did not hand over the certificate he would have them arrested at once. Under this threat they handed over the certificate and received their commissions. In a day or two after they read in the papers that it had been paid, the article stating that a certain firm doing business near Broadway had, through the efforts of this detective of the Treasury Department, been made to disgorge, and that the Administration deserved great praise, &c., &c.

The firm feeling aggrieved, sent to Long Island, where this woman who claimed the arrears of pay, bounty, and pension resided, and found the whole thing to be a fraud. It appeared that the woman had married a man who had a son by a former wife; that her husband had died, and his son had enlisted in the army and died; and that she claimed his arrears of pay, bounty, and pension as his mother, when in fact she was no blood relation to him whatever.

Another trick was to make the attorney pay a commission to have his claim allowed, or he must wait as many years for them as those who did pay waited months. Or if he had a doubtful claim, by paying a big commission it was allowed without much scrutiny.

The exposures of the frauds committed by the Ring in New York astonished the nation, but an exposure of the frauds committed by the Ring in Washington would astonish the world. All honest men bid THE SUN God speed in exposing them.

ANTI-SWINDLE.

American Artists in London.

London Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Among the Americans in London, Art has good if not numerous representatives. The most celebrated is perhaps Mr. Whistler, who lives at Chelsea, a favorite region with the Preraphaelists, who are his particular friends. Dante Rosetti draws artists there as Carlyle draws literary people.

W. H. Scott, artist and poet, has also recently gone to live there, and Arthur Hughes is just across the river. Whistler has not been doing a great deal of work lately.

But the same cannot be said of his new neighbors, W. P. Hennessy, who has come from New York to settle in "Vine Cottage," which overlooks the Thames. Mr. Hennessy not only paints capital pictures for the exhibitions, but he also does the best work on some of the magazines and the *Illustrated London News*. The Christmas cartoon of the latter—which it would be hard to surpass—was by Mr. Hennessy. He also, with his wife and her sister, have added much to the American society here, a good portion of which they gathered around them on Thanksgiving Day.

George Boughton, whose wife is English, sits patiently at his task in his charming home—Grove Lodge, Palace Gardens. He is an artist of whom America may well be proud. I am sorry to say that his health has not been all that could be desired lately. He works too hard, and will never let any but the best work leave his studio.

Perhaps I should count W. J. Stillman as an artist also, though I believe he does not do much in that line now, but devotes himself to literature. He has taken a house recently, adjoining that of his father-in-law, the wealthy Greek gentleman, Mr. Ionides, who has a beautiful estate in the suburbs of Clapham. Mr. Stillman is very popular among the Rossetti's, the Brownes, and all of what is called "Preraphaelite Art Society."

The Way Lady Coutts does it.

The Alleghenians (vocalists and bell players) gave a grand morning concert, Feb. 1, at Torquay, England, the winter resort of the London nobility. The large Bath saloon was filled to overflowing. Among the notables present were the Right Hon. Dowager Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard, the Right Hon. Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Right Hon. Lady Maud Hooper, the Hon. Mrs. R. Dalzell, the Dowager Lady Jenkins, Sir Bernard Burgess, and a large number of other titled and distinguished personages. The Baroness Burdett Coutts's suite consisted of twenty-eight ladies and gentlemen. On the morning following the concert, Mr. Bedford, manager of the troupe, received, through the Baroness's secretary, a letter expressive of the great pleasure her ladyship and party derived from their visit to hear the Alleghanians. The letter contained the following postscript: "The Baroness desires me to enclose £25, with her kind wishes."

Not a Thief.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Having read an article in THE SUN on Thursday morning relating to the Front street stabbing affray, I would like to correct a statement in regard to Edward Bailey. He is not a thief, but a sober, honest, industrious young man. I know of several instances where his honesty has been put to test. He is in my employ at times nearly every day, and I know nothing detrimental to his character.

E. C. PENDLETON,
carman for J. S. & E. Wright & Co., 92 and 94 Franklin street.

THE STRIKERS DESTITUTE.

A HARD-UP LEGISLATURE READY TO SELL ON EASY TERMS.

Alvord Undecided, Waiting to Form his Opinion—The Division of the Spoils—What Sickles was Doing in Albany—Thurlow Weed's Modern Imitator.

Correspondence of The Sun.

ALBANY, Feb. 20.—We are rid of the nuisance of a Legislature, and its concomitant evil, the lobby, including the tottering Committee of Seventy, for ten days to come. This is a Reform Legislature, so-called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it intends to reform nothing that needs correction. The proceedings so far have been nothing but a squabble between the factions of the Republican party, the Democrats taking a hand on either side, as opportunity is presented of damaging the whole concern. The delay in the passage of a charter for the city is the result of a struggle for the advantage in the disposition of the spoils. The Democrats are divided on the subject. That sturdy old Reformer, Tilden, is contending for the benefit of Comptroller Green, who seems to lack the tact and skill necessary for the protection of the interests of himself and friends, and Tilden is not very zealously sustained by his party advocates, in the Legislature or out. The result is not to be predicted with much confidence. Mr. Alvord, whose support is indispensable to the success of any scheme for a new charter, has not committed himself either for or against the Seventy. He will take a decided position when he has fully satisfied himself as to the lay of the land. He is no half-covenant man under any circumstances, and when his mind is made up as to the true policy, he will strip for the fight.

HAS GRANT FOUGHT OLD SALT.

Just now there is some interest in a rumor that Grant has made advances to Alvord through the agency of Sickles, and a strong partisan speech made by Old Salt gave color to the story. He has undoubtedly expressed his opinion that the internal quarrels of the party will be composed, and that there will be harmonious cooperation at the polls next fall. Alvord is an adroit parliamentarian, a forcible debater, and in the minority is one of the most effective tacticians in the State. But he is impulsive, erratic, and always disinclined to follow the lead of anybody. He may be described as a fine parade horse, but wholly unfitted for the wheel, and rarely drawing steadily in the traces. If permitted to have his own way he will do a great deal of work, and do it well. But he is opinionated, rather dictatorial, and not amenable to party discipline. He hopes to act with the Republicans in the Presidential election, but he expects to see Grant thrown overboard as a sacrifice to the harmony of the organization. He knows that his aspirations for the Speakership were defeated by the Conkling faction under Washington inspiration, and he forgives nobody who injures or baffles him. Hollow professions and empty promises are not apt to delude him. The cheap civility of a complimentary message from Grant he estimates at its true value. In his own picturesque phraseology,

"CHIN MUSIC" COSTS NOTHING,

and produces no effect upon him whatever. Alvord knows that the division in the party in this State, and the other unmistakable indications of the growing unpopularity of the President all over the country have produced general consternation in the party, and that Grant shares in the present alarm. Concessions from Washington just at this time, therefore, being extorted by fear, excite neither gratitude nor a disposition to relax vigor in the opposition to the faction which used money to defeat him at the organization of the Legislature.

Mr. Alvord is no saint, and he has not been in the habit of hesitating much in regard to the means of promoting the interests of the salt monopolists; but he has an instinct of honesty and manliness, and he will consider the difference between him and the leaders of the Grant-Conkling faction, who would rob a church, and find their own tools.

Barber, who was paymaster of the forces under the Tweed and Sweeny *regime*, is utterly disgusted with the state of affairs this winter. He is moping about, muttering to himself in melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe of the recklessness and fatuity of Tweed. Your thorough-paced lobbyman has no politics. Barber was a good Oneida county Republican, but he quarrelled with Conkling, and had no difficulty in affiliating with Tammany. He was a valuable

ADJUNCT TO TWEED AND SWEENY,

being a shrewd, handy man, with no scruples about bribing legislators, although he does not approve of stealing, as a general thing. Barber dispensed the money of which Tweed had robbed the city with an impartial hand, never discriminating invidiously on account of a man's politics. This year the means of corruption are so scant, and there is much grumbling and unhappiness in the Capitol.

THE LOBBY CHECKMATED.

George Jones pretends to be contemplating a raid on the halls and companies, but he is bluffing, and it will not be a costly job to buy him off. He tried this game last winter, but made nothing by it. The railroad managers have become accustomed to this species of warfare, and instead of submitting to the exactions of the lobby, they fortify themselves by dealing directly with the commercial men in the Legislature. It may be amusement for a ward off the attack on the sleeping and drawing room cars, but the strikers are getting so hard up that a small amount of money will accomplish a great deal. The delay in repealing the Kile Classification act is the result of illegitimate applicants, so much money is there. The expenditures have not been large, so far, and it is not supposed that there will be money enough spent to save the law. It is wholly a question of dollars and cents. If the Erie managers are anxious to save the law, and can afford the money, they can snap their fingers in defiance at the English shareholders, and run the company as long as they please.

A HINT FOR THE PROOF READER'S COUNSEL.

The explanatory letter of Cushman, late clerk of the Assembly, provokes much satirical comment. Mr. Alberger, of Buffalo, says it reminds him of the remark of a former Attorney-General, George P. Barker, upon the line of defence adopted by counsel in the trial of Rathbun for forgery. He said the lawyer employed by the prisoner undertook to procure his acquittal by showing in detail how the crime was perpetrated. Perhaps Terwilliger's counsel might have tried this mode with a more satisfactory result. Weed and Parsons seem to have acted on the hint, but up to this present writing the ingenuity of the device has not made a favorable impression. The public printers generally have adopted the mode of Cushman, but the more minutely they describe the process by which they depleted the treasury, and named the officials to whom they were indebted for aid in the operation, the stronger is the disposition to censure the practice.

THE JOURNAL TO BE FUMIGATED.

There is an offensive odor steaming up from the *Journal* establishment, and