The Sun.

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THE MOBILIER MAELSTROM.

EFFIGY SARGENT AND DAWES YET CRYING OUT "NO DANGER."

And the Whole Crew Seeing Themselves and Their Unseaworthy Craft Descending into the Vortex—Danger Signals Sounded from the Masthead in 1869.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—As the day set apart for the consideration of the Poland committee's report draws near, the painful anxiety of the Administration leaders is quite evident to the most careless observer. Their well-planned conspiracy to divide the Democracy and create a sentimental sympathy for Brooks which would fool the unsuspecting partisans on that side of the House to resist the attempt to expel him, and thus allow them to save Garfield, Kelley, and the other innocents, and at the same time throw the responsibility on their opponents, has been baffled by the timely exposures of THE SUN. The inconsistencies and deliberate falsifications of the Poland report have been so thoroughly exploded in these despatches that it has become the laughing stock of the whole country.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF THE POLAND REPORT.

When in speaking of Ames's motives in placing this stock among members of Congress the report declared that "he [Ames] feared the interests of the road might suffer by adverse legislation, and what he desired was to enlist friends and strength in Congress who would resist any encroachment upon or interference with the rights and privileges already secured," it took precisely the ground which THE SUN has all along maintained—that it was Ames's object to prevent any and all interference with the road either in the courts or in Congress. Having come to the conclusion, as the committee express it in their report, that "Ames entertained a fear that when the true relations between the Credit Mobilier and the Union Pacific Railroad became generally known, and the means by which the great profits to be made were fully understood, there was danger that Congressional investigation and action would be invoked," they were bound logically to find that the members who accepted the stock were guilty of bribe-taking, because these men must have known that it was a suspicious transaction from the enormous dividends they received, enough to pay for the stock and leave a handsome balance over. They were practical business men, every one of them, and knew moreover that there was something wrong about the Union Pacific Railroad. They knew that E. B. Washburne, the father of the House, had denounced it as

AN OUTRAGEOUS SWINDLE

upon every occasion, and as THE SUN has shown from the *Congressional Globe*, these would-be innocents have advocated and engineered through the House every measure that Ames and his confederates asked for. The Fisk suit, which was commenced in 1867, was the first danger that threatened the Credit Mobilier people, and it was threatening them at the time Ames distributed his stock where it would do most good. The same charges were preferred against the Credit Mobilier operation by Mr. McComb afterward alleged in his bill in equity and interrogatories. The whole matter was discussed in the newspapers, and the breaking open of the company's safes by Jimmy O'Brien and his Deputy Sheriffs was as notorious as the assassination of Fisk himself. And yet we find these same people here in Washington, just after the road was secured and just after Ames had placed the stock where it would do most good,

ASKING FOR AN ACT OF CONGRESS

to relieve them from Fisk. This law was secured by Bingham by amending a Senate bill so as to provide that "any corporation or any member thereof, other than a banking corporation, organized under a law of the United States, and against which a suit at law or equity has been or may be commenced in any court other than a Circuit or District Court of the United States, may have such suit removed from the court in which it may be pending to the proper Circuit or District Court of the United States. This extraordinary measure was supported by all of the men whom Ames had interested. The next thing the Credit Mobilier needed to make it perfectly secure was the privilege to remove their office from New York to Boston or any other point that would be suitable, and this act Bingham introduced and put through with the aid of Garfield, Kelley, Dawes, and Scofield.

THE PLEA OF IGNORANCE EXPLODED.

That they were not acting ignorantly all this the Congressional bates of Congress prove. The speech of E. B. Washburne, delivered on the 20th of March, 18 8, in which THE SUN has already quoted extensively, exposed the secret workings of the Credit Mobilier. There is not a man about Washington who does not remember the profound sensation this speech produced. As the Globe shows, Dawes attempted to choke off Washburne and prevent the exposure of his friends, and when Price of Iowa attempted to answer him he quoted from a report which Garfield had made as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs—a report that was nothing more nor less than a piece of special pleading in behalf of the Union Pacific Railroad. As I have already said the entire press of the country had before and after this period been teeming with articles exposing the operations of the Credit Mobilier. Two sets of commissioners, appointed by the President to inspect the Union Pacific road, had reported adversely to the company, and

HAD MADE STARTLING REVELATIONS,

which were a common theme of conversation here and elsewhere. The whole subject of the road and the swindling operations of the Credit Mobilier were elaborately discussed in an able paper published in the *North American Review*, which Elihu B. Washburne quoted in his speech against the Denver Pacific Railroad bill in the spring of 1869. More than all this, Congress had official notice of the swindle being perpetrated by the directors of the Union Pacific through the Credit Mobilier. The Secretary of the Interior, in his report for 1869, set forth in detail the cost of constructing the road, and said it amounted to $36,873,827, an average of $31,977.82 per mile. He then said that the Government subsidy authorized for that distance amounted to $27,236,480 in bonds, and $9,216,000 in land, an average per mile of $23,860. The company's first mortgage bonds are estimated at ninety-two per cent, and would yield $27,143,680. The fund realized by the company from these two sources amounts to $50,379,680, being an average per mile of $51,034, exceeding by $19,056.68 the actual cost of constructing and fully equipping the road, and yielding a profit of more than $17,750,000. [See report Secretary Interior, 1869, page 147.]

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF THE SWINDLE.

On the same page of this report the Secretary of the Interior also says: that it was a matter of great difficulty for the Government Directors to obtain accurate knowledge of what the company was doing, inasmuch as they were not allowed to examine the private books of the contracting company, which embraced most of the larger stockholders of the railroad company. On Jan. 22, 1869, Judge Van Trump of Ohio made an exceedingly able speech in the House on the Denver Pacific Railroad bill, in which he exposed the workings of the corrupt contract-company in building the Union Pacific Railroad. And yet in the face of all these facts, patent to the country, patent to every member of Congress, the Poland committee report that "we find no evidence that the men who accepted Credit Mobilier stock from Oakes Ames at less than one-fourth its real value knew that there was anything wrong about it, or that they knew the enormous dividends they received came from the resources of the Union Pacific Railroad. Of course, such a fraudulent report as this could not stand sunlight.

CONGRESS WILL SPURN IT

with as much contempt as the country has. There is no avoiding this alternative now. It is clear to the party and to every man who dares to stand up against the popular clamor, that the Democrats by their boldness in sustaining Mr. Woodfin's proposition to impeach Colfax first gave the Administration leaders to understand that they were going to act wisely and as a unit in this fight; that it was a grand opportunity which they would improve to the utmost. Tonight the friends of Garfield and Kelley are disconsolate. They can see no way in which they can be saved, although they are doing their utmost to rally their full strength against any resolution to expel them. Effigy Sargent delivered an impudent speech in the House on Saturday, which was intended to stimulate their dismayed followers, and even Dawes had the brass to follow him in the same strain. Let the Democrats however stand firm and do their duty along with the Liberal Republicans, and they will place the Administration leaders in a predicament from which they cannot extricate themselves without sacrificing either a few of their men or forfeiting what little confidence the people yet retain for them.

What the Associated Press Says.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—No members of the House believe that the resolutions of the Poland committee recommending the expulsion of Mr. Ames and Mr. Brooks, can secure even a majority of the House, much less the two-third vote required by the Constitution for such purpose.

Some of the members of both political parties express their opinion that instead, a general resolution of censure will be passed, affecting all members of the House who were concerned in Credit Mobilier operations. At least twenty gentlemen are prepared to speak on the subject. Everybody anticipates exciting proceedings next Tuesday.

Patterson and Harlan to Walk the Plank.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The Senate Credit Mobilier Committee is preparing its report and will submit it to the Senate early in the week. It is said that the report will be unanimous in the case of Patterson, and that a resolution for his expulsion will be reported. In Harlan's case the committee has not yet reached a conclusion, but it is certain that the majority will hold that the $10,000 received from Durant was corruptly used to secure his election, and that he should be expelled. Senator Wilson will probably escape with a mild censure.

Colfax, Durell, and Sherman to be Impeached.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The Judiciary Committee of the House held a meeting on Saturday evening to consider the cases of Colfax, Durell, and Sherman. No definite conclusion was reached in either case, but it is understood that a majority of the committee will favor the impeachment of all of them. Butler and Goodrich are very decided in their views and it is not probable that Vorhees and Eldridge will dare to sell out under the circumstances, although their Democratic colleagues have but little faith in them.

ANOTHER INVESEIGATION.

The Charges Against Mount Sinai Hospital's Managers and Coroner Kessler.

The managers of Mount Sinai Hospital have been charged with hastening the death of Isaac Ahrens, aged 84, by removing him when in an unfit condition. Coroner Kessler has also been accused of complicity with the hospital authorities by "packing a jury" to exonerate the managers. The chief accusation is said to have been made by Mr. Martin Ahrens, of 145 East Broadway, a nephew of the deceased gentleman. He says that his uncle was taken to the hospital January 6 to be treated for dyspepsia, and that on the 16th inst. he was told that the patient had recovered and must be removed. He offered to pay board for another month, but they refused to accept the money and insisted upon his uncle's removal. Two days after taking him away he died, and Coroner Kessler was summoned to hold an inquest. Four of the jury, Mr. Ahrens says, were connected with the hospital in some capacity, and their verdict was consequently influenced. He was asked the question, "Have you any fault to find with Coroner Kessler?" and answered, "No, only I think it should be published more in the newspapers."

Dr. Kessler says he was called to visit Mr. Ahrens professionally December 4. He did not see him again until after his death, at the time of the inquest. He summoned a jury and was prepared to hold the inquest, but adjourned it on account of the representations of friends of Mr. Ahrens, who said that death had been accelerated by his removal. He then personally attended to summoning a jury who should be unbiassed, with the view of having a full investigation. The jurymen were C. F. L. Hohenthall, druggist; Jacob Doelger, brewer; Henry Rich, a retired merchant; Timke H. Kinker, one of the largest property holders in the Seventeenth Ward; Julius Katzenberg, gentleman; P. Gourprecht, butcher, and Seligman Solomon, a retired merchant, familiarly known as the father of the orphans. Three of the jury are Christians and three are Jews. One of them is in any way connected with the Hospital. The witnesses were Dr. Jacobi and his associate, Mr. Emanuel B. Hart, President of Mount Sinai Hospital, and several relatives of Mr. Ahrens. Dr. Leo testified that he made an autopsy and found an atrophy of all the intestinal organs, a cancer in the stomach, the kidneys very much diseased, and the heart of its size. The jury returned a verdict that "said Ahrens came to his death by general debility and old age, and that the officials and physicians of Mount Sinai Hospital are in no way to be blamed for the removal of deceased from that institution."

The Hospital officials and Coroner Kessler will ask for an investigation of the charges against them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUN REPORTERS.

A Muddle in Morrisania.

The Legislature of 1870 changed the time of electing Trustees of Morrisania from November to March. At that time there was a full board (eight) in office. Two go out every year. January 1, 1872, the terms of two Trustees accordingly expired, but as there was no election in November, 1871, the election by a new law having been changed to March, there was an interval of over two months from the 31st of December, 1871, until the middle of March, 1872, during which the seats of two Trustees were vacant. Members of the bar decided that the Trustees whose terms expired should hold over until their successors qualified, and they did hold over. The same question in regard to the other two is agitated this year. At the last election Louis Diehl obtained sixty votes, which entitled him to the unexpired term of Capt. Gott, member from the First Ward. Under the same rule by which the Trustees of last year held over Mr. Gott retains his seat.

Mr. Diehl is determined to test his right to the office, and will, at the next meeting of the board, serve a writ of *quo warranto* on Mr. Gott. The Court of Appeals will probably be called upon to decide the question. Meantime both parties will probably be succeeded by the regular Trustee elect at the March election.

The Gamesters' Harvest.

At 5 P. M. yesterday Samuel McKee, a broker from Massachusetts, was arrested in the St. Denis Hotel on a warrant from the authorities of Cambridge. He is accused of embezzling $5,000 worth of bonds belonging to Otis, Fitch & Co., of 11 Pine street, this city.

Some weeks ago he offered to sell the bonds, and was handed two of a thousand dollars each, with which he went to Cambridge, and the firm transmitted the remaining three bonds to that place. He sold the five bonds, and after participating in gaieties in Boston, came to New York and lost over $3,000 in a well-known gaming establishment in Broadway, $500 of which was lost between midnight and 3 o'clock Sunday morning. McKee, who is 25 years of age, is a native of Kentucky and a graduate of Harvard University. He had gambled away all but $565.

Brilliant Wedding in the 19th Ward.

One of the most fashionable marriages which has been witnessed in the Nineteenth Ward for some time took place in the residence of the Hon. Robert McGinnis, ex-President of the Board of Aldermen, in East Fifty-seventh street, last evening. The bride was Miss Kate McGinnis and the groom Mr. James Mehan. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Woods of Morrisania in the presence of a very large and fashionable company. The bride was elegantly attired in white silk, with orange blossoms. Among the guests present were ex-County Clerk Connor, ex-Senator Tweed, the Hon. James McGovern, Dr. John A. O'Brien, Mr. John Carroll, Mr. J. Scully, and many other residents of the ward. A supper was enjoyed after the wedding, and was followed with dancing. The young married couple received numerous presents.

John Erickson's Malady.

John Erickson is an old man. His hair is white, and his face is almost completely hidden by a crop of bushy, snowy whiskers. He was in the prisoners' pen in the Tombs recently. He raved and tore like a wild man. When Justice Hogan entered and the officer made the complaint, which was one of simple intoxication, Erickson said:

"Judge, your honor, may I speak a word to ye?"

Justice Hogan (signing the commitment)—Certainly. What have you got to say?

Erickson—Your honor, I am not drunk. I am only suffering from a fit of emotional insanity.

Justice Hogan—In that case you are liable to commit murder. Officer, take him down stairs, and keep him until he becomes emotionally sane.

Why Capt. Ullman Stepped In.

The good Father Farrelly of St. James, having found the Hickey family of five persons steeped in bucket-shop gin and literally nude and starving in their dingy garret in Sweeny's alley, gave them good counsel and sent them clothing to cover their nakedness. But they pawned the estimable Father's gift for rum, and when he was told of their act he begged Capt. Ullman to arrest them as vagrants and send them to Blackwell's Island to save them from starvation. The captain complied last evening.

The Boulevard Boys Rejoicing.

The Boulevard Club celebrated the anniversary of the birthday of Washington by a grand banquet in their elegantly furnished club house at 1050 street and the North River. The immense Warden Brennan towered above the throng. Mr. Eugene McKenroe, Capt. Wiley, the hon. Jerome Buck, and others of the club did the honors. The farewell address of Washington was read by Mr. Buck.

Williamsburgh Gin Again.

Yesterday morning Peter Monnett, a cigar maker, tried to enter Samuel J. Hillings's residence, 198 South Ninth street, Williamsburgh. Mr. Hillings met him at the door with a club, knocked him down, called a policeman, who took him to the station and locked him up after dressing the wound. Monnett was under the influence of liquor, and mistook Hillings's house for his own home.

Mr. George W. Downing (Colored) Going Back on the Cubans.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—George W. Downing, the well-known representative colored man, has written a letter saying the unexpected change of Government in Spain should restrain for the present our Government from declaring belligerent rights to the Cuban patriots; that it refused to grant belligerent rights to them while Spain was a monarchy, upholding slavery and perfidious in her course toward our Government; that the new Republic of Spain should be allowed reasonable time to act for freedom and Cuba; that we should be cautious not to embarrass the new ally to republicanism by prejudging her unfavorably; that as republicanism is progressing with hopes of success in at least four nations of Europe, we should be careful not to cross and impede its progress in these countries, as well as in Cuba and elsewhere. The letter has been written because action has been taken by colored men in different parts of the country on the simple announcement of an intention to issue a call for a national assembling of colored men in Washington on the 5d of March in favor of freedom in Cuba and the declaring of belligerent rights to the Cuban patriots. Though no formal call has been issued, a national assembly will meet to urge Spain to immediately free her slaves, to sympathize with Cuba, and to inaugurate further efforts to induce early action on the part of the incoming Administration, to the end of securing all citizens of our country in their civil rights.

The Weather To-Day.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The signal office predicts for Monday in the New England States diminishing westerly winds and rising temperature; for the Middle States partly cloudy and cold weather, with north and west winds; for the South Atlantic and Gulf States continued clear weather, with northerly and westerly winds and lower temperature; for the Lake region rising barometer and partly cloudy and clear weather, with somewhat milder temperature.

MURDERED FOR HIS MONEY.

THE ASSASSINATION OF SNYDER AT BETHLEHEM, PA.

Followed into a Covered Bridge and Felled with a Sand Bag—The Body Pierced with a Dagger and Thrown into the Water.

Correspondence of The Sun.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Feb. 22.—Monroe Snyder, whose brutal and mysterious murder is the theme of such startling excitement in this beautiful town, came originally from Weissport, thirty-four miles northwest of here, in Carbon county. His brother was the first Sheriff of Carbon, and Monroe was a farmer, living in Weissport, until about 1864. He was a very respectable man, rather quiet in his habits, frugal, and he amassed a comfortable fortune. In a few years he became interested in the slate business, and connected himself with the Chapman Slate Company of Chapman, a few miles north of here, as their agent, in which capacity he sometimes travelled as collector.

About eight years ago he moved himself and family, wife and one son, to Bethlehem, and bought a dwelling on Broad street, near New. His son, Lewis H. Snyder, engaged in the drug business on Broad street, and there he remains. The father retained his connection with the Slate Company, and from some of his travelling tours returned with from five to eight thousand dollars that he had collected. About two years ago he leased iron ore lands in Washington and Bloomsbury in New Jersey, which leases he sold out last Thursday. Mr. Snyder was a man respected by all and very generally liked. By his attention to business he accumulated a fortune estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000.

THE JOURNEY TO NEW YORK.

Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock he started from here to go to New York. He was accompanied by Mr. Oliver Worman, and the two men kept in company until they reached New York. They parted at the foot of Liberty street, Mr. Worman going up Liberty and Mr. Snyder up West street. Mr. Snyder has latterly been slightly troubled with deafness, and his errand to New York was to consult a physician. Mr. Worman did not again see him in New York until 5:30 P. M., when they met at the foot of Liberty street and took the ferry for the train, which starts at that hour. They occupied the same seat in the smoking car until they reached Phillipsburg.

AN EAVES-DROPPING STRANGER.

There they went into a forward car, and again sat together, taking a seat in front of a man whose appearance did not arouse the men's suspicions, though there was something about him which for a moment fastened his attention. The stranger was a man of medium size and weight, neatly dressed in a dark suit and overcoat, and having dark hair, beard, and moustache. He said nothing, but seemed to be quietly listening to the conversation between Messrs. Worman and Snyder. They talked of business, iron ore, slate, and on other topics, and when the train drew near Bethlehem Mr. Snyder remarked that if the coach was at the station he should ride up, as he disliked to cross the long, dark bridge over the Lehigh river.

Soon afterward the conductor went through the train, and the stranger asked him if he could get to Philadelphia that night. The conductor replied that he could not. Soon afterward, at 9.15 P. M., the train, half an hour late, drew up at the station.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Seven passengers got off at Bethlehem. Mr. Worman and Mr. Snyder stepped upon the platform and shook hands, the stranger following Mr. Worman lives in South Bethlehem, in which the depot is located. Mr. Snyder's residence is in Bethlehem. The two friends talked a moment and bade each other good night. Mr. Snyder had no baggage whatever. He turned his overcoat collar up about his neck, muffling himself as closely as possible, drew on his gloves, and each started for home.

Mr. Snyder passed along the train toward the locomotive, and turned to the right across the track, his tall figure being sharply defined as he stepped into the bright band of light which illuminated the track from the head light. In another instant he had crossed its outer edge and was almost lost to sight. The next moment he entered the bridge and disappeared. That was the last his friend saw of him alive.

A LONELY BRIDGE.

The Lehigh river is here crossed by a covered bridge about 500 feet long. There is a roadway broad enough for two teams, and on either side for foot passengers are walks elevated about four feet above the roadway. Nearly everybody prefers to walk on the roadway, for one or two boards are out the whole length of the bridge on each side, just under the roof; but the bridge is not lighted, and it is dark and gloomy, the terror of the timid and many of the braver ones who are obliged to cross after nightfall, for, as in all large towns, there are a class of men here whose companionship is dreaded.

The bridge is reached by a short, sharp ascent from the railroad track; a similar descent lies at the exit, and there the road turns sharp to the right for about 400 feet, and then turns sharp to the left again and up a steep grade to the village proper. A toll of two cents is collected by the Lehigh Navigation Company, and down another little hill toward the stone bridge over Monocacy creek.

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

The last-named bridge makes an oblique angle to the right and lies almost east and west. It has five arches, under only two of which water is now running. From this bridge there is another ascent in the road leading to the town and more curves and elbows. The portion described is lonely at night, and it is in this road that Mr. Snyder followed on the night that he was murdered.

This morning about 7 o'clock, Mr. Enos Lehr crossed the Monocacy. Glancing casually into the creek he saw a dark object floating in the middle of the stream, just below the southern side of the bridge. Leaving his driving, he saw a man lying on his face in the water. His head lay toward the west bank and his feet to the east. His legs were slightly apart, and his toes dug into the bottom. His arms were outstretched above his head, his hands palm downward, and his fingers clutched the sandy gravelly bottom as drowning men catch at a straw. His head was slightly turned, and from the shallow water the left ear and side of the face appeared. Evidently he was dead. Down the steep banks on each side the stream were footprints broken through the crusted snow.

RED TAPE.

Horrified by the sight, Mr. Lehr hurried to Fetter's Hotel, just south of the bridge, and informed ex-Sheriff Fetter, who, after seeing the body in the water, telegraphed to Corone. Moser at Allentown, six miles away. Notwithstanding that the scene of the tragedy is so near Bethlehem, Monocacy creek is here the dividing line between Northampton county, in which Bethlehem is, and Lehigh county, which contains Allentown; and as the body lay just south of the dividing line in the creek, it came within the jurisdiction of the Lehigh county officers.

MULTITUDES VIEWING THE BODY.

As the morning wore on the travel over the bridge increased, and the news that a body had been found in the creek spread rapidly. Those whom business took to at way stopped to see the dead man in the river, and with those whom curiosity brought, the stone parapet was soon crowded with horror-stricken sightseers, who for two hours while waiting for the Coroner, watched the dark object beneath them.

About 9:30 Coroner Moser arrived, having driven over in a sleigh. He at once impanelled a jury, who viewed the body, and the task of taking the body from the water was begun.

THE BODY RECOGNIZED.

James Deeley waded into the creek and drew the body to the shore, where other hands helped him, and the corpse was turned over on the crusted snow, revealing the face of Monroe Snyder. A short distance down the stream his hat, a stiff, felt one, was found lodged, with its front broken.

The body was lifted and, followed by a silent throng, was carried to Fetter's Hotel and laid upon the floor in the hall while a bed was prepared for it in the reading room, to which it was subsequently carried.

There were no visible marks on the corpse, nor any rents in the clothing, but when Drs. Martin and Stout disrobed the body and made the *post-mortem* examination, the cause of death was terribly apparent.

MARKS OF A DAGGER.

They found two stab wounds in his left side about on a level with the umbilicus, within three inches of the median line, and another wound in about the same relative position in the right side. These cuts had not perforated his outer clothing. Only the shirt and undershirt were cut as though the assassin wanted to make doubly sure of the effect of his blows, and had raised the coat and vest that they might offer no obstruction to the knife.

A TERRIBLE BLOW ON THE HEAD.

On removing the skull the right hemisphere of the brain was found covered with extravasated blood, the result of a terrible blow on the head which crushed and broke his hat but made no mark on the scalp, supporting the belief that the blow was struck with a sand club. The blow on the head was the immediate cause of death, the stabs penetrating the abdominal cavity, but not severing the intestines. They were ugly gashes, the same at the inner end as at the opening, as if they were made by some instrument which did not taper.

NO CLUE.

No testimony was taken which in any way shed light upon the murder. Whoever the assassins were, they left behind them, as far as is now known, no trace whatever, though the situation shows unmistakably the circumstances of the killing.

The parapet of the bridge is not more than two feet high. At its east end are two of the dry arches. Twenty feet east of the end of the bridge is a barn, and between it and the bridge an unused pig pen, nearly on a level with the stream and eight or ten feet below the level of the sidewalk and bridge floor. The path over the bridge through the snow is beaten on the north side, which Mr. Snyder doubtless followed until he was more than half way across. His head and ears were muffled, and doubtless his head bent down to shut out the bitter cold, so that he did not see or hear his assailant. The blow must have been struck at the point named, and it doubtless felled him.

THE FATAL PRINTS IN THE SNOW.

Opposite this point and close to it on the top of the parapet the snow was matted down, showing where the assassin had rested the heavy body for a moment while tugging to get it over into the creek. Below this point and on the creek bank is rudely measured in the snow a man's form, the soft snow where the body struck when rolled over the parapet.

Then the situation stood, victim underneath and murderer above. He must descend to the body and so he jumped from the road into the soft bed of the pig pen, showing a knowledge of the premises which indicates to many that the murderer is some one familiar with and perhaps a resident of this locality.

ROBBING THE BODY.

From the pig pen to the body was not more than six feet, and around where it lay the snow is trampled down as though it was the place where the robber or robbers walked around their victim while searching his pockets, in which nothing whatever was left; or the robbery may possibly have been perpetrated under the arch, for there the body was drawn by the feet, judging from the condition of the dead man's clothing.

The stabs are supposed to have been inflicted after Mr. Synder was dead, for the wounds did not bleed either externally or internally. Some slight movement after the heart had ceased beating, and while the plunderers were at work, led them to think that he was still alive, and the knife followed.

A TRAIL IN THE SNOW.

The body was dragged through the arch, leaving a wide, rough trail in the snow and out below the southern side of the bridge, carried into the river and left face downward so that freezing water might make doubly sure the work of the bludgeon and knife. There was but one trail of footprints leading from the river bank to the road, and the prints were made by dirty shoes.

There came to Bethlehem on the same train a lady and gentleman, who were escorted to the Eagle Hotel by one of the employees of the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad. They followed Mr. Snyder the ten minutes, but did not see him. When nearing the barn at the end of the bridge they saw a man, who turned and moved rapidly up the hill, and then changing his mind turned again, walked toward and passed them. Although Mr. Snyder was a strong, healthy man, there were no indications of a struggle on the bridge, and the whole case is now an impenetrable mystery.

When the inquest was concluded the body was removed to Mr. Snyder's late residence. The funeral is to take place on Wednesday. Mr. Lewis H. Snyder has offered a reward of $5,000 for the apprehension of the murderer. New York and Philadelphia police were apprised by telegraph.

THE VICTIM.

To-morrow Mr. Snyder would have been fifty-five years old. His life was insured for $65,000, some portion of the insurance having been recently effected. He had a $30,000 policy in the Pennsylvania Mutual of Philadelphia; $20,000 in the New York Mutual; $10,000 in the Travellers' of Hartford, and $5,000 in the Mutual Protection Life of Philadelphia.

Mr. Snyder left a will which has not yet been removed from his safe. He had disposed of his active interest in the slate, and had latterly been in iron lands. A relative of the family informed me that he had often spoken of the danger to which he was exposed, and within a year or two he seemed to almost have a presentiment that he would die by violence.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Our Great Astronomer—He Discusses the Transit of the Planet Venus.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Among astronomers the expected transit of the planet Venus inspires the hope of finding the measure of the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax, and hence the measures of the distances and diameters of the heavenly bodies. From the epoch of the creation to a short time before the birth of Sir Isaac Newton, the time of her transits had eluded the galaxy of eagle-eyed watchers of the celestial motions; when a very young man, Jeremy Horrox, who vindicated his lawful title to the kingship of the mental realm, advanced to an outpost of true science, predicted the time of a transit, and at the exact moment this demi-god of intelligence observed and recorded the first historical transit of the planet Venus. Afterward a transit of the planet Venus was observed by Prof. Encke, and it was named by way of distinction "Encke's transit of Venus," from which this illustrious student of astronomy deduced the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax to be 8".5776 in angular measurement, which I found in linear measure to equal 3,841 miles. It should have been 3,963 miles. Herschel in his "Outlines of Astronomy" gives 8".6 as the angular measure of the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax, which I found in linear measure to equal 3,852 miles.

William Isaacs Loomis having ascertained the measures of the errors involved in Encke's and Herschel's solar parallaxes, determined the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax, true to nature, to be 8".8765. The measure of nature of which is 3,963 miles, and the parallax indicates the sun's mean distance to be 92,380,416 miles. Based on this correction, I will exhibit the sun's real diameter in the fourth term of a simple proposition in common arithmetic.

THE SUN'S REAL DIAMETER.

As the sun's parallax, 8".8765, is to the sun's apparent diameter, 32' 4", so is the base line of the sun's parallax, 3,963, miles to 861,707 miles, which is the true measure of the diameter of the sun.

These results which I have obtained, in respect to truthfulness of nature and reliability of mathematical art, surpass those of my illustrious predecessors, and they will appear to be of greater value and authority when the wise in the true science of natural things shall be engaged in investigations of the astronomers' observations of the coming transit of the planet Venus.

WM. ISAACS LOOMIS, LL.D.,
Pastor of the Greenport Baptist Church.

Wanted, English in American Public Schools.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: I write you on a subject that must interest every parent desirous of obtaining for his or her child a good English education. In Ward School No. 59, in East Fifty-seventh street, they have conjured up such a peculiar system whereby it is intended to train the rising generation according to a new code, and reach a knowledge of the king's English by a short cut, that I wish you would throw on it a ray of that light which you conspicuously threw on the production of a Harvard President. In the second, third, and fourth classes of the female grammar department, instead of teaching anything whatever of English grammar (a subject which I think has not quite been conquered in the primary department by the children), they labor half an hour nearly every day in forcing on the juvenile mind the German language, and about the same time in making the pupils learn by rote the organic structure of the phenogamia and cryptogamia of the vegetable world. Now I appeal to you, sir, whether this is the true system or not. Whether the English language is a mere afterthought, the grammar of which is not to be taught in an American school, but to be acquired in leisure moments at home. MATER FAMILIAS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.

Grant's Second Inauguration.

The arrangements for the inauguration ceremonies are fully matured. There will be about fifty different military and civic organizations in procession, each preceded by a band of music, which will form a parade only equalled at the time that Grant and Sherman's armies were reviewed here at the close of the war, in the spring of 1865.

The tickets for the inauguration ball are selling rapidly. The building is the largest ever erected for such purpose, it being 350 feet in length by 150 feet in width, and its complete appointments for comfort and convenience are unsurpassed. The West Point and naval cadets will attend the ball in force, as will numbers of the officers and members of other military organizations. The President, Vice-President, Cabinet Ministers, Senators, Representatives, foreign Ministers, and distinguished citizens from all parts of the Union, will be present.

A State Dinner in Paris.

PARIS, Feb. 23.—The usual State dinner was given at the Executive residence in this city last evening. President Thiers was absent, and the Marquis de Remusat presided, after stating that M. Thiers was suffering from an attack of catarrh. Mesdames Thiers-Dosne, and la Marquise de Remusat were present. No toasts were given, and no speeches made. The dinner was followed by a reception, which was the most brilliant of the season. All the American residents and visitors of note attended. Many houses occupied by Americans were decorated with flags. The Avenue l'Impératrice was blocked with the carriages of visitors late into the night. The façade of the Washington Club was illuminated.

An Extra Session Inevitable.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—It is quite probable that an extra session of Congress will be called by the President. He said yesterday that he would call an extra session if the Geneva award, the Fishery and Mormon questions were not settled, even if all the appropriation bills were passed. The Senate is determined to adhere to its Geneva Award bill, and the House is equally positive. The Fishery question and the Mormon muddle cannot be settled without a very acrimonious debate, and it is scarcely possible for the House to accomplish the work that is well advanced, let alone these troublesome matters.

JOHN'S VISIT TO NATCHEZ.

SEVERAL ENTERTAINING STEAMBOAT ADVENTURES.

The Mississippi's Bars and Benders—The Bluffs of Natchez—One American who Doesn't Expect to be President.

Correspondence of The Sun.

NATCHEZ, January, 1873.—Time flies, and so do mosquitoes. Here it is almost George's birthday again, and close on to the 4th of March. Presidents march in March 4th, and Presidents march forth March 4th. My parents informed me when I was a boy that my chance for being President some day was as good as anybody's; but I begin to believe now my chance is pretty slim, and I don't think I will ever draw much of a crowd on any March 4th, unless it should come on Friday and I should be hung. The Ides come in March; so does St. Patrick's Day. Those days will soon be here, and I am away down here, with no one to smooth my ruffled brow when weary; in fact, a middle-aged orphan away from home. No cards.

From New Orleans to Natchez is 309 miles by the river. As the crow flies it is only 127 miles. The difference is caused by the river. Although made of water, when it gets below Natchez it goes on a devil of a bender. If a fellow could only ride a crow, just think what a lot of time he could save?

MORAL APHORISMS.

Crows drink. I saw a crowbar to-day. A weary soul gathers no moss. Such is life. I came here on a boat. "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." If every tub had followed these instructions our boat would have roosted ashore years ago.

This boat had two little pipes that went chung, chung all day, and chung, chung all night, and every time it went chung up would go a puff of steam. I sat and watched that steam puff up until I could hardly resist the temptation to climb up and sit on top of the pipe, just to see how high it would send me. I was a little fearful it might be too warm a seat, so I didn't try it.

Our boat didn't draw much water, but the passengers did draw a good deal of liquor, and besides, they played draw poker. In a heavy thunder shower that boat could sail right up to any church door within a mile of the river, and then she'd have to be anchored to keep her still.

We had a lady on board. She had an expression on her countenance as if she had swallowed eleven dollars' worth of black bugle beads and three gross of hooks and eyes. She was an old fine toe to dirt with. Her age was 109 years, and her age, aged 80, was with her. He has given up the idea that his mother will ever die in the natural way, so he keeps travelling with her on a boat in hopes some accident will kill her. He makes her sleep over the boiler. He gave me a graphic account of the first time his maternal mother ever saw a steamboat. He said, "He took her to the river's bank, and she took a seat on the grass in the shade of a tree. There was a boat going down the river, and another going up, and just as they got opposite to where the old lady sat, they collided, knocking both boats to smithereens. They must be thirty people, besides some boys." He said, "A pleasant smile lit up the old lady's face, and throwing up both hands, she exclaimed: 'Mercy on me, is that the way they always stop them?'"

BASE BALL AND STEAMBOATS.

You'd think to hear the people in these parts talk about boats that they had all of 'em graduated from a base ball seminary. Every boat is bound up the river or bound down the river. Once in a while one goes out and goes off. That's when their tea kettles burst. I conversed with another man on this boat. He had a whole piece of red merino wrapped around his throttle valve, and he sat and stared right into my eyes. Turn which way I could those eyes were looking right into mine. First I got nervous; then excited; then mad; and I yelled out:

"What the devil are you looking at?"

I think he had the healthiest twist on those eyes I ever saw. They were crooked enough to haul a cork out of a bottle with. The old cock was cockeyed. I apologized to him, and then we talked.

He said he "used to write for the papers once, and meeting an editor one day, the editor said that he would like something from his pen," and says he, "What do you think I sent him?"

"Says I, 'Give it up.'"

Says he, "Well, he said he wanted something from my pen, so I sent him a pig."

Says I, "You ought to die in penury."

THE USES OF RED-HEADED MEN.

The second night out we had a mighty narrow escape. We were in a dangerous part of the river. It was so crooked you could sit on the bows and read the name on the stern of the boat. The boats on the Mississippi step ashore and scoop up passengers whenever they are signalled, and our pilot saw what he took for a signal right and made for it. All of a sudden it went out and the pilot stopped the boat, and a fellow yelled out: "Darn it do you want to run over me?" Come to find out it was a red-headed man, and when we thought the light went out was when he put his hat on. The pilot requested him to take his hat off the signal light and steer for the middle of the river. He did so, and we escaped.

Boats going up the river don't stop so often as boats going down the river, because when going up stream they never have to stop for fuel as they hitch to a flat-boat load of fuel and then they move up and the current—not the kind eaten with sugar—takes the flat-boat home again; but going down stream this won't do, because floating the stone fragments of which our levee is made is hard work. Years ago, before condensed milk was born, if a boat didn't happen to come across a cow, passengers sometimes would go down in a yawl and milk the fluid, and they used butter in their coffee instead. It's a substitute, but like the cuss I sent to battle during our late angry spell, it is a poor substitute. Butter will melt and run away. I don't know that my substitute ever melted, but I do know that it ran away.

Cowards are of the genus Bos. Don't judge from this that Boston means Cowton. They make lots of calf skin boots there, though. In this connection I will say that Bulwer and Cowper are both dead. One butted his way to fame; the other was full of the milk of human kindness.

ABOUT NATCHEZ.

Natchez. One little hind leg to that letter N and Natchez would have been matches. Natchez is the capital of Adams county, Mississippi. I don't know whether it is named after Adams's Express, or Eve's first husband, and I don't care, Adam either. The best part of the city is about 200 feet above the water's bosom. There is a good deal of bluff played here, too, and one meets bluff old citizens at every step. There is Natchez on top the hill, Natchez under the hill, Natchez over the hill, and plain Natchez. Natchez under the hill used to be—well just substitute the letter e for i in that word hill, and you've got it. It is low ground, but the gamblers had high old times there until the citizens arose in their might and made short work with 'em.

Yesterday I dined with an old New York merchant who resides here now. We had a game dinner. They have a species of game in this section called salt pork. We had some. For dessert we had pre