The Sun.

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THE ERIE INVESTIGATION.

MR. ARCHER'S CONTRACT AND OTHER PROFITABLE THINGS.

Bags of Money Taken to Albany and Spent for What They Call Legal Services—Mr. Van Vechten Astonished at His Own Signature—The Defeat of the Pro Rata Bill.

The Erie Investigating Committee resumed their inquiry yesterday. Mr. O. H. P. Archer testified that he was for some time a director of the Erie Railway, and at one time its Vice-President. He did not resign until about a month after the change in the directory. When the *pro rata* freight bill was before the Legislature he was sent to Albany to oppose its passage and to secure proper legislation for the road. He went there and after consulting with Senator Tiemann and Mr. Whitbeck of the Assembly, he telegraphed for Mr. J. H. Rucker, the general assistant freight agent of the Erie Railway. On his arrival the witness directed him to appear before the Senate Committee, who were considering the bill, and returned to New York. The Erie Company was opposed to the passage of the bill, as it would ruin the freight business. The witness next conferred with either Gen. Sickles or Mr. Vanderbilt on the subject. He did not believe that any money was used to defeat the bill. He had never made any claim on the company for

MONEY EXPENDED IN ALBANY.

He did not know A. D. Barber and had only a slight acquaintance with Abram Van Vechten. Up to the time when he left the Board of Directors no money had been paid by the Erie Company to either of these gentlemen.

Mr. Stickney, the counsel to the committee, asked the witness whether he thought that merely seeing Senator Tiemann and Mr. Whitbeck, and directing Mr. Rucker to go before the committee, was a sufficient compliance with his orders to secure proper legislation.

Mr. Archer replied in a very excited manner that that was all he did. He did not spend one dollar to influence legislation. No man could accuse him of bribing any member of the legislature.

Mr. Stickney requested him to be more quiet in his manner. The witness emphasized his remarks by striking the table violently with his fist, said, "Gentlemen, I would never resort to bribery. If I could not procure legislation without paying for it I would let it go." Mr. Stickney replied, "Nobody said you would."

The next question related to the witness's freight contract with the Erie Company, and he resumed his former coolness. In explaining this contract Mr. Archer said that it was first made in 1864, and was renewed in 1871. He handled all the freight which was received at Jersey City, whether east or west bound. He took goods delivered by the lighters and assumed all responsibilities. He hired all the clerks, switchmen, and workmen; kept all the buildings in Jersey City in repair, hired the piers in New York, and, in fact, did everything—waybilling, stevedoring the freight, the men doing the classifying it, and making up the trains—all at his own expense. For these services he received

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS PER TON

on freight received at Jersey City; forty cents for freight received at New York; sixty cents per ton on grain, and seventy cents on freight which goes to vessels and warehouses. It must be a good contract for the Erie road or it would not have been continued. The Erie Company have the power to terminate it by giving two months' notice in writing. For the last two months his profits were $6,000 loss. He did the work cheaper than the company could do it, and for less money than other roads paid for the same work.

The witness having been asked what his profits were for 1872, said that he did not wish to be discourteous to the committee, but he objected to being questioned about his private business. He had furnished President Watson with a statement of his profits and profits for that year. He would furnish a like statement to the committee if they were legally entitled to it. But he should do it under protest. He was ordered to produce it before the committee before they closed their session. The witness did not recollect anything about a resolution by the President at the time of the change in the directory. He did receive $40,000, but it was to indemnify him from the consequences of his action on that occasion. He called the meeting, presided over it, and took charge of the property of the company that night. He considered

HIS LIFE IN DANGER

at that time. He would not have remained another night in that building, filled as it was with roughs, for $30,000. "But you did stay there one night for less," suggested the Chairman of the committee. "Yes," replied Mr. Archer, "but I didn't know the difficulties at the time."

In replying to a question of Mr. Carpenter, the witness admitted that the argument for the $40,000 was made before the *coup d'état*.

Capt. Bird W. Spencer testified that he had been a clerk in the Treasurer's office of the Erie Railway for the past nine years. He produced the cash book of the Treasurer's office, and read the following items, which were entered under the head of money paid, legal expenses:

March 17, 1872—William M. Tweed	$35,000
March 17, 1872—William M. Tweed	75,000
March 17, 1872—William M. Tweed	21,000
March 17, 1872—Abram Van Vechten	2,500
March 17, 1872—Abram Van Vechten	2,500
March 17, 1872—A. D. Barber	4,000
March 17, 1872—A. D. Barber	500

Mr. J. D. White, the Assistant Treasurer, directed him to make these entries. The expenditures were made by the old board.

Justin D. White testified that he had been a director of the company, and was until recently the Assistant Treasurer. He supposed that the amounts paid to Tweed, Van Vechten, and Barber were for

LEGAL SERVICES.

He thought the sums were very large, but presumed that the recipients had performed legal services at Albany or elsewhere. At the time of the *coup d'état* the indebtedness of the company was about $4,000,000, and the assets were only bonds. There was no cash in the treasury. Jay Gould saved them from a state of bankruptcy by frequent loans of money. The witness was told by Mr. Lane a day or two before the change in the directory was effected that if some of the directors would resign the company would make $5,000,000. Gould was to receive $500,000, and Tweed was to receive $500,000. He was in the movement for the good of the company. He received $25,000 for his resignation.

Being questioned concerning the dividend which was declared in February, 1873, the witness said that the money for the dividend was provided in England. It was made from the proceeds of the $ 0,000,000 loan negotiated by Bischoffsheim. The statement printed in July last showed a surplus in the treasury of the company of $79,000. If that statement was true this dividend could not have been earned in the next six months. The voucher for the $30,000 ordered by the board to be paid to the New York Central Railroad Company was still unpaid.

Mr. William A. Beach, the counsel for Mr. W. Archdall O'Doherty, requested permission to ask the witness a few questions as to the relations existing between the Erie Company and the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company. He understood that the latter company was bankrupt and was being supported out of the Erie treasury.

Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, who had hitherto been seated in a corner of the room a quiet spectator, said that that report was without foundation, and that the gentleman who was responsible for it (pointing to Mr. O'Doherty) knew that it was absolutely false. These remarks drew a smile from the descendant of the ancient Irish Kings.

Mr. Beach was allowed to examine the witness. The witness said that these two roads were conducted separately and distinctly. The Erie's transactions with the Atlantic and Great Western were the same as those with the rest of its connecting roads.

Mr. Abram Van Vechten testified that all the money which he had received from the Erie Company was for legitimate legal services. He had been employed by Jay Gould as counsel, and had frequently consulted with Mr. Shearman on the company's litigation. He did not remember that he had ever received from or

PAID TO MR. TWEED

or Mr. Barber any money. Mr. Barber was often in Albany looking out for the interests of his friends. In reply to Mr. Stickney's suggestion that perhaps Barber was a lobbyist, the witness said that if a man who honestly and honorably tried to secure good legislation was a lobbyist, Mr. Barber was one.

Witness had drawn bills for the Erie Company and had been consulted on matters other than those appertaining to legislation. Sickles had tried to retain him on his side in his squabble with Gould, but he had declined. He had never received any money from the Erie Company or from Mr. Gould for any member of the Legislature. Nor had he ever received any money from the Erie Company for Barber to use to influence any member of the Legislature.

Here Mr. Stickney showed the witness an order dated April 25, 1871, and marked paid March 11, 1872, which read:

Received of the Erie Railway Company $35,000 for legal disbursements.
(Signed) WM. M. TWEED, per A. V. V.

He asked the witness if that was his handwriting. Mr. Van Vechten was dumbfounded. He stammered and stuttered, and it was fully a minute before he could speak distinctly. At length he said, "Let me see that paper." It was given to him. After carefully examining it he said, "That is a strange looking document, but I swear, I believe I signed it. (Laughter.) But I must explain it." "You can have that privilege," said Mr. Stickney. Mr. Van Vechten replied, "I never had that money, unless it was in the shape of a check payable to the order of Mr. Tweed. It was not given to Tweed as Senator; but precisely what it was for I cannot tell, nor have I any memoranda to which I can refer which will show what it was for."

This explanation having been finished, Mr. Stickney showed receipts for $4,000, $1,000, and $500, signed "A. D. Barber, per A. V. V." Mr. Van Vechten had by this time recovered his composure, and laughingly said, "Those are my signatures. Mr. Gould must have handed me checks for those amounts to give to Mr. Barber for services which he had rendered the Erie Company."

THE STORY OF TWO LOVERS.

A Romance Begun in the Hebrides and Continued on the Pacific Coast.

From the Concord, N. H., Patriot.

Twenty-six years ago James Sanderson, a respectable person residing in the Scottish Hebrides, then verging on 40 years, made court to a girl some 16 years of age and was accepted; but a rival much younger interfered, and bore off the prize. This made Sanderson feel revengeful; and the girl's new lover having been engaged in smuggling, Sanderson informed upon him, and he had to leave the islands, to which he never came back. The people were so violent against Sanderson that he, too, was forced to leave, but had married before doing so, his wife being taken to spite his old mistress, who had not got married.

Arriving on the American Pacific coast in safety, he bought a large tract of land a few miles north of Fort Langley, and devoted himself to its agricultural development with so much energy and skill that a few years made him comparatively wealthy. Better than this, however, the new life brought with it such endearment of the woman whom he had wedded without other love than he had been able to simulate for her deception, that the increase of their children was his conversion into the fondest of husbands; and when, in 1861, he became a widower, he remained so ten years, when he sent home to a sister in the Hebrides to engage a wife for him. His old flame was selected, and said she was willing to go to him whom she had jilted twenty-five years before.

From the time of her second lover's hasty flight under the denunciation of his enemy, the smuggler's sweetheart had never heard of that individual again; and the lapse of time and the increasing burdens of her lowly estate made her much less imperious at forty than she was at sixteen. The wealthy farmer of British Columbia sent her ample means for her outfit and voyage, and the long voyage was accomplished without incident as far as San Francisco. From the latter city she was to proceed up the coast to her destination on a steamer in which a passage was specially secured for her, and while awaiting this vessel she was seen and recognized at a hotel by the accepted lover of her youth, who had been in California ever since his untimely departure from Hebrides. There was a dramatic meeting, a long story on either side, and—alas, for the waiting widower—a full revival of the old love.

Both lovers, it seemed, were much sobered by the discipline of maturer years; and the lady, having explained by whose wish and means she was in America, declared that she must go onward as she had promised, and fulfil her engagement if it was still exacted. She would faithfully fulfil it to him who awaited her at the end of her journey, confess that she could never love him now as she had lately thought possible, and abide by his own decision. If he yet claimed her he must be obeyed; if not she would return to San Francisco. As the story ends with her reappearance in the Californian city a few days ago, and quiet marriage there to the former smuggler, it may be inferred that the Columbian widower was at once sensible and magnanimous under his last disappointment, and finally proved himself the friend of the woman with whom fate had twice denied him a nearer, dearer relationship.

Capture of a Strange Beast in the Middle Pacific.

From the Alta California.

While the steamship Nevada was about eighty miles off one of the minor isles of Micronesia, on her voyage from Australia to this port, at about 6 o'clock in the morning, a strange animal of a dark figure was observed to light on the highest peak of the forward mast. Attracted by its peculiar appearance, the officer of the deck, Mr. Burns, the second mate, offered one of the sailors a great deal of money to secure it. The man clambered up the mast with a heavy cloth in his hand, and after a slight struggle, in which he was severely bitten on the hand, it was secured. Bringing it to the deck, on examination the body proved to be a fine specimen of a species of the vampire tribe. This animal closely resembles the terrodactyl of the antedeluvian ages. In appearance it is like a huge bat, on hasty examination. It is in the head of the animal, however, that the main distinction is found. That of the vampire is a perfect counterpart of the black-and-tan terrier dog. Its teeth are over half an inch in length, and are called in constant requisition in discountenancing all attempts at familiarity.

When flying the wings of this ill-omened beast stretch from tip to tip at least five times the diameter of its body. It is of a deep jet-black color, the body being covered with a heavy fur. It is very savage, being constantly on the alert to attack any person approaching it. Whether this animal is a full and perfect vampire, whose feats of bloodsucking have long been the wonder of the living, while sucking in the victim's very heart blood, is yet a question, for as yet it has not been examined by any scientific man. Its appearance is, however, enough to suggest the truth of such a horrible surmise. It is a fact that the little Micronesian island has always borne a weird and frightful reputation among the native inhabitants of the adjoining ones. Strange stories of cannibalism, tales of savage idolatrous practices, poison valleys, &c., are constantly connected in their minds with its name, which is pronounced with a small matter of being possessed of blood-imbibing vampires, in addition to all the other horrors, few of them would think the matter extraordinary or the least doubtful.

A New Orleans Judge Weighing the Evidence—Another Solomon on the Bench.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A short time since a worthy magistrate of this city had rather a difficult question to decide, in the solution of which he struck out a path hitherto unknown in jurisprudence. It seems that twelve negroes appeared before him, each one of whom swore positively that himself and the other eleven had done a certain amount of work on a steamboat, and was entitled thereby to wages. It was a steady streak, each of the dozen swearing precisely the same. On the other side appeared the mate of the boat and eleven deck hands, who all twelve swore directly and point blank to an opposite state of facts to those testified to by the twelve plaintiffs. There the evidence closed, leaving the judge to make up his mind.

His Honor scratched his head, looked wise, pondered a few moments, and then said: "The law makes it the duty of the Court, when in doubt, to weigh the evidence. I shall proceed to do so in this case. You," turning to one of the suing darkeys, "take your crowd over to Mr. —— (a grocery store in the vicinity) and have them weighed, and bring me a certificate of their weight from the clerk. And you," turning to the mate, "do the same with yourself and witnesses. This Court must make up a judgment somehow."

The mandate of the Court was obeyed; the contestants appeared with their respective certificates, the mate's party outweighing the other by nine pounds, which was sufficient to turn the scales of justice, for judgment was given for the boat.

A Burglar Shot by a Woman.

From the Buffalo Advertiser.

A daring attempt at burglary in Fredonia on Saturday last was defeated by the action of a courageous woman. The residence of Orson Stiles was the scene of the attempt, and the contents of the safe in which the valuables of the family were kept the object. Mrs. Stiles was alone in the house that night, and late in the evening she heard an unusual noise in the room where the safe was located. Arming herself with a loaded revolver, she quietly crept to the door of the room, which was left ajar, and, looking in, saw a man at work at the safe. At the same instant the man turned, and, seeing Mrs. Stiles, picked up a billet of iron and started for her. Mrs. Stiles raised the revolver and fired, and the man got the contents in his arm or side, as he dropped the weapon and the arm fell lifeless at his side. As he turned to leave the room by another door, Mrs. Stiles fired again, which had the effect of quickening his pace, if it did not hit him. As he went out of the door into the open air Mrs. Stiles sent another messenger after him, and as no marks of bullets can be found in the house, it is but fair to presume he got at least two in his carcass. But the man escaped, and nothing has been seen or heard of him since. The neighbors were aroused, and on going to the barn Mr. Stiles's horse was found saddled and ready for a journey, and the floor of the barn littered with straw to deaden any sound that might attract attention.

An Appeal for a Centenarian.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: In a recent number of your paper you published an article headed "More than a Century Old." It may interest some of your readers to know that the subject of that sketch is now very ill, and it would seem that her prediction of her death before the 1st of April might prove true. Suffering thus in her little hut, through whose chinks the cold wind drives, rendering it totally impossible to warm her room, she is an object worthy of Christian charity, and I hope some of your readers, always so ready to relieve suffering and distress in every form, will improve this opportunity to exercise their spirit of benevolence. A. J. S.

The Poker Challenge Accepted.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Having seen an article in your issue of the 27th, headed "The Newest Thing in Challenges," I hereby accept the challenge of Mr. Schell Fairchilds in the poker game. I have a man, who is well known on the east side of town as Little Johnny. I will back him against this man for the sum of $1,000 or $2,500 a side, freeze out game to be played between 1st of June and 1st of July, if agreeable. Man and money can be found at the headquarters of the Seven-up Club, 18 Stanton street. Yours respectfully, SIM DIRSKY.
NEW YORK, March 29, 1873.

JOHN VISITS KNOXVILLE.

HE MAKES MANY STRANGE AND WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES.

The Head of Navigation and Mountain Scenery—A Lively Horse Trade—House Tops and Leaky Roofs—Fools Getting Ripe.

Correspondence of The Sun.

KNOXVILLE, March, 1873.—Knoxville is the capital of Knox county, Tenn. I guess it's named after John Knox, or possibly me, for John knocks around a heap for a fellow with a homely disposition. Knoxville is on the Holston river, at the head of navigation, four miles below its confluence with the French Broad river. A person standing in the deepest part of the Holston river for an hour with slippers on would be likely to get damp feet, and one dive would put a bay window in your skull. Knoxville is 157 miles nearer where the sun gets out of bed than Nashville, and East Tennessee College was born there in 1792. This section boasts of a Nollichucky river. I think old Nollichucky was related by marriage to Woodchucky. The piety of Knoxville is from fair to middling, with a slight discount on the middling. Gauged by a thermometer, it would stand about twenty-one above zero.

GRAZING IN TENNESSEE.

Knox county is an excellent grazing country, and a good many people got grazed here with minie balls during the recent unpleasantness. There are no drawbacks to Knoxville except when a citizen draws back to knock a fellow in the face, or knock off your hat; they seldom knock off a cent in a trade. Lookout Mountain is a good way off, but it can be seen if you lookout sharp for it. It isn't much of a place for fishing, if Hooker did visit it. Mountains lie around loose in this section. It is a poor place to cut across lots with a cheap air line railroad. The lots are about as smooth and level as a dromedary's back. The mountains made me think of a lot of base ball fellows fresh from victory, because they look like the Appenines.

I talked about an inch of geology to a chap down here, a little piece of geology, say about a cent's worth.

THE MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE.

Says I, "Those are some mountains."
Says he, "Them are right smart mountains, stranger."
Says I, "Hush, they'll hear you."
Says he, "What?"
Says I, "They've got ears. You've heard of the early mountain range, hain't you?"
Says he, "Get out, stranger, you might as well say they are Irishmen."
Says I, "Why so?"
Says he, "Because they are full of mica."
Says I, "That's so, or roosters, because they have spurs."
Says he, "Stranger, remember that mountain has a foot, and if those mountain-eers hear you and raise that foot, you'll be spiled."
Says I, "Orr never."
Says he, "Hone swore."

As I heard the mountain figure vanish in the thickening gloom I chewed a piece of raw liquorice stick, and thought of home and its articles of virtu.

THE DOGS OF TENNESSEE.

Knoxville has dogs. One day two of 'em were nervous about getting home in time to keep some bones from being made into tooth-brush handles, and they running about so fast and canines or base ball nines can run. They had their mouths wide open, and in attempting to pass each other they both dodged the same way, and went down each other's throats, and now they reside in a bottle of alcohol, and are used for children to study natural history with. Their respective names were Nero and Carlo. If there was any wag left to their tails this would be a funny tale.

I came to Knoxville in the cars. Close by me sat a female clad in mediocre store truck clothes. I wish she's spoiling for a talk. I hadn't opened my mouth for an hour except to bite a peanut, and after puckering up my lips eight times by the watch, and putting on my most winsome look, with a voice as silvery as the singing of a baking apple,

Says I, "Madam, the mountain scenery is lovely, if surpassed by any that I ever saw in Switzerland or on the ocean. The sunsets and the sunrises-s-s-s must be gorgeous, flashing its mellow rays aslant, glowing from peak to peak, from bright rimmed birds to budding trees, until I feel lost in the depths of the giant gorges, grizzly with time," &c., &c., &c.

I couldn't bring up any language to surpass that if I should even bring it up on a bottle. The effect was very fine. She arose, placed her left list on her side, just above the belt, she raised her right one heavenward, her eyes looked like big marbles, and

Says she, "Dust, or I'll have you

CHUCKED OUT OF THE CAR."

I did dust into another car, and mortification set in. We were just coming to the dinner station, and when we stopped I walked down a road a little ways to cure my mortification, and I saw a horse trade. Two niggers sat on a fence; a straw hat lay in the road with a horse upon it fast asleep. He was so sound asleep that if you had felt of his pulse he wouldn't have kicked. I ascertained that the owner of that horse always took a straw bed with him because that horse was born so tired he was obliged to lie down every two miles and take a nap. Judging from the many fine points of that horse I think that his owner might well be called a joint stock company. I overheard the following conversation:

No. 1, "I won't take a darn cent less than fifteen dollars."

No. 2, "This nigger never'll give that for sure."

No. 1, "Well, now, what's the most you will give for sure?"

No. 2, "I'll give eleven dollars, you to wake him up."

No. 1, "I'm done, and durn sure you can't have that horse now; no, not for nuffing, nobow."

The owner woke the horse, and had driven him about twenty feet when the other nigger yelled out, "Say, Mister Johnson, if you'll throw in your light harness and best wagon to boot its a trade." The owner shouted, "Done for sure," and the trade was finished. A horse, with light harness, and best wagon for a fifteen dollar note, at six, twelve, and eighteen months, is not dear.

WONDERFUL THINGS IN KNOXVILLE.

There was once a man lived in Knoxville who had wooden legs. He was drying his feet one night when they caught on fire and burned until the smoke woke him up. He had no feeling in his sole and came near pegging out.

There is a tailor's shop in Knoxville with a great big sign in the window, "Fits guaranteed."

Near by is an apothecary's shop with a sign, "Fits cured."

Percussion caps are plentier in Tennessee than hats.

I saw a sign, and it read, "House tops repaired." I went in, and says I:

"You repair house tops, do you?"
Says he, "Yes, sir."
Says I, "I got one wants fixing."
Says he, "Does it leak?"
Says I, "No, I guess not."
Says he, "Where is it?"
Says I, "It's round to the house."
Says he, "Of course it's round to the house."
Says I, "What do you charge for fixing a house top, anyhow?"
Says he, "How many square feet has it?"
Says I, "None; it's round."
Says he, "What kind of a house top are you talking about, stranger?"
Says I, "Darn it, I'm talking about a top, a house top—one that spins. My boy has got one, and it's kinder busted."
Says he, "Stranger, the kind of house tops I fix and the kind of house tops you want fixed ain't the same thing. We fix leaky roofs, and our kind of house tops toil not, neither do they spin."
Says I, "Oh."
Says he, "Nothing."
Says I, "I said oh, not owe."
Says he, "Oh."

I left that man laboring under the impression that I was joking.

KNOXVILLE PECULIARITIES.

In Knoxville when an infant can chew up a child's spelling book they say it's bound in calf.

A Knoxville girl incurred her father's displeasure by writing doggerel verses.

Bald-headed men may be prophets, but to barbers they ain't profits.

I called in a store in Knoxville. Says I, "I want to see the leading man of your house."
Says he, "There he goes."
Says I, "Why, he is a mere boy."
Says he, "Well, he is the leading man of the house at dinner time, you bet."

One thing please always remember, no matter when or where or how much that vehemence and vicissitude are male and female.

The first of April fools will be up.

It will probably rain sometime next month somewhere and be cloudy in the Middle States, with wind shifting in New England where they wear shirts. Danger signals are ordered off from skating ponds. JOHN.

Smart Marines.

On Wednesday night Frederick Rose, Thomas Rollin, and Joseph Dearing, United States marines, sentenced by court martial to one year's imprisonment in the marine barracks, escaped from the buildings. They used a ladder made of their bedsteads, and cut a hole through the roof of the place. They found an entire ace to the building adjoining, and stole over forty blouses. Col. Brown has offered a reward of $20.

John Dolan's Last Election Spree.

On Tuesday John Dolan of Dublin, Westchester county, went to Rye to vote, and filling himself with election whiskey, started for home. Yesterday he was found by his daughter dead, in Blind Brook, a small stream, over which the New Haven Railroad passes half a mile south of Rye. Dolan while drunk had fallen off the end of the arch bridge, striking his head on a rock.

THE SEVENTH AVENUE PAVEMENT.

Comptroller Green's Reply to the Senate's Resolution—Why the Litigation was Closed and the Judgment Paid.

ALBANY, March 28.—In reply to the Senate resolution, Comptroller Green has sent a communication to the Senate giving—

First—A copy of the contracts for the pavement, dated Feb. 23, 1870, made between the city and Joseph A. Monhemer.

Second—A certificate, endorsed by the Contract Commissioners—Messrs. Josiah Sutherland and H. C. Van Vorst—that they are satisfied that no fraud has been perpetrated in relation to said contract.

Third—A copy of the testimony taken before the said Contract Commissioners.

Fourth—A certified copy of the transcript of the judgment of the Supreme Court by which it appears that the name of the attorney in the case was Daniel Seymour; that the amount of the judgment is $138,198.30, of which sum $116,146.22 is as principal, and $13,850.73 interest, and $141.85 costs.

Fifth—A copy of a letter from the Hon. E. Delafield Smith, Corporation Counsel, relative to the payment of this judgment.

Sixth—The reply of the Corporation Counsel, dated Feb. 15, 1873, in which he says: "I am satisfied after very thorough enquiry and examination that further litigation would be utterly hopeless, and result in nothing but cost and expense to the city. We have no alternative out to close the litigation and pay the judgment."

Seventh—A further letter from the Corporation Counsel, dated Feb. 27, 1873, in which he says, "I have examined the case of Monhelmer upon every possible suggestion of defense and I am clear we have nothing to support further resistance to the judgment, and I am constrained to advise its payment at once, to avoid useless litigation and expense to the city."

Also a reply stating that the case was tried before Judge W. C. Barrett. The city was represented on the trial by David J. Dean; and the plaintiff by Jno. H. Strahan and Gratz Nathan. The action was commenced on Sept. 18, 1871. The present Comptroller has made no payments on the contract since he came into office.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND FORGERIES

Other Packages of Bonds Coming for Macdonnell—What Mr. Jarvis will Do.

Mr. Brooke, one of the counsel for Macdonnell, the alleged English forger, saw Order of Arrest Clerk Jarvis in relation to his course as receiver yesterday. It is understood that several packages of bonds addressed to the prisoner have been despatched to him, and that they are to be attached by Mr. Jarvis when they reach the Post Office. The contents amount to several thousand dollars. Counsel have deferred applications for a writ of habeas corpus for Macdonnell until the depositions sent from London are produced against him. They will then take the prisoner before Judge Blatchford.

Wall street detectives vaguely hint at further arrests in the city of persons who are supposed to be implicated in the forgery conspiracy. Sergt. Weob, the London officer, is known to be in daily consultation with the police detectives, who are aiding him in perfecting his plans.

Noyes's Examination—Bidwell Identified.

LONDON, March 28.—Edwin Noyes, the American who is accused of implication in the frauds on the Bank of England, was again taken before the Lord Mayor at the Justice room of the Mansion House to-day for examination. Among the witnesses was the manager of the Continental Bank, who upon being shown a photograph of Bidwell, identified him as the person who opened an account with that institution under the name of Norton. The managers also gave the details of several extensive transactions had with the forger by Bidwell, and expressed his belief that Noyes was merely a clerk for the really guilty persons. The examination was adjourned.

What Happened to a Countryman who Tacaled the Tiger in New Orleans.

From the New Orleans Times.

A green countryman came to town last winter for the purpose of having a little fun. While he really did not intend to insult a educated a chap as could well be found, he labored under the common delusion of thinking just the contrary and imagining he was a remarkably smart fellow, with a neat and artful way of doing things that very few could get over. He had heard much about tiger gamblers and ropers, and fancied he would like to tackle some of them. He had always said he knew a thing or two, and now was the time to make it pay.

Of course a gentleman of this kind didn't run very long without meeting the men he was looking for. Business proved that he was the very man they wanted, which made it very cheerful and satisfactory on all sides, and enabled them to glide pleasantly into a little game of twenty-one, without any foolish formalities. Our country boy was accompanied by a companion of a decidedly more prepossessing modesty and a good deal more experience than he, and who tried to convince him he was running a great risk. But no; twenty-one was his particular game. He knew all about it, and besides there were some wrinkles in that thing—and here he winked in such a meaning way that his friends were instantly restored to cheerfulness.

The game progressed, and at last our cunning gentleman thought he saw where his "wrinkle" would come in. The dealer being a well-mannered man turned his head an instant to expectorate, quick as lightning our rural friend tipped up the top card on the deck. It was a five.

When the dealer resumed his position, the other was innocently contemplating his hand. He had a ten and six; that was sixteen; and the five would make it twenty-one. Looking up a dark and fearful frown of rage, and affecting to be overcome with savage disappointment he remarked:

"I've been losing some, and dashed if I don't wish I'd bet $500."

"Perhaps you've got a natural?" said the dealer, inquiringly.

"No; I want to draw. But I wish I had bet $500, all the same."

"Well, if you mean to draw, I don't mind letting you change your bet. Any amount you please."

It was hard for our artful gentleman to keep down the grin of fiendish glee which struggled to show itself, but he succeeded. He turned to his companions with a meaning look, and then took out his $500 and called for a card.

Any one watching the dealer's face as he dealt that card, would have been startled; but the same person, noticing the other's expression as he picked it up, would have been much more startled. That card was a nine.

From the Sing Sing Prison to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

The first request read at the noonday prayer meeting yesterday was contained in the following letter:

"SIR: I have just come out of the State prison. I have been there three years. I beg to ask the kind Christians who meet in Christ's name, to pray for me; that God may restore me to my friends, and that I may be a Christian. A CONVICT."

"Two Brothers in Jesus" wrote:

"Oh, pray for us that we may stand against the devil, and speak a word for the Master. This is our only difficulty."

An aged man, in a short speech, said how pleasant it was to come there for fourteen years, day after day, to be with Jesus.

Another speaker related the following coincidence:

"I was in the Sandwich Islands, and when my mother laid hold of the blood of the covenant, like Hannah of old, and wrestled with God for her son, at the same hour I was rolling in guilt and condemnation in the islands, and praying to be saved from my sin. God, in the plenitude of his mercy, answered the prayer of a righteous woman, and here I stand, a miracle of grace."

Death of Judge Mason of Maryland.

BALTIMORE, March 28.—John Thompson Mason, Secretary of State of Maryland, died suddenly this evening at Elkton, Md., of paralysis. Judge Mason had been engaged trying a case in court during the forenoon, and was in his usual health. At the dinner table he was attacked with paralysis. He has been a member of Congress, Judge of the Court of Appeals of this State, and Collector of the Port of Baltimore, and was one of the most prominent citizens of the state.

Another Broken Rail.

PORT HOPE, Ont., March 28.—Last night as the mail train bound to Orilia approached this place the rear car broke the coupling and turned over down an embankment, a distance of twelve feet. Six passengers were injured, Dr. Dewarr and Mr. Davis of Ogdensburg, N.Y., very seriously about the head and face. Mr. Preston of Mauvers received a flesh wound in the leg and other slight injuries. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

The Latest from the Modocs.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28.—Gen. Gillem and Elder Thomas made a reconnoissance of the country between Van Bremer's Ranch and the lava beds on the 26th inst.

They had an interview with Boston and Bogus Charley. The latter said he would come out. The Peace Commissioners sent him a horse and he demanded that the horses captured by the troops should be returned.

Recruits are arriving. The delay at present seems useless. The Peace Commissioner is doing nothing.

Murderers Drowned while Chained Together.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28.—Last week the schooner Lark sailed from San Diego for Eusenedas. Among the passengers were six convicted murderers to be taken to La Paz, Lower California.

The bodies of the felons have been found washed ashore and chained together. Pieces of a wreck have been picked up near where the bodies were discovered, and it is inferred that the vessel was lost with all hands.

Hanged by a Mob.

ST. LOUIS, March 28.—George Bryan, a negro, was hanged by a mob at Chillicothe, Mo., on Wednesday night, for committing rape on Miss Fixke, a highly respectable young lady, who lives about twenty miles from that place.

Get Out Your Umbrellas.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The Signal Office predicts for the Middle Atlantic coast southerly winds backing to northeast, with threatening weather and possibly rain; for New York and New England, south and east winds, with threatening and rainy weather.

WOMAN KICKED TO DEATH.

A TRAGEDY LAST EVENING IN A FIRST WARD TENEMENT.

The Third in the Same House within Three Years—A Husband under Arrest—The Husband's Story about a Woman's Debt.

At 5:30 yesterday afternoon, while Officer Charles E. Pierce, of the Church street police station, was walking down Washington street, he was accosted by a man who ran from the opposite side of the street. "Officer," excitedly said the man, "I have been looking for you. There is a woman dying in No. 61, and you are wanted there, I think.

"What is the matter with her?" asked the officer.

"I don't know; but they say she fell and hurt herself," was the reply.

The house is a four-story brick tenement, inhabited by not less than forty-two families, and every floor teems with squalor and filth. On the ground floor is a bucket shop, and the occupants of the house, the police say, are its best customers. As Officer Pierce ascended the stairs to the apartments on the third floor, in which he was told that the woman lay dying, he encountered at every turn numbers of unkempt and unwashed women and children, and shocking blasphemy assailed his ears as he hurried past the motley crowd. Arriving at the room, he found it crowded with eighteen or twenty women and children of the class already described. With difficulty the officer elbowed his way through. On the sill of a door which separated a small dark bedroom from the larger apartment which served as a kitchen, sitting room, and dining room, lay

THE WOMAN.

Her head and shoulders were inside the bedroom, while the rest of the body was in the larger room. The floor was covered with blood for several feet around, and her body lay in a pool of blood. Her eyes were set and glassy, and her teeth were clenched. The officer made hasty inquiries of those in the room concerning the manner in which the woman had been injured, but he could obtain no satisfactory information. Then he hastened to the police station and told Sergeant Maloney what he had seen.

An ambulance soon arrived in charge of Dr. Hemmingway, and the woman was borne to the Centre Street Hospital.

In the mean time Sergt. Lonsdale went to the house to ascertain the facts. He learned that the woman was Catherine Kerwin, aged 46; that she was married and the mother of two children, a girl of five and a boy of two. She had been married four times. Her present husband, Patrick Kerwin, is a longshoreman, and has lately been employed in Pierce & Co.'s iron store, 24 Broadway. From the neighbors it was difficult to draw anything, but the Sergeant elicited that Kerwin and his wife were very fond, but dissipated, and that they frequently fought. Beyond this the neighbors knew nothing. Ann Powers, a sister of Mrs. Kerwin, told the Sergeant that Kerwin was in the habit of beating his wife, and that she had frequently interfered to prevent him from doing her serious injury.

Kerwin's little girl said that her mother was sitting by the table and fell to the floor and hurt herself. This, however, is not probable, as the table was at least twelve feet distant from the spot where the woman lay when found by the neighbors.

MRS. KERWIN'S DEATH.

As no marks of violence were visible to the police they did not suspect foul play, and crediting the story told by the child, they took no steps further to investigate the circumstances. When Mrs. Kerwin reached the hospital her expiring breath was spent in a vain effort to stay excessive hemorrhage. Dr. Barait administered restoratives, and she revived in a measure.

Warden Brown questioned her, but she refused to tell how she had come by her injuries.

"I would like to see a priest," she said, and Father Concannon, who was with her some time, him freely, but the purport of their conversation was not divulged. The priest remained about twenty minutes, and when he went away she seemed much better.

At 7:45 she began to sink rapidly, and at ten minutes past 8 o'clock she died.

An examination by Drs. Hemmingway and Baralt showed that Mrs. Kerwin was the victim of a brutal murder. Her entire body, hips, arms, and legs were a mass of contusions and bruises. The surgeons unhesitatingly assert that her death was the result of internal injuries from violent kicks.

INFORMATION FOR THE POLICE.

Immediately after Mrs. Kerwin's death Warden Brown went to the Church street police station and told the Sergeant in command that she was dead, and that it was a case of murder. Then Officer Finnerty was detailed to arrest the husband. Kerwin was found in his room eating, and when arrested manifested no concern. He was extremely reticent, and simply denied that he had killed his wife.

Kerwin is an Irishman, 47 years old. He told a SUN reporter the following story:

I have been married six years. I am a longshoreman, but I have worked lately for Pierce & Co., iron merchants, 24 Broadway, up to two or three months about a quarter before 8 o'clock. At noon I went home to dinner. I found no dinner ready, and my wife under the influence of liquor. I sat a little while, waiting for her, as my wife was not in a condition to cook anything for me. She was quarrelling with a woman named Burnet, whose home was in Madison, N. J. This woman had been boarding with us for about two months. My wife had the woman's shawl and hat, and said that she intended to keep it for the debt. I told her that that was no way to do, and she began to mind my own business. Then I left home and went to work. I quit work at a quarter past 5 o'clock. I did not go home to my supper, because I knew that my wife was drunk, and as she had frequently broken my head while in that condition I did not want her to do it again. I went to Bill Sharpe's liquor saloon, where I drank several times, and then went to Tommy Moore's, where I stayed until 7 o'clock, when I went home. Then I was told what had happened, but I know nothing about it.

This is the third murder in this house within three years.

A Maddened Ox Killed.

Yesterday afternoon an ox broke from a drove on landing from the cattle boat at the foot of Broadway, and ran up Harrison avenue, Brooklyn. At Walton street a number of men and boys gave chase, and enraged the animal by the discharge of firearms and by their yells and throwing of stones. Turning upon his pursuers and frothing at the mouth, the ox dashed along Walton street, and overtaking Mr. John Schmidt, who with his child, aged three years, was endeavoring to escape, threw him one side, and striking the child dashed it to the walk and trampled on it. Officer Rigney of the Stagg street station shot and killed the animal. The child was taken to its home, 189 Harrison avenue. Its injuries are serious.

Fire in Canal Street.

About 8:10 last evening fire was discovered in the attic of the three-story brick house 358 Canal street, occupied by S. Herzburg, cap maker, whose stock and furniture was damaged $1,000. The third floor, occupied by Zeiner & Herman, cloak makers; the second floor by Rothschild, dealer in lces, and S. Weil's stationery store, and the first floor by Lowenstein's cigar store, were all slightly damaged by water. The building, ow