FARMERS & BOOK FARMING

CORNELL UNIVERSITY IN THE RURAL REGIONS.

Agricultural Schools not a Discount with Practical Farmers—How to Learn to be a Farmer—Raymond Views of Common Men—Stealing from the Country to Help Make Doctors, Lawyers, and Ministers—A Farmer's Opinion.

(Correspondence of The Sun.)

ITHACA, June 2.—Tompkins is one of the best farming counties in the State. As a general rule the farmers are forehanded and thrifty. They are composed, more largely than is common throughout the State, of natives. In many cases the fathers owned the soil before the present occupants; and it is not unusual to find several generations of a family residing in the same neighborhood, all engaged in tilling the soil. The old Holland or Dutch element is conspicuous throughout the county, and, as has been demonstrated in the Mohawk Valley and throughout Pennsylvania, this race produces most thorough and even superior farmers. They are usually intelligent, very industrious, frugal, ambitious, proud of their possessions, exceptionally neat in their surroundings, and rigidly thorough in their methods. They delight in the stock, and proverbially take better care of it than of their families. As a rule they are sober, and having their morals based on the rigid standard of the Heidelberg Catechism, understand and respect their duty both to God and their fellow men.

DUTCH FARMERS.

They pay much attention to schools, and are familiar with the progressive ideas of the age. They believe in agricultural associations and the interchange of experiences and results. They take and read newspapers, and lose no opportunities of keeping themselves informed in regard to current events. Their houses are as well furnished as those of the middle classes in our towns and cities, and their women are in no degree behind their sisters of more compact communities in matters of fashion and dress.

If one's heart is an agricultural one, and he finds that Cornell University is located, and undertakes to teach the art of tilling the soil, with a success in this regard, these enterprising farmers would be quick to perceive it, and ready to take advantage of its opportunities for the education of their sons. I find, looking over the catalogue of the University, that of the 525 students now in attendance, 36 are credited to Tompkins county. This looks at first as if the farmers appreciated the institution, and were willing it with their sons. But on looking closer I discovered that of these

THIRTY-SIX TOMPKINS COUNTY STUDENTS

thirty-three belong to Ithaca and three to Trumansburg. Not a single one of all the number represents the agricultural towns of the county. Of the thirty-six I am not certain that any are attending the agricultural school, but rather the schools in which the classics and more ornamental branches are taught. It is a fact singular that the farmers of this county, so enterprising, so ambitious, and so intelligent, should ignore the advantages placed almost at their very doors for the education of their sons and their life work. They are not ignorant of the existence of the University, of its agricultural department; nor yet of its model farm, its pattern farm buildings, its blooded stock, its new-fangled implements, its prize farmer, or its professors of agriculture. Whenever they have occasion to come to town to do a little trading they are compelled to drive past the cheerful college farm and all the grand buildings. Wide in town their ears are continually assailed, either with the eloquence of the Universities bells or the laudations of the institution and its advantages by the orators. But the farmers, nevertheless, let Cornell University and its agricultural school severely alone.

THE BACK COUNTRY HEARD FROM.

In order to satisfy myself as to their reasons for this, I have taken several excursions into the country in various directions, and sought opportunities to converse with the farmers in regard to the college. I pushed my investigations as far as the town of Caroline, the southeastern limit of the county. This town has been developed some remarkable magnetic springs, which have attracted health seekers from all parts of the State and given the inhabitants ample opportunity to rub up the rubes with those of other portions of the country. I found the farmers all wide awake on the live topics of the day. They were familiar with the Credit Mobilier swindles; fully posted on the Erie job steal; well read in regard to the Ring frauds in New York; watched the doings of the Legislature as closely as do the readers of the daily papers; knew all about the Hon. Jerry Mallory's job on Mrs. Ezra Cornell, and President White's defence of our honored founder; and had decided opinions which they were not afraid to express. Mr. James Boice, who lives a couple of miles beyond Slaterville, said he had read both speeches, and he thought Mr. McGuire rather had

THE BEST OF THE ARGUMENT.

"I shouldn't wonder," he added, "if they'd find Cornell had been a good deal more speculation in the thing than they want to have on't."

"But," I interjected, "Mr. Cornell is an honest man, ain't he?"

Mr. Boice—Oh, yes; about as honest as any of them nowadays. But it won't do to trust any man too far in these times. You see that money has got so powerful, it kinder sways them. Now, I don't believe in agricultural schools. You can't teach a man farming out of books. If you want to learn to be a farmer, you must just come out here into the country and pull your coat off and go to work. But that's neither here nor there; I don't want to argue. I'm against the college, and instead of what I have said I think it should be turned into a lot of other nonsense. Now, that ain't honest, is it?

Correspondent—But they have an agricultural school there.

Mr. Boice—Yes, and what does it amount to? How much good will it do a farmer to learn algebra, chemistry, French, German, and all that? My father was a farmer, and a successful one, too; and he didn't know anything about algebra or chemistry, or surveying, or astronomy, or anything in the old Dutch language, because his father talked Dutch before him, but he was glad to forget it, or at least he didn't have his children learn it. He thought a plain English education, such as we can get now at the district school house in every settlement was good enough for his boys, and it is good enough for any farmer.

TALK AT THE WAYSIDE TAVERN.

At the tavern in the little settlement called Slaterville I met several neighboring farmers drop away a wet afternoon. As I entered they were in the midst of a discussion of the treasonable doctrines of a tall, honest-looking man, who was about as broad as he was long, was expatiating on agricultural schools in general and that of Cornell University in particular. "Tain't no use," said he, "to try to make farmers the way they are trying down at Ithaca. Why, just look at their farm. There isn't a decent fence on it, and the cattle are free to range just wherever they please. I tell you I've drove by dozens of times, and I never saw a gate shet on it. Is that the way to bring up boys to make farmers of them? Farmers they'd make of them, never fetched up to pull off a hoe. Then for real new ways, when they've got any plowin' or plantin' or mowin' to do, they allers hire it done, and the boys want they ken look on. That isn't practical farming. 'Tain't the way I was brought up. No, sir."

"Do the farmers about here send their boys to Cornell University?" I ventured to ask.

HOW TO MAKE FARMERS.

"N-o much," replied a tall, angular specimen of rural architecture. "Not much they don't. When they want to make farmers of their boys they set em to work at home summers, and let 'em go to the district school winters. If they want to make lawyers or doctors or ministers of 'em, it's a different thing. Then they send 'em off to college somewhere. But they don't send 'em to Ithaca. I guess there ain't a farm in this town at Cornell's University, is there, square?"

He appeared to be the first speaker. He did not see there was "a single boy from the town of Caroline at the college. Farming was good enough better be in the poor house, 'cause there they make folks able to do some work."

In the direction of Free Hollow, a little farmer about a few miles directly east of the Ithaca, I chatted with several farmers about the Agricultural College. These farmers in going and returning from town, are compelled to pass the University farm and building, and have ample opportunity of observing the conduct of affairs there. I found them all willing to talk and unanimous in their detrocation of the institution as an agricultural school.

AN INTELLIGENT OPINION.

"It may be well enough for those who want to be educated for a profession," remarked one very intelligent farmer, "I won't undertake to offer of that; but as I understand it, that college was founded to teach agriculture. I never had any faith in agricultural teaching by books and schools. But I was willing to see it tried, and I have watched this school closely to see how they would make out. As I said, I don't believe in agricultural schools. Now, that ain't honest, is it?

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Correspondent—Then you think Mr. Cornell has administered his self-imposed trust with executable honesty?

Farmer—I guess he has been as honest as any of them. All that land was given for an agricultural school. Now, as I said, I don't believe in agricultural schools; but I do believe that the farmers of this state could have taken that grant and used it for the benefit of our agricultural interests in some way. But these people have stolen it all for the benefit of the learned professions. The agricultural interests of the State are deriving no benefit whatever from it. They may have a dozen young men there pretending to learn farming; but after they get through no farmer would intrust the management of his farm to one of them. So that as a class the farmers are receiving no benefit whatever from the grant, though it was made expressly for them.

In a former communication I gave you some idea of the unanimous sentiment that prevails among the yeomanry in defence of Mr. Cornell's administration of the affairs of the University. I submit the foregoing as the unanimous sentiment of the farmers of Tompkins county on the same subject. As the University was established in the interest of agriculture the farming community has a right to be heard in the matter.

CLEANLINESS FOR THE POOR.

Fun for the Boys and Refreshing Ablutions for Men and Women—The Scene in the Free Baths Yesterday.

"How many times have you bathed here already this forenoon?" inquired an attendant at the Charles street bath yesterday of a boy asking for a dressing room. "Only twice, sir," said the boy. "Get out of here, then; you'll pass," said the official. At that time two hundred boys were diving, swimming, and splashing in the small, hollow square of water bounded by the seventy dressing rooms, while outside as many more boys were clamoring for admission. Within hilarity reigned supreme. Although the rules prohibit ducking, the boys will indulge when the attendants are not watching them. Occasionally a head pops out of sight, pulled down by a swimmer under water. The sudden filling of the ears, nose, and mouth with salt water is more startling than agreeable. A ducking party is formed, and a grand splashing and spluttering of the younger boys ensue. The authorities appear. Commands and gesticulations from the balcony fail to quiet the law breakers. At length the police strip, and plunging in, attempt to give the fun-loving youths the justice due them. But, as one man in the water is very much like any other, a confusion arises, and the innocent are ducked by the irate policeman, while the guilty laugh in their sleeves, or would if they were any. All day the waters are kept boiling. Every street for miles around contributes its quota of health and enjoyment seekers.

From hot, dusty, and foul alleys of the city, from close and heated factories and forges, from the crowded tenements and the pestilence breeding districts, men and boys daily assemble in these baths to cleanse themselves. Although the baths open nearly two hours earlier than they did last summer, they cannot accommodate the great number of applicants. As the season advances the number will increase. On Sundays, especially, hundreds go away without a bath, as the doors are closed at noon. Yet efforts are made by the attendants to accommodate the applicants as possible. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are reserved for women, on these days the baths are filled by the fair sex. Two women in attendance furnish complete bathing suits, such as are used at Coney Island. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays from 6 o'clock P. M. men are admitted. Thus day laborers can go to their work cooled and refreshed, prepared for the hot day before them. From 8 o'clock until 12 boys bathe, and from 12 until 9 the tanks are open to all.

The baths are most frequented morning and evening. It is then necessary to limit each bather a time; twenty minutes is allowed. The delight of the youngsters in getting into the water and their reluctance to come out are so great that many devices are invented to elude this law of the institution and come it over the vigilant and astute policeman in attendance. After a bath boys like to go to the nearest street, sit on the curbstone in the broiling sun with their hats off to dry their hair, and present themselves with solemn, innocent faces at the door, asking for admittance. Great is the joy at success, and great the sorrow at failure; for sometimes they are detected, and the policeman gently dismisses them by leaving in the southwest corner of their jackets a few splinters from a stick he carries for the purpose.

The favor with which these baths were received last summer shows not only their success, but their necessity. As they are overcrowded, others should be built. Two more on the North river and two on the East river are needed. Were they to do so in operation, districts would be benefited that cannot now be reached. The health record of the city during the heated summer would show the beneficial result.

The Boys and Free Baths.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: On Tuesday evening, as we, working boys of the Eleventh Ward, were about to enter the bath at the foot of Fifth street, East river, we were prevented by the keepers, who told us that our time is between 8 A. M. and 12 M. We said that we were working boys and could not come at such hours. They said that they did not care. We toil from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., and intending to have a healthy swim we are thus prevented. Surely the working boys should be provided with ample facilities for bathing.

CHARLES DESLINER, FRANK DROTTMAN,
GORDON HAWKINS, FREDERICK A. EARLY,
CHARLES WEBER, JACOB SCHNEIDER,
WM. SMITH, GEO. L. DEFOREST,
FRANK GRIS, CHARLES SMITH.
CHAS. S. NEWELL.

A Letter from an Up-Town Boy.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: As you are the champion of the working boys, I make an appeal for the boys in the upper part of the city, they being deprived of the liberty to swim in the river, as all other boys are. Having no such accommodations as public bathing houses, like the boys in the lower part of the city, are we to remain unassisted or be arrested? Why not increase the number of public bathing houses, and give all the benefit of a wholesome swim, and prevent all the dissatisfaction among the working boys of the city?

JOHN NAGLE,
Twenty-second Ward.

Clubbed Away from the Bath.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Last night, after working hard all day, we went to the salt water bath for a swim, but were clubbed away by the policeman. Instead of a free bath we get a free clubbing. Stir up the Commissioners until they give us a chance to wash.

J. DAVIS, 84 Mulberry street,
JOHN MAHANEY, Hester street,
W. SWEETMAN, Hester street,
Working Boys.

More Boys who Want to Swim.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: We read in THE SUN this morning that the police threaten to arrest some boys for swimming. Why not provide the boys places to go to healthy swim.

WM. NEPTUNE FIELD, WM. MCLAUGHLIN,
JOHN CONWAY, JOHN CARNEY,
J. O'BRIEN, J. MCLEAN,
Working boys.

Where Can the Boys Go?

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: As the police will not allow us to swim in the rivers, where shall we go? We are hard-working boys. Some of us go to work at 5 o'clock in the morning and get home at 7. When we go to the bath to have a swim they run us away. All we want is justice.

JOHN DEVAN, JOHN DUFFY,
ROBERT DUFFY, LUKE MCKAY.

The Seventh Ward Boys.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Most of us boys come from work at 6 o'clock, and by the time we get supper and ready to take a swim it is 7 o'clock. The baths are too far away for us. Let the Commissioners place a bath somewhere near us; if they do not, we will swim south if the police like it or not.

BOYS OF THE SEVENTH.

A Letter from a Tender Youth.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: I have read in to-day's SUN about having bathing rooms. I should think the working class of boys ought to have a decent place to swim in, as those free baths are full of rough boys, and we cannot enjoy ourselves.

JOHN COLES, Jr.
SCHOOL.

The McIntyre Divorce.

The Court of Common Pleas has given Mrs. Catharine McIntyre an absolute divorce from Charles McIntyre. In a suit for mere separation a referee gave her $1,000 a year alimony and $500 counsel fee. When this report was presented to the Court a cross motion was made on his behalf for a new trial, mainly on the ground that his counsel had been deceived in relation to the nature of the suit. Judge Robinson says, however, that his credibility is seriously impeached by his own admission of the falsity of his averments as to the amount of his property, both with a view to induce the marriage and when seeming surety on corporation contracts. The proof fully warrants the conclusion that he having in anticipation of an adverse decision effectually put away and disposed of his property to avoid the collection of any judgment his wife might recover against him, that he was indifferent to any decision upon the question of adultery, and neither had nor intended to make any defence to the charge. Judgment of divorce is therefore given, and the referee's report as to alimony and counsel fee confirmed.

The East River Bridge.

In relation to the apprehension that the cities of New York and Brooklyn may refuse to pay the 1-10th installment of their subscription to the East River Bridge because some of the private stockholders have fallen behind in their payments, Senator Murphy and Mr. Kingsley say that the private stockholders are to be urged to pay up, and that the cities will probably pay their subscriptions when due, inasmuch as their failure to do so would involve the stoppage of the works and the consequent loss of per cent $1,000. The Bridge Company have received $1,000,000 of the $5,000,000 capital stock subscribed. One thousand two hundred trained men are employed in the quarries, and a suspension would throw them out of employment.

JOHN BEHOLDS RALEIGH.

HE FINDS WONDERFUL THINGS IN THE OLD TAR STATE.

The Head of Navigation—A Good Place for Smacks—Sir Walter Raleigh's Discoveries—A Keen Native—Making Whistles—An Average Drummer—Camping Out.

(Correspondence of The Sun.)

RALEIGH, N. C., June, 1873.—Raleigh is a town, and a capital town, too. It is the capital of North Carolina and Wake county both. Wakes are not more plenty at present in Wake county than any other county. "Cheap John" and the old "anything on the board for four cents" man were never in Wake county. The Neuse river is six miles west of Raleigh. They built Raleigh six miles from the river to keep the first settlers' young uns from falling overboard. It is 286 miles from here to Washington. If you doubt this you have my consent to measure it. Washington is a good place for measures. Smithfield, 27 miles southeast of Raleigh, is the ordinary head of navigation; but in high stages of water vessels come within eight miles of Raleigh. Most of 'em are smaller than the Great Eastern. Smacks get right up into the city. I heard one last night. I guess it was a "Moot me in the moon when the cane strikes nine" that was doing it, it sounded just as if a custard pudding had fallen out a third story window on to the pavement. I heard afterward they are engaged. It sounded like an engagement.

RALEIGH'S PRODUCTIONS.

Raleigh is laid out with great regularity, and is elevated and pleasantly situated in a healthy country. They have all kinds of tar but catarrh. The State House is gorgeous. It is modelled after the Parthenon at Athens. They used to have another one, but in 1831 it was destroyed by fire. It contained a fine statue of George W., by Canova, which, not being fire proof, was destroyed too. This shows what greatness amounts to. A wooden statue of George Washington would burn up just as quick as a wooden cigar store Indian.

Raleigh was named after Sir Walter Raleigh, pronounced Raw-leigh, and he introduced raw potatoes into England. He probably introduced them this way. Mr. and Mrs. Boiled Potatoes, the two Misses Mashed Potatoes, Masters Stewed Potatoes and Fried Potatoes. There were plenty of other toes in England anterior to this period, but no potatoes. Walter discovered another toe—tobacco, and he introduced that into England too. But for Raleigh, Mr. Cornish, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Solace, Mr. May Flower, Mr. Century, Mr. Virgin Leaf, and all those other fellows who pack tobacco in tin foil sardine boxes might have been letting row boats at the Battery, or members of Congress.

QUEER DEER AND A HOLDFAST DOG.

Raleigh was a gentleman, a courtier and an adventurer, and he passed in his checks some years before Christ. Crown water cresses. Apropos of tobacco, you often hear men down on tobacco say that no animal but a man will chew it. To all such I desire to say that the next time they visit Central Park they can try the experiment on the deer, and if they don't swallow well as chew all the tobacco they will furnish I'll treat.

If you will read my letters you must learn something, and you have learned that North Carolina is a noble State. She produces piles of tar and chewing gum. It is the stickiest place in creation, and I believe the whole State is made out of black gum mucilage. I saw a dog that sat down in 1880 to scratch his ear and bark; he is there now; he couldn't get up without pulling up ground enough to leave a well. So he stays there, and the bark can be seen yet on the tree directly in front of him. There are lots of pine trees, but pine apples are scarce. In the country they never use saddles. They just put half an ounce of tar on the horse's back, and they can't slip off.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Rosin grows here in barrels. It's a cheap place to "rosin the bow." A female rosined her beau here last Friday. She threw a hunk of it at him, it struck the chap in the right hind tip spine, and now when he laughs it reminds one of Jack Friday, Robinson Crusoe had a black Friday.

Some of the fellows who live in the woods are so thin they have to lean against a tree to swallow; they are yellower than blind man's buff, and so darned lazy they hire tame squirrels to shave 'em. They train the squirrels to dip their tails in soap suds, lather them, and then scratch the hair off with their claws. I said there is plenty of tar in North Carolina, and so there is. I caught a Tar-tar there my-self. I saw a fellow who looked green that day, but he stirred just as he did I'd been tempted to pour oil and vinegar on him and cut him up for a salad. He was whitting a stick.

Says I: Halloo.

Says he: Halloo yourself.

Says I: Halloo, I say eggs for nothing, and those eggs sell for sixteen cents a dozen, what's the percentage of profit?

Says he: Mister, it would take a prognet to tell. I reckon.

A SMART BOY.

Says I: That's so; what are you making?

Says he: It's a whistle out of willer, and I say, Mister, can you make a whistle out of a bowl of soup?

Says I: No, sir.

Says he: Well, then, you ain't smart. I can.

Says I: Do you mean to tell me that you can make a whistle out of a bowl of soup?

Says he: Yes, I can. That there is a whistle, ain't it?

Says I: Yes, it is.

Says he: Well, I didn't make it *in* a bowl of soup, did I?

Says I: No.

Says he: Well, then, I made that there whistle *out* of a bowl of soup, didn't I?

That made this Northern gentleman mad, and I started to leave when he yelled out: I say, Mister, if you'd lived in the days of the ark you'd gone in through the window.

Says I: Why?

Says he: Bec use you're so green that dove would have lit on you first, sure.

I left under the impression that North Carolina boys are smart. Perhaps it's the turpentine that accounts for it, for that will make folks smart. I saw a touching picture yesterday. It was so touching I touched it. It was a man in the woods sitting upon a trunk under a big umbrella. He was eating chewing gum, and his trunk had more locks on it than the Erie Canal.

BRINGING DOWN THE AVERAGE.

Says I: What's the matter?

Says he: I'm a drummer.

Says I: How is trade?

Says he: Doll as thunder. There ain't any, and I really believe that if George Washington was alive, and had to sell goods on the road, he'd have to lie or give it up.

Says I: The difference between you and George is, he was a good man, and you are a deceiver. But what are you doing here?

Says he: I'm bringing down the average.

Then he told me his boss allowed him so many dollars a day for travelling expenses, and that he'd spent more than that, and he'd camped out under an umbrella a whole week to bring down the average. I left him, and thought of the old story of the boss who found fault with his commercial traveller because on looking over his expense account buggy rides appeared so often. The next time they expense account was handed in the boss says: All right, sir; I'm glad to see you have no buggy rides recorded this trip. Yes, replied the fellow, they don't show, that's certain; but the buggy rides are all there.

North Carolina is one of the best States in the Union to live in; it's a glorious old State, and I say long may she wave. JOHN.

Marriage by Mutual Consent and Without Ceremony.

In the suit of Eliza S. Donnell against Ezekiel Donnell and others before Justice Monell, the same question arises as in the Brinkley case just closed before Judge Van Brunt—the establishment of a marriage by mere consent and without ceremony. In this case the suit is for the admeasurement of dower, the plaintiff professing to have been the wife of one James Donnell, now dead, and the estate in which she claims dower amounts to $20,000. According to the testimony, she met Donnell at a wedding where he was bridesmaid, and he for some time called at her home as a suitor. One day her brother entering, she showed him a ring which she told him Donnell confirming her story—was her wedding ring. She lived with him part of the time at her father's house, and afterward at other places, the couple sometimes passing as Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, and at other times as Mr. and Mrs. Donnell. Donnell's excuse to her relatives for the assumed name was that he was afraid of a half crazy sister to whom he had promised to leave his property. On the side of the defendants it was insisted that there was no marriage of any kind, but that she was half mistress and whole servant; that his treatment of her was such as no man would give a wife; that he addressed her as Mrs. Brown, Miss Saul, Cockeye, and otherwise, but never as his wife. The case is still on.

Walworth and Stokes.

There was no perceptible decrease in the number of visitors to the Tombs yesterday. Edward S. Stokes was still the centre of attraction. He wore a new suit of summer clothes. His father and his brother Horace were with him all day, and assisted him in replying to the numerous amiable inquiries and congratulations of distant relatives and friends. The cell in which he is confined was yesterday fragrant with the perfume of exquisite flowers from bouquets sent in by admiring lady friends as a reminder that they had called.

The number of callers on young Walworth was small. The Rev. Clarence E. Walworth, who has been there daily for a fortnight, was in new clerical attire and Mrs. Mansfield Tracy Walworth. Walworth comprised of lonchings, but the District-Attorney carried off the lion in the day and conversed with him for half an hour.

Another Eleven Obstinate Men.

In the suit of Martin B. Brown against the Mayor, &c., tried yesterday before Judge Barrett, the whole claim was for about $250 for painting, and all that was in dispute was $14.50, which the County Auditor insisted should be deducted. The jury were out an hour and returned without agreeing, and they were sent back to render a sealed verdict on Monday if they can agree by that time. It was generally understood that they stood 11 to nine on the question of allowing the item, and prevent all the dissatisfaction among the working

THE JOHN ADAMS KANE MURDER

The Midnight Assassination on a Railroad Track in Jersey City—A Drunken Foreman's Revenge—The Coroner's Inquest.

The inquest over the body of John Adams Kane, hitherto known only as Adams, who was killed at the Green street crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey city, was begun yesterday before Coroner Reinhardt.

James McCain, freight dispatcher of the Pennsylvania Railroad, having been sworn, said that on the night before the murder he had some trouble with the prisoner, owing to the refusal of the latter to sign the check list as Thomas Britton, by which name he had always been known. He wished to sign "N. Britton." Witness declined to give him his check, and the prisoner said he would quit work. About an hour afterward he returned, and said Clothier, the yard master, did not wish him to leave, and he would resume work. This, however, witness would not permit him to do, and he went away without having shown any signs of intoxication. On the following morning he went to the office, and signing his name in the usual manner, received his check. He then demanded nine days' back pay which was due him, but the train master refused to give it to him until pay day. Britton went away, and witness did not again see him until the next night, immediately after the shooting. He heard a pistol shot, and on going out saw Adams (as he was called throughout the inquest) lying on the ground, and Britton struggling in Clothier's arms. Witness told some of the men to assist Clothier, and helped to carry the dying man into the switch house. He then sent for an officer, who arrested Britton. As near as he could judge Adams lived about fifteen minutes after he was shot.

James Clothier testified that on Monday night he ordered the prisoner to work in the Union line yard, where they were short of hands. He refused to go, saying he knew nothing about the yard. After some dispute, however, he went in and worked about an hour and a half. Then he entered the office and said he wanted his time. Witness said he had no account of nine days' back pay, which Britton demanded. The latter went away, and witness did not suppose he was actuated by any malice toward him until the following night. He then saw him on locomotive 748. While speaking to Adams regarding the departure of the train he heard Britton say, "There he goes now," meaning the witness. He then used some profane language, and seemed to be trying to get off the locomotive, but the fireman or engineer pushed him back, saying, "Tommy, what do you mean?" After he had stepped from the locomotive Adams tried to get him away, but he would not go. He told witness he wanted his back pay. Witness replied, as before, that it was in the office and he could not get it. He then said, "I want to take it out of you, and if you don't give it I will take it." Witness made no reply, and the prisoner stepped back and placed his hand upon his hip. Adams seized him and a struggle ensued which lasted about a minute. Then there was a flash and a report, and Adams fell, crying, "Great God, I'm shot; go for a doctor, will you, please." Witness held Britton until the arrival of the police. He then went for a physician, and on his return Adams was dead. He did not see the pistol at all.

Other witnesses were examined, and the inquest was adjourned until Monday afternoon.

Thomas Britton, the prisoner, who has a very brutish appearance, was perfect by self-possessed, but after the adjournment, when his mother and sister approached and embraced him, his fortitude gave way, and he burst into tears.

PROTECTION DEMANDED.

Practically only Thirty Policemen to Guard Eighty-six Miles and 80,000 Inhabitants—The Nineteenth Ward Aroused.

Influential citizens of the Nineteenth Ward met in Brevoort Hall, Fifty-fourth street, last evening, to consider the question of making application to the Police Commissioners to increase the force of patrolmen for the better protection of life and property in that ward. Judge Monell presided. Mr. De Witt C. Ward read a committee's report showing that the policemen's posts were so long that it was impossible for the force there to protect the ward. For example, No. 20 has eleven and three-quarter miles' beat. The total number of policemen in the precinct is eighty-two. This includes the captain and four sergeants. From the above, sixteen are detailed for special duty, leaving the actual patrol force only sixty-one; which being divided into two platoons, puts thirty or thirty-one men on duty at a time. This has reference to night duty only. The day duty is different. Wine thirty men are the actual force in the daytime they are divided in several ways, one-half being men on patrol, while the other half are held in reserve in the police station.

The total number of miles in the precinct required to be patrolled by the police is eighty-six. This would give to the thirty men on night duty a little over two and three-quarter miles of territory to cover. Only one fifteen men performing day duty, twice that space must be traversed. In 1860 the population of this precinct was something less than 40,000, with a police force of sixty men. To-day, with a population of over 80,000 inhabitants, the ward has an increase of twenty policemen only over that of 1860. It would require at least two hundred policemen to cover and protect this precinct as well as the precincts in the lower part of the city are protected.

The meeting voted to present a petition to the Police Commissioners for an increase of the police force in the Nineteenth Precinct to 150 men.

George Opdyke, Severn D. Moulton, Alderman Robert McCafferty, Louis Phillips, Judge Joseph McGuire, C. L. Morrell, James H. S. Lawrence, W. W. Robinson, Walter Pinckney, De Witt C. Ward, William C. Conner, J. L. Schuyler, S. Goldenberg, and James S. Miller were appointed a committee to circulate the petition for signatures in the ward.

VAN WINKLE BOGERT'S TRIAL.

The Tell-Tale Letter that Led to Libbie Garrabrant's Arrest—Other Testimony.

The trial of Van Winkle Bogert for the murder of Ransom F. Burroughs in December, 1871, was continued yesterday in Paterson. The case has opened tamely, and but little interest in the trial is manifested. The details are old, and everybody thinks that it will not go very hard with Bogert.

Coroner Jackson Quinn testified to the manner in which he found Burroughs's body and the particulars of holding the inquest. He also testified that he furnished Libbie with a pen, and had her write from his dictation a copy of the note found in Burroughs's pocket. The note which she wrote was almost a fac simile of the one found, in spelling, punctuation, and capitalization, as follows:

PATERSON, Dec. 10th, 1871.

Charles Burron the Reason I Poison My S If was Because I had No Won to keep none for Me little Was Ceaping house for Me But She left Me three Weeks ago and I old the Bed Room Set to Ibbie Garrabrant, She owes Me a little more Money Than S I look upon her and Indium to Put My Self ought of the Way. No Body was in the house With Me. CHARLES BURROUGH.

[Endorsed on the back.]

"This is My dying oath hoo ever fines Me."

Mr. Hand testified that he had officiated as clerk to the Coroner, and that Van Winkle Bogert had signed the testimony he then gave, and acknowledged it to be correct. The State also proceeded to prove by this witness a communication addressed by Libbie Garrabrant to the defendant.

Dr. Smith's New Field of Usefulness.

While Dr. Stephen Smith, Health Commissioner, and Dr. E. H. Janes, sanitary Superintendent, were strolling up Fifth avenue on Thursday night, they stopped about Thirtieth street to see the street sweepers. They noticed that the street sweeping was done very superficially. Suddenly Dr. Smith took the broom from one of them, and began to sweep over the place which the latter had just swept, turning up a large quantity of dirt. "There," said the doctor, "it is little wonder that we have sickness, when streets are swept so badly." "And certainly," said Dr. Janes, "we ought to have a class street sweeper's Health Commissioner is not above turning street sweeper." "All right," said a bystander. "But if you and Dr. Smith had been kept out of your pays as long as the poor street sweepers have been kept out of theirs, the public wouldn't expect very thorough work from you."

A Very Young Husband and Wife.

"I don't want him locked up, sir. My relatives made me make this complaint against him," said a small rosy-faced school girl to Justice Morse yesterday afternoon.

"How old are you?" asked the Justice.

"Seventeen years old, sir. I was married to Philip last November."

The husband, when questioned, said that his name was Philip Dorlan, eighteen years old. "I have not abandoned her, sir. I left her with her parents two months ago, and when I can get money enough to go to housekeeping I will come for her. I don't want to give her up."

The Justice gave the young husband one month to collect money enough to go to housekeeping. After kissing each other they parted.

A Good Word for Rocky Moore.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: I have no sympathy with the class of men of the Rocky Moore stamp, but to give the devil his due I will say this for Rocky Moore: He was a captain in the 52d Regiment New York Volunteers, Company H. I know that he was a faithful officer. I know that he behaved himself well at the battle of Hanover, La., also, at Port Hudson, June 14, May 27, and I know that at a little skirmish at Springfield, Louisiana, La., that Capt. Moore took a musket and cartridge box and went in to the fight the same as a private soldier, and fought well. ADJUTANT.

The Ku-Klux in West Virginia.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 13.—On Wednesday morning last, a masked party broke into the house of John Jennings, the chief of a gang of robbers in Wetzel county, in this State. Mrs. Jennings seized an axe to defend her husband, when the party fired, killing her instantly and fatally wounding Mrs. Jennings. The officers left a written notice to the other members of the gang to leave the county.

SUNLIGHT IN WASHINGTON.

THE RING ALARMED AND PROPOSING TO COMPROMISE.

A Bonus of $5,000 Offered to Mrs. Huntington and Rejected—The Suit against the Paving Ring to be Fought Out in the Courts—Two Other Suits Pending.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The SUN's exposé of the Credit Mobilier No. 2, which is connected with the Metropolis Paving Company of this city, caused an excitement here which grows more and more intense every day. On the day after the exposé was printed five, ten, and fifteen dollars were offered for copies of the SUN. A thousand additional copies were ordered by one newsdealer, and it were sold the same day they were received. The Ring was thoroughly alarmed, and the very next day a proposition to compromise was made to Mrs. Huntington by the Cookes, they offering to pay her a bonus of five thousand dollars if she would agree to accept the compromise tendered by the Paving Company. This offer was scorned, and the prospects are that the case will be

FOUGHT OUT IN THE COURTS.

To-morrow the Hon. George W. Paschall, the attorney for the complainants, will file a bill of exceptions to the answer of the company. It will set forth that the answer is not sufficiently explicit, and that it is intended to confuse rather than enlighten the Court. No schedule of the contracts are set forth showing what the profits have actually been. It is claimed that none of the information prayed for is furnished; therefore a peremptory order of the Court is asked to compel them forthwith to exhibit all books and papers in the possession of the company. It is said by those who are well informed that the paving company was

A FRAUD FROM THE BEGINNING.

The stock was subscribed for, but not a dollar was put into the treasury, save by the treasurer, Mr. Huntington himself. He carried the paper of the concern through the First National Bank. On their first job of paving Pennsylvania avenue, before the organization of the present Ring government, the company made $200,000 profit. Then difficulties arose, they claiming that the company have been altered and changed to suit this case; but they propose to go behind them and call upon the Board of Public Works for the contracts made with the paving company and the sums paid to it on account of these contracts.

There are a great many collateral matters which will be brought out by this suit in equity which could not be dragged in were it a proceeding in a law court. A rule to take testimony will be asked for in due course of time by the complainants, and a commissioner will be appointed by the court to conduct the inquiry. In this way the complainants will be enabled to probe to the bottom all mysteries which appear on the books of the company.

TWO MORE SUITS PENDING.

In connection with this it will be interesting to the public to know that there are two other suits in equity pending in the Supreme Court of the District to both of which individual members of the Board of Public Works are made defendants. One of the suits is brought by Mr. Franklin Mace. His bill of complaint charges that he was owner of a patent for the use of the Scharf patent for an asphalt pavement, with the right to use it in the District of Columbia; that he came here to obtain contracts from the Board of Public Works, but had not sufficient influence; that John O. Evans & Co. proposed to obtain the contracts and pay him thirty-five cents per square yard royalty for the right to use his patent. A contract was entered into by him with Evans & Co., and the contracts were obtained and work proceeded on them. The pavements were laid according to the specifications of his patent under the supervision of the patentee. Mr. Mace claims that when he claimed his royalty of 35 cents per square yard on the pavements laid, he was coolly told that they had not worked under his patent at all; that they had laid the pavements according to the specifications of a new patent which Samuel Scharf had obtained in 1871. After the work was commenced,