

THE METHODIST FARM.

Opening of the Third Camp Meeting for the Season of the Sea Cliff Grove Association and the Land Improvement Society.

A Voyage Up Long Island Sound in the Methodist Steamboat Arrowsmith—What a Herald Reporter Knows About "Getting a Cup of Tea" on Board—The Brethren as Chewers and Smokers—Singing the Songs of Zion on the Voyage—Brother Boole's Sermon on the Higher Life—Effect of an English Methodist Preacher's Sermon on the Congregation—The Camp Meeting Played Out—A List of Godly Brethren Who Are Summer Residents.

SEA CLIFF GROVE CAMP GROUND. "The Methodist Farm," as the Sea Cliff camp grove has been somewhat irreverently named by the scooters, is again in view, under the inspiring effect of religious influences and the early days of the autumnal season.

Sweetened with the summer light, The fall-ripe apple, waxing over mellow, Drops in a silver shower August 26, 1873. How far the season will be favorable to the growth of those graces that will smooth down to the smoothness of a well kept croquet lawn those tangled weeds of temper that have caused the angry mallets of the law to be lifted aloft defiantly clasped in the fair hands of a widow and a maid, and held menacingly over the heads of men whose righteousness has been as current and as reliable as

A DOLLAR BILL. I had an opportunity of judging yesterday. Early in the morning I went on board the Camp Meeting Association's boat, Arrowsmith, bound for the campground. There was a very heavy cargo of Methodists, mainly "sisters," both fore and aft. Modesty of men and moderation in dress were, I am bound to say, the outward ornaments of the ladies, but at this early hour of the day I was content to take a general survey of the company, deferring a more particular acquaintance to a more convenient season. The cause of this procrastination was traceable to the fact that I had "a call" in another direction. I am sorry to say that in the direction of "the bar," my native modesty prevented me vocalizing my desires and so I went from stem to stern in quest of what I thought might be properly designated as "refreshments." I knew I was upon a Methodist boat. I was not quite certain that the deckhands had not burned the bridges behind them, and that a dash there was "a bar" on board would not be to arouse within them a fiery indignation that might wither my purpose to obtain a breakfast. I came, however, to a half-pancaked stairway, and to one of these deckhands who was balancing his legs on a cask near by, I simply said, "Anything down there, do you think?" He put on the smile of the celestial and said, "I guess there is." I went down the stairway strong in faith and

WEAK IN STOMACH. Setting my foot upon the lowest rung of the ladder there burst upon my astonished gaze a woman so palpably "a bar" that it might have been taken for a genuine-flesh basterdier. Behind the bar was a general-faced basterdier, went up and surveyed the "layout;" there was a large plate with a small pile of sandwiches in the middle of it, and in front of me a variety of glassware in the form of bottles, with carnal and spirituous labels thereon. Boxes of cigars alternated with tin-foiled packets of chewing tobacco. This looked very much like the flesh pots of Egypt, but how was I to overcome this cloud of Israel who seemed to have charge thereof. I looked around; I meant to look as if I had never seen a "bar" before, but I am afraid I did not succeed; I turned half away as if the kind of retirement I was seeking were not there, and said with a half-averted face, "I couldn't get a cup of tea here, could I?" I shall never forget that bartender's look; he don't say anything, but he means it in his face. He looked at me with a look that said, "You can't play that on me, my friend." I assumed immediately the air of

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS. Let Railroad and Steamboat Companies Have the Means at Hand for Assisting the Passengers They Hurt and Maim. NEW YORK, August 26, 1873. TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—Having travelled by railroad over the greater portion of the United States and Canada, and by river and coastwise steamers, during the past six or seven years, I desire to express an opinion as to the care exercised by the various transportation companies in providing suitable means to protect the lives of their passengers and to relieve the sufferings of those injured by accidents.

SMELL THE INSIDE of that bottle and whiskey there. I don't pretend to be a judge of whiskey, but if my nose was in its normal condition then I should certainly say that the whiskey in that bottle was not good. The bartender triumphantly returned the bottle to its place and said, "No, sir; that is in that bottle is sena and salts." I won't say that I was a little bit of a snob, but I am a Methodist friend, and as I had not finished my interview let the liquids go and turned my attention to the tobacco. "The brethren smoke, don't they?" "Oh, yes; and chew, too." "Morning Glory, Sojae and Havana are your great trade, then?" "I inhaled a few of these, but I don't smoke." "You smoke as many as fifteen cigars a day myself, sometimes." I ventured to remonstrate against excessive smoking, and delivered myself of a lecture which he received with a goodly number of winks, but he persisted in his smoking.

PURBLOWN ANGELS. In the shape of goodly women, looking very good and talking very goodly. Among these was "Sister Skidmore," dressed in what the undertakers would call "the habiliments of woe," who had been in the hospital for a long time, and who obtained a large supply of health for the body and grace for the soul at the camp. "Sister Bottome," the "water-hair" of the Rev. Mr. Bottome, looking a little better than the "water-hair" of the Rev. Mr. Bottome, whose vocal triumphs had run into the seed of satiety. There were other mothers and mothers-in-law, and a goodly number of churches, but whose names are not quite so prominent. There were but few notable women here. Here and there a minister were to be seen; but the general company were working Methodists unknown to fame. One of the ministers suggested—when the boat was two or three miles from the camp—that we should sing to the praise and to the glory of God, not merely in the common way, but in a way that would be a quartet of Methodist ladies, to wit, the songs of "Wages of Sin" and "The Good News" and "Who shall give us bread?" The

UNKNOWN DEAD. The body of a man, about thirty-five years of age, whose name is unknown, shortly before six o'clock yesterday morning was found lying dead in the water near the foot of the street near the Board of Trustees' building. It was found by the men of the fire department, who were called out to the scene. The body was found in the water near the foot of the street near the Board of Trustees' building. It was found by the men of the fire department, who were called out to the scene. The body was found in the water near the foot of the street near the Board of Trustees' building.

ROGER TICHBORNE.

Veterinary Surgeon Crowley on the "Real" Man.

Why He Wanted to See Mr. Whaley.

ROGER'S IRISH RECORD.

His Habit of Going After the Tipperary Hounds, Followed by Crowley.

Names of Military Men and Civilians Who Also Knew the "Heir."

"I Last Saw Him at Euston Square, London, in 1854."

It is somewhat singular that the interest taken out here in the developments of the famous Tichborne claimant's case in England. Renewed interest was recently excited by the publication of a private letter from John Crowley, a well known veterinary surgeon of this city, to a newspaper friend, in which the statement is made that he the writer of the letter was personally acquainted with Roger Tichborne early in life, and served him in the capacity of riding master. Agreeably to Mr. Crowley's request a correspondent called upon Mr. Crowley last evening with a view of eliciting from him more detailed information concerning his knowledge of Roger than he has heretofore made public. Mr. Crowley was found at his office at the livery stable of the St. Nicholas Hotel, and after he had attended to a caller who was present to secure his veterinary services for the morrow, welcomed our correspondent.

Mr. Crowley is a gentleman of an old school, who, while rightly maintaining an old time dignity, occasionally brightens up and becomes quite lighthearted, and witty, also, after the manner of his countrymen. He is medium sized, dark in complexion, with hair liberally sprinkled gray, and walks as erectly and with as much precision as though all his life a soldier. After your correspondent had seated himself and produced the inevitable note book the following conversation ensued:—

Mr. Crowley—Well, I had not originally intended to make public anything concerning the matter; but inasmuch as it appears to have been made public, at least partially, I may as well tell the whole story, and the NEW YORK HERALD will probably make it more fully known in this country and in England than I could write a letter about the matter some time ago, in the expectation that it would be published.

Mr. Crowley—I did write a letter to a personal friend in Chicago; but it was merely a letter of inquiry, as I thought he, being a reporter, might know where Mr. Whaley, the claimant's agent, and might bring about a meeting between Mr. Whaley and myself. The letter was not intended for publication, and a wrong impression seems to have been drawn from it. I would like to CORRECT THAT FIRST IF YOU PLEASE.

Mr. Crowley—Well, I see that it is stated by some of the newspapers that Sir Roger Tichborne boarded with my mother, who is stated to have had a hotel in "Glocher," Tipperary county, Ireland, where it is stated that Sir Roger's regiment was stationed. This is wrong. My mother died in 1846, before I knew Roger. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Keating, kept a hotel in Wellington, St. Clair, when the regiment was stationed in that town, and the officers sometimes called at the place, and I have met Roger there; but I usually met him in the hunting field.

Mr. Crowley—When did you first become acquainted with Roger Tichborne. Mr. Crowley—In 1851, in the town of Cahir, Tipperary county.

Mr. Crowley—Well, I knew Sir Roger well and met him in 1851, and I was intimately acquainted with him up to 1854. I hunted with him about three times a week with the garrison hounds. CORRESPONDENT—His regiment was stationed there, then, was it? Mr. Crowley—Yes, it was in garrison there. He was lieutenant-colonel of the sixth dragoon carabineers. I met all the officers of the regiment frequently and knew Lieutenant Colonel Hay, who was in command, and Major-General Palmer, and Major-General Merton, who I think commanded the company Sir Roger was in, and Captain Manders, then paymaster of the regiment, and I believe yet attached to the regiment, riding with long stirrups and, though, and saw him often, in fact nearly every day.

Mr. Crowley—All the instruction he received from me in riding was in the hunting field. He was a very good rider, and he could ride more advantageously about the country. CORRESPONDENT—Can you describe Sir Roger as you remember him? Mr. Crowley—He can stand up. He was a little taller than you—perhaps about five feet six inches high, and he had a very good figure. I think he was quiet and unassuming and a perfect gentleman in every respect. CORRESPONDENT—Your description does not exactly represent that of the claimant, as I remember to have read it.

Mr. Crowley—(forcibly)—You are speaking of Sir Roger Tichborne. You do not think the claimant is Sir Roger? Mr. Crowley—No, I don't say anything about that; I only saw him once; if I could see him I would take him to a minute to say if he is Sir Roger. CORRESPONDENT—We will refer to that point again, if it falls long to be waited for.

Mr. Crowley—Yes, I met him in Dublin and in London some times. CORRESPONDENT—And where did you see him last? Mr. Crowley—The last place I saw him was at Euston Square station, in London; that was in February, 1854.

Mr. Crowley—You knew of his leaving the country? Mr. Crowley—Oh, yes! I didn't leave the old country until October, 1855. CORRESPONDENT—Had you heard any rumor of his being in London? Mr. Crowley—No, I never heard of it until the legal proceedings began.

Mr. Crowley—Have you ever been invited to the case, either for the crown or the claimant? Mr. Crowley—Never. CORRESPONDENT—How do you account for it? Mr. Crowley—Well, perhaps they didn't know where I was, or may be they didn't need my testimony. CORRESPONDENT—But from what you say I should think you would be able to say whether the claimant is really Sir Roger; hence your testimony would be very important.

Mr. Crowley—Any man can tell that I can. Why, a sight of the claimant would be enough for me; then I could tell in a minute whether he is Sir Roger. CORRESPONDENT—You would have no trouble, I suppose, in establishing your own identity as an instructor in riding to Sir Roger? Mr. Crowley—Not a bit. There are plenty of gentlemen yet living in the old country who know me, and for that matter Sir Roger Tichborne as well as I did. There are George Gough, of Clonmel, Tipperary county, at that time master of the Tipperary Club hounds, in the same county; also his brother John, of the same place, and, in fact, I was known by all the gentlemen riding with the Tipperary Club hounds at that time, and many of them are still living.

Mr. Crowley—These parties you have mentioned, say, knew Sir Roger also? Mr. Crowley—Have any of them been called upon to testify, that you know of? Mr. Crowley—That appears strange. You have any of Sir Roger's other officers that you returned to be called upon to witness?

COUBA.

Spanish Canard Concerning Céspedes' Offer of Surrender.

Bulletin of Spanish Defeat and the Death of General Barriel—Men Who Have Been Thrown to the Surface in Troublesome Times—Colonel Lamela, Governor of the City of Manzanillo—His Bearing, Character, Administration and Fortitude—Agricultural Fighting and Disaster to the Foreigners.

HAYANA, August 23, 1873. The Vox de Cuba yesterday took upon itself to present an immense canard, to the effect that President Céspedes and his men had made offers of surrender under the conditions of an unlimited pardon and the return of their sequestered property. This invention has found no echo in any of the other journals of this city, nor has the story found any believers. If such offers had been in reality made it is more likely that La Legación, the Captain-General's reputed organ, would have had something to say about it. Your correspondent mentions the matter on account of the many rumors without foundation telegraphed to the press of the United States, and probably this is the principal reason that the conservative press occasionally publishes some stirring item to further their ends.

REPORTED DEFEAT OF THE SPANIARDS. Since yesterday it has been whispered among Cuban sympathizers that near Santiago de Cuba a Spanish column had suffered a tremendous defeat, losing eighty killed, mangled, among them Brigadier General Barriel, governor of Santiago de Cuba and commanding general of that district. I can only give you the bare bones of the story, and have it. Such news, as a matter of course, the censor, who rules the political destinies of the interior, would not allow to be published. La República Española yesterday denounced the publication of "subversive" rumors, or, justas de purificación as the conservative press occasionally publishes some stirring item to further their ends.

Spanish Governors and Their System of Provincial Sway—The Ruler of the City of Manzanillo, His Rule and Fortune. MANZANILLO, August 9, 1873. To continue the sketches of the public characters which this insurrection has brought into prominence, officers who have made names and fortunes by reason of the brief authority in which they are clothed, who otherwise would never have been heard of, your correspondent will take for the subject of this week's letter the Governor of this city, Colonel Lamela, who has continued the same line of conduct adopted by his predecessors in office, Ampudia and Santalis, but with the advantage of being naturally a despot and of such a calibre that he does not even deign to raise his eyes or nod his head in sign of attention to those who come to see him on business. Many think he deserves to obtain a certain reputation by means of his policy and his nature, but he is unable to win any laurels in the field, for in a recent sortie he attempted against the insurgents he made a most lamentable failure.

PROOF. As proof of the assertion that he is keeping up the same line of conduct as his predecessors, or tyranny and oppression to the weak and helpless, he imprisoned on the 31st, on mere suspicion alone, the famous Don Pedro Mesa, and all his family, even to grandchildren; and Don Gregorio Yero and family, both comprising women and inoffensive children, and who have been crowded into the stocks, and today are being kept in a new form part of that human mass of misery which has existed from the time of Don Juan Antonio. What is the cause of this? It is the suspicion of suspicion of suspicious women and children? What a poor life is formed of that government which occupies the time of its subjects in such a manner that it is unable to stem the current which precipitates it to ruin.

THE SAIL UP THE STREET. The arrangements made by the President, Mr. Wiswall, were of the most complete character. Drs. Thomas, Crampton, Kennedy and Styles constituted the medical staff, and (as it proved) an unnecessary precaution for the preservation of order existed in the case of the Havana Medical and Surgical School, Professor Fisher and McPherson, from the Twenty-sixth precinct.

THE FACES OF THE POOR. On every hand one saw them, pallid and shriveled, but with a gleam of late, brightening with a new light, catching glimpses of something hitherto unknown, something beyond the promise of the dim, twilight of the past. They were men, and many of them were fathers of families. They were men, and many of them were fathers of families. They were men, and many of them were fathers of families.

THE DAYS OF BATTLE. Meantime I have been just informed by a person fresh from the theatre of operations—but not the theatre of operations, but the theatre of operations. Meantime I have been just informed by a person fresh from the theatre of operations—but not the theatre of operations, but the theatre of operations.

ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED. William G. Johnson, a lad nearly eight years of age, whose parents live at No. 343 East Eighth street, was accidentally drowned on Wednesday afternoon by falling into the dock while at play on the pier. The body was recovered and Coroner Mortimer notified to hold an inquest.

MUNICIPAL CURIOSITIES.

One Furnished with a Travelling Passport and Another Dying an Early Death—How Kent Got Up Too Soon for Banta—Donbling Fees—The "City Record"—"Nigger" Coaxed Out of the Fence—His Unconstitutionality Weakness.

In the good old time, last spring, when everybody wanted a baptism and crowds hung about the doors of the Mayor's Office looking for a baptism "plum," Mr. Jacob J. Banta was fortunate to have friends who swore he was one of the finest men in the city, and the Mayor, on their recommendation, nominated him, with three others, for the office of Inspector of Weights and Measures. Among the others was a man named Thomas S. Kent, and when all had been confirmed Banta and Kent were assigned to duty as inspectors for the First district of the city. Banta plumed himself slightly on his good fortune, and laid himself out for a good official time and a proper share of emoluments. He knocked around with commensurate dignity and told all whom he knew that he was going to have a horse and buggy and look after things in a business like way. The compensation for the duties of the office is derived from fees. The glory of the official honor and title of inspector seems to have lasted some time with Banta, for he

COLUMB'N GET DOWN TO HIS WORK during the warm months of June and July, but he tackled business some weeks ago. He found his horror that there was comparatively little work to be done. Kent, who didn't want a buggy to go around with and who is evidently an energetic sort of man, had inspected the whole district within a few weeks after his appointment, and as he had done the work he of course had collected the proper fees therefor. Banta wanted some fees, too, so he rigged himself out in a new suit and went to the district, inspecting things again and taking fees. Then people said they had already had their weights inspected, and that Banta was a fraud. Banta himself, would inspect, and to convince the people he was not a fraud, he had a scale set up in some cases double or treble the fee which the "inspired" inspector had charged. Moreover, he had a scale set up in some cases double or treble the fee which the "inspired" inspector had charged. Moreover, he had a scale set up in some cases double or treble the fee which the "inspired" inspector had charged.

COME AND SEE HIM. Banta, anticipating much consolation, went to the Mayor's office, and on the morning in question he said to him yesterday morning in this wise: "Good morning, Mr. Banta. What is this trouble that you do to me?" Banta didn't understand the allusion, and the Mayor explained. "They are strapped up charges to injure me," he said. "Who put up this job on paper?" asked the Mayor, and he handed to Banta for examination a docket of charges. Banta's own signature for the receipt of fees. Banta weakened incontinently, and then said something to the effect that he would not appropriate, however, with which to organize a court. The Mayor thought he was court enough, and, after a little further conversation, he awarded Banta the following:

DIPLOMA TO TRAVEL ON.—CITY HALL, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK, August 25, 1873. Mr. JACOB J. BANTA:—Six—notice takes it, in consequence of complaints made to me by the Mayor, and others for inspecting their weights and measures, and for the purpose of ascertaining the accuracy of the same, I have appointed you, by authority of an authorized inspector, and such complaints having been verified by the production of your receipts, I have directed you to inspect the weights and measures of the City of New York, and to report thereon to me. W. F. HAVEMAYER, Mayor.

GREAT EMBARRASSMENT. The resolution after some discussion was repealed, and the rule requiring all departments, including the Corporation Counsel, and the Board of Public Works, Commissioner Van Nort being before the Board the question of the stationery and printing was referred to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The communication was referred to the Mayor as a member of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, with power.

THE HIDDEN "NIGGER" UNBANNED. It will be remembered that there was considerable surprise expressed at the fact that the printing of the City Record was awarded to the contractor, F. W. Rhodes, should have stipulated to do the work at less than ordinary rates. The reason given was that the contract was made in violation of the law, and that the Board should have asked its authorization permitting him to publish in the Record any advertisements, notices, or notices of Sheriff's sales, orders and notices, notices, summonses, &c. He based his claim on the provision of section 3, chapter 78, Laws of 1872, which provides that no contract for printing shall be made unless the same is authorized by a concurrent vote of the Mayor, Corporation Counsel and Commissioner of Public Works. Mr. Rhodes stated that he had met with

MECH OPPOSITION from Supervisor Disbaker in this matter, and he presumed that an arrangement of some sort made on behalf of some other party. Commissioner Van Nort said that the Board desired to act unilaterally. Mr. Rhodes denied intending to make any publication. Supervisor Disbaker then cited section 10, which provides that no such publication shall be made unless the same is authorized by a concurrent vote of the Mayor, Corporation Counsel and Commissioner of Public Works. Mr. Rhodes stated that he had met with

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