AMERICAN TITLE TO AN ENGLISH ESTATE.

The Ingraham Family's Claim to the Seignitory of Leeds.

About 200 representatives of the Ingraham family in the United States met at the Astor House yesterday. Among them were gentlemen and their wives from all parts of New York and from Rhode Island, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and California. Mr. W. J. P. Ingraham, of Philadelphia, President of the Ingraham Association, called the meeting to order, and made a verbal report of the action of the Executive Committee since their appointment in October last, showing that immediately after the meeting, when the family empowered the Committee to act, they advertised in the *Weekly Tribune* and other leading journals of large circulation, offering $20,000 reward for the original will of Joseph Wilson, of Yorkshire, England—a will which was said to somewhere in America. The Committee ransacked the country for information, but without encouraging result until January last, when they issued it to two lawyers, but where the Committee do not say. An interview was arranged, and in March last the custodians of this long-lost and highly-prized paper offered to surrender it for $10,000 in money, and a tenth of the property which it devises. The Committee rejected this proposition and others, but at length, in June last, they covenanted to pay for the will, as soon as it should be to their satisfaction proved to be genuine, $20,000 in money and $30,000 in the Ingraham Association's scrip. The Committee have satisfied themselves that the grandfather of Joseph Wilson can, if they choose, establish their claim by a civil action, but the parties have agreed to purchase the paper, which will give them a clear title to the property that they claim, since a suit might be embarrassed and even more costly than the proceedings which are proposed. Mr. Ingraham here made some remarks, Mr. Van Dorn, of Vermont, informed the meeting that he had made personal inquiries in the City of Leeds, and satisfied himself that all that the American claimants require is Joseph Wilson's will to establish their ownership of every rod of land whereon the city is built—every manufacturer and every householder there is to this day being merely a tenant, paying ground rent to agents who assume to represent the absentee heirs, and the larger manufacturers being desirous of finding somebody who can sell and give them a perfect title to the lands on which all their lives they have been merely squatters. After speaking of the wealth of the family, stock subscriptions lawyers of the family, stock subscriptions were opened with a view to collecting the necessary $20,000, and the Committee informed the sum actually paid or pledged reached about $4,000. The family will meet again on the day, perhaps, with recruits, and resume the subscriptions; and until the entire $20,000 has been obtained, or until it shall be deemed necessary to pay out the money, the Executive Committee will deposit the Association funds with the Life and Trust Company of this city.

This remarkable claim to lands which were bequeathed upwards of 200 years ago and on which an opulent and busy city of 200,000 population has been built, involves a love story which might form the thread of a readable romance. The daughter of Joseph Wilson, a wealthy freeholder of proud descent, married, without her father's approval, Edward Ingraham, a native of Yorkshire, and the young couple, renounced by Wilson, emigrated to the American Colonies and cast their lot in Boston. Edward Ingraham died, without, however, relenting toward his daughter, and when his last testament was opened it appeared that he was a property, consisting of lands on the River Aire, about six miles in length by half a mile in width—to his grand-daughter, Sarah Cowell, entailing it, however, to the Cowell creation. The will was sent to Sarah Cowell long before her marriage with Timothy Ingraham, and was handed down to her children, but the estate, being unsettled and yielding no revenue, and being scattered among the descendants of heirs dwelling at a great distance, was left in the hands of agents and almost wholly forgotten except by them. At length a manufacturing town of considerable importance once on the Wilson lands, and a grandson of the devisee made an attempt to recover the property, but he died on shipboard before reaching England. The next effort was made in 1861, by Capt. Solomon Ingraham, a grandson of the devisee. He was an East India captain, and sailed with his wife from New York, taking all the papers relating to the estate. These he intrusted to Mr. Erskine, of London, then an eminent lawyer, but afterward Lord Chancellor of England. Capt. Ingraham having died at Madras, the papers were retained by Erskine in London, nobody making further inquiry touching the property until 1863, when the Ingraham family learned that London newspapers had contained advertisements seeking the heirs. They then sent Isaac Smith to England to look into the estate, which was thus reported to be worth more than £40,000-a-year. He learned that the papers had been left by the first Lord Erskine to his son and successor, then Minister to Belgium, and that they were locked up in London. Therefore Smith returned, unsuccessful, to America. No further effort was made until 1862, when Gilbert R. Gladding, of Providence, and Columbus Smith, of Vermont, the latter a lawyer who had been eminently successful in prosecuting American claims to English estates, went to London and saw the late Lord Erskine, to whom the papers had fallen; but Lord Erskine dallied with Messrs. Gladding and Smith until, their funds failing, they were compelled to return to America. Mr. Gladding pursued his researches, and, after securing England in vain, died in Providence in the fall before that he will had been brought back to the United States and was somewhere to be found in this country. **Mr. W. J. P. Ingraham** and others took the task in hand where Gladding left it, and were until recently subjected to the second and many incredulous heirs; but the announcement of the finding of the will silenced cavil, and drew together the largest multitude of the heirs that ever assembled. Mr. Ingraham has no doubt whatever that the descendants of Sarah Cowell can recover this enormous property, which he estimates to be worth more than $100,000,000—exclusive of the back rent, for which it may not be worth the while to contend.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Spanish Bull Fight.

SPAIN, July 1, 1867.—I have not the heart to tell you in what part of these Catholic dominions it is that I have witnessed and propose to sketch for your benefit the impressions made by what will undoubtedly become one of the historic bull fights of the age. My friends are always urging me to attend no such brutal exhibition from love of blood or the gratification of a savage disposition. That I should ever willingly attend another seems absolutely impossible; and yet, now that it is over, I am glad that I went. But to the fight.

The *Plaza de Los Taurros* is a circular structure with an external wall of stone or rubble twenty-five or twenty feet high, from the top of which ranges of boxes and seats slope down inside to the ground, the line of descent averaging about forty-five degrees. Inside of these ranges of seats is a passageway two feet wide, and this is separated from the ring by a stout plank fence five feet high. On the inside of the fence, and a couple of feet from the ground, is a continuous step, the use of which will appear as I proceed. At half a dozen places narrow passages are cut through this fence, and these passages are both hidden and protected from *bulls-in-the-parlor* by a single length of fence some two feet—of the same height as the other. On the east or sunny side of the ring, and within a shaded box or tent, and over a pair of doors, whence were to appear the bulls, was seated the immediate master of the ceremonies, while on the opposite or shady side, appeared the highly decorated royal pavilion.

On this occasion the royal pavilion was occupied by those high in authority as representatives of the Queen, and the adjoining box was held by one of the owners of the bulls to be fought. That he was both known and a favorite became evident from the applause with which greeted his appearance. The ranges of seats and stalls on the east-only and sunny half of the enclosure were plainly furnished and held at comparatively low rates, while those in the shade commanded prices averaging fifty cents each person. Six or eight thousand persons were thus accommodated, while two or three thousand more were scattered over the opposite side. The total accommodation of the establishment would reach 18,000 or 20,000 without crowding.

With a promptness which among the Spaniards is supposed to be rare, the music struck up the call-notes very nearly at the hour appointed, and, soon after, a pair of doors on the southern side of the enclosure were thrown open, and through them entered a gay procession. Three pairs of *Picadors*, richly caparisoned, and mounted on horses as attractively decked in gaudy colors, followed by five in parti-colored tights, and red cloaks, or substitutes therefor, sawing over the arm, and *Matadors*, dressed and gaily dressed, and bearing scarlet cloaks with dark colored linings. The fighting and testing corps and their attendants were followed by a couple of three-abreast teams of harnessed horses. These horses were both covered with tinsel and sleigh bells, and behind them trailed a rope, the use of which will be explained hereafter, but the way in story is finished.

This procession of "pomp and circumstance" passed quickly around the circle, greeted by deafening cheers, and then retired in obedience to a flourish of the pavilion. This done, they retired by the way they came in, save, alone, the two pairs of *Picadors*. These, whose arms consisted of long lances with shafts of considerable size, and the point of whose lances were blunted, they moved out by fright interfere with the coming report, waited, in the arena, the coming of their antagonist. While they make their dual obeisance to the royal representatives the animal appeared from the gaped hole in the master of ceremonies. He was small in size and black in color, and for a time showed as little disposition either to fight or run as did Barnum's buffaloes at the Holcombe "hunt" many years ago. But the Picadors were patient and so were the people. While they rode up in turn and *pricked* the apparently stupefied animal with their lances, the Banderillos tormented him by waving their red cloaks in front. Presently he began pawing the earth and bellowing—and then made a lunge, first at the cloak and then at one of the horses. Whether because he wished to excite the animal by the smell of blood or to give an agreeable surprise to those whose name was needed, I know not, but the Picador, so far from trying to avoid the lunge, reined up the poor beast and compelled him to receive its full force.

The effect upon the bulla horn presented the horse with no excuse for him to go any further. Then, when the beast withdrew for a fresh attack he spurred the now wounded horse beyond his reach. Meanwhile the Banderillos had entered the ring, and, while the Picador moved away, his horse's legs reddened with the stream of falling blood, drew the now ferocious animal's attention by waving in his face their red cloaks. As he darted upon them they lightly jumped aside, letting him strike only the cloak as he passed by. When the bull had thus been still more thoroughly excited, the Picadors again put themselves in his way. The fight had now become earnest—as far as the bull was concerned—and he rushed with blind fury at everything which offered—horse, man or cloak. Avoiding direct attack, the Picadors would trick him most cruelly with their long spears as he rushed frantically within their reach. When the rush was after a Banderillo, he made for the fence opening behind the screen which I have described, reckoning which he would be out of harm's way. If closer pressed, he sprang to the step on the inside of the fence, and vaulted over with all the agility of a cat. As he ran, he trailed behind him his red cloak, and passing it from one hand to the other, and thus extending it first on one side and then on the other, he caused the bull, who followed only the hated color, to swerve as he ran, and thus check the fatal force. Thus, to the advantage of the Banderillo. But the fellow fighting of the latter were even more cool and on the appearance of real danger to their comrade, would promptly distract the animal's attention by arrow or sword thrusts, or by the waving in his face of the hated cloaks. And still the excitement, both of the bull and spectators, increased. The first resulted from tortures by arrows dexterously thrust, and left sticking in his sides by (or to him if not to the spectators) fiendish Banderillos, as well as from the Picadors' lance thrusts, and the many flaunting in his face of red and scarlet. The last seemed to rise from pure enjoyment of the wild frenzy, constant discomfitures, and appreciation of the agility and skill (in themselves alone considered) by which the fighters barely escaped from death most terrible. In a word, the audience conducted themselves just as one expects the audience of a good country circus to do. The animals were to them only the ropes, poles and spring boards used as means to exhibit the dexterity and fleetness and presence of mind of the performers, and would not but notice, here and throughout, that while every effort was made to excite and madden the bull to the utmost extent of his endurance, nothing was done looking to his destruction until he gave evidence of flagging strength, or of quiet submission to inevitable fate.

Among the last resorts to sustain the animal's excitement was the evident purposely cutting in his way of the Picador's poor horses—often staggering from their own wounds and loss of blood. Upon these helpless creatures the Picadors allowed the frantic bull to take revenge. With care only to avoid for themselves the savage thrust, they put the horse directly in the way of receiving it. With a beaten the long (and, I suppose, previously sharpened) horn entered the side, and he was thrown to the earth in an instant, disembowled and dead, or in the agonies of death. In this fall, as well as in these thrusts, the legs of the Picador were not preserved from injury by their encasement in the strong wood boots in which he rides. As soon as down the Picador was drawn out from his perilous position and put on his feet by his fellow *friends* (the word is out at last, and no other in the English language so well expresses my opinion of those who are concerned in furnishing these sports of the amphitheatre.) A fresh round of cheers rewarded such an escape. The Picador bowed his thanks and retired in his place.

A HARD THRUST.—The London *Times* having spoken of Lord Russell's recent afterdinner speech about his American policy as "an unexpected acknowledgement of error," is thus sharply taken to task for the unfortunate phrase by the London *News*:

"Inasmuch as our contemporary has never been anxious to procure the noble lord a reputation for candour, we take it the mere acknowledgment of error, and not its existence, which astonishes him. No doubt Lord Russell would have only followed a conspicuous example if he had taken a contrary course; for, after all, it seems that a journalist who, in the crisis of the American war, published an article to show that slavery had the sanction of Holy Scripture, and now, without shame, taunts the British aristocracy with "consecrating slavery by the perverted sanction of religion," is the best judge of the noble lord's conduct. In both cases, in that of the journal and that of the statesman, we form our expectations from previous conduct, and whatever faults Lord Russell may have, the sincerity and truthfulness which friend and foe alike recognize in him, leave no room for surprise at his frank and manly acknowledgement of an error into which he fell in company with some of the most eminent of his contemporaries."

A FRONTIER TOWN.—The new town of Julesburg, on the Union Pacific railway, is represented by some Nebraska City, Omaha *Herald* says it has one hundred and twenty whisky shops for a population of about three hundred. In a recent meeting of the citizens it was agreed to form a civic government, and to take the laws and ordinances of Omaha. They have elected a Mayor and City Council. The Mayor was only a five days' resident of the place, and none of the Council had been there ten days. The prices are enormously high. One man paids $100 a day for a tent for a gambling and billiard hall with one table. Another rents a building, part shed, part canvas, for $1,000 a week.

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