AMENITIES OF TRAVEL.

EXPERIENCES WITH A TRUNK.

INTRICATE COURTESIES OF THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT—HOW NOT TO CHECK BAGGAGE—MISHAP TO A VENERABLE TRUNK—THE EXCELLENT LANGUAGE IN USE ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 2.—That trunk had been my inseparable companion for nigh upon 40 years. It had to some extent become my sole—perhaps I should say my sole-leather—reliance. Together we had slid down the gigantic glaciers of the far north; bournosed Bedouins had dragged both it and myself across the scorching sands of the Great Desert; linked in close embrace, we had pounded over the Pyramids, plowed through the mud of the Nile. Not many moons have waxed and waned since we went bumping over the Lava Beds. And in all, over all, and through all, we had preserved our primitive integrity. But we are wrecked at last; the sinewy arm of the mighty baggage-man has wrought what the extremes of cold and heat, the agility of the Arab, the malice of the murderous Modoc, failed to accomplish. It got no further than the Grand Central Depot—though I am here.

Living in the country, I had long been anxious to rest my pale blue eye upon this arch and arched wonder of the metropolis. *Veni, Vidi, Vici*—which may be liberally translated: We came, my trunk and eye, and got split wide open too. It seemed very little of an undertaking that, coming in on one train to go out on another from the same depot, but it gives one an excellent opportunity to see a good deal of New-York before he gets well through with it—which cannot but be gratifying to one who, like myself, is a stranger to the great city. The politeness, too, of the numerous officials about is pleasing to the man who all his life through has been exposed to the proud baggage-man's scorn, the brakeman's contumely, the conductor's patronage. I attempted to pass through a small gate which led to the other side of the depot, where my ticket-office was located.

"Whither would you go, fair Sir?" inquired a Peri in navy blue, with a brass label on him.

"My objective point, kind stranger, is Saratoga," I made reply. "I would impinge thither by the special train which leaves this edifice at the hour of 9 in the morning and reaches the haven above mentioned at 2:25 in the afternoon, unless seized at Albany for non-payment of the Internal Revenue tax—unless distrained upon, so to speak. Since I have said thus much to you in confidence, let me add that I seek the Hudson River Railroad ticket-office. No, do not trouble yourself to go with me," I said as he made a motion of coming toward me; "I see the sign immediately opposite, and can reach it quite readily, thank you."

"Nay, it is not permitted that you pass this way," he made answer. "You are from the country, I presume?"

"To a certain extent my response should be in the affirmative, Sir. I reside in Westchester County, just beyond the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, but the question of annexation has been much discussed of late, and it is quite probable from the tone of feeling on this subject, and the identity of the interests involved, that in the course of a century or two some definite—"

"Pardon the interruption; I was simply going to remark that, if my supposition be correct, your line of travel in getting your ticket and obtaining checks for your baggage will afford you an opportunity of seeing the city and its environs which could not have fallen to your lot under any other combination of circumstances. Pass out carefully through that far door below there; a good many gentlemen wearing badges like that which now I wear, to show that they belong to the establishment, and are employed expressly to find out where you wish to go, and keep you from going there—at least in the way you wish to—will stop you, and ask you questions. But it is probable you will not meet more than a hundred of them on this occasion, for 't is yet early morn, and few of them are about as yet. Explain everything to them fully and carefully, and you will not be molested. Having reached the street—God send in safety, fair Sir, for your countenance pleases me, and I think thou hast a wife and—"

"Six lovely—"

"No, that comes in in the dialogue between Rolla and the old Castilian, in 'Pieces of Oratory Selected for School Use.' I was going to add when you interrupted me at 'and' (flying off, as it were, to the Andes), that thou hast seen trouble. (Cause and effect are nearer together generally than the various points of interest in this depot.) As I was remarking, having reached the street, walk briskly around the building, turning to the right as you go, and you'll get to the ticket-office of which you're in quest in a half hour at the most."

"Thank you, kindly; adieu, Sir," I said, raising my hat respectfully as I turned to go.

"*Nay, nay* not adieu, Sir. *Au revoir*, rather; we shall meet several times again ere you depart."

How pleasant are the paths of peace. How sweet it is to hold cheerful converse in this wise with the servants of the public, and to be entreated gently by them, rather than to fume and fret, and have them be impolite if not profane to you. Musing upon all this, and resolving to write a series of "Tracts for Travelers," for gratuitous distribution, I proceeded to follow out the directions given me, and by the aid of a friendly policeman or two at last found my ticket-place. The usual courtesies ensued, but I carried my point, and the next thing was to get my baggage checked. "No; you cannot pass here, Sir," exclaimed a suave official, when I attempted to cross the depot to where my baggage was, "nor can any one bring it from there to you. 'T is slightly suggestive of the Dives and Lazarus business, I know, but there is no help for it. You must go outside the building, and around it; 't is only a dozen blocks or so. Present your checks to the gentleman who has the baggage in charge; if you can take some responsible person, known to the establishment, along with you, to identify you and certify to your good moral character, 't will facilitate matters somewhat, but 't is not absolutely necessary. Then, if one of the gentlemanly porters happens to be disengaged, your baggage will be brought around here, and you can get checks for it."

"But I have just come from around there, and I don't want to go back all around there, if I will have to come back all around here again"—and I tried to get through the door.

"Excuse me, Sir; it is not permitted that you pass here. Besides, you are from the country, I presume?"

"Oh, bother your presumption," I made answer, forgetting my role of the Tame Traveler; "I've been all through that over yonder."

The calm official looked reproachfully at me, but betrayed no symptom of either impatience or anger, and, somewhat regretting the hastiness of my speech—a thing I seldom have to apologize for, by the way—I touched my hat apologetically and said, "Adieu."

"Nay, say not 'adieu,' Sir; say, rather, ——"

But I knew what was coming, and broke away. The rain was pouring in torrents, so I called a hackman, and bargained with him to drive me around where the baggage was. Ever on the lookout for information, I asked this hackman, as we bowled merrily along, how long it would take to drive clear around that depot? "Well, sometimes more and sometimes less," he said, "if it be a poor day for bodies—"

"A poor day for what?"

"Bodies, Sir; we calls 'em bodies; some folks calls 'em stiffs, but we calls 'em bodies; sounds less distressful, as 'twere, besides being more 'spectful like to the parties themselves, you know. Now if there hain't been many possons a movin' about and trvin' to get 'ome across the tracks, you can get along right smartly, but if there's many bodies lyin' about—"

"Thank you, driver, I do n't think I care to know any more just now. Call me when we get where the baggage is," and I threw myself back on the satin cushions, wondering if the author of the sweet old song, "If a body meet a body," knew what he was about when he wrote it.

"Said I not we should meet again?" remarked my first friend in navy blue, with a sad smile, as he gave me permission to walk a few blocks down to where the baggage was piled.

My identity (being satisfactorily established, five stalwart Greeks took my baggage on their shoulders, and stepped right across the depot with it, while I rushed out to my hack, and, by mad driving, got around almost as soon as they did. Got there just in time to see the favorite trunk, of which mention has been made, dashed down upon an ingenious iron anvil, apparently erected for the purpose, and split open as though it had been an oyster. A peculiar odor floated out upon the air, which I recognized at once—Mustang Liniment—evidently a bottle was broken. "Very unfortunate, Sir; but can't be helped," remarked the baggage-master, in measured tones. "It will go very well if you have a strap around it. All these other trunks of yours will go too if they do n't have straps around 'em."

"Very well, put a strap around that one then."

"But your other trunks will go, too, if they don't have straps around 'em."

"Then don't put any straps around them; I'm not particular about it," I said.

The mental agony of that moment I would not again endure for worlds. There stood that moral megatherium of a baggage-master protesting that one trunk would go if there was a strap on it, and that the others would go if there was not, and amid all the confusion it took me 10 minutes to understand what he really intended—which was simply to sell me five straps. I permitted him that luxury.

"What is the consideration, the compensation, the beggarly pay for each?" I inquired, as he buckled to his buckling.

"Only a dollar, Sir!"

Of what material are they fabricated; are they Russian leather?" I asked.

"Rushin' leather on you? Oh, no, Sir; we sell a good many of them of course, but hinges will break and locks ain't much 'count, no way. Now if there was any collision between the boys that handle the baggage and us who sell the straps it might look like a game, but there's no profit onto them. We only keep them to oblige the public. Five dollars! All right, thank you, Sir."

"The obligation is mutual, my good friend," I replied. "Really I am the one to say 'thank you.' For here have I been traveling up and down and over the world with these same trunks, and never found out that they were deficient in straps. No one has so much as hinted it before, and I am really profoundly grateful to you for mentioning it, the more especially as I see by this advertisement that there is no charge of baggage between here and Saratoga. But why do not your assistants handle baggage with more care? What good comes of banging them about so?"

"What good comes of it? Really I am surprised that a gentleman of your intelligence should ask such a question. What good comes of it? Do you remember that Rozensweig affair? Now, how would that murder ever have been found out if the boys hadn't been a little rough on that baggage? And how would the woman ever have been remembered and identified if I hadn't sold her a strap for the trunk when it got a little shaky? You see the fact is" (here he dropped his voice and whispered in my ear), "when anybody comes along who looks like a murderer now, the boys always contrive to—"

I looked at my watch here, and saw that it was very near train time, so I said good-by, cordially.

"Would you not like a strap for that umbrella, Sir?" he called after me. "It looks as though it would come open easy."

"No, I thank you; good bye."

"A strap for your pocket-book perhaps?"

"Thank you, no; it is pretty well strapped already. Good bye."

And it was good of me to buy so many straps, though after all I did little better in that direction than my fellow travelers, for I noticed that nearly every trunk on the train—even the newest, the strongest, and most vigorous; iron-bound, brass-jointed, hickory-hooped box was supplemented with one of those russet leather surcingles, which I have ascertained can be purchased of any good harness-maker in the land for from $4 to $5 the dozen. A few moments more, but not before I had again met the other official who so gently deprecated the word "adieu," and our lightning special was thundering along the track.

How improving conversation is to the mind! Here, after an intelligent interchange of ideas with the various officials of the Grand Central Depot, carried on amicably, notwithstanding some unmistakable differences of opinion, I went away invigorated and refreshed, possessed of much knowledge that had never dawned upon me before. This is why I have introduced so much of the conversation at length. And will any say that this was not much better than sitting idly about, having others do the work for me, and waiting for train time to come?

A Wagner car—how comfortable it is! Whether or not the Wagner music is that of the future I will not undertake to decide, but certainly the Wagner car is good enough for the present. It is delightful to get away from "'Ere's your pop-corn, fresh sugared and salted!" How do these wretches live? I never see any one buy any "pop-corn" of them. The friends, too, who lay "packages of prize candy, every package containing some valuable present" and dirty illustrated papers and books in your lap without asking permission—railroad accidents are not of infrequent occurrence, but I never read of any of them being killed. Do they ever die? They scarcely seem "bright things." Our lightning special makes few stoppages, but at Poughkeepsie the conductor announces ten minutes for refreshments—and to enable any one who is without a trunk strap to purchase one, I suppose.

The excellent language used along the line of this road really surprises one, and compensates for all manner of minor inconveniences. For instance, I asked a man in the restaurant what kind of ale he had.

"Vassar," he replied.

"Is it made at the Young Ladies' College?" I asked.

"Is it of that brewed?"

"I suppose it emanates from a family of that name," he said. Upon my word he did. "Emanates" was the word he used—and I maintain that emanates "is good," under the circumstances. And the young ladies of this restaurant—if they are not graduates of Vassar, they should be. They serve doughnuts with a dainty grace, and you eat more pie than you ought to simply to gratify them. And they speak the languages too. I'm not much in that way, but I experimented a little.

"*De quoi faits-il les souliers?*" I asked.

"You will find the answer in the book of 'Familiar Conversations in French,' where you got that quotation from," she replied.

"All right; go ahead!" shouted the conductor, and I fell into a train of thought over the coincidence, which was scarcely broken until we reached Saratoga—though passing the various shops where the Commodore manufactures his locomotives, cars, scrip dividends, &c., I could not forbear wondering where he makes all those trunk straps.

But here I am at the end of both the sheet and my journey. JOHN PAUL.

P. S.—I add a postcript to remark that my trunks are all right, but the straps are broken. I shall telegraph for more, for I cannot be happy without them, now that I am accustomed to them, as it were. J. P.

THE DRAMA.

LOCAL INCIDENTS.

Mr. Boucicault's play of "Mimi"—which was fully described in these columns last Thursday—is successful at Wallack's Theater, and may be seen there every night.

A piece called "The Beats of New-York," with Mr. J. J. Wallace in the principal character—a silly play and an inefficient actor—was given, last week, at Niblo's Garden, where it failed. This theater is now closed. It will be reopened in August, however, with "The Black Crook."

Mr. Augustin Daly is early in the field with his theatrical announcements for next season. He will reopen his Fifth Avenue Theater, on the 13th of October, on Twenty-eighth-st., near the corner of Broadway. His present establishment will be retained by him, and will be called the Broadway Theater. Mlle. Aimée is to sing there, in opera bouffe, on the 28th of August.

Miss Amy Stone continues to appear at the Olympic Theater, in the play of "Cigarette," which is based on the novel of "Under Two Flags," and in which Miss Stone makes a liberal use of fire-arms. This subject, it may be remembered, was some time ago introduced to the local stage, in a play called "Fire Fly," brought out at Wallack's Theater, with Miss Lotta in the chief part. The Olympic Theater will be shut at the end of this week.

Mrs. Eliza M. A. Hamblin, widow of Thomas S. Hamblin, the once distinguished actor, died in this city last Friday, at No. 146 West Twenty-fourth-st., in the 56th year of her age. She was Mr. Hamblin's fourth wife, was of English birth, and her maiden name was Trewar. She first appeared on the stage in 1817, at Drury Lane, London. In this city she used to act at the Park and at the Old Bowery, and was a favorite performer.

Miss Charlotte Thompson will conclude her engagement at the Union Square Theater this evening, appearing as *Jane Eyre*. Mr. Joseph Wheelock has replaced Mr. D. H. Harkins, in the part of *Rochester*. After to-night the Union Square Theater will be closed.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. William Warren will sail for England on Wednesday, in the Cuba. Miss Neilson sailed on Wednesday last.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. J. C. Williamson lately took his annual benefit at the California Theater, San Francisco (June 14). The receipts at the box-office were over $2,000, gold, and the house was densely crowded—at least 1,000 persons being turned away from the door. These are significant indications of popularity. Mr. Williamson was a favorite at Wallack's Theater; and those who believed in his talent and his future will gladly hear that he has improved and prospered in his new field of labor. Mr. Williamson has been on the San Francisco stage a little more than two years, and will remain at the California Theater another season—after which he purposes to revisit the East. His wife—known to the stage as Miss Maggie Moore—is spoken of as a vigorous and piquant actress.

A late London paper says: "The will of the late William Charles Macready was proved at the District Registry, Gloucester, under £20,000, by Cecile Louise Frederica Macready, the relict, Sir Wm. Frederick Pollock, and the Rev. James Fleming, the executors. The widow gets an annuity of £700, and after payment of some legacies and an annuity to his sister, testator bequeaths the residue to his three children, J. F. C. H. Macready, Mrs. Cecilia B. Horsford, and C. F. N. Macready. Testator leaves all his manuscripts to his wife, with a discretionary power to publish at the expense of his estate any she may think fit. Among the specific bequests testator gives his marble bust of himself, by Behnes, and Jackson's portrait of himself in the character of *Henry IV.* to his wife for life, and after her death to the National Portrait Gallery; and the silver testimonial, presented to him from subscribers by the Duke of Cambridge, he makes an heirloom in his family."

POLITICAL NOTES.

Massachusetts politicians are looking about for a successor to the late Congressman Whiting, from the Southern Boston District. Mr. Whiting's strongest competitor was the Hon. H. L. Pierce, now Mayor of Boston, and it is not improbable that he may be chosen to fill the vacant seat. It is thought that the Federal officeholders, or Butler's ring, will try to put one of their tools into the position, but it is doubtful if there is at present in the ring any man qualified to fill the place.

There seems to be a good deal of dissatisfaction with Gov. Washburn in Massachusetts concerning his failure to enforce the prohibitory liquor law. *The Boston Courier* says that while it "cannot imagine a much worse political fate for the Commonwealth than the elevation of Benjamin F. Butler to the highest office in the gift of its people," at the same time its "detestation of Gen. Butler's rule of political action does not make us blind to the fact that his stricture upon the Executive branch of our State Government, and his attitude on the liquor question are timely and right." It would be a good deal wiser for the other Boston journals to take this same fact into consideration, and try in some way to remedy it by the selection of a candidate who will promise to enforce the law, if elected, than to attempt to silence all complainings by laughing at Butler's aspirations. It is going to require something more than laughing and whistling to defeat Mr. Butler, and it is high time the respectable people of most respectable Massachusetts began to find it out.

The leading Democratic journals in all sections are showing a disposition to return to the old party camps and to fight one more battle at least under the old banners. When the famous Allen County resolutions were first published there was a warning on all sides, and for a time it looked as if it only needed a signal from some prominent leader to start a stampede along the whole line. But each waited for the other, and so all stood still. Now the reaction has come, and the more liberally disposed Democratic organs are holding language like this in *The St. Louis Republican* concerning the invitation of the Liberal Republicans: "The Democracy are strongly inclined to go into the next battles under their own banners, and some Democratic organs are declaring that they will not fight under any other. But if the Liberals will win a single local battle—if they will, by any reasonable combination, carry Ohio and New York, or either of them, this Fall, we believe they will be able to secure all the Democratic votes they may need for future engagements. What more can they ask?"

Ex-Gov. John M. Palmer of Illinois delivered the Fourth of July address at Springfield in that State and in the course of his remarks touched upon the railroad problem. He reviewed the various schemes which have been suggested for its solution and declared them all to be worse than follies. In his mind the only "remedy for the abuses and oppressions incident to railroad management, is to put into the hands of the people the means of self-redress for every wrong they may suffer, and any relief obtained in any other way than by the voluntary action of the people themselves would be productive of greater injury to the institutions of the country, and to the popular spirit, than a hundred years of the severest exactions to which the railroad corporations can subject the people." Concerning the new Illinois law he said: "I regret to be compelled to say that the railroad managers have as yet shown no disposition to accept this law in the just spirit in which it was enacted. On the contrary, they have found in its passage a new pretext for extortion. They assume, in the first place, that they must and will have the per cent net profit on the nominal capital invested in the roads, and the large sums furnished to them by the people is a part of the aggregate upon which the same people are required to pay them the interest—such a claim is unreasonable. Their capital was invested in railroads subject to the fluctuations and casualties of business. They have no right to demand more than their share of the general profits of business, and that is all that will be conceded to them. I have seen the proposed tariffs of many of the roads, and they are avowals of a distinct purpose to maim and crush out every interest with the utmost impartiality. They intend to compel the next legislature to repeal the railroad law of last Winter; they meet to make war upon every effort to curb them."

THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD INVESTIGATION.

The Committee of the Vermont Legislature, which was appointed to investigate the affairs of the Vermont Central Railroad, has completed an elaborate report, of which the following is a summary:

Those who received legislative retainers are exonerated of corrupt intent, but those who paid them did so chiefly to gain influence in creating and maintaining public sentiment. The car companies were organized by the officers and their immediate friends, and were profitable, but did not defraud the trust, and were of advantage to the public. The policy of such organizations is, however, questioned. The foundery contract yielded a royalty of $135,000 to W. C. Smith, which was proper before he became a trustee; since then they leave the courts to determine. They do not feel sure that the prices of castings were not too high, but do not find affirmatively. They find a secret service fund set apart and controlled by Gov. Smith, which they do not consider necessary. It was in some instances misapplied, and a large portion was unaccounted for owing to Gov. Smith's refusal to testify in regard to it.

They cannot find whether it was or was not correctly used. They do not go into the subject of private frauds in the trust, but leave it to the courts. The Sullivan Road has been run for the benefit of Gov. Smith and his associates, and has netted them upward of $450,000, but it has not been run to the prejudice of the Vermont Central. Messrs. Smith and Clark received nearly $237,000 from the M. and Vt. J. Road. The Committee requested the books, but they were not brought from Canada, so they could not ascertain as to the alleged frauds in the construction account. Since the lease to the Central Road, the road has been operated honestly under it. If there was any impropriety it is referred to the courts. W. C. Brown was paid $25,000 as a retainer on which they had no testimony but that of Gov. Smith. They find that it was an unnecessary and extravagant fee, but do not find that it was a bribe. They recommend that the whole system of passes be abolished as one against public policy, and tending to an undue political influence, and the creation of a privileged class. The censure of the judiciary heard outside of the State is accounted for on the ground of the unfortunate relation so long sustained by the court to the roads. The general impolicy of continuing a cause indefinitely in court when it involves important business operations is condemned.

IRRIGATION IN THE PARKS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: When I pass the various parks of this city and see how dry and brown the grass has already become for want of moisture, I am astonished that no one in charge seems to have an idea that a remedy is to be found in irrigation, and yet with the ample supply of Croton water, all the parks can be made to present a scene of delicate and perpetual verdure, and this at a trifling cost. City Hall Park, for instance, would only require the services of a man with a hose a few hours a day, twice a week, and I am sure that if the system is once adopted it will never be abandoned. Central Park would require special arrangement for a part of the ground, but this could easily be carried out. However, let a trial be made in the smaller parks first, for it is always best to go slow with new things, and, besides, some judgment and common sense are to be used. Beside vivifying the grass, the shrubbery and flowers which have been planted and cared for at great expense would present new beauties by judicious irrigation. Rain is a good thing when it comes at the right time and in a proper quantity, but it is always uncertain, and its absence for a week in dry, warm weather gives vegetation a shabby aspect, and particularly that in cultivated grounds. But during drouths irrigation can be regulated to the finest requirement, and the result is almost miraculous. COLORADO.

New-York, July 5, 1873.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS AT BUFFALO AND JAMESTOWN.

BUFFALO, July 7.—Another shock of earthquake occurred at 6 o'clock this morning. The only damage done by the shocks of yesterday was the throwing down of a chimney in the center of the city.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 6.—At about 9:20 o'clock yesterday morning a shock of earthquake was distinctly felt, causing a breaking of crockery, and throwing picture frames from the walls. The occurrence causes considerable excitement here.

FIVE MEN SHOT BY A DESPERADO.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—At Pioche, Nevada, this afternoon, a man named Harrington shot and mortally wounded five men named Lynch, O'Neal, Frank, Schoenemaker, and Sullivan. The affray grew out of Harrington's throwing a dog across the street, the animal belonging to Schoenemaker. The presence of officers in strong force alone prevented the lynching of Harrington, who was arrested by Sheriff Travis and his deputies after making a desperate resistance.

There have been several attempts in England to revive the ancient sport of hawking, which has hardly been practiced there at all since 1725, when the diversion of shooting birds on the wing came into fashion. Recently, an English Hawking Club has been formed, and numbers among its members many noblemen and gentlemen. On the 15th of June, a hawking entertainment was given by the Manchester Gun Club, and was witnessed by a party of fifty persons, including several ladies. The hawks were thrown up at pigeons, which were brought in but slightly injured.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

THE TURF.

LONG BRANCH RACES—TOM BOWLING'S START—POOL-SELLING ON TO-DAY'S RACES.

The flag of the Monmouth Club-house was hoisted with the monogram upside down on the opening day of the races; but this does not appear to have been a very bad omen, nor did it indicate that the Club was materially in distress. The first day's meeting was one of the most successful ever known in racing annals on any course in America, and to-day's racing promises to be equally brilliant, and the crowd looked for will doubtless be comparatively as great as that which was present on Friday last. On that occasion the grounds of the association were visited by many of the most noted persons at the Branch, among whom were noticed the following:

John Hoey, the President of the Park Company; Mr. Stockwell, United States Senator of New-Jersey; Senator Clayton of Arkansas, ex-Senators McDonald and Caldwell, Representative Chaffee of Colorado, Miss Chaffee, and Miss Case of New-York; Wm. F. Sheffers, S. A. Hatch, Judge Dowling, S. D. Bruce of New-York; ex-Gov. Odin Bowie of Maryland, Foster Dewey, Dr. Riley of Washington, John Ellerton, Henry Thomson, Robert Gilmore of Baltimore, E. P. Harris of Nassau, Gordon Shillito of Cincinnati, Frank Howard, S. Dejonge, J. D. Mulball of Baltimore, Wm. H. Libbey and wife of New-York, Commissioner George M. Van Nort of New-York, F. S. Davis, Samuel Tait, Wm. Hammond, James Richardson of Mobile, Lieut. T. Smith, Lucien Scott, and J. L. Pendary of Kansas; Leonard W. Jerome, A. P. Stanton of New-York, Judge Green of New-Jersey, Alex. McClure of Pennsylvania, George Longstreet of New-Orleans, James K. Cochrane, Washington; D. M. Hildreth, George Pilsbury of Baltimore, Lester Wallack, Edwin Adams, Mr. Paddock and Maggie Mitchell, his wife, Washington; Booth of Baltimore, Joe Elliott, Gen. Rice of Iowa, Samuel Ward, Col. Sheridan of New-Orleans, Charles Osborn, John George, Gen. Beal and daughters of Kentucky, E. Lamontague, Frederick Fisher, John Pardy, Judge Munson of New-York, Frank Clark of Philadelphia, Hunt Reynolds of Kentucky, F. O. Day of St. Louis, Jas. Motley, Stephen Lombard, Sheppard Homans, Geo. S. Scott, H. C. Fahnestock, Wm. Todd of New-York, Robins Brothers, H. M. Ruggles of New-York, Gen. Stockton of New-Jersey, David Soloman, Lewis Cooper, Jas. R. Young, Thomas Faye, Schuyler Skaats, A. H. Pomeroy, D. E. King, J. B. Houston, Gen. F. C. Latrobe of Baltimore, C. H. Kalbfleisch of Brooklyn, Emerson Foote, H. Faile, C. S. Douglass, S. Dejonge of New-York, Thos. W. Doswell, Andrew James, C. Smith of Virginia, L. S. Appleton and wife, Count Loubat of Paris, Gen. J. H. Steadman, Mr. Charsson, Marion D. La Torre of Cuba, Edward Davis and wife of Philadelphia, Philip H. Deurtarte, Spanish Consul; Gen. Alny, Benjamin Hayes of San Francisco, Col. Chas. Delavan, Geo. H. Farrar of Saratoga, Mr. Vatable of New-York, Lewis Phillips, Charles Lawrence, C. J. Osborne, Mr. Joel, Mr. Jameson, H. M. Silverman and daughters, Mr. Perrin, Paul Armour of New-York, G. D. De Shields of Washington, W. D. R. Millar, Geo. Keemenburg of New-York, S. B. French, Edward Moale of Baltimore, W. D. Fletcher of New-York, William Sutton, Wm. Delaforre of Spain, Gen. Geo. P. Ihrie of Alaska, John S. Purdy, W. Cottrin of Mobile.

Since the race for the Jersey Derby, when H. P. McGrath's three year-old-colt Tom Bowling, the son of Lexington and Lucy Fowler, came in two lengths ahead of Springbok, Count D'Orsay, and the other four competitors opposed to him, there has been considerable controversy in racing circles as to the merits of the performance. The partisans of Springbok and Count D'Orsay are positive in their declarations that their respective champions could not have been beaten by the Kentucky horse, had it not been for the advantage which the official starter, B. G. Bruce, gave Tom Bowling, either through accident or design, at the beginning of the race. The majority of the leading turfmen, wearied with the monotony of the Branch on Sunday morning, drove out to the course. A TRIBUNE reporter visited the stables of H. P. McGrath, the owner of Tom Bowling, the winner of the third Jersey Derby. This bluff, jovial representative of the Kentucky landed proprietors, was at the stables with an old Virginian turfman, who 30 years before had been a prominent owner of racehorses, and a successful patron of the "sport of a free people." While he and "Old Ansel," the venerable colored trainer of Mr. McGrath's stable, were indulging in reminiscences of past turf triumphs, the reporter strove to ascertain the Kentucky turfman's opinion of the race. In regard to the profits, Mr. McGrath said that an incorrect impression prevailed; for, instead of winning $30,000, as rumored, he had not won more than $12,000, exclusive of the stakes, and this sum included the winnings of all his stable attachés, who had given him their savings to invest on their idolized "Tom." He laughed contemptuously at the idea that the good start of his horse had contributed to his success, and said that to him it was a matter of perfect indifference where the horse was at the start, so long as he came in ahead at the close, as he had done, and the pecuniary fruits of which he carried in his pocket.

The trainer of a prominent home stable, the horses of which have already won several important races this season at Jerome Park, was next visited, and his opinion of the race asked. He unhesitatingly pronounced it one of the worst starts he had ever seen, for the winner was in motion at the time the drum was tapped, and the other horses were stationary. He thought that if a fair start had been given, either Count d'Orsay or Springbok would have won, for the winner was dreadfully tired at the finish, as indeed were the others.

A prominent Virginia turfman, whose name for half a century past has figured conspicuously in the annals of the American turf, and who has always been distinguished for straightforwardness and probity, expressed the opinion that Count D'Orsay would have won if a good start had been given, for he was fast overhauling the two leading horses at every stride, and if the race had been 50 yards further he would have won. This opinion was indorsed by a well-known Southern trainer, who was confident that either Mr. Belmont's horse or Springbok would have won if a fair start had been effected. A trainer whose experience on the turf is only equaled by his reticence in conversation, was equally certain Springbok would have won if he had got off on equal terms with Tom Bowling.

Col. McDaniels himself, the trainer and owner of Springbok, expressed himself strongly on the subject of the start. He said the official whose duty it was to dispatch the horses not only allowed another horse (Lucy Jackson), in the same stable as Tom Bowling, to come up to the starting point with the horses engaged in the race, but also to mingle with the starters, and interfere with the getting off of both Springbok and Count D'Orsay. He also allowed Tom Bowling to come up in a canter from some distance behind, contrary to the rule which expressly states that no starter shall start a horse when in motion, but that all horses must be on a walk; and that he never tapped the drum until Tom Bowling was past the half-mile pole, while all the other horses were stationary some distance behind. He is confident Springbok can beat Tom Bowling over any distance, and is prepared to match his horse against the latter for $10,000 or $20,000 a side, to run at Saratoga, or any place where Mr. Bruce is not the starter. It appears that immediately after the race, on Friday, Col. McDaniels had expressed himself in terms more vigorous than polite toward the starter, reflecting either on his impartiality or ability in that capacity, and that official deemed it his duty to bring the matter before the Association.

The sale of pools at Long Branch last night for the races at Monmouth Park were not so brisk nor was there by hundreds so large an attendance as on Thursday. The betting, however, was quite lively, Dr. Underwood being in unusually good spirits. McGrath's bay mare Susan Ann, six years old, entered for Monmouth Cup, and the most promising of the entries has broken down in training, and will never again appear on the course. She was one of his most promising horses. The crowd at the hotels is not so large as last week, although they are all nearly full. The following were among the sales:

HOPEFUL STAKES FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Morris	$200	Cruse	$35 — field.
Belmont	325	Clifee	10 $50 — field.
Ayres	60	Lewis	20 —
McGrath	60		
Chamberlin	55	Total	$845 $425

TWO-MILE HEAT RACE.

Katie Pease	$250	John Merryman	$25
Kolus	60		
Stockwood	70	Total	$405

MONMOUTH CUP.

Wanderer	$250	$200	$200	$200
Preakness	110	130	115	100
Hubbard	105	30	60	35
Survivor	105	65	65	70
Business	25	35	35	25
Total	$590	$310	$475	$430

These pools were sold at Chamberlin's, at No. 1,146 Broadway:

MONMOUTH CUP.

Wanderer	$190	$30	$60	$70	$200
Preakness	70	23	60	100	50	78
Survivor	30	11	24	60	38	40
Hubbard	34	10	26	52	24	24
Business	10	5	12	24	10	16
Total	$244	$79	$202	$276	$134	$379

TWO-MILE HEAT RACE.

Katie Pease	$40	$30	$120	$100	$25	$100
Kolus	39	17	64	53	13	56
Stockwood	19	10	43	35	8	22
John Merryman	11	10	28	24	5	20
Totals	$100	$67	$252	$228	$51	$194

HOPEFUL STAKES.

Belmont	$35	$100	$100	$25	$25
Morris	25	64	60	12	10
Ayres	15	44	42	9	7
McGrath	15	40	64	9	11
Cruse	15	24	23	3	6
Chamberlin	11	36	40	10	6
Coffee	10	24	28	6	5
Lewis & Co	10	24	24	5	4
Total	$136	$356	$381	$84	$67

These were pools sold at Johnson's at No. 1,187 Broadway:

MONMOUTH CUP—2½ MILES.

	$	$	$	$	$	$	$	$	$	$	$	$
Wanderer	100	100	100	120	100	55	55	50	50	40	35	25
Preakness	90	75	70	75	65	70	50	33	33	26	20	18
Hubbard	35	35	35	40	25	29	16	15	16	16	8	7
Survivor	50	40	45	50	35	26	25	24	21	13	13	12
Business	20	24	14	13	11	9	8	8	10	7	7	5
Totals	315	279	264	298	236	189	157	130	130	102	83	67

TWO-MILE HEATS.

Katie Pease	$130	$100	$125	$110	$50	$50	$35	$75	$75	$75	$75	
Stockwood	50	43	45	45	17	16	11	9	4	4		
Kolus	75	65	70	75	31	27	21	13	14	13		
John Merryman	31	30	30	31	8	6	8	4	5	5		
Total	$286	$235	$260	$236	$105	$101	$75	$91	$92	$91		

HOPEFUL STAKES—ONE-HALF MILE.

Belmont	$30	$25	$40 $30
Morris	20	25	22 20
McGrath	15	17	23 21
Ayres	13	15	17 13
Field	40	41	42 31
Total	$118	$123	$144 $114

DEXTER PARK RACES.

CHICAGO, July 7.—This was the last day of the Summer meeting at Dexter Park. About 4,000 people were present. The weather was cloudy and cool, and the track was in better condition than on any previous day. The first race, a half mile dash for $200 a side, was between Uncle Hank and Three Cheers, and was won by the former. The time was not taken.

The second was a trotting race for a purse of $4,000; $1,600 to first horse, $1,200 to second, $800 to third, and $400 to fourth. There were six entries and four started. American Girl was the favorite in the pools at the rate of $100 to $15 and $100 to $20. After the second heat Sensation was the favorite at $100 to $60.

SUMMARY.

Sensation	2 1 1 1
American Girl	1 2 2 2
Henry Todd	3 3 3 3
J. W. Conley	4 distanced.

Time—2:29, 2:29½, 2:32½, 2:35.

The next race, a sweepstakes of $300, trotting, best three in five, three entries, was won by Barney Kelley beating Lizonier. Thorp was distanced in the first heat. Time—2:40, 2:36½, 2:50½.

The next race was a running race for a consolation purse of $300. Six horses started. The following is a summary of the race:

Rocket	1 1
Nick Baker	2 3
Quartermaster	3 2
Harry of the West	4 4
Rose	dr. 5
Jennings	dist.

Time—1:47½, 1:49.

The last mile is the fastest ever run over this course.

The last race was a half-mile dash for $200 a side between Mary Rowett and Marion. It was won by the latter in 54 seconds. A. W. Richmond of Buffalo, N. Y., to-day bought the stallion Redwing from Gilbert Dutcher of St. Paul for $12,000 cash.

A RUNNING RACE FOR UNDERGRADUATES.

The following offer by James Gordon Bennett will interest athletic students:

To the Undergraduates of all Universities and Colleges in America.

GENTLEMEN: I have been requested by Mr. James Gordon Bennett to state that he will offer a prize of plate, of the value of $500, to be competed for in a two-mile running race on the track of the Hampden Park Association at Springfield, Mass., at 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, July 17