SUMMER LEISURE.

FRESH BREEZES AT CONEY ISLAND.

THE BEACHES AND HOTELS CROWDED—SCENES IN THE SURF—A SERMON AT MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL—PROVISIONS FOR THE GUESTS.

The weather was hot and sultry in this city yesterday morning; not a breath of air seemed to be stirring, and everybody who could conveniently get away from the scorching streets took advantage of the opportunity; so that in spite of the alleged popular timidity in regard to travelling by water, every steamer bound on an excursion was crowded to its fullest legal capacity, if not beyond it. At an early hour there was a great fleet of excursion steamers in the Hudson River between the Twenty-first and Twenty-third-st. landings, and with their gay flags and streamers and the crowds of "dressed up" people on them, they made a pretty picture with the sky and the hills of New-Jersey for a background. As each boat moved out its band played some festive air, and there was little in the scene to suggest even the possibility of anything like disaster.

All the boats and railway trains leading to Coney Island were packed with pleasure-seekers, and the island itself was fairly crowded. One of the managers of the Manhattan Beach Hotel told the reporter that since the hotel first opened to the public there had never been so many people there on any single day as on Saturday and yesterday. In the forenoon of yesterday he said that there were at least 10,000 persons about the hotel at one time, and during the entire day he thought that not less than 35,000 had been there, while the whole number on the island, at the Manhattan, Oriental, Brighton and other resorts, was estimated as ranging between 75,000 and 100,000.

The day at Coney Island was delightful, and the short storm in the afternoon was only a pleasant variation in its rhythm. Though the sun looked straight down, there was a fresh breeze from the ocean which tempered the heat and made people smile complacently as they thought of the broiling thermometer in the city or read the "weather articles" in the morning papers. A great many persons rinsed themselves off in the ocean, and nearly every bathing-house had an occupant continually during the day. There was a great deal of hilarity among the bathers in the surf. Near the shore were stout old ladies, elderly men and a great many funny little children, splashing water over each other and indulging in shouts of merry laughter and pleasant banterings. Further out were the more adventurous ones, whose heads bobbed about in the water, disappearing at intervals.

Along the beaches the scene was a pleasant one. Gay costumes brightened up the expanse of white sand most beautifully. Little children with tiny spades and buckets dug contrary little crabs from the sand, and when occasionally a pretty shell or unusually smooth white pebble or bit of bright seaweed was captured, it was hailed with shouts of delight. A wee, artless little girl enlisted the reporter in her service and told him the story of Captain Kidd, who buried money in the sand. She also took him into her confidence generally. She told all about "Grandma" and "Auntie—who really look rather like porpoises in the water"—of "Nelly, who is nineteen in June, and is a stunner," and of her "papa, who is for Garfield and reads THE TRIBUNE."

At 11 o'clock in the morning semi-out-door divine services were held on the eastern piazza of the Manhattan Beach Hotel, facing the music stand. The minister's table stood near the wall, and chairs were arranged around it in a semicircle. On the outskirts of the churchy limits were lunch-tables, where the rattle of dishes and clinking of glasses made a strange accompaniment to the services. But many persons were attracted to the novel meeting who might not have attended church in the city. The Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Boston, preached from John, xiv., 2: "If it were not so I would have told you." The sermon was a lesson on Faith, and in it the preacher discussed the elements of strength in human character to render it worthy of confidence; these, he said, were good judgment, fidelity of spirit and love. Several hymns were sung by the whole congregation, which was a large one. P. S. Gilmore directed the music.

At about half past 3 o'clock in the afternoon a brisk rain began, and so suddenly that a great many persons who didn't dip into the ocean were given a gratuitous shower-bath instead. When the clouds began to leak there was a perfect rush for the verandas of the hotels, and soon every available spot in the lower stories of the various buildings was crowded. The rain, fortunately, was of short duration, and before it was entirely over crowds of bathers were in the water, if, indeed, some did not remain in during the storm. Later the atmosphere was exceedingly cool and pleasant, and though at first a light fog hung over the water, which gave to passing steamers the effect of floating in the air, this soon passed away, and the sky adorned itself with most beautiful sunset clouds. The afternoon concerts, interrupted by the rain, were then continued, and the seats were crowded before they were dry. At the Manhattan Gilmore's Band attracted great numbers, and Levy was called out again and again.

HOW THE MULTITUDE IS FED.

In wandering through the Manhattan Beach Hotel, it occurred to the reporter that the inner workings of the vast machine might be interesting. So he sought out one of the overseers of the great hostelry, and was soon introduced to George Conrad, chief cook, who showed him the mysteries of the kitchens and cellars. The main kitchen is a long room through the centre of which extend eighteen furnaces, immense boilers and a long line of double ranges, where myriads of white-capped and aproned cooks were broiling, stewing, roasting—themselves and sundry things to eat. Despite the great amount of heat required for the cooking, the kitchen is admirably ventilated, and no one aside from the cooks needs to suffer from the heat. Long lines of deep refrigerators filled with meats, fish and vegetables are placed convenient to the cooks, who empty them, on an average, about fifty times a day. They are filled from the refrigerator state-rooms down stairs. In many large copper kettles were boiling meats, chowders and various soups.

Tables around the room at convenient intervals held tin vessels to which steam pipes ran, in which anything cooked can be placed and kept warm. Many of the vegetables are cooked by steam. At one side of the kitchen is the kitchen bar, from which all liquors ordered at table are taken. On another side is a complete copy of a country store-room, in which is kept a full assortment of spices, coffees, teas, canned and bottled articles. The whole kitchen department is one of the cleanest, most orderly places imaginable. Exact precision is observed in regard to orders received and filled. Accounts are kept so that mistakes are practically impossible and a disciplinal almost military rules the place. "I have twenty-two women preparing vegetables and things for cooking, thirty-six cooks and ten assistant cooks," said Conrad, "and I can feed 3,000 persons at one time. Every day I have to make out my marketing orders. There must be just so much, and no more than what is needed, and it requires some rather nice figuring to strike the exact mean."

Outside the kitchen is the bakery, where twenty five barrels of flour are used every day. The bakery has a number of tall brick-faced furnaces about which groups of men were working. Outside of this is the larder where salads and cold meats are prepared. Down below are the wine cellars. Besides these there is a beer-bottling room, refrigerator, meat and fish-rooms, where a Wintry temperature of 30° is kept all the time, and before entering which the men wrap themselves in heavy blankets.

"We use 2,000 pounds of beef, 1,800 pounds of fish and about 80,000 clams here every day," said the guide. There are railroads running through the different cellars, which connect with the roads from the city. Gustav Vaupel, the chief steward of the hotel, showed the reporter all through the dining-rooms, including the servants' dining-rooms where 400 servants have four meals a day. The laundries were visited, where great wheels filled with clothes were turning, and where heated rollers did the ironing, the department "doing up" 40,000 pieces daily. The pilgrimage begun in the Manhattan extended itself to the Oriental Hotel, where the system is much the same.

SOME OF THE GUESTS.

All of the rooms at the Manhattan Beach Hotel were taken yesterday, and many people were turned away. Among the arrivals since Saturday were Judge Edward Landon, of Washington, and George Bohner, of Chicago. At the Oriental Hotel there were nearly 700 persons. Among the recent arrivals are Aristarchi Bey, the Turkish Minister; Prince Di Camporeal, of Italy; General Herron and family, of New-Orleans; D. H. Houghtaling, N. Sullivan, Edward Gordon, of Washington; C. F. G. Meyer, of St. Louis; G. C. Vance and family, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. H. Post and family, of Hartford, Conn.; E. Anthony, jr., and Benjamin Anthony, of New-Bedford, Mass.; the Baron von Jena, Jesse R. Grant, A. H. Ballard, and Spencer Rogers.

At the Brighton Beach Hotel nearly all the rooms were taken. Among the late arrivals were Mrs. Olive Logan Sikes, of England; Colonel Underhill, Dr. Daily, Major Gutherson, J. D. Tileston, S. W. Dewey, of Arkansas; the Hon. John G. Thompson, of Ohio; J. A. Hubbell, of Michigan; T. H. B. Davis, of Put-in-Bay; Judge Henry Hale, of St. Paul, Minn.; H. M. Hutchinson, of Washington, and H. F. Page, of California.

In the afternoon a landslide occurred on the Greenpoint route from the island, so that trains were discontinued on that line. The Bay Ridge trains were, therefore, crowded to overflowing.

The Summer Festival of the Arion Society, which will take place at West Brighton July 22, will include a vocal and instrumental concert by an orchestra of sixty pieces, under Dr. Damrosch, and the full chorus of the society, and a solo by Franz Remmertz. A stage will be built for the tableaus. There will be a display of fireworks under the management of Mr. Hadfield. A new dancing platform will be put up and surrounded by shrubbery and flowers. Five thousand Chinese lanterns and fifteen electric lights will illuminate the grounds and the building. The steamboats and cars will run all night to and from the Island.

SEEKING PLEASURE UP THE SOUND.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF GLEN ISLAND—THE SAIL AND THE CLAMBAKE.

"Where's the rest of the family?" was the rather pert and personal inquiry that greeted a TRIBUNE reporter from a mischievous voice in a basement window, as he hurried to catch the energetic little steamer St. Nicholas, which lay at Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn, yesterday, puffing under a full load of passengers. Once aboard the boat he was struck by the propriety of the query, for nearly every one else had apparently brought his family. The St. Nicholas justified her title as the namesake of the patron saint of children, and the little folks had a charmed existence for a few hours, watching the ever-changing shores, with vistas of blue water between, dotted with all manner of craft. Still the babies were not overwhelmingly in the ascendant, and a walk through the boat together with the stray bits of conversation overheard, showed that a good many young adults and middle-aged people, former patrons of Coney Island and Rockaway Beach, had taken to the new resort with decided favor.

About 2:30 p. m. a brisk shower came up from the west, lasting for over an hour, after which the sky cleared; the breeze blew freshly on the pleasure-seekers, and faces brightened up immediately. During the rain the people found pleasure in watching the groups in the various pleasure-grounds along the East River and the Sound, as they hurried to places of shelter, or stood huddled up under rocks, trees and other places which furnished refuge from the rain. Hundreds of persons were in bathing at the time, and enjoyed the gratuitous shower-bath to the fullest extent. A shudder ran through the passengers as they passed the wreck of the Seawanhaka on the Sunken Meadow. One of her boilers is now completely out of the water. After passing through Hell Gate, and between the grassy slopes of Forts Schuyler and Taylor, the pleasure seeker finds himself in a charming group of islands, bewildering to one unfamiliar with them, however, as he fancies each one must be the one to which he is destined.

After a pleasant two hours' journey the boat slows up at the pier of the new pleasure resort. It is a musical name, Starin's Glen Island, and it is a musical place also. A chime of bells on the club-house welcomes the boat as it arrives, and as the passengers disembark they are enticed to the pretty dancing pavilion by the band stationed there. Music is also furnished on the boats of the company. Hungry people instinctively find their way to the Rhode Island clam bake pavilion, where a prodigal dinner of clams, fish, vegetables and fruit is furnished. Hiram D. Maxfield, the veteran caterer in charge, led the reporter to where the clam bake was in progress, several bushels of the clams lying in two large circles of heated stones, covered with savory seaweed. Sweet potatoes and green corn will soon add to the relish of this famed product of Narragansett Bay. Opposite the clam bake in the same building is a café, and above is an open balcony, where one may sit and enjoy a fine view. A. A. Patterson, one of Mr. Starin's agents, said that during this week a platform twenty feet wide would be built around the club-house for dining purposes. There will also be erected shortly a Chinese pagoda on the rocky point near by, where the chime of bells will be placed. The sound of the bells where they now are in the club-house is felt too forcibly by persons with sensitive ears. Bathing-houses for ladies and gentlemen will soon be built, and a spring-board for the use of those who enjoy deep diving.

Patronage was pretty fairly divided yesterday between the dancing pavilion, the billiard and bowling rooms and the boathouse. To a large share of the people, however, the trees, the undulating green lawn, the strips of flower-beds, and above all, the beautiful view round about, were the chief attractions. These people took their Sunday recreation in a quiet way. They seemed fairly to drink in the beauty of the scene and for a moment lose the dust and heat of city life in sweet forgetfulness.

Mr. Starin was at the island yesterday, looking after the interests of his patrons and seemingly sharing the enjoyment of everyone.

Four trips were made to Glen Island yesterday, and about 5,000 persons were carried on the two boats, the Laura M. Starin and St. Nicholas. A large number did not return till the 8 o'clock boat in the evening, but more took the 5:30 boat for New-York. Coming down the Sound and East River the boats were greeted often by the three "toots" of the "courtesy salute" from various crafts, from a Sound steamer to a tiny shrill-voiced steam yacht. All along the East River the piers were devoted to swarms of swimmers or crowds of people who gathered at the ends of the wharves to catch the breeze and watch the returning steamers.

EXPERIENCES AT ROCKAWAY.

TRIPS THAT WERE NOT ALTOGETHER PLEASANT—A LAND BREEZE AT THE BEACH AND NO AIR STIRRING ON THE WATER—THE GREAT HOTEL NEARLY FINISHED.

If Rockaway is to be a successful competitor with Coney Island in the Summer resort business, an immense change must be wrought in its present condition. Notwithstanding the rain on Saturday night, the sun rose angrily yesterday morning, and it was early evident that New-Yorkers were doomed to another scorching day. There was little if any breeze, and the only hope for a comfortable life was on the water, or at least near it. So at least thousands thought early in the morning, and there was a rush to the steamboat piers of men and women with children, all bent on flying from the torrid terrors of a July Sunday. The Coney Island boats were crowded, Long Branch craft carried their full quota of passengers, and the Rockaway flotilla did an immense business.

The Columbia, the Grand Republic and the Americus took the inside route to Rockaway, while the Twilight landed her passengers at the ocean pier. Those who hoped for cool breezes on the morning trips of these boats were doomed to disappointment, for what little wind prevailed was with the boats. The result was that all who could crowded toward the bows of the steamers, and eagerly monopolized what little breeze was made by the movement of the boat. The cabins and the upper parts of the vessels were almost unendurable. The sea was as calm as a mill pond, and there was not even the usual "uneasiness" among "land lubbers" to afford variety to the trips. There were crying babies and sickly mothers to harass the pleasure-seekers, as well as the ubiquitous "know-everythings," with grating voices, who kept up a constant airing of their knowledge as to scenes and localities. The fact that in nine cases out of ten the information they imparted was less correct than the average guide-book only served to exasperate their unfortunate fellow-passengers, whose only crime was that in the pursuit of cool air they were unfortunate enough to be on the same boat.

But there is an end to all things, and in the course of time Rockaway was reached. The perspiring multitude hastened to land on the pier in the hope of there enjoying relief. But they counted not knowing whereof they reckoned. It was past noon, and the sun was high, and his rays seemed to be laden with the heat of a reverberatory furnace. There was no air moving, and the heat was reflected from the water with two-fold effect. Looking toward the beach, the long line of sand, extending either way as far as the eye could reach, offered no inviting resort. The only place which seemed to be endurable was in the water, and in front of the bathing pavilions the shore was black with people. The verandas of the restaurants were crowded, and various were the devices provided for entertainment. Negro minstrelsy seemed to be the predominating feature—outside of beer drinking—and although the performers exerted themselves in a manner which was destructive to linen, it was too hot even to laugh, and their efforts fell flat. Thousands wandered about in the broiling sun and through the deep sand to the mammoth hotel in the hope of finding there cool shade and comfortable refreshment, but only to be disappointed. They found over 600 carpenters at work, but not a seat to recline on, or even a bartender to furnish beer. In their desperation they attacked the water buckets provided for the use of the workmen, and stood in lines waiting for their turn at the tin dippers. Once at the hotel, there was nothing to do but to return whence they came, and seek refreshment and rest at other places.

Many persons wandered through the dining-rooms, offices and corridors of the first floor of the great hotel, the upper portion of the house being closed to the public. Colonel More, superintendent of construction, was found at his post by a TRIBUNE reporter and expressed himself as well satisfied with the progress of the work on the hotel. He said that he was three days ahead of the furnishers, and that by Friday next two-thirds of the vast house would be ready to receive its furniture. The hotel, he added, would be ready for the public on July 20. Everything about the building strikes one as being most substantial. The ladies' parlor is a new departure in hotel architecture. It has a gallery running around it, which is reached by broad staircases, and becomes project from it over the parlor floor, enabling guests to see all that is going on below. B. E. Smith, the general superintendent of the company, and John A. Rice, the landlord, were both at Rockaway yesterday and were moving about actively, doing all in their power to hurry forward the work. Among the visitors at the hotel yesterday were Brigham Young, son of the late Mormon prophet, and a party of prominent Mormons.

The principal feature at Rockaway yesterday, outside of the bathing, was the exhibition given by Miss Bernhardt, the woman diver. She first appeared in a rubber suit and paddled about near the end of the iron pier for some time. Afterward she donned a diver's suit and walked on the bottom of "the deep blue Atlantic" for some distance. Finally she exploded a torpedo under a miniature ship, supposed to be the Pinafore, and blew to pieces the hull of that pestiferous craft, terminating, as she afterward announced, the career of a bold, bad expedition to the shores of America. Commodore Nutt was on the pier during day and was treated with marked favor by women and children. In the afternoon a brisk breeze sprung up and life once more became endurable. It was not long, however, until rain followed the wind, and the pleasure seekers were driven to the pavilion. Many persons were drenched before they reached shelter and the returning boats brought back to the city many uncomfortable people. Taken altogether, yesterday at Rockaway was not a pleasant experience to the majority of persons who went down to the sea.

WELCOME BREEZES FROM THE SEA.

A HOT NIGHT AND MORNING AT LONG BRANCH—SEEKING COMFORT IN THE WATER—A SUDDEN CHANGE OF THE WIND—OVERCROWDED HOTELS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONG BRANCH, July 11.—The land breeze which prevailed yesterday continued through the night and until 2 o'clock this afternoon. Last night was one of the few uncomfortably hot nights that have visited us this season; and this morning a burning sun and dry and parching wind sent the thermometer up to 94° in the shade before the guests at the hotels had left the breakfast-rooms. After breakfast everybody rushed for the water as the only place that promised relief from the heat; and by 10 o'clock there was scarcely a dry bathing suit to be obtained. Even the ocean seemed to share in the general lassitude induced by the heat, and the mildest swash upon the sands was the only motion the water seemed capable of making. The sea was the smoothest seen for years. The water was very warm, and thousands of people reluctant to return to the hot shore remained up to their necks in the cooling water for more than an hour. These long baths did not suit the bathing-masters, who wanted the suits to let to others in waiting, but they had no remedy. For fifty cents one hires a bathing suit, which may be worn for ten minutes or a day.

The noon boat brought the largest load of people that has ever landed at the pier from one vessel. Each of the three decks of the Plymouth Rock swarmed with passengers, and every place aboard her where a person could perch was occupied. The number could not have been much less than 5,000. These excursionists also took to the water, and the bathing masters have profited by the intense heat.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon the land breeze died out and was soon followed by a refreshing sea breeze, which put the thermometer down several degrees, to 83°.

Secretary Sherman landed at the pier this morning from the revenue cutter Grant, and taking a carriage, made brief calls upon Messrs. George W. Childs and H. C. Fahnestock at their cottages. The Secretary returned to the pier at about 10 o'clock, and going aboard the cutter, proceeded northward.

The Haverly Jubilee Singers, numbering about forty came down on the noon boat to-day. They gave so-called sacred concerts on the pier this afternoon and evening to audiences of 6,000.

A number of swimmers swam out to the yacht Vanderveort this afternoon, which lay off about 300 yards. After some eight or ten had exhausted their aquatic skill in this way a cry of a man drowning was heard. A few moments afterward P. H. Vanhuyst, of Newark, N. J. was brought to the shore by the Ocean Hotel life-guard. Mr. Vanhuyst had overrated his powers of endurance, and in attempting to reach the yacht sank. But for timely assistance he would have drowned. It took only a few minutes to get the water from his lungs, and in less than two hours he attempted to repeat his effort to swim to the yacht, but was prevented by the authorities on the beach.

About 800 visitors came by the Bay route.

The hotels overflowed last night, as was expected. After putting up 130 cots at the West End Hotel, enough guests to occupy as many more were turned away. A similar state of things prevailed at the Ocean Hotel.

The hops were well attended last evening, and all the hotel parlors and piazzas were thronged with fashionable people.

The Rev. Drs. Alexander McLean and Charles H. Fowler, of New-York, the Rev. Jesse Styles, of Trenton, and the Rev. Dr. Wesson, a returned missionary, occupied Long Branch pulpits this morning. Despite the heat, the churches were well filled.

George Francis Train is at the Ocean Hotel, and General Kautz, U. S. A., is at the West End.

Following are some of the late arrivals:

West End Hotel—Thomas Colling, England; General Kautz, U. S. A.; J. C. King, San Francisco; Wright Farrington and wife, Lowell; W. P. Bacon and wife, L. L. Bobbett, Philadelphia; A. W. Lanning and wife, Miss A. Phelan and wife, Arnold Lee and wife, W. B. Chapman, Mrs. S. S. Cox, New-York.

Mansion House—Mrs. J. E. Wertmore, Baltimore; E. H. Tolman and wife, H. Morrison and wife, Cincinnati; Stanley Bagg, Syracuse; E. Roebling, H. T. Cook, Trenton; G. M. Chapman, Brooklyn; W. S. Davidson and wife, E. C. Homan and wife, Mrs. M. E. Beadle, G. W. Hopkinson and wife, New-York.

Howland Hotel—Mrs. E. E. Law, S. Law, G. T. Hizelhurst, J. R. Baker, Philadelphia; Dr. S. D. French and wife, Troy; P. C. Baker and wife, A. S. Walker, Dr. G. M. Hammond, S. B. Goddard, W. P. Havens, New-York.

United States Hotel—John Dunn, Oswego; G. P. Gillmore, New-Brunswick, N. J.; Maurice Stern, New-Orleans; D. V. Davidson and wife, Max Hillman, J. R. Ellis, Max Lasker, K. A. de Lima, D. A. de Lima, New-York.

Ocean Hotel—G. M. Dawey and wife, Detroit; A. D. Levinger, Germany; M. J. Rempel, Cincinnati; N. B. Falconer, Omaha; A. G. Fonda, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Edith Moore, Newark; Edward Clark, A. A. Thompson and wife, George W. Roderick, Brooklyn; J. S. Udonuss and wife, Dr. D. D. Stewart, Dr. H. J. Keene, Philadelphia; W. H. Garrison and wife, C. H. Hillard, George Johnson, A. C. Case, Miss Brabea, Byron Colsen, B. R. Elliot, A. C. Perkins, John McClave and family, J. L. Davenport, George Francis Train, jr., New-York.

Atlantic Hotel—Charles M. Hurley, Ernest Doureloure, Philadelphia; F. S. Robinson and family, J. L. Breere, A. S. Walker, Z. F. Bingham, New-York.

NEWPORT NOTES.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 11.—The steamer Crystal Wave brought a large excursion party from Providence to-day. The steamers of the Fall River and Wickford Lines also landed a large number of passengers.

H. F. Spink, of Syracuse, P. Garvin, of Hartford, C. E. Rainey, of Cleveland, Miss Josephine Eagan, of New York, and Commander Miller, U. S. N., and J. Saxton, from New-York, have arrived at Brayton's for the season.

Dinner parties have recently been given by Commodore Baldwin, U. S. N., and by Mr. G. W. Wales, of Boston.

The yachts Dauntless, Phantom and Prospero have arrived here.

A hop was given at the Ocean House last evening.

Mr. Theodore W. Phinney, of Chicago, has arrived at his cottage on Carroll-ave.

Professor Baird, the United States Fish Commissioner, will commence operations at once. He is occupying the Ives cottage on Brinley-st.

The tents, mallets and other articles in use by the Westchester Polo Club have arrived here for the season. The polo games here are looked forward to with a good deal of interest.

J. M. Dusenbury, C. C. Baldwin and G. W. Almy, of New-York, James Cunningham, of Rochester, N. Y., and John C. Remington and John C. Groves, of Elmira, N. Y., have arrived at the Ocean House.

Lawn tennis is very popular here this Summer. The dressmakers are doing a flourishing business in making lawn tennis dresses.

The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Philadelphia, were listened to by large audiences to-day. The pulpit of the Unitarian Church was filled by the Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The bathing beach is being well patronized. The Newport Yacht Club will hold its annual meeting next week.

The daughter of Mr. James R. Keene showed a good deal of courage a few days ago in controlling her horse on the beach which had suddenly become frightened. She retained her presence of mind and guided the horse to a sand-bank, where he was brought under control.

Mr. Alfred Pell and family, of New York, have arrived at Conanicut Park for the season.

Mr. Thomas Hunter, brother of the Third Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, and daughter have arrived here from Europe.

The following guests have arrived at the Ocean House: H. C. Brooks, Boston; George W. Butts and wife, Providence; Judge Kelly, R. W. King, E. B. King, Miss A. B. King, New-York. Dr. Henry C. Chapman, Mrs. Chapman, Philadelphia; Miss K. Ames, Oakes A. Ames and wife, Winthrop Ames, the Misses Ames, North Easton, Mass.; F. H. Stoddard and wife, Northampton.

R. F. P. Kent and wife, Theo. A. Eaton and wife, of New-York; Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Parker, Newark, N. J., W. J. Feeley, T. E. Richmond, W. J. B. Jackson, of Providence, D. H. Scoville, of Lynchburg, Va., and J. S. Weathers, from Baltimore, have arrived at the Hotel Aquidneck.

The theatricals at the new Casino Theatre will be under the management of Mr. R. M. Cushing, of Boston.

LAKES MOHONK AND MINNEWASKA.

CHARMING RESORTS FILLED WITH VISITORS.

LAKE MOHONK, N. Y., July 10.—There are no mountain resorts more easy of access or more delightful just now than these beautiful lakes, nestled near the summit of the Shawangunk Mountains, in Ulster County. Here the weary may find rest and enjoyment without incurring the fatigue of a long and toilsome journey to reach it. A brief railway ride over the Erie and Wallkill Valley Roads to the little village of New-Paltz and an easy five-miles ascent by carriage bring one to the Mohonk House, near Sky-Top and on the margin of the lake. Or visitors may leave boat or train at Poughkeepsie and take carriage at Highland on the opposite side of the river.

The scenery embraces a great variety of wild mountain views, and the whole region is a wonderful labyrinth of interest and beauty to the enthusiastic explorer. A distinguishing feature of the management of these resorts is the entire absence of all intoxicating liquors, which has been strictly enforced from the beginning, and has served to keep the moral tone of the place far above that of the average Summer resort. The riff-raff find no attractions here; and for ten years Lake Mohonk has offered this additional and especial attraction to her guests. And now the resort at Lake Minnewaska is conducted on the same plan.

Both these houses are more crowded this season than ever, and many applicants for rooms have already been turned away. Over 300 visitors have obtained permanent accommodations, and last week numerous transient visitors came and went. Rowing on the lakes, rambling over the rugged mountain paths, and quiet resting are the pastimes of the guests. Dress, style and formality are mostly dispensed with here, and it is not a fashionable place.

Among the guests have been the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby and wife, Robert Bonner and wife, Cornelius C. Colgate, Wm. E. Dodge, jr., and wife, L. M. Ferris, jr., and wife, W. S. Gilman and wife, the Rev. R. S. Howland, Hugh J. Jewett and wife, the Rev. J. M. Ludlow and wife, Dr. A. C. Post, Mrs. Geo. P. Putnam, the Rev. Philip Schaff and wife, Albert Weber and wife, Ralph Wells and wife, Hugo Allen and wife, Commodore Nicoll and wife, Stewart L. Woodford, Mrs. A. L. Lowry, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, Mrs. Erastus Brooks, Dr. Gray and wife, and Professor Guyot and wife.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S VOYAGE.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., July 11.—The Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, and party arrived here Saturday afternoon from New-York on the revenue cutter Grant.

CONVERSATION BY SIGNAL AT SEA.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The numerous disasters that have occurred both at sea and on inland waters render it imperatively necessary that some better and surer means of communication between vessels should be adopted than any now in use. Collisions can be rendered almost impossible by adopting the system of United States Army signalling, of two elements, which we are using successfully in the Eleventh Brigade, New-York State Militia, substituting for use at sea sound in place of sight, whistles instead of flags. By this means not only the course of each vessel can be accurately determined by night or in a fog, but any information may be given, such as name, lines to which they respectively belong, destination, by whom commanded, sickness on board, in distress, or in need of anything. Cautions may also be imparted as to position of wrecks or icebergs which may have been observed; in short, general conversation may be carried on with very little more trouble or loss of time than if the communicating parties were on the same deck. How simple a matter for passengers outward bound to telegraph home by passing vessels. The system can be used in any language, for it is not founded upon an arbitrary "code," but upon the letters of the alphabet, and, being conveyed by sound, can be transmitted by day or by night with equal facility. Anyone accustomed to travel by sea can readily perceive the vast importance of being thus able to "converse" in the dark or when separated by long distances on the ocean. That such a system has not long since been in use is a matter of surprise, and I desire to commun cate through your columns the result of experiments made and being made by myself, with the assistance of signal men of the Eleventh Brigade, for the purpose of demonstrating the entire practicability of sound signalling by means of steam whistles. With the view of having every disadvantage to contend with likely to occur in actual practice at sea, the experiments were conducted on a steam tug supplied with one ordinary whistle and without any auxiliary appliances whatever. The Army signal alphabet is as follows:

A	22	K	2121	U	112
B	2112	L	221	V	1222
C	121	M	1221	W	1121
D	222	N	11	X	2122
E	12	O	21	Y	111
F	2221	P	1212	Z	2222
G	2211	Q	1211	&	1111
H	122	R	211	Ing	2212
I	1	S	212	Dom	1112
J	1122	T	2		

The figure 2 is represented in practice by an by a prolonged whistle, 1 by a whistle short and sharp, a pause being carefully observed after each letter. The principle, in fact, is identical with that of the Morse telegraph code of lines and dots—sound substituted for marks—and is further illustrated by the mode of designating the locality of fires by means of signals on bells, with which all are familiar.

To demonstrate the simplicity of the system, let any steamboat captain write on paper a message by this alphabet, for instance: "Engine disabled, we are sinking." This we actually transmitted in 55 seconds, and it took only one minute for a total stranger to the system to write it down as heard and decipher by the alphabet. Anyone interested in the subject can experiment with an ordinary whistle or one as used by street car conductors, writing down a message by number and then sounding it off on the whistle; while another at a distance writes it down as the sounds reach him and then translates from the alphabet. Improvements may perhaps be made by the use of two whistles of different sound, one sharp and quick, the other soft and prolonged. With a little experience, messages can be transmitted at the rate of five words per minute with perfect accuracy, for the system is very simple and free from complications.

C. E. BADGE,
Captain Eleventh Brigade Staff, N. G. S. N. Y.

New-York, July 3, 1880.

MIDNIGHT WEATHER REPORT.

GOVERNMENT INDICATIONS.

Synopsis for the past 24 hours.

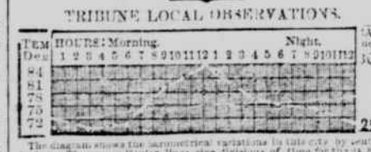
WASHINGTON, July 12, 1 a. m.—The barometer is high in the Atlantic coast States and Nova Scotia; it has risen mostly in New-England and Nova Scotia. A depression of slight energy is central in Minnesota. Occasional rain has fallen in all the districts, but now fair weather prevails. Northwesterly winds prevail in New-England and the Middle States; elsewhere they are mostly from south to west. The temperature has fallen in the Middle States and New-England; elsewhere it has remained nearly stationary.

Indications.

For the Middle Atlantic States, partly cloudy weather, possibly occasional rains, winds mostly from northeast to southeast, stationary or higher temperature and barometer.

For New-England, clear or partly cloudy weather, variable winds, mostly northeasterly, stationary or higher temperature and barometer.

TRIBUNE LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.



The diagram shows the barometrical variations in this city by sections of inches. The perpendicular lines give divisions of time for the 24 hours preceding midnight. The irregular wavy line represents the oscillations by the mercury during those hours. The broken or dot line represents the variations in temperature, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's Pharmacy, 691 Broadway.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, July 12, 1 a. m.—The movement in the barometer yesterday was almost steadily upward. Clear and partly cloudy weather prevailed, with a thunder shower during the third quarter. The temperature ranged between 70° and 84°, the average (75⅜°) being 3⅞° lower than on the corresponding day last year and 4⅜° lower than on Saturday.

Generally clear or fair and cooler weather may be expected to-day in this city and vicinity.

DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 11.—A Peekskill dispatch to *The Eagle* says: General Samuel Ross, a retired United States Army officer, fifty-eight years of age, came from Washington to the Jefferson Valley Hotel, eight miles from Peekskill, with his wife, a few weeks ago, to board for the Summer. Some three or four days ago he was taken with erysipelas in the face and neck, and was confined to the house. Yesterday he was somewhat better, and spoke of taking a bath in Osceola Lake, but was persuaded not to. This morning about 4 o'clock his wife missed him from his bed, and upon going to look for him saw his clothing lying on the shore of the lake. Mrs. Ross returned to the hotel and procured the assistance of the landlord and others. The body was found about three or four yards from the shore, in seven or eight feet of water. Justice W. B. Jones, acting as Coroner, called a jury about 10 a. m. and held an inquest. The jury gave a verdict of accidental drowning. The body will be buried at Carmel, Putnam County, N. Y., to-morrow.

General Ross was a native of New-York. He entered the army in 1837 as a private in the 8th Infantry, and rapidly rose to the rank of sergeant. In December, 1840, he received his discharge, and a few months later he enlisted as a private in the 2d Artillery. Within three years he had again attained the rank of sergeant. He was discharged in 1846, and in the same year he enlisted as a private in the 15th Infantry. He rose to the rank of sergeant within a year, and in 1848 received a commission as brevet second lieutenant. He resigned in 1849, but early in 1861 he re-entered the service as a Captain in the 14th Infantry. In 1862 he became the Colonel of the 20th Connecticut Regiment, and in 1863 he received a commission as a brevet major in the Regular Army for gallant service at Chancellorsville, where he was wounded in the leg. He also received commissions as brevet Colonel in the Regular Army, and brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers for his services during the Atlanta and Savannah campaigns. General Ross was transferred to the 23d Infantry in 1866, and in 1868 he became Major of the 28th Infantry. He was mustered out in 1871, when the Army was under reorganization; but in 1872 he accepted a commission as Second-Lieutenant in the 7th Infantry, and soon after was retired with the rank of Brigadier-General.

SAVING TWENTY-ONE LIVES.

A HERO OF THE SEAWANHAKA DISASTER.

STORY OF JOHN H. BUSH, WHO RESCUED TWENTY-ONE PERSONS WHEN THE SEAWANHAKA WAS BURNING—HIS INJURIES AND HIS PRESENT CONDITION.

"Come in." The speaker was John Henry Bush, one of the heroes of the Seawanhaka disaster. A reporter had searched a long time for his apartments last evening, and had finally reached the door in a dark hall in the rear of the second floor of a tenement-house in One-hundred-and-eleventh-st., between Second and Third-aves. The apartments were tidy, each article of furniture being in its proper place. The injured fisherman was sitting in an arm-chair by a open window, talking to a friend who had called in to see him. He is about thirty years of age, rather slightly built but closely knit, with his face and hands well browned from exposure to the weather. His left arm and hand were wrapped in bandages, and swung in a handkerchief that hung around his neck.

"Well, I'm getting along pretty fairly," he said, "but my arm is quite painful yet. I find it hard to sleep these hot nights. It has been fifteen days to-night since the disaster. But it has been longer than that to me; it has been a long month."

Here Bush stopped talking to remove the bandages from his arm and hand. The hand and forearm had been badly burned; the latter was still raw and inflamed. "I'm afraid of the ends of my fingers," he continued. "There's no feeling in them; they appear to be dead."

"Have you been receiving any medical attention?"

"O, yes. I've been going to the Infants' Hospital on Randall's Island, where Captain Smith is. The doctor has been very kind to me. But I'm not sorry for what I did," he added, referring to the disaster; "I would do the same thing over again. I hung to it, you may believe, until my hands were burned, then I had to throw up."

"Won't you tell your story from the first?"

"Certainly. My wife and I and the two children were out in the boat for a sail. Just as we got on the outside of Ward's Island—that is toward the Long Island shore—I noticed a cloud of smoke rising from the Seawanhaka. 'Kitty,' I said 'there's something wrong with that boat.' 'My God!' she replied, 'it's on fire.' Quickly as I could I put Kitty and the children on Randall's Island and hurried to the scene. The Seawanhaka had no more than been beached on the drowned meadow than I was pulling around the boat's side. I pulled women and children into my boat from the water until it was full, and then rowed for the meadow. They had all jumped from the stern of the boat. How many in this load? Eight—women, girls and children.

"As soon as they were safely on shore, I put back for the steamer again. This trip I picked up nine; one of them was a man, the others were women and children. These were also put on the shore of the meadow. On going back the third time my attention was attracted to a little child that was thrust out by an arm over the guard-rail. The child had