will thus be given to all manufacturing and commercial enterprises, and the close of 1882 will witness as prosperous times as the beginning of 1881.

CALCULATING THE SIZE OF THE REVOLT.

From The Philadelphia Press (Rep.)

The Independent revolt runs largely in spots and streaks. There are counties where there is very little of it, and where the Republicans can hardly appreciate the commotion which it is creating elsewhere. There are other counties and large sections where it cuts a wide swath through the Republican vote. In Philadelphia, where the way has been prepared by a general uprising against local abuses, the movement is undeniably powerful and numbers tens of thousands in its column. In the large circle of surrounding territory, over which the influence of Philadelphia directly radiates, it is scarcely less potent. The oil regions and the northern tier are aflame with revolution, and in Allegheny the young men who have heretofore taken no active part in politics, are enlisting for the campaign. In many other localities the feeling is more general than is suspected. Near the centre of the State is a large establishment with several hundred employes where the head and the great body of the men are strongly inclined to support the Independent Republican ticket; and yet the politicians near by scarcely dream of it, because the men are keeping their counsels to themselves. In another county there is a similar manifestation right under the eyes of an active member of the State Committee, and yet he reports hardly any Independent sentiment there.

THE TRIBUNE FRESH AIR FUND.

BENEFITS OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

From The New-London Evening Telegram.

One of the sweetest charities of this age of benevolence is THE TRIBUNE'S Fresh Air Fund, by which the children of the New-York poor are sent from the stifling atmosphere of swarming tenements and filthy alleys to revel for a fortnight in the cool, bracing climate of the Adirondack hills, and the, to them, unknown pleasures of the open country.

If any jaded traveller has ever happened upon one of these merry parties of little ones starting off upon their brief excursion and has seen the color freshening in their cheeks at the novelty of the experience and the wonder sparkling in their eyes at the simplest incidents of the journey, he has straightway forgotten his own weariness of the dust and motion and recorded a resolution to share the satisfaction of giving so much unalloyed enjoyment at the first opportunity. To these pinched and pale little inmates of crowded lodging-houses, used only to the brawl and squalor of the city's purlieus, a landscape is a revelation, and a meadow daisy a new idea of life. They come back from their short holiday strengthened against the sickness that constantly waits for them in their miserable homes, and with some faint conception of the beauty and happiness there is in the great roomy world outside the noisy city.

Every dollar that is sent to THE TRIBUNE for the Fresh Air Fund contributes to the health and delight of some neglected little one who has never had a chance to taste the common bounty.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR ENGLAND.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The Daily Telegraph devotes more than a column this morning to appeals in favor of school excursions. No one would wish in any way to disparage these brief holidays; for, exhausting and tantalizing as they are apt to be, they are better than none. But it is worth while to call attention once more to a better form of the same kind of charity, which consists not in conveying children in crowds into the country for a single day, but in boarding them out in the country by one or two at a time for some weeks. This plan has already been successfully pursued by a few clergymen; but this year an attempt is being made to organize it on a larger scale. The Americans have set us a good example in this respect in the "Fresh Air Fund" of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE. It can hardly be doubted that if the good results already achieved could be more generally known, the English charitable public, always easily moved where children are concerned, would not allow itself to be surpassed in generosity by our neighbors across the Atlantic.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

The manager of the light opera at the Germania Theatre has decided to keep Strauss's "Merry War" on the stage until October.

The manager of the Metropolitan Alcazar is sufficiently well satisfied with the reception given to his programme of last week to continue it. Eichberg's pretty operetta, "The Doctor of Alcantara," and Delibes's ballet "Sylvia" are the chief features.

Miss Marion Elmore will open the regular season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre with a new play called "Culspa," the product of the authors of "Sharps and Flats," "M'liss" and several other untamed Western plays.

A romance in B flat for piano solo, by Otto Floersheim, of this city, has been praised by ordinarily judicious critics in language bordering on extravagance. It is, unquestionably, a composition of real and high merit.

Signor Rossi has been experimenting with his polyglot "Lear" upon the people of London. It was at first viewed with some curiosity, but the defects in Rossi's impersonation ("compared with the *Lear* of Mr. Edwin Booth, it is anything but a refined or intellectual study," said *The Standard*), and a very poor English-speaking company, brought disaster.

After a two-weeks series of concerts in Milwaukee, Theodore Thomas began a five-weeks series in Chicago last Monday. The concerts are given in the Exposition building, which has seats for 3,000 people. The plan contemplates programmes of popular pieces on the afternoons and evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, a Beethoven symphony every Thursday evening, and request programmes on Friday evenings. Tuesday evening of each week will be devoted to the works of a single composer.

Franz Rummel, formerly of this city, gave a concert in St. James's Hall, London, recently, at which he played a long programme of pieces in various styles from memory. *The London Times* in its review of the concert says of Mr. Rummel that he is "a genuine artist, and whatever he undertakes he performs with care and conscientiousness, always entering into the composer's intentions and strictly avoiding mere show and individual display." Nevertheless the critic concludes from the performance that "Apart from Beethoven, who must appeal to all musicians in all moods," the composer most sympathetic to Herr Rummel is Robert Schumann.

Berlioz's "Symphonie funebre et triomphale" was performed for the first time in England at a concert in the Crystal Palace on June 3. *The Times* was disappointed in the work. "Works of this kind," said the excellent critic, "are the tribute which genius pays to its earthly surroundings. Had the 'Battle of Vittoria' or the present symphony been by an artistic nonentity, they would have been assigned to oblivion after having served the purpose for which they were composed. The former happened to be by Beethoven and the latter by Berlioz, they are at intervals dragged into the light of day, to show that even great men must fall when they write to order and without genuine inspiration."

The sixth annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association was held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week in Chicago. The programme embraced a great deal of music, good, bad and indifferent, and a long list of essays, which, to judge by their authors and subjects, must also have been diversified in merit. Among the good features of the scheme were concerts by George Schneider, of Cincinnati, and Wm. H. Sherwood, of Boston, pianists, and George E. Whiting, of Cincinnati, and H. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, organists; and essays by W. S. B. Matthews, George P. Upton, and E. M. Bowman.

Three weeks ago there was a French Musical Festival in the Royal Albert Hall, London. Nearly 2,000 singers participated, there being seventy-four societies varying in size from sixteen to seventy voices, and a large number of delegates from other societies. There was competitive singing between the societies, and a grand concert was given by all united, and supported by the principal singers from the Grand Opera and the Conservatoire de Paris. Among the jurors who decided on the merits of the societies that competed for prizes were Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Herbert Oakeley, Sir Frederick Ouseley, Sir Robert Stewart, F. H. Cowen, W. Kuhe, H. Leslie and Brinley Richards.

The effort of playwrights to exhibit startling mechanical contrivances on the stage received its capsheaf in Paris a month ago, when "Denis Papin; or, the Invention of Steam," was produced at the Gaité. The play is the creation of Louis Figuier, who has conceived the idea of bringing scientific truth within the reach of the multitude by basing plays upon the episodes in the history of science. The experiment was a lamentable failure through weak dialogue and poor mechanical effects. The story of the "Invention of Steam" is told in light tableaux. *Papin's* attention is directed to steam as a motor by a boiling pot of soup; he builds a cylinder, and by introducing steam in it lifts a heavy weight. Then he constructs a steamboat on the Weser and the boatmen destroy it, believing it to be of evil. Forced to flee from their wrath, he goes to England, finds his son, to whom he is unknown, pursuing a similar line of invention and engaged in constructing a huge steam pump for the Lord Mayor of London. Without discovering his relationship to his son he aids him to build the machine, which is, of course, exhibited on the stage. It is at work pumping up Thames water in the presence of the Lord Mayor and his soldiery, to the tune of "God Save the King," when the Weser boatmen (who, led by *Barbara*, a virago of an innkeeper, represent the evil principle of the drama,) appear unaccountably on the scene and cut a connecting rope. There is danger that the boiler will burst. Quick, *Papin*, to the rescue! The inventor breaks open the safety-valve, but the explosion comes nevertheless (there must be a place for red fire and gunpowder flames), and *Papin* dies of injuries received, after disclosing his identity to his son.

WEARY OF BAD HEALTH.

Ferdinand Jannaka, age fifty-seven, who lived at One-hundred-and-fifty-first-st. and Morris-ave., committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself in the stomach with a shot-gun. His health had made him despondent, and last night he got up from the supper table and went up stairs, taking the shot-gun with him. The report of the weapon quickly drew his family to the scene of the tragedy, where they found him on the floor covered with blood. He lived only a few moments.

LONDON TOPICS.

A LIBEL CASE—THE TUNNEL—A PRINCE ON THE PRESS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, June 28.

The Belt libel case, which has been the sensation of a week, is to be the sensation of next November, to which date it stands adjourned. It contains the material for a copious discourse on the present administration of justice in England; but that also may stand over till November. Interminable as the proceedings are, the question at issue is simple enough. Mr. Lawes, the defendant, himself, like the plaintiff, a sculptor, undertook some time since to convince the public that Mr. Belt is an impostor. He declared that the busts and statues of which Mr. Belt is the reputed author were not, in fact, the work of Mr. Belt, but of people whom he employed, notably one Mr. Verhyden. Mr. Belt, according to Mr. Lawes, is, or rather was, incapable of modelling a good bust, and his artistic career, which has been pecuniarily successful, though brief, has been, if Mr. Lawes may be believed, a fraud on the public. From these strong propositions Mr. Belt naturally dissented, and his dissent has taken the form of two libel suits, one against Mr. Lawes and two other persons; one against the publisher of *Vanity Fair*, which gave currency to the alleged libel.

In all this there seems hardly enough to account for the general interest taken in the quarrel. But Mr. Belt has had the good fortune to secure the sympathies of a number of rather important people. He got the contract for the Byron Memorial statue. He has made, or somebody for him, busts of many celebrities. More than that, he presents himself to the public in the attractive character of a self-made man. He tells an effective story about his early years of poverty and humble toil; how he worked in a printing establishment, and swept out the offices, and took to art from the irresistible impulse of genius; modelled a bust out of an old brick, or some such matter, and scratched in the hair with a rusty nail. Among the audience in court which is of a miscellaneous composition, feeling runs high in Mr. Belt's favor, so much so that Mr. Russell, who leads for the defence, felt himself obliged to protest against the introduction into an English Court of the French claque system. The judge sides with Mr. Belt, should that happen to influence anybody. The judge is Baron Huddleston, perhaps the weakest man on the bench, with a persistent habit of trying his causes to the gallery. His judicial jokes have reached the lowest known level, and the lowest of them all is his suggestion that a stage should be fitted up in court and Mr. Belt make a bust of himself, the presiding judge, during the trial. To the judicial mind of Baron Huddleston this expedient promises to convince the jury that Mr. Belt was or was not five years ago a sculptor of real artistic capacity, and that he did or did not himself design the Byron memorial; which are questions at issue. Not is this the only example of Baron Huddleston's judicial eccentricity. His comments the other day were of such a peculiar character that Mr. Russell felt called on to tell him that he was inciting applause in his own court. A strong thing surely, to say to a judge, and perhaps it was a stronger to intimate, as Mr. Russell proceeded to do, that if the judge persisted in the line he was taking, counsel would withdraw from the case.

With all this in Mr. Belt's favor, it remains to be added that the whole art world is dead against him. Sculptors of every grade and position, successful and unsuccessful, good and bad, agree in saying that Mr. Belt is no sculptor at all. Artists who cannot be supposed to come into competition with him in the remotest degree, painters, for example, are of the same mind. I have not met one who does not say that Mr. Belt was and is absolutely incapable of artistic work. That he has, by dint of much practice, acquired a certain degree of mechanical facility in modelling, is admitted. If Baron Huddleston's grotesque scheme is allowed to be carried out, Mr. Belt, they say, will undoubtedly be able to produce some sort of a head in clay, very possibly a likeness good enough, at any rate, to convince the cheesemongers of Chiswick, who are the majority of the jury, that he is a slandered and an injured man. The artists may be right or wrong in their opinion. I don't know that I ever saw a bust by Mr. Belt, and as for the Byron Memorial, whoever designed it, it is a dreary failure. But I am disposed to think the artists quite as likely to be right about Mr. Belt's art as the baker's dozen of worthy citizens who seem at present disposed to take a contrary view. A baker's dozen, I am aware, is thirteen; but this is a case in which the judge has gone into the jury-box. The postponement to November is due to the necessity of Baron Huddleston's departure on circuit, and to the occurrence of the Long Vacation, which yearly hangs up all sorts of cases for three months to give lawyers and judges a comfortable holiday. It is certainly, remarks one very conservative print, a reflection on English judicial machinery that a case of such interest in London should be interrupted and postponed because one of the judges has to go and try a poaching case in North Wales.

A duel between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Edward Watkin is among the latest sensations. The public heard of it for the first time last night, in the House of Commons. It has been going on for nearly three months. So long ago as the 1st of last April Mr. Chamberlain, as president of the Board of Trade, wrote to Sir Edward Watkin, as chairman of the Submarine Continental Railway Company, to stop his "experimental" boring under the Channel. At or about the same date Mr. Chamberlain, amid general cheers, told the House the work had come to an end. It was anything but an agreeable surprise to the House to hear last night that the work had not been stopped—that, so far as Mr. Chamberlain knew, it had been going on all this time. On the 9th of April Sir Edward appealed to Mr. Chamberlain to be allowed to pursue his boring up to a certain point to "avert danger to life!" Mr. Chamberlain, simple soul, agreed, and said he would send down an inspector at once. Sir Edward, who is by no means a simple soul, put off the inspector. Mr. Chamberlain again proposed to send his officer on the 5th of May, and again and again at six or seven different dates, and each time Sir Edward on one pretext or another declined the pleasure of the inspector's company. And to this day no inspection has been made, and Mr. Chamberlain is reduced to the admission that he is now consulting the law officers of the Crown to find out how he can compel Sir Edward to submit himself and his experimental tunnel to examination.

It is not a week since we heard of Sir Edward inviting M. de Lesseps to "inspect" his tunnel, and boasting of the number of yards he had already gone under deep water—beyond, that is the point, where Mr. Chamberlain three months ago ordered him to stop! And Mr. Chamberlain is the administrative and executive genius of the Radical party. He has proved that he can crush rivals in business and buy gasworks for Birmingham and organize a caucus. But with all the power of the Government at his back he cannot stop Sir Edward Watkin from making a tunnel through Government property, for the soil beneath the Channel is, if not Government property, subject to the jurisdiction of the Crown in such a matter as this. The best thing Mr. Chamberlain's advocate in the press can find to say for him is that he will win in the long run. Probably he will. England does not mean to have a Channel tunnel, and measures will be devised to cool the speculative zeal of Sir Edward Watkin. The House of Commons does not love Sir Edward and abhors the notion of a tunnel. Only the other day I heard a good judge say no bill could be carried even if both the front benches—that is, both the Government and Opposition leaders—supported it. And support it they will not.

Watchdogs of civilization is not, perhaps, a very happy description of journalists. But the phrase fell on Saturday from the mouth of a royal duke, from Prince Leopold, in fact, and there are loyal Britons engaged in supplying written contributions to the British Press to whom it seems a beautiful phrase. Prince Leopold presided at the annual begging dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, and made the usual too patronizing speech with reference to the Press. As the literary member of his family, the Prince took pains to be rhetorical and didactic; perhaps I might say sympathetic, were not the tone of the extremely superior being so clearly audible. The special correspondent got rather more than his customary share of attention and eulogy. The Prince pictured him "sitting in conclave among the patriarchs of men, or struggling with the fevers of Zanzibar and the Congo, or with the ice of the Polar seas, or scanning the desperate charges of Plevna, or carrying an impartial comfort to the wounded of two nations at Sedan." The personal allusions in this highly colored sentence are obvious enough, and the compliments are mostly deserved. A lecture on the vices of society journalism followed in due course, and that also is deserved. Lord Houghton, who can be a courtier on occasion, assured His Royal Highness that his criticisms were accepted in a friendly and kindly spirit. Lord Houghton is an amiable and accomplished man; a wit withal, and he doubtless found it amusing to bare the backs of a profession to which he does not belong to the lash wielded by a princely hand. In so far as the Newspaper Press Fund, of which Lord Houghton is president, represents journalism at large, I agree that censure is deserved. Nor will it cease to be deserved so long as it yearly appeals for alms to the very public which it amuses, enlightens and ought to lead.

G. W. S.

MEETINGS OF FREIGHT-HANDLERS.

PROMISES OF HELP FOR THE MEN.

The Central Labor Union of this city and its vicinity has been organized about a year. It is claimed that its delegates, who meet on Sundays at Science Hall, represent 75,000 workingmen. Yesterday the union passed resolutions to support the freight-handlers in their strike. If this is successful, the men will be urged to make another strike, for 25 cents an hour. It was decided to exert all the power of the union to "raise money enough, if necessary, to pay the strikers the full amount of their wages while they are idle." Some extreme measures were proposed by which the corporations were to be forced into speedy bankruptcy. It was decided, however, that the union for the present should confine itself to furnishing money which "is to be collected by canvassing every house, shop and place of business in this city, and by ordering a special meeting of every one of the forty-five trades-unions which send delegates to the central body, for the purpose of raising money."

The freight-handlers held three meetings yesterday. Branch No. 4, which is composed of the men at the S. John's Park Depot and on Pier No. 26, North River, assembled in the afternoon at Berrigan's Hall, in Hudson-st. Little business was done, except to receive the reports of the various committees. The one in charge of the subscriptions stated that $183 had been given in Hudson-st. alone. The men were anxious to have the German societies in this city take some action in regard to the Germans who are working with the Italians and Russian Jews in the places of the strikers. The report that the Germans in St. John's Park had refused to take the places of the strikers any longer, proved to be unfounded. While not as many of them were at work as on week-days, there is no indication that they will not return to work in full force this morning.

The meeting of Branch No. 3 was held at No. 475 Pearl-st., the headquarters of the Erie men. S. J. McMahon presided. The situation was reviewed in the speeches which were made, and the men seemed determined to remain firm in the attitude that they had taken. The aid promised them from the Central Labor Union, and the confidence in the result of their petitions for help, have infused new life into the men. They now believe that it will not be so hard for them to continue the strike. Statements were made that seven barges of beef, oysters and fresh and salted meats have lain at Jersey City since the beginning of the strike, and that beyond Bergen Tunnel one could hold pans under the cars and fill them with butter. A number of other statements which are hard to believe were made at the meetings in regard to the amount of freight being spoiled on account of the incapacity of the "green" men. A committee of twenty men was appointed to solicit subscriptions, and circulars were ordered to be sent among the Germans to-day asking them to stop work.

In the evening Branch No. 2 held a meeting at St Peter's Hall, in New Church-st. No business of importance was transacted, but the time was devoted to speech-making by the leaders of the strike, and Robert Blissert and George Blair, of the Central Labor Union, repeated the promises of help which they had made before. Mr. Blissert said that the strike would teach the men the necessity of thorough organization, and that it would also teach them to depend upon themselves and no one else.

The German bakers held a meeting at Concordia Hall to discuss the feasibility of making a demand for higher wages. No strike has been determined upon yet.

THE BLACK LIST NOT DISTRIBUTED.

Yesterday was the most quiet and uneventful day among the freight-handlers in Jersey City since the strike began. Very little work was done at the railroad depots and freight piers, and the strikers did nothing except to gather in groups in and around Hamilton Park and discuss the situation. Announcement was made on Saturday that a blacklist containing the names of the strikers who had abandoned their fellows and gone back to work would be distributed at the doors of the churches yesterday morning, but the project was not carried out. It was said that some of the clergy who had been apprised of the intention of the strikers had advised against it, and that their counsels had prevailed. The strikers were to hold a meeting last night in St. Michael's Institute, but did not. Some freight was handled during the day at the Erie piers, and a little at the Pennsylvania, but nothing was done at the Central.

It was rumored last night that gangs of trackmen and switchmen are to be brought to-morrow from other stations along the road to Jersey City and put to work. The strikers profess more confidence than ever in their ultimate success. They say that it costs the companies fully five times as much now to handle their freight as it did before the strike. The railroad officials are equally positive in their assertions that the men cannot hold out, and in fact they say that it is a matter of indifference whether the strikers yield or not, as they are having all their freight moved to their entire satisfaction. A man prominent in the councils of the strikers informed a TRIBUNE reporter that if the companies should consent to give the men 20 cents an hour they would still refuse to resume work, unless some of the "bosses" who have made themselves obnoxious were discharged.

REMARKABLE HAUNT OF THIEVES.

Upon an island in the Hudson River, near Glen's Falls, a most remarkable thieves' haunt has been discovered. James and Ernest O'Grady, two idle young men of Glen's Falls were suspected to have robbed a grocery store near the place. They were tracked to the island and discovered in a box beneath a heap of sawdust. A few yards distant from their hiding-place a "dug-out" was found, about 10 feet square by 6 feet in in height, lined with boards and covered with earth, over which had grown vines that showed that it had been erected several years. The doorway was artfully concealed with shrubbery. In the "dug-out" there was a collection of stolen articles that made it look like a village store. There were a stove, table, half barrel of ale, confectionery, peanuts, wood saw, hammer, shovel, axe, satchels, several fine white dress shirts, undershirts, drawers, false mustache, collars, handkerchiefs, napkins, pillow-cases, feather pillows, bed quilts, ladies' dresses, underskirts, three or four chip bonnets, a calico sun-bonnet, old-fashioned straw shaker, black cashmere cape, brown silk waist, brown broadcloth waist, night shirts, straw ticks, two Dolly Varden wrappers, petticoats, hoops, bustles, artificial flowers, ribbons, lace, calico aprons, horse blanket, buffalo and wolf robes, light single harness, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, kettles, lamp, tubular and dark lanterns, keys of various sizes and shapes, cold chisel, rifle, double-barrelled gun, hats, tin pans, pails, tallow, crackers, oilcloth, rope, clothes and bushel baskets, wash-tub, rubbers and leather boots, gentlemen's slippers, cake baskets (containing cake), a quantity of chewing-gum, eight jars of currant jelly, silver spoons and forks, bird food, maple sugar, dime novels and other variety goods.

THE ILLINOIS WHEAT CROP.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 9.—The State Department of Agriculture has received reports from every county in the State to July 1 on the wheat crop. A summary says the winter wheat crop has seldom, if ever, promised a more abundant yield and the quality is excellent. The crop has been harvested in the southern and most of the central counties, and the new wheat is being marketed as fast as it can be threshed. Continued rain interfered with the harvesting in Central Illinois, making it impossible in many instances to use reapers, binders, or treaders on account of the soft condition of the soil. The result is that the farmers have resorted to cradles, and there is danger of the grade of the crop being damaged by sprouting before it can be successfully stacked. The average condition in the northern division of the State is 47 per cent better than on July 1, 1881; in the central division 62 per cent better, and in the southern division 63 per cent better. The general condition is 6 per cent above the average.

SUMMER LEISURE.

ROCKAWAY SOMEWHAT DESERTED.

RUMORS THAT A PART OF THE LARGE HOTEL IS TO BE OPENED.

Rockaway was not crowded yesterday, and the reason given for this by disappointed hotel, restaurant and bath-house keepers was that the Plymouth Rock's disaster last week had frightened the people of this city to such an extent that they avoided the trip by water, and did not care to go by rail. The "Only Direct Line" did not send any steamer yesterday, and the Iron Pier was almost deserted, few people caring enough for its advantages to pay for the pleasure. The Columbia made two trips, and the Grand Republic and Americus one each, but they all carried light loads. The Columbia returned at night to the city with 800 passengers, although it is licensed to carry 3,000. At Hunter's Point there was the usual amount of excitement. The agents of the railroad which crosses Jamaica Bay were eager to force all who left the ferry from New York to take one of the several extra trains which ran yesterday.

At the beach, tired women, leading motherless-looking children, wandered along the shore, while their male attendants hung around the tents where they could obtain cheap cigars, if fortunate enough to make a ball strike a figure a few yards from the thrower. It was noticeable that in the earlier part of the day their success was greater than towards evening. Leaving this amusement they would join their proteges and go to a pinafore where they found "basket parties accommodated," and then the hours ended in smoke and foam. The negro minstrels were as silly as ever and caused considerable merriment by their mature "jokes," added by various musical instruments. A "brand-new" attraction has been added to Allen's Museum, which is said to excel all other babies in smallness. His name is George, and although two months old, is declared to weigh only four pounds. No one doubted this statement made by George's mother, and one little girl was heard to say: "Mamma, how can such a big cry come from such a little baby?" Another feature of this part of the beach was a bicycle railroad, which will run, it is promised, 120 miles an hour. The talkative inventor declared, "It is the coming railroad of the twentieth century. The train cannot run off the track, and if it had been in use at Long Branch last week, General Grant's life would not have been endangered."

The bathing was perfect. The surf was not heavy, and it was enjoyed by many hundred people in the day. At one bathing house, it was said that 1,900 suits had been paid for before 5 p. m., and similar statements were made at other places. There was a rumor which could not be verified, to the effect that the "big hotel" is soon to be opened. As this report was circulated by the men who added that their own business would be materially increased by this added attraction at the west end, it was said to be a cheap way of advertising that part of Rockaway. Inquiry of the watchmen at the hotel disclosed the fact that there is a contemplated change in the air, but that it is yet too indefinite to be relied upon. The account given by the most intelligent guardian seen there was as follows:

"It is probable that the ice-room and dining-room are soon to be opened, and that there will be a band of music stationed here. The other rooms will not be opened for a long time yet."

"Who is to be the proprietor?" asked the reporter.

"E. L. Merrifield, of New-York, the proprietor of the Continental Hotel, in Broadway."

"When will the opening occur?"

"Probably on next Saturday."

MERRY CROWDS AT CONEY ISLAND.

The great rush to Coney Island began early yesterday morning, and long before noon the best part of the sea breeze had been used up so that late comers had to content themselves with an occasional cool whiff. About the time the greatest part of the crowd had reached the beach the tide was full, not on that account presumably, but because it couldn't help it. The full tide brought with it cool gusts of half-frozen wind from the European side of the ocean. One rosy-colored, red-haired suspect, bracing himself against a settee, was heard to remark that he "smelt powder; 'Gypt's gone t' war, hurroo!" The breeze struck the water at just such an angle as to roll in the combers and make them dash with their spray the seats and settees close by. At a short distance from the shore several men in several boats fed the fish, not for the fun of it exactly, but because they couldn't do anything else. They were trying to catch them. Whole families descended on the place and left standing-room only. The handsome young man was there, clad in paste studs and spring-bottom trousers. His young woman was also there, lovely in her paint and feathers. At first glance her apparel seemed costly and even extravagant; but when a gentle zepnyr lifted the tiers of ruffles on her bombazine, the deception was exposed.

Later in the day the tide was seen going out, but altogether too late to stop it. The breeze died down when the tide went out, and from that time until sunset people sweltered in the heat. At 3:30 o'clock the sweet strains of music put new life into the crowd, and there was a rush for seats that was a caution to crippies. Then aproned waiters spilt lemonade and put ice-cream into the muslin laps of the girls at an exceedingly rapid rate. Older people struggled with mushrooms and croquettes. Now and then the fascinating pop of the champagne cork was evidence of American patriotism and a disposition to patronize home industry. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the only stir in the air came from the modest efforts of a foreign person working himself up to summer heat over a trombone that did not fit him. Some one said that it was a solo—but it looked like a trombone. At the hotel bars there was a great run on "sours," and an occasional "gin" was heard to buz. Just before sunset there was a sudden appearance of inescribable objects at a short distance from the Manhattan Beach Hotel. At first they looked like spotted cows; then they dwindled in size until they resembled human beings; and finally it was discovered that they were bathers. They took "headers" down below and came up puffing like an engine and blowing like a whale. And while all this side-show was in progress the late trains were carrying people by the hundreds to the beach. At one part the beach and the water were obscured by a long line of parasols making a picturesque and peculiar picture. The crowd remained until late in the evening.

SUNDAY AT NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 9.—With the new Prohibitory law and the electric-light controversy, the summer residents as well as the townspeople have timely topics to get excited over during the heated term. So far, no arrests have been made, although liquor is being sold as openly as it was before the new law went into effect.

Colonel John Winthrop, of New-Orleans, has arrived at his cottage on Corne-st.

Mrs. Julian T. Davies, of New-York, has arrived at the Barker cottage, near the Second Beach.

The fashionable churches were well attended to-day.

Caroline E. Talbot, a minister of the Society of Friends, of Ohio, spoke at the Friends' meeting-house this morning, and also at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. She also addressed the naval apprentice boys on board the United States training ship New-Hampshire.

Mr. Barca, the Spanish Minister at Washington, has taken a cottage here. His family have been at the Cliff Cottage Hotel.

Marshall Field, of Chicago, has arrived at the McCurdy cottage, near Halliden Hill.

D. Emmett and the Misses Stevens, of New-York, are the guests of John N. A. Griswold, of New-York.

Gustavus Tuckerman, of Gloucester, Mass., is at No. 1 Livingston cottage.

Charles B. Perkins, of Boston, has arrived at Bruen Villa, near Bellevue-ave.

Late hotel arrivals include:

Aquidneck House.—H. A. Gaskell, Worcester; Mrs. C. A. Fitkin, Mrs. Elmer Morrison, R. E. Merrison, Mrs. Ivry Morrison, Mrs. N. E. Hollis, Braintree, Mass.; A. B. Ryan, Charleston, S. C.; G. D. Sturtevant and wife, North Attleborough, Mass.; J. W. Steele, New-York; Miss Holbrook, Miss Warner, Miss L. Whiting, J. W. Johnson, Boston; Henry J. Steere, Providence; George O. Waice and wife, Braintree, Mass.; C. C. Gregg, Longwood; W. W. Lockwood, Detroit; N. Nichols, A. C. Goodell, jr., Salem.

Ocean House.—Arthur B. Ryan, of Charleston, S. C.; H. James M. Grant, of Jamestown, N. Y.; B. H. Griswold, of Baltimore; J. N. Du Barry and family, Carrie Du Barry, E. C. Broadhurst and Jacob F. Miles, of Philadelphia; H. Allen and wife, W. H. Jube and family, W. F. Knox and F. N. Bangs, of New-York; John Brewster and wife, J. A. Codman and family and E. S. Hemingway, of Boston.

The first Sunday evening concert of the season took place at the Casino to-night. The attendance was small.

Frederick O. Beach, of New-York, is the guest of Mrs. Paran Stevens, of New-York.

E. H. Green, of Baltimore, has arrived for the season.

BUTTON A NEW RESORT ON THE ATLANTIC.

NEPTUNE CITY, N. J., July 9.—The large and handsome tract of land known as Neptune City lies on the line of the New-York and Long Branch Railroad less than two miles south of the gates of Ocean Grove in the edge of the famous and beautiful pine forests of New-Jersey. The land is perfectly level with the exception of little crowns here and there that are covered with fine young timber. The property is owned by Charles A. Buddensiek, the well-known builder of New-York. The avenues cut through it are broad and clear, from the sands of which roads on the New-Jersey sea side are usually made. On the south side the smooth waters of Shark River present great attractions to those who enjoy fishing or crabbing. The water is very clear and averages from two to six feet in depth. The river abounds with fish of all kinds and both softshell and hardshell crabs. Here the boys may be seen early in the morning wading around and overturning pieces of seaweed in quest of those dainty articles of food, the softshell crabs. The hardshell creatures are caught in large quantities in all parts of the broad river. Through the fragrant pine woods are walks and drives of great beauty, and they are the favorite resort in the heated part of the day. The ocean beach is about half a mile east of the Newport, the elegant house for the entertainment of visitors. The beach is wide and free from stones. On the bluff stands a large pavilion where parties of summer visitors sit and watch the white-capped breakers roll in upon the white sand. The Newport was built so far from the ocean front in order to avoid the dense fogs which at times are such an annoyance on the sea coast. The house has large parlors and reception-rooms and one of the finest dining-rooms on the coast. The bedrooms are spacious and very handsomely furnished. The piazzas, on all sides of the house, are wide and make pleasant promenade grounds for the guests. On the south side a few feet from the entrance of the house is a wharf that runs out some distance in the river, and under the trees on the lawns are cozy and comfortable rustic seats. In a large casino are bowling alley, billiard tables and rifle galleries. The food furnished to guests is excellent and the prices are reasonable. The new proprietor is A. E. Dick, a gentleman of great experience in hotel management. He makes a specialty of clambakes, crab suppers and fish dinners, and his house is a favorite baiting place for driving parties from Long Branch, Elberon and Asbury Park.

Mr. Buddensiek has erected five handsome cottages on different parts of the property. One of them is occupied by the family of S. L. Bradley, of New-York, one of the victims of the late terrible railroad accident at Little Silver. No plots have been sold as yet by Mr. Buddensiek. He has material on hand for the erection of fifteen large cottages, on which work will begin soon.

The days are spent in crabbing, driving through the surrounding country, fishing and rowing. It is a very pleasant place to while away a midsummer vacation or to spend Sundays. Thomas H. Walters and John Bell, of New-York, and H. M. Bennett, of Pittsburg, are cottagers here.

At the Newport the late arrivals are Mrs. Colonel Rafferty and daughter, H. L. Phalon, wife and the Misses Phalon, J. P. Matthews and wife, T. Griffin and wife, Miss Griffin, Francis G. Lloyd and family, Miss Carrie Pearley, Miss Jennie Adams, J. J. Keenan, A. L. Bingham, J. H. Blauvelt, H. L. Shalon, L. F. Jackson and wife, W. H. Caldwell, L. B. Hone and family, William Herbert, Miss H. L. Cooper, Mrs. McCahill, Miss M. A. Shandlin, Mrs. McArtee, Miss Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs, W. A. Mathestus, George Frey, jr., Miss Gardner, J. F. Sadler and wife, Albert Lowther and wife, Mrs. E. Lowther, George Lowther and wife, George Lowther, jr., Miss A. Cassner, Christopher Lowther, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. V. Smedeker and son, of Brooklyn.

CROWDS AT LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 9.—Long Branch was crowded with visitors all day, but they were very orderly. In the morning and late in the afternoon, the fashionable driving hours here, Ocean-ave. was crowded with handsome vehicles and stages. There were more bathers to-day than on any previous day this season.

The City of Richmond is the only steamer running here. She is owned and managed by the Clides, and is the finest boat ever put upon this route. During the winter her upper promenade deck was built out to the stem, thus increasing her capacity. She carries 2,200 passengers, is well appointed, and equipped with all necessary appliances in case of fire or collision. She is commanded by Captain E. Kemble, with James L. Miller as purser.

The bronze memorial tablet to the late President, which was recently erected in the Chapel of St. James, at Elberon, attracts much attention.

George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, ex-Minister to Turkey, and wife are at the Elberon.

Professor Charles E. Hart and wife, of Rutgers College, New-Brunswick, N. J., are at the Hotel Brighton.

Lieutenant Perkins, of the United States Navy, is one of the late arrivals at the Elberon.

The Rev. H. J. Morton, D. D., rector of St. James Episcopal Church, of Philadelphia, preached in the Chapel of St. James, at Elberon, to-day.

General H. G. Gibson, of the United States Army, is at the West End Hotel.

The Long Branch Water Company has issued notices to the cottagers prohibiting the use of lawn-sprinklers between 8 a. m. and 6 p. m., because of the great waste of water.

Charles Parsloe, the actor, is spending the summer at Branchport, near Long Branch Village.

Captain Stanley Williams, of the British Army, and wife are among the guests at the Elberon.

Minnie Palmer, the actress, is a guest of the Ocean Hotel.

A. J. Cassatt, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and wife, of Philadelphia, are registered at the Elberon.

John Mack, of New-York, is among the recent arrivals at the Mansion House.

The cottagers of Elberon have raised a concert subscription fund, and will have two concerts a week by the 7th Regiment Band, of New-York, in the new band pavilion.

Joseph Hayes and his daughter, Miss Minnie, are at the Olives Cottage, in Ocean-ave.

Among the late arrivals at the Elberon are: Audrey Gray and wife, Miss H. B. Davidy, George L. Harrison and family, Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, Miss Harrison, W. Wurts Dundas, J. McWade, Miss Mary Harrison, James P. Scott, of Philadelphia; Edward Pomeroy, William Sturgis, D. W. Hermance, F. Collingwood, C. B. Hawley, William Dennison, J. Morgan Wing, W. E. O. Stokes, George A. Conklin and family, G. S. Moulton, D. C. Clark, A. R. Shattuck, Edward O. Coles and family, of New-York; Dr. A. Pettit and wife, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Miss Mackay, Mrs. Simmons, of Brooklyn; L. J. Smith and family, of Norristown, N. J.; Miss Cornell, of Ithaca, N. Y.; Miss Millspaugh, of Jersey City, N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 9.—A stormy, dismal Fourth, followed by cold wet weather, cast a gloom over this resort last week. But blue skies and bright sunshine have reappeared, and with them throngs of guests have returned to the hotels and joy to the landlords' hearts.

This place never before more deserved the name of the bathers' paradise than this year. At other seaside resorts bathing is an incident, but here it is a law of existence. Everybody bathes. Octogenarians hobble into the surf, staff in hand. Infants in arms are treated to a daily dip. Dyspeptic business men go into the surf to digest their dinners. Lovers of the weed go there to smoke. Matrons put on bathing suits to gossip and discuss their neighbors and the fashions. Young men and maidens enter the breakers to flirt, make love, pop the question, and give the mitten. The one drawback to it all is that decidedly too much freedom is allowed in the cut of bathing clothes. The proprieties are sorely shocked