A BROKEN WALKING-BEAM.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT TO A STEAMBOAT.

A CRASH ON BOARD THE KAATERSKILL NEAR WEST POINT—CLOUDS OF SCALDING STEAM THROUGH THE BOAT—SIX PERSONS INJURED, ONE OF WHOM DIES AT A HOSPITAL IN THIS CITY.

An accident occurred to the steamer Kaaterskill, of the New-York, Catskill and Athens Line, yesterday morning by which six persons were injured, one of them fatally. The steamer was on her way down the Hudson to this city and was below West Point and near Caldwell Landing when the accident happened. It was 1:30 in the morning and nearly all the passengers were asleep. Suddenly there came a shock and a crash, followed by a noise of escaping steam. The walking beam of the steamer had broken and caused the piston rod to crash through the cylinder. The steam in the cylinder rushed in a scalding cloud through the boat and extinguished the lights. The passengers, aroused by the noise and shock, hurried from the cabin and from their staterooms in alarm. Many of those in staterooms, terrified by the steam and darkness in the saloon, crawled through the windows upon the deck. The officers of the boat soon quieted the fears of the passengers by assurances that there was no danger, and as soon as the steam had sufficiently cleared from the saloon the lamps were relit. The engineer, as soon as possible after the accident, shut off the steam from the boilers, so that none could enter the broken cylinder. The steamer William C. Redfield, of the Hudson Line, came along soon after the accident and the passengers from the disabled steamer were transferred to her and brought to this city.

It was found when the excitement had subsided that six passengers had been injured. Three of them were Italians, deck passengers on the Kaaterskill, who were sleeping on the freight on the main deck at the time of the accident. The hot steam, in its first escape from the cilender, filled that part of the boat, and the deck passengers were placed in a perilous position. One of the injured Italians, Vincenzo Calles, was so badly scalded that he died after being removed to a hospital in this city. After the accident he was taken from the pile of freight, on a sheet spread over a mattress, to the deck. When he was removed from the mattress for the purpose of plaging him on board the Redfield, the flesh fell from his back, so badly was he scalded. Major S. A. Russell, Deputy Warden of Bellevue Hospital, was one of the injured. He had been to Catskill, where his mother had recently died, and was bringing her body back to this city for burial. When the accident occurred he crawled through his state-room window upon the narrow space outside of the state-rooms on the saloon deck. Seeing a woman attempting to get out of her state-room window, he got upon the railing to assist her, when he lost his balance and fell to the deck below. He received severe injuries, but his attending physician at Bellevue Hospital, whither he was taken on the arrival of the Redfield at this city, did not think that he was in any immediate danger last night, though in addition to the injuries received by the fall, he is suffering from nervous prostration caused by the circumstances attending the accident and the recent death of his mother.

The Kaaterskill was towed to this city yesterday, reaching here about 7 o'clock, and now lies at the foot of West Thirteenth-st. A TRIBUNE reporter visited the steamer last evening and examined the broken walking-beam, and saw the damage caused by it. The forward arm of the walking-beam was broken off about in the middle. Pieces of the wrought-iron frame lay on the hurricane deck, and below in the hold lay the crank connecting it with the wheel-shaft and pieces of the wrought-iron strap, all visible through the ragged hole where the immense mass of iron had crashed through the decks. The arm of the walking-beam, to which the piston-rod was attached, was uninjured and the rod still was attached to it. Through the opening in which the piston-rod worked the other end of it could be seen imbedded in the ruins of the cylinder. The rod had been on the down stroke apparently when the accident occurred. The steam was forcing the piston-rod down into the cylinder and the crank was, of course, rising, drawn up by the other arm of the walking-beam. The sudden breaking of the crank end of the beam at once removed all resistance to the power that was forcing the piston-rod down, and it crashed through the cylinder with the effect described. The crank and the iron of the beam attached to it crashed through all the decks, tearing a large hole in them. It is thought that the wheels must have made one or two revolutions after the accident, causing the crank to fly about, so great was the damage done by it. About twenty-five feet from the walking-beam was a mast a foot in diameter, and the crank in its descent cut through it as if it had been a pipe stem. From the upper to the lower saloon deck there extended a staircase, directly in the course of the falling iron. Mahogany kindling-wood mixed with the other debris is all that is left of it.

The captain of the Kaaterskill said to a TRIBUNE reporter last evening that there was comparatively little excitement among the passengers. "As soon as I heard the crash," said he, "I ran down below to see if the boat was making any water, for I thought at first we had struck a rock. Seeing the nature of the accident, and that the engineer had shut off the steam, I went back to the deck and had the lamps lighted. The night was calm and clear, and we were going slowly at the time of the accident."

The captain did not attempt to explain the cause of the accident, and was naturally rather too tired after his night's adventure to talk much any way. The officers and men of the Kaaterskill are all said to have acted nobly, doing everything in their power to prevent a panic among the passengers. There were plenty of life-preservers on board, and the life-boats were ready for an emergency.

G. M. Snyder, the president of the New-York, Catskill and Athens Steamboat Company, said to a TRIBUNE reporter last night that he thought the damages to the boat would amount to about $15,000. "The steamboat was put on river service about two weeks ago," said he, "and gave such thorough satisfaction to the officers of the company that she was looked upon as our best boat. We put Captain James Stead in charge of her because we knew him to be the most trustworthy man in our employ, and by the gallant manner in which he acted after the accident, he has proved to us that we have not been mistaken as to his merits. The accident happened at 1:30 this morning while all were asleep on board and the river was like a lake before the boat. Suddenly the captain heard a harsh grating sound and then a crash which seemed to indicate a grounding of the vessel. Then came the smashing of the cylinder and the rush of steam and the cries of the injured. There was, of course, excitement on board, but the passengers, of whom there were 125, behaved in the coolest way, gave the officers no unnecessary trouble, and went from the Kaaterskill to the William C. Redfield without excitement and, I believe, without comment. The upper works of the steamboat are damaged to the extent of about $500, and it will require some little time to get the boat to rights again. The walking-beam weighs about five tons, and consequently the force with which it tore through the woodwork and into the cylinder was tremendous. We will run the City of Catskill on Saturday in place of the Kaaterskill, and the Walter Brett on other days. We expect to begin running the Kaaterskill again in about two weeks."

William Fletcher, of the firm of W. & A. Fletcher, the builders of the Kaaterskill's machinery, said: "The engine and running works of the boat are all new and were placed in their positions last spring. The engine cost about $60,000 and is of vertical beam with a cylinder sixty-three inches in diameter and twelve feet stroke of piston. There are two boilers, which are nine feet one inch in diameter with ten feet face. The cost of repairs to the boat will amount to about $20,000. The engine may be estimated at 2,000 horse power. Besides her working machinery she has two hoiwer engines and blowers, a donkey steam pump and a donkey boiler. The skeleton of the working beam of a steamboat is made of cast iron, and is bound by a strip of wrought iron, which we call the a rap. This strap has the resistance of twelve times the power applied, and when it breaks the entire force of the motion of the wheels is brought on the frame of the walking-beam, which, in the natural course of things, is too brittle to withstand it, and breaks. The breakage throws the shaft out from the centre of the vessel and destroys anything with which it may come in contact. An accident is as likely to occur at one end of the beam as at another, and cannot be avoided, except by the utmost care in welding the iron used for the strap. This care was taken in the case of the Kaaterskill, and I can assign no reason other than that in the descent of the beam it may have struck a mass of water in the cylinder and the shock of the resistance may have broken the strap. The engineer tells me that the piston had drawn no water, and consequently this single possible explanation is rejected. The fracture in the beam was crystallized, and, as no sand could enter into the wrought iron, I at present cannot explain how the break was caused. These accidents seldom occur when the vessel is running at a high rate of speed, and in this instance the engines were working slowly. I have known the piston-rod in the breaking of the walking-beam to be thrust through the cylinder and condenser, but never through the bed-plate. I have never heard of any similar accident forcing any part of the machinery through the bottom of a vessel. This is the most singular accident within my remembrance."

James O'Neal, of No. 28 Morton-st., on board the William C. Redfield, the boat which took the passengers from the Kaaterskill, said: "The Redfield was about opposite Caldwell's Landing when my attention was called to the Kaaterskill by a loud crash and the sound of escaping steam. We were about a half mile from the injured boat, and I ran to the captain of the Redfield, R. P. Tremaine, and told him of the sound I had heard. He immediately went with me to the forward part of the boat and then directed the pilot to steer for the Kaaterskill. When we had approached her within about a quarter of a mile she showed a signal of distress and in a few minutes more we were alongside. Captain Tremaine called to the captain of the Kaaterskill and asked him how his boat had been hurt and if he wanted help. The answer was 'Yes,' and the boats were fastened to each other. Then a stream of passengers poured over our rail and after we had cared for the injured we left the Kaaterskill at anchor in the river. The passengers were all very much frightened, but they knew what had happened and were thankful it had been no worse. There were several persons whose names you have not obtained who were scalded slightly on the limbs and face, but none of them sustained serious injuries. The injured persons we sent by ambulances to the hospitals."

The following is a list of the persons who were injured:

AMICOLLO, PIETRO, of No. 35 Mulberry-st., an Italian laborer, was scalded about the head, shoulders, hands and feet. His injuries were not serious and he went to his home.

CALLES, VINCENZO, age thirty-one, of No. 35 Mulberry-st., a laborer, was scalded severely about the face and body. His face was completely flayed and the nails on his fingers fell off. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital where, three hours after his arrival, he died.

GEROLINI, MICHELE, of No. 35 Mulberry-st., a laborer, was scalded about the arms and hands. His injuries were not serious and he was sent to the Ward's Island Emigrant Hospital.

GREEN, MRS. SAMUEL, of Catskill, was scalded about the face and shoulders. She was sent from Caldwell Landing to her home in Catskill. Her injuries were painful, but not serious.

HINMAN, MISS MARY, of Catskill, the sister of Mrs. Green, was injured in the throat by the inhalation of steam. She was sent to her home, her injuries not being considered dangerous.

RUSSELL, MAJOR S. A., the deputy warden of Bellevue Hospital in this city, received several serious internal injuries caused by his falling over the rail of the upper deck upon that of the lower. He is in Bellevue Hospital and his injuries are not thought to be serious.

The Kaaterskill is a new boat and made her first trip three weeks ago yesterday. She was built at the ship-yard of Van Low & Marine, at Athens. She is a large three-decked boat, the largest craft ever built on the upper Hudson. She is owned by the New-York, Catskill and Athens Steamboat Company. Her dimensions are as follows: 281 feet 4 inches in length over all, and 265 feet on the waterline. She is 65 feet beam, with the over-hang, and has 10 feet depth of hold. There are 123 state-rooms in her, and 120 berths in the cabin. The state-rooms are finished in white pine and mahogany. The main saloon is finely fitted up with a profusion of carved wood-work and mahogany. The newel post and balustrades of the stairways are of mahogany inlaid with other woods. The furniture is of ebony upholstered in crimson plush.

FATAL RESULTS OF RECKLESS BATHING.

The body of James McIntyre, who was drowned while bathing at West Brighton Beach on Thursday afternoon, was found yesterday. The search for it had been carried on all day, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon it came to the surface between the two iron piers. Early yesterday morning a brother, two sisters, and a friend of the deceased man arrived in the city and went at once to Coney Island. They were present when the body was found. The sisters went into hysterics, while the brother threw himself at full length upon the body and covered the face with kisses. With difficulty he was removed. An inquest was held by Justice Williams, and a verdict of "accidental drowning" was rendered. The body was then removed to the morgue at Gravesend. This morning at 8 o'clock it will be shipped to Mr. McIntyre's home at Bradford, Penn. Mr. McIntyre was twenty-three years old. He was born in Ireland, but had lived for twelve years in this country. He was engaged in the hope and jute business at Bradford. Being in poor health he had arranged to take a trip to Europe, and had engaged passage on the Furnessia, of the Anchor Line, which sailed yesterday. He arrived in this city on Tuesday and went to Sweeny's Hotel, where he was last seen on Thursday morning. In his pockets at the time of his death were found a check for $500 and $46 40 in cash, beside his ticket to Europe and some letters.

Two more drowning accidents occurred at Coney Island on Friday. Frederick Homns lost his life while bathing at the Old Iron Pier. The body was recovered yesterday. It was very much contorted, as if by cramp. Hohns was thirty-three years of age, and a liquor-dealer at Peck Slip and Pearl-st., in this city. His identity was determined by some papers found in pockets of his clothing left in a bathing-house at the Iron Pier. An inquest was held by Justice Williams. John Winkleman, twenty-nine years of age, was bathing with Hohns and was drowned at the same time. He was a liquor-dealer at Chambers and Greenwich-sts. His body has not been recovered. A brother of Hohns recognized the clothing of Winkleman, and stated that the two men were in the habit of bathing together at West Brighton Beach every Friday. They were not missed until night, when the bath-keeper found two of his keys missing, and breaking open the doors, discovered the clothing of the two men. One of the employes stated that he had seen a man waving his hand to a companion in the water, but thought nothing of it. Another official said that he had seen the two men in trouble, and had sent a life-boat to them, but they had disappeared before the life-boat reached the spot.

THIEVES IN APARTMENT HOUSES.

Detective John T. Cuff, of the Nineteenth Precinct, saw two young men going from house to house in East Forty-eighth-st. and ringing door-bells in a suspicious way at 3 p. m. yesterday. Believing that they were thieves, he followed them into Third-ave., and afterward saw them enter the large brown stone flat-house No. 150 East Forty-ninth-st., known as the Arlington. They had rung a bell, and someone on an upper floor had admitted them by pulling a wire attached to the door-lock. The officer waited outside for nearly half an hour, long enough at least to give the supposed thieves ample time to get into rooms and break open the doors of closets and private desks. At length one of the young men opened the front door, and seeing the detective watching the house he ran swiftly in the direction of Fourth-ave. Cuff pursued him with a drawn revolver, and after calling out "Stop thief!" several times, he fired a shot into the air. This had the effect of frightening the fugitive, who stopped and surrendered. It was discovered soon afterward that the bullet from Cuff's pistol had struck an innocent bricklayer, Thomas Walker, of No. 42 Pacific-st., Brooklyn, who was crossing the Fourth-ave. bridge at Forty-eighth-st. when the shot was fired. Walker was wounded slightly in the shoulder. He went to St. Luke's Hospital and afterward went home.

The prisoner gave his name as John Gleason, and said he lived at No. 70 Laight-st. His companion escaped from the Arlington while the pursuit was in progress. It was ascertained that the thieves had stolen a coat worth $30 from George A. Gorenflo, on the second floor of the house. They also had rifled the bureau drawers in the rooms of S. J. Davis on the same floor. Mr. Davis and his family were away from home and the police were unable to learn what had been stolen from the rooms. Search was being made for Gleason's confederate last night.

A SHUTTLE TRAIN'S TOTAL DEPRAVITY

There was considerable excitement at about 9:45 a. m. yesterday on the station at the City Hall terminus of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad. It was occasioned by a collision—but not a collision of trains. One of the "shuttle" trains, which crawls on its exasperating way from Chatham square to the City Hall several times each day, became infused with a sudden energy as it approached the station, and in a most emphatic and pugnacious manner bumped into the wooden guard at the end of the track. The cars of the "shuttle" were filled with passengers who had arisen to their feet in the fond expectation of reaching their places of business and homes without an accident. They were disappointed. They all, with the exception of two, Deputy Coroner Messemer and a companion, sat down in a way which betokened a serious resolution to consider the upholstery of the car seats and the peculiar design of the matting. Elderly women and men who were ponderous about the waistband were entangled in knots which only profanity and shrieks could untie. Children were jammed under seat-arms, to their evident annoyance, and were extracted from their unloving embrace by scrambling papas and mammas.

The injury to the cars was the first thought of the railroad employes. In a body they rushed toward the rear of the train and carefully examined the paint on the train guard and estimated the shock which had been sustained by the cars; while the passengers slowly gathered themselves together and departed, each one nursing a wrist or a bruised bonia. The railroad guards gazed in mild reproach at a TRIBUNE reporter who chanced to be on the "shuttle" when he inquired the reason of the sudden shaking-up; and when more explicit information was solicited, the only fact which could be obtained was "I dunno. Do you, Johnny?" "No. Billy—I dunno."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SILENT AND GRASS-GROWN STREETS.

FROM THRIFT TO DESOLATION—WHAT TWENTY YEARS HAVE DONE FOR FELTVILLE—THE STORY OF ITS PROSPEROUS DAYS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

SUMMIT, N. J., Aug. 19.—About four miles southwest of this place, in a narrow but fertile valley through which Green Brook winds on its willow-shaded way to meet the Raritan River, lies the deserted village of Feltville, in the midst of nearly a thousand acres of meadow, orchard and woodland. Twenty years ago Feltville was a thriving factory and farming village of three or four hundred inhabitants, with a busy mill, a bustling country store, a prosperous school and a well attended church. On August 9 the whole place, with its twenty-six decaying houses, its bat-tenanted mill and its bramble-choked graveyard, were sold at auction for a little more than eleven thousand dollars.

Nearly forty years ago David Felt, a dealer in stationery in New-York, bought this tract of land. He built a mill, one hundred feet long and four stories high, for the manufacture of different kinds of paper. Two large reservoirs were constructed and one extended back and up the valley to connect with a long narrow natural lake, while the other formed a pretty little pond just below the turn of the bluff on which the village stood. The land was laid out in apple and peach orchards, meadows, groves, and pastures; two broad streets were made, which met at right angles on the point overhanging the pond; two rows of trim double houses were built on the bluff that extended along the brook and rose above the mill to a height of seventy feet; and on the street running back from the mill-stream and its gorge rose the store, the church, some farmers' houses and a neat school building. Within the angle where the two streets met, the owner of the village built for himself a stately country house with broad verandas on two sides, commanding picturesque views of the wooded heights across the gorge, the mill pond below and the narrow valley extending back among the green hills. Neat paths bordered with trim boxwood hedges wound among flower-beds, about ornamental evergreen trees and under wide-spreading linden and magnolias at the front of the mansion, while at the side were broad lawns and a well-kept orchard. Across the street from the mansion a pretty summer house looked down upon the pond, where light row-boats floated among the reflections of green trees and blue sky in the water. Around the houses where the mill hands and their families lived were flower-beds and grass-plots, and at the back of each was a little vegetable garden. Down the nearly perpendicular bluff ran zig-zag paths formed of stone steps which led from the tenements across the mill-race on little plank bridges to the mill. Between the mill and the swift-running stream was the road to Scotch Plains and Fanwood, three miles away. The brook, fretted by mossy boulders and shaded by overhanging elms, was crossed by a rustic bridge, from which a path led up into a deep rocky glen where a clear mountain streamlet foamed in the cool depths among gray, lichen covered rocks. The whole village was kept by its owner in the best of order. The two streets and the road leading down to the mill were as smooth and hard as if they were macadamized. They were shaded by long rows of stately elms and maples, and bordered by smooth sidewalks of flagstone. On week days, and especially on Saturdays, this orderly hamlet was filled with life and bustle. The millwheel and the machinery rumbled and buzzed, the factory girls and the men talked and laughed as much as they dared to at their work, the store was crowded with buyers, the streets were filled with teams, the reapers worked in the fields and a drowsy hum floated from the open windows of the school. On Sunday all was quiet, and the villagers in their best clothes filled the little church, over which Mr. Felt always maintained an Episcopal clergyman.

The owner of the village was a man of a strong, positive nature, cold and reserved, and he ruled the village people as far as he could with as much methodical strictness as he applied to his boxwood hedges and well-trimmed cedar trees. All of his employes were compelled to trade at his store, and those who lived in his two large boarding-houses had to keep within the strictest bounds. At seven o'clock in the morning the bell on the great barn at the "Mansion House" rang for work to begin. At twelve and one o'clock it rang for the dinner recess, and when it sounded again the millwheel stopped and the mill hands came trooping out of the big door and climbed the winding paths beneath the trees on the bluff for their suppers. When night had fallen and nine o'clock had come, the bell rang out again, and ill-fared the young and maiden who were found strolling in the rocky glen or beside the rushing mill-stream, for a rigid rule was laid down that all in the village must be within doors when the last bell echoed through the darkened woods. How often must young couples have been rudely surprised by that unwelcome sound in the midst of some low whispered sentence, or when gazing silently from the rustic bridge at the pale evening star gleaming low in the west through pendant branches of elms! For many years the life of the village flowed on quietly and prosperously in the picturesque valley. There were births and marriages and deaths. There was work in the mill and on the farm, and there were entertainments at the "Mansion House," and holidays, when the village green was gay with merry make and dance.

Then the village was sold and its orderly owner moved away. The mill was closed, the water fell unused over the dam, and one by one the operatives drifted away from the village, or found other employment in the vicinity. The mansion, the church and the store were closed and the school dwindled slowly to a ghost of its former self. The farm work was continued fitfully for a time, and then a large mortgage on the property was foreclosed. The place changed hands again and fell little by little into the melancholy state of ruin in which it is to-day. It requires a strong effort of the imagination to realize that the now silent and grass-grown streets, the ruined mill and the windowless houses were once filled with busy life. The flagstone sidewalks have disappeared entirely or are partly hidden by a thick sod of many years' growth. Many of the houses that were once cheerful homes have vanished and left only gaping cellar-holes behind them. The double row of tenements above the ruined mill are still standing. Rugged clumps of lilac-shrubs before them show where cottage roses grew and covered open doorways through which busy housewives were once to be seen and heard singing at their work. The millwheel is gone, and one lonely bucket, fly-wheel of wood attached to an iron rod is all that is left of the whirling machinery. The four empty stories of the mill are filled with dilapidated silence while daylight streams in through the gaping windows, and with the rustle of bats' wings and the hooting of owls when night has settled down upon the deserted village. Beside the mill stands a square building, the lower story of which is built of square blocks of brownstone with the chinks filled by chipped pieces of the same material instead of mortar. The upper story is of wood and a shingled roof covers the whole almost weather-beaten structure. The building is called "The Powder-Mill," and was used for making gunpowder before and during the Revolution. Tradition has it that Washington had large quantities of powder stored in the place during his operations in that part of New-Jersey; and that it was on a great service to him at the time of the skirmish at Scotch Plains, three miles distant. The cool spring that bubbles up among the great boulders in the rocky glen across the mill brook is all that is left of the roaring mountain stream, and is called the Washington Spring. The wild glen, its lichen-covered sides and its fragrant cedars that cling with their hardy roots to the moss-grown rocks, attract many picnic parties thither when all the silent woods with the echoes of unwomed gaiety. The store is standing with empty shelves and counters, but the wooden steps outside, where the male gossips of the village were wont to gather on summer evenings, have vanished. The straight-backed seats still remain in the church, but the altar is bare and worm-eaten, and the font where many an infant was christened has gone. The school building stands beneath the trees where two roads meet and seems to gaze toward each direction in blank despair from its open windows, as if waiting in vain to see the old troops of children come loitering with books and dinnerpails in hand up the roads.

The only dwellers in the village now are a gentleman who usually takes to cayling the Mansion House. A man who has for some years had charge of the village lives in a ruined farm-house on the outskirts of the place. The Mansion is the only house in the village that is at all inhabitable, and that is fast going to ruin. The Newark gentleman, A. M. Coe, lives in the main part of it, which was built by Mr. Felt, while the old cane-cutter lives with a wife and two children in the old house that was built by the original possessor of the property, a man named Wilcox. Mr. Coe comes to the place for the summer and "camps out," as he calls it, in the old house. There are carpets on the floors and pictures on the old walls that are covered with queer old paper in which wonderful landscapes and bouquets of strange flowers are depicted. A piano stands in the old drawing-room with its sagging floor and huge fireplace, from which the border of handsome marble is beginning to fall away. In the library, which is now used as a kitchen, a quaint old Franklin stove is built into the fireplace, the book-shelves are used for the kitchen utensils, and the old desk where the founder of the village held his writing is a work-table. In the grounds around the house the boxwood hedges are grown beyond all bounds, the ornamental trees have assumed all sorts of painfully distorted shapes, and the magnolias are full of dead and dying limbs. The summer-house still looks down from the bluff, but the pond has gone and weeds and bushes fill its place. The belfry on the big barn is empty and the bell no longer startles the echoes of the glen. Superstitious members of picnic parties, however, have affirmed that, at the hour of nine, the far-off sound of a bell has been heard and ghostly shapes have been seen to glide from the glen and hurry across the rustic bridge toward the old mill.

There is no more melancholy or suggestive spot in the whole village than the wild plot at some distance back of the church on a separate knoll where the burying-ground once was. No fence separates the place from the surrounding fields, while the rude bushes that were placed by loving hands on the graves of departed friends and the ornamental shrubbery that bordered family lots have overrun the spot till it is a small, impassable wilderness of briers and brambles. Dozens of brownstone slabs that were once heads-ones and footstones of graves lean no longer upright side up among the bushes in melancholy silence, and shrubs that were planted near the heads of children's graves have grown into small trees and lifted the little headstones out of the ground in a leafy embrace.

A large tree that was once a weeping willow, but is now too old for tears, is surrounded by a ruined picket fence. The trunk of the tree nearly fills the inclosure, and what little space is left is filled by a wild rose bush and two stones from which the inscriptions are worn away. Two village girls who were drowned in the lake within sight of the helpless lover of one of them lie buried there, and the wild roses that grow above them are said to exhale an odor of unusual sweetness. The only stone in the old grave yard on which an inscription still appears is a round-topped slab of brownstone, at the top of which a face with an Egyptian fillet about it is depicted. Below the face is the inscription:

In Memory of Mr.
John Wilcocks he
deceased Novemr.
the 22d 1776
aged 49 Years.

He was a member of the family that originally possessed the site of the village. All that came after him and his have passed away and sleep unknown and forgotten in the neglected graveyard of the deserted village.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

ADVICE TO LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

RELIEF TO BE SOUGHT FROM CONGRESS—A HINT AT A NATIONAL STRIKE IF RELIEF IS NOT GRANTED.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—Alexander Kenaday, president of the Federation of Labor Unions, of Washington, has addressed a communication to the chiefs of the various labor organizations throughout the country, in which he gives the substance of a conversation with Senator Blair, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. The communication is dated August 16, and is in part as follows:

I casually met to-day the Hon. Henry W. Blair, Chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor of the Senate of the United States, to which committee, as you are aware, has been referred the most important question of the day, the solution of the "labor problem." The distinguished Senator imparted to me, as president of the Federation of Labor Unions in this city, some very important information, and requested that I would convey the substance thereof to leading members of the most numerically powerful labor organizations throughout the Union, as the facilities for direct communication with those bodies by the committee have not been perfected as yet. The Senator expressed the opinion that the plan heretofore presented by the Washington Chairman of the Federation of labor, namely, a central committee of representative workmen from all sections of the Union at the capital, with a duly authenticated sub-committee or directory, will prove to be the most practicable method of obtaining information relative to the present condition of the working classes and their grievances, the causes of labor strikes, and practical suggestions as to what will tend to the improvement of their social condition. The chairman protested that in no sense would the committee act as "pacifying party", that all the members would be industriously employed in a solution of the great question offered to them by the senate, and doubtless they would feel thankful to citizens interested in the subject for any light that will aid them in their investigations. It will be their aim to fairly adjust the relations between capitalists and laborers, not hurriedly, but with due deliberation. He therefore hoped that both capitalists and laborers will select representative men in whose judgment and integrity they can place implicit reliance, and that both parties will do the committee the justice to believe they will act honestly and fairly, according to their judgments.

In transmitting the foregoing information, at the request of the honorable chairman of a committee designated by the supreme power in the law making power of the land to arbitrate between aggressive capitalists and comparatively defenseless laborers, I cannot resist the opportunity to say, as a co-laborer of the earnest and devoted men to whom this communication is respectfully addressed, that I think it would be a wise policy at this juncture to advise all workmen now "striking" to return to their labors, and on the sensible score to their fellow-laborers, to resume work on the early day, at least before winter, with increased expenses, and in, when the best terms obtainable from their late employers, and continue to work with as united patience as they can command until they see what Congress will do in the matter next winter. It is should transpire in the legislative history that the industrial classes are being juggled with by knavish tools of unscrupulous power (which I will not believe until it is clearly proved), a NATIONAL STRIKE could be inaugurated within a fortnight after the adjournment of Congress next March by the united labor organizations of the United States with tenfold more effect than the recent strikes of 150,000 men. If the siege be raised and possibilities reach us the winter, the plans now devised for suitable strikes may be more effectively applied to the economical maintenance of a central committee of vigilant and active workers at the capital in collecting and preparing statistics to submit in the case before Congress. I disclaim any authority from any body of men for the suggestion contained in the above paragraph, but submit it as my individual view of the present situation.

CUMBERLAND MINERS AT WORK.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Aug. 19.—The Georges Coal and Iron Company has 100 miners working to-day. The New Central Company put their new laborers, about fifteen men, to work this morning, and these were shortly after joined by about fifteen of the old miners, who are now working. The Knights of Labor held a meeting this morning and the miners who were present resolved to continue the strike.

THE TROUBLE WITH DRIVER BOYS.

WILKESBARRE, Penn., Aug. 19.—A meeting of the striking driver boys was held late this afternoon. The committee announced that Charles Parrish & Co. agreed to allow them a day's pay for a full day's coal mined, this being what they demanded. They at once agreed to return to work on Monday next. On that day all the mines of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company will again be in operation.

PITTSTON, Penn., Aug. 19.—The drivers and breaker boys of the Hollenback Colliery, operated by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, struck this morning on account of not being allowed full time. The news from Sugar Notch is that the boys at that place will turn out Monday next.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

CLOSING SESSIONS AT LONG BRANCH.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM A NUMBER OF PERSONS GIVING OPINIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS—A PROGRAMME OF WORK ADOPTED.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 19.—Communications were laid before the Tariff Commission at its morning session as follows: From the Kursheedt Manufacturing Company, New-York, calling attention to the absence of patent laws in Switzerland and other countries, and the use there of American patents and devices, and asking for a provision in the proposed tariff prohibiting the importation of any articles made abroad on American patented machines without license from the inventor or his assignee, and for the confiscation of all such goods attempted to be imported.

From Hirsen & Company, cigar manufacturers, New-York, controlling statements of Oscar Hammerstein as to the superiority of Sumatra tobacco, and advising the Commission not to increase the duty on it.

From Finlayson, Bonsfield & Company, of Grafton, Mass., linen manufacturers there and in Scotland, stating reasons why the raw material of linen should be admitted free of duty. They submit that the linen manufacturing in America can best served and most materially developed by the admission, free of duty, of the new material, whether dressed or undressed.

Printed forms filled out recommending tariff changes were received as follows: From Louis Raffloer, of New-York, calling attention to the fact that common worsted braids are taxed 125 per cent and the finer qualities only 55 per cent; from F. Brandt & Co., of Broadway, New-York, recommending that the duty on artificial flowers, now 50 and 60 per cent, be made uniform; from A. Klipstein, of New-York, that aniline dyes and salts, madder, glue, sulphate of ammonia, crude potash, Rochelle and other salts, etc., be admitted free; from Ferdinand Bing & Co., Grandes-st., New-York, that upholstery goods, such as all wool terries, mohair and worsted plushes, etc., now taxed 55 per cent and 50 cents a pound, be taxed only 35 per cent; from F. A. Richard, of New-York, that gypsum, or terra alba, now paying 20 per cent, be admitted free; from A. Keppelman, Fulton-st., New-York, that the duty on varnish be reduced by striking off the 50 cents per gallon, leaving only the ad valorem duty; from Richard Raoft, piano-maker, New-York, that the duty on pianoforte mammoths and diamorphes be reduced from 35 per cent and 50 cents per pound to 50 per cent ad valorem, and on piano wood-screws from 8 and 11 cents per pound to 40 per cent ad valorem; from Renand & Niederstadt, of Water-st., New-York; recommending the changes proposed by the Wine and Spirits Traders Society of the United States.

In executive session the following programme as to the future movements of the Commission was agreed upon:—Sessions in Boston, at the Hotel Vendome on August 24, 25 and 26; Rochester (Osborn House), August 29; Buffalo (Tift House), August 30; Cleveland (Kennard House), August 31; Detroit (Russell House), September 1; Indianapolis (Bates House), September 2; Cincinnati (Grand Hotel), September 4 and 5; Louisville (Galt House), September 6; and Chicago (Grand Pacific Hotel), September 7, 8 and 9.

In the afternoon session, Benjamin J. Levy, Examiner in the Eighth Division of the Appraiser's Department in the New-York custom house, gave his views on the subject of the tariff on leather and glass. He thought that a specific duty on leather, by weight, would simplify the matter very materially.

As to glass, he recommended an ad valorem rate for all cast glass, not polished or silvered. If a specific duty were preferred, however, he suggested that there should be one rate per pound on glass of all thicknesses. As to window-glass he recommended that the tariff specify the rate on what is commercially known as 50 feet boxes and 100-feet boxes, single thickness, and that double thickness should pay rate as three more. As to polished cylinder and ground glass, he recommended that it be divided, in the tariff, into three classes:—first—not exceeding 3 square feet; second—exceeding 3 and not exceeding 5 square feet; and third—exceeding 5 square feet. He made a like suggestion as to silvered looking glass plates. In lieu of the present mode of assessing damage on glass, which requires the opening of every box, he suggested a fixed percentage of 2½ percent, which is about the average of breakage.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 19.—A bottle picked up on the shore at westport, Digby County, to-day, contained the following message, signed by John Kelley and Thomas Brown, and dated June 7: "Having strayed from our vessel, schooner Rapid, off the Banks, in a dense fog, while setting nets, we have been floating about for three days and no help has come yet, and we hope that if this piece of paper be found that the finder will publish this as soon as possible. May God have mercy on us."

MATTERS IN CANADA.

OTTAWA, Aug. 19.—Monsignor Narcisse Zephirin Lorrain has received from Rome the bull appointing him Bishop of Cytherosa, in partibus in fidelium, and Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac. The day of his consecration is not definitely fixed, but probably will be September 21.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 19.—Extensive preparations are being made for the reception of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. They will leave San Francisco on September 12, on H. M. S. Comus, which is now fitting for the conveyance of the distinguished guests.

HALIFAX, Aug. 19.—Thomas Shaw, Liberal, has been elected, without opposition, to the seat in the House of Commons, for Halifax, made vacant by the resignation of J. D. Hutchinson, a Radical.

DORSEY'S CABINET-MAKING.

MORE ADVICE TO GENERAL GARFIELD.

HIS UNSELFISH ANXIETY FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE ADMINISTRATION—EX-GOVERNOR ROUTT FOR THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT AND JUDGE FOLGER FOR THE TREASURY.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—*The Sunday Gazette* to-morrow will publish portions of two more letters from Dorsey to Garfield, which have not heretofore been published. It says the portions omitted relate to personal matters, and that these omissions do not detract from the news value of the letters.

The Gazette says it has been asked its reasons for publishing these letters now, and in reply it would say that while it does not believe it owes the public any explanation or apology it will state two reasons: First, a desire to aid Dorsey, who it claims has been unjustly and shamefully abused; second, the strong desire which its editor personally feels to bring out to the light of day the very curious political Republican history of the two years past. The following extract is from a letter referring to ex-Governor Routt, of Colorado, and urging his selection as Postmaster-General.

I.

February 5, 1881.

General JAMES A. GARFIELD, *Mentor, Ohio.*

. . . . I believe the most important question you ought to think, after satisfying yourself as to the capacity, integrity and representative character of the men you are considering for Cabinet places, is as to whether the persons thus thought of are the men you ought to choose in making up a Garfield Cabinet. It seems to me that upon this point there should be no mistake. If I can do it, there shall be none. While I have freely criticised persons who I have heard were candidates for Cabinet place, I never thought of recommending anyone to your consideration because he was a friend of mine or because he could advance any special interest I had in view. Judge Folger is the only person I have urged you to appoint, and I scarcely know him. In respect to that recommendation I am quite certain I have nothing now to retract. . . .

II.

[Confidential.]

The Hon. J. A. GARFIELD, Mentor, Ohio.

MY DEAR GENERAL: General Arthur came over last night from Washington and I had a conference of several hours with him. He informed me that Mr. Blaine and his political associates were very much provoked at what they called my interference, namely, because I had suggested with many others the name of Judge Folger for Secretary of the Treasury.

General Arthur says that he has never heard such a buzz and disturbance of feeling as there has been among the Blaine people. He furthermore says that Mr. Blaine, acting no doubt for Mr. Blaine, is making very bitterly against the selection of Judge Folger because he was a friend of mine. I simply wish to call your attention to the fact that when I mentioned Judge Folger to you first I had never seen him; my whole intercourse with him since would cover half the time that you occupied with him at Mentor. I know him personally less than I know almost any public man in the country. I urged his appointment, and I still urge it, because I think it is the great thing for you and the party to do. The disappointment manifested by the feeling in Washington on the part of his friends is the evident outgrowth of a belief that they expected to control the Cabinet and especially the Treasury Department. If Mr. Blaine did not care to control the Treasury Department he would not be disagreeable or annoyed at the appointment of Mr. Folger. I warn you, therefore, that this manifestation of unfriendliness is a thing of which you should take heed, and I write what I have said to you more than once, that neither Mr. Blaine nor any other ambitious man should have control of the great places in your Cabinet. If Mr. Blaine is to be made Secretary of State, and a protégé of his Secretary of the Treasury, and another Secretary of the Interior, I have great fears that the Administration would greatly suffer with an equipoise that disaster would follow in the near future.

I do not wish to say an unkind thing of Mr. Blaine, although he is charged with the responsibility for the most unkind things said of me within the last week, and the most untruthful and malignant ever uttered