NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVELLING CHRONICLES.

AN INLAND VOYAGE. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 16mo, pp. 261. Roberts Brothers.

SINNERS AND SAINTS. A Tour Across the States and Back and Them; with Three Months Among the Mormons. By PHIL ROBINSON. 16mo, pp. 370. Roberts Brothers.

"After a good woman," says Mr. Stevenson, "and a good book and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river." The truth of this assertion he goes far to prove in his little volume describing a canoe voyage through Belgium and Northern France. There is a jocund good nature in his recital that makes it attractive reading. No rough weather is sufficient to shake his temper, and though the river in a caprice attempts to drown him, he has no reproaches. The adventures by the way he takes in a genial spirit, and views the people he meets with the eye of a philosopher and the smile of a good fellow. There is an agreeable humor in the book—humor which is refined, but not always spontaneous perhaps. The merry turns have sometimes the air of being too carefully conned. The philosophic and poetic touches which Mr. Stevenson gives to his work do not particularly improve it; but the modern essay of travel may not be without them. As for his style, it is so neat and nimble that we can afford to excuse its irresistible suggestion that the author has been modelling it upon that of eighteenth century essayists. There are some phrases and turns of expression so strongly indicative of this that they cannot but seem affected.

Serious criticism is, however, hardly in place in the consideration of this pretty trifle. It is matter for the enjoyment of an afternoon in June, an accompaniment to wooing airs, to plashing waters and dreamy idleness. It is not a book to be taken up a second time. And this, indeed, must be said of many of its class, the ephemera of holiday journeying. The writing of so many of these graceful but short-lived books is one of the oddities of the present literary period. A man of talent may well think twice before he puts his strength into a kind of work which, however creditable and delightful, has a vogue so brief, and which it will be conceded is becoming dangerously overdone. Mr. Stevenson showed so much cleverness and originality in his volume of short stories that one naturally looks for something more worthy of his mettle than this pleasant bit of trifling.

The goodness and graces of the Mormons are the subjects upon which Mr. Phil Robinson chiefly descants. The months which he spent among those thrifty souls he occupied in detecting their virtues and setting down their deeds of brotherly charity. He celebrates their industry, honesty and sobriety, and holds them to be far from degraded, and as for polygamy he sees its conqueror in the fashionable milliner, whose weapon is a twenty-dollar bonnet. In the growing cost of plural marriage lies its future remedy. He can hardly say enough in praise of the character of the community.

I have seen, and spoken to, and lived with, Mormon men and women of every class, and never in my life in any Christian country, not even in happy, rural England, have I come in contact with more consistent piety, sobriety and neighborly charity. I say this deliberately. Without a particle of odious sanctimony, these folk are, in their words and actions, as *Christian* as I had ever thought to see men and women. A perpetual spirit of charity seems to possess them, and if the prayers of simple, devout humanity are ever of any avail, it must surely be this wonderful Mormon earnestness in appeals to Heaven. I have often watched Moslems in India praying, and thought then that I had seen the extremity of devotion, but now that I have seen these people on their knees in their kitchens at morning and at night, and heard their old men—men who remember the dark days of the Faith—pour out from their hearts their gratitude for past mercy, their pleas for future protection, I find that I have met with even a more striking form of prayer than I have ever met with before. Equally striking is the universal reverence and affection with which they, quite unconscious of the fact that I was "taking notes," spoke of the authorities of their Church. Fear there was none, but respect and love were everywhere. It would be a bold man who, in one of these Mormon hamlets, ventured to repeat the slanders current among Gentiles elsewhere. And it would indeed be a base man who visited these hard-living, trustful men and women, and then went away to calumniate them.

But it is a fact, and cannot be challenged, that the only people in all Utah who libel these Mormons are either those who are ignorant of them, those who have apostatized (frequently under compulsion) from the Church, or those, the official clique and their sycophants, who have been charged with looking forward to a share of the plunder of the Territorial treasury. On the other hand, I know many Gentiles who, though like myself they consider polygamy itself detestable, speak of this people as patterns to themselves in commercial honesty, religious earnestness, and social charity.

Travelling through the settlements, I found that every one voluntarily considered his poorer neighbors as a charge upon himself. When a man arrives there, a stranger and penniless, one helps to get together logs for his first hut, another to break up a plot of ground. A third lends him his wagon to draw some firewood from the cañon or hillside; a fourth gives up some of his time to show him how to bring the water on to his ground—and so on through all the first requirements of the forlorn newcomer. Behind them all meanwhile is the Church, in the person of the presiding Elder of the settlement, who makes him such advances as are considered necessary. It is a wonderful system, and as pathetic, to my mind, as any struggle for existence that I have ever witnessed. But every man who comes among them is another unit of strength, and let him be only a straight-spoken, fair-dealing fellow, with his heart in his work, and he finds every one's hand ready to assist him.

Not less conspicuous is the uniform sincerity in religion. A school and meeting-house is to be found in every settlement, even though there may be only half-a-dozen families, and beside the regular attendance of the people at weekly services, the private prayers of each household are as punctual as their meals. In these prayers, after the ordinary generalities, the head of the house usually prays for all the authorities of the Church, from the President downward, for the local authorities, for the Church as a body, and for missionaries abroad, for his household and its [illegible], for the United States, and for Congress, and for all the world that feels kindly toward Mormonism. But quite apart from the matter of their prayers, their manner is very striking, and the scene in a humble house, when a large family joins in prayer—and half the members, finding no articles of furniture unoccupied for the ordinary position of devotion, drop into attitudes of deepest reverence, kneeling in the middle of the floor—appeals very strongly to the eye of those accustomed to the stereotyped piety of a more advanced civilization.

One more conspicuous feature of Mormon life is sobriety. I have been the guest of some fifty different households, and only once I was offered even beer. That exception was in a Danish household, where the wife brewed her own "öl,"—an opaque beverage of home-fermented wheat and home-grown hops—as a curiosity curious, as an "indulgence" doubtful, as a regular drink impossible. On no other occasion was anything but tea, coffee, milk or water offered. And even tea and coffee, being discouraged by the Church, are but seldom drunk. As a heathen outsider I deplored my beer, and was grateful for coffee; but the rest of the household, in almost every instance, drank *water*. Tobacco is virtually unused. It is used, but so seldom that it does not affect my statement. The spittoon, therefore, though in every room, is behind the door, or in a corner under a piece of furniture. In case it should be needed it is there—like the shot-gun upstairs—but its being called into requisition would be a family event.

No, let their enemies say what they will, the Mormon settlements are each of them to-day a refutation of the libel that the Mormons are not sincere in their antipathy to strong drink and tobacco. That individual Mormons drink and smoke proves nothing, except that *they* do it. For the great majority of the Mormons, they are strictly sober. I know it to my great inconvenience. . . .

Mr. Robinson complains that America hears only one side of the Mormon case, deriving all her information from avowedly anti-Mormon critics; that the Mormons themselves are foolishly negligent of the power of the press; and that "the indignation so widely printed throughout America has its source in the personal animosity of three or four individuals only who are bitterly sectarian." He adds in regard to these "sectarian" persons that they are actually personally ignorant of the country they live in, have seldom talked to a Mormon, and have never visited Mormonism outside Salt Lake City. These statements are at least novel.

Mr. Robinson's vein is a light one and generally pleasant enough; he is least successful when most jovial. Many a page is dreary with fun too evidently forced. Some of his pictures of travel might have come from Mrs. Trollope's pages. His description of the travelling American at table is of a sort that in Leadville might perhaps suggest bowie-knives and pistols for the near inspection of the rash author.

The American on his travels is the most reprehensible eater I have ever seen. In the first place, the knives are purposely made blunt—the back and the front of the blade being often of the same "sharpness"—to enable him to eat gravy with it. The result is that the fork (which *ought* to be used simply to hold meat steady on the plate while being cut with the knife) has to be used with great force to wrench off fragments of food. The object of the two instruments is thus materially abused, for he holds the meat down with the knife and tears it into bits with his fork! Now, reader, don't say *no*. For I have been carefully studying travelling Americans at their food (all over the West at any rate), and what I say is strictly correct. This abuse of knife and fork then necessitates an extraordinary amount of elbow-room, for in forcing apart a tough slice of beef the elbows have to stick out as square as possible, and the consequence is, as the proprietor of a hotel told me, only four Americans can eat in a space in which six Englishmen will dine comfortably. The latter, when feeding, keep their elbows to their sides: the former square them out on the line of the shoulders, and at right angles to their sides. Having thus got the travelling American into position, watch him consuming his food! He has ordered a dozen "portions" of as many eatables, and the whole of his meal, after the detestable fashion of the "eating-houses" at which travellers are fed, is put before him at once. To eat the dozen or so different things which he has ordered, he has only one knife and fork and one teaspoon. Bending over the table, he sticks his fork into a pickled gherkin, and while munching this, casts one rapid, hawk-like glance over the spread viands, and then proceeds to eat. Mehercule! what a sight it is! He dabs his knife into the gravy of the steak, picks up with his fork a piece of bacon, and while the one is going up to his mouth the other is reaching out for something else. He never apparently chews his food, but dabs and pecks at the dishes one after the other with a rapidity which (merely as a juggling trick) might be performed in London to crowded houses every day, and with an impartiality that, considered as "*dining*," is as savage as any meal of red Indians or of Baustos. Dab, nab, peck, peck, grunt, growl, snort! The spoon strikes in every now and then, and a quick sucking-up noise announces the disappearance of a mouthful of huckleberries on the top of a bit of bacon, or a spoonful of custard pie on the heels of a radish. It is perfectly prodigious. It defies coherent description. But how on earth does he swallow? Every now and then he shuts his eyes, and strains his throat; this, I suppose, is when he swallows, for I have seen children getting rid of cake with the same sort of spasm. Yet the rapidity with which he shovels in his food is a wonder to me, seeing that he has not got any "pouch," like the monkey or the pelican. Does he keep his miscellaneous food in a "crop," like a pigeon, or a preliminary stomach like the cow, and "chew the cud" afterward at his leisure? I confess I am beaten by it. The mixture of his food, if it pleases him, does not annoy me, for if a man likes to eat mouthfuls of huckleberries, bacon, apple-pie, pickled mackerel, peas, mutton, gherkins, oysters, radishes, tomatoes, custard, and poached eggs (this is a *bona fide* meal copied from my note-book on the spot) in indiscriminate confusion, it has nothing to do with me. But what I want to know is, why the travelling American does not stop to chew his food; or why, as is invariably the case, he will dispatch in five minutes a meal for which he has half an hour set specially apart? He falls upon his food as if he were demented with hunger, as if he were a wild thing of prey tearing victims that he hated into pieces; and when the hideous deed is done he rushes out from the scene of massacre with a handful of toothpicks, and leans idly against the door-posts, as if time were without limit or end! The whole thing is a mystery to me. When I first came into the country I used to waste many precious moments in gazing at "the fine confused feeding" of my neighbors at the table, and waiting to see them choke. But I have given that up now. I plod systematically and deliberately through my one dish, content to find myself always the last at the table, with a tumult of empty platters scattered all about me. Nothing can choke the travelling American.

One of Mr. Robinson's brief anecdotes deals with the delight of the vanished Wilde when told by the elder Englishman that whole tribes of Indians fed on sunflowers. "Poor, sweet things!" said he; "feed on sunflowers! How charming! If I could only have stayed and dined with them! But how delightful to go back to England and say that I have actually been in a country where whole tribes of men *live on sunflowers!* The preciousness of it!"

DR. O. W. HOLMES ON RELIGION.

From his speech at the Unitarian Festival.

The Unitarian minister of to-day has a very hard task before him. It was a comparatively easy matter in the good old days to meet the demands of a congregation of unquestioning pew-holders. The old minister's horse jogged along in heavy harness, with a stout check-rein and a pair of ample blinders. The equipage and its accessories symbolized the driver in certain aspects. Not such is the attitude of the liberal preacher of to-day. The check-rein is off; the blinders are taken from his eyes; his harness is of the simplest—a light breastplate instead of a heavy collar. And the preacher himself—but I will not carry the comparison further than to say that he must hold his own head up, and keep a sharp lookout in all directions, without being afraid of the most formidable-looking truth a minister ever shied at.

The minister's wife must hold up his hands when he is weary; like Moses before the Amalekites, he ought to have a good brother, like Aaron, on one side and *Hur* on the other. It is pleasant to see that mothers in Israel are generally disposed to help a young minister to find a fitting companion to share his labors. Helpmeets of our ministering brethren, our meetings would be as dreary without your presence as a flower-garden with nothing but stalks, as a midnight sky without a star, as the Sunday coat of one of your honored husbands without a button!

There was a time when Unitarianism was forced to be sharply aggressive. It had to work hard to humanize a dehumanized theology. But the theology of our orthodox brethren is humanizing itself fast enough now, with very little need of our assistance. When a boy gets hold of a green apple, he "mellows" it with his thumbs to help it to soften if not to ripen. But when it yields to pressure he knows that it is ripening of itself, if not absolutely ripe. There is not a bough on the great tree of the Protestant Church where there is not some fruit ripening—its dogmas softening so that a human being can swallow them without dying of convulsions or indigestion. Have we not already the great family of Smiths on both sides of the Atlantic, and shall we not have the Browns, too, before long, softening the old creeds into something of a rational consistency? It seems to me that Unitarianism, or, if you will, liberal Christianity, was never in such a placid, amiable, expansive, receptive a condition as at this blessed day. Unitarianism has done most of her scrubbing and scouring, and is now dressed and sitting up waiting to receive visitors, many of whom, like Nicodemus, come by night. We used to think that there were two hostile camps—so there are now, in a certain sense—there are different flags and different watchwords, but the pickets are exchanging compliments and commodities, and we are on the best of terms with *nos amis les ennemis*.

I am afraid I shall confuse you with my comparisons, but I cannot help making them. The churches of Protestantism are like so many canal locks, their contents of doctrine and practice at different levels. We need not stop to dispute which is at the highest level. They are quietly emptying one into another, through the sluices—the gates will open easily at the proper time. No doubt liberal Christianity has had to attack many doctrines which it held to be of human origin, and in flat contradiction to the facts of history and the highest spiritual instincts. All this is quite consistent with the largest charity toward those who held these doctrines in less enlightened ages. We can pardon almost everything to the periods of barbarism and semi-barbarism. Only the weapons of those times must not be used against us in our modern conflicts. When the names of Calvin or Edwards are borrowed for aggression or defence, then we must try them by the standard of to-day.

In many things we are most happy to agree with all the sects of Christendom.

We have given up some old and cherished dogmas. Some would call us free-thinkers, as a term of reproach. We trust we are freethinkers, depolarizing the word by placing a hyphen between its two portions. What would our friends like to have us—would they rather have us *slave*-thinkers?

Not being slave-thinkers, we of the liberal school have broken a good many chains which others have not got rid of. There is one peculiarity about the fetters which have been forged for human souls under the name of religion. All other chains are just as strong as, and no stronger than, their weakest link. The religious chain alone is treated as if it were as strong as its strongest link. One adopts a creed, a church, or dogma—one of many he has considered, the weak link in the chain of his religion is the judgment which decided his choice, and which he thinks he strengthens by wrapping his faith about it. But faith itself must pass the ordeal of our human judgment, or it is liable to end in literal self-crucifixion, as in the case of the young Venetian in the year 1805, or, as we have seen not long ago, in deliberate child-murder. Even the great apostle was modest enough to say: "*I think* I have the spirit of God."

Recognizing with Paul the need of testing the reasonableness of our spiritual beliefs, the application of this belief has led the liberal Christian, so-called, and is in a fair way of leading many religious bodies, to the rejection or silent relinquishment of certain doctrines which have formed the base of theological systems.

One of these is the historical fall of man, with the consequent introduction of death, and the special penalty of woman, and the establishment of hostile relations between the Creator and the human race from their birth. No one has formulated this last consequence more incisively than Jonathan Edwards in the following words, which some of my orthodox friends could not believe I quoted correctly: "As innocent as children seem to be to us, yet, if they are out of Christ, they are not so in God's sight, but are young vipers, and are infinitely more hateful than vipers." My comment upon this shall be that which the eloquent and famous Dr. John Mason, of New-York, a Boanerges of Evangelical Christianity, uttered from the pulpit with reference to one of the noblest passages in Pope's "Universal Prayer": It is "the most damnable lie."

The liberal Christians, openly, and great numbers in the so-called orthodox churches in their esoteric confessions, have substituted the eternal hope for man in the place of the eternal vengeance of his Heavenly Father.

I suppose that most of us, I hope all, have dethroned the metaphysical Moloch which, under the name of *Justice*, governed Jehovah, as Fate in the classic mythology governed Jove, and took from him the privilege claimed by every earthly potentate, of granting an unconditional and unpurchased pardon.

I think we may fairly claim our faith has gone out to meet science half way, while many of the older creeds have backed slowly and sullenly before her onward movement, until, not seeing where they were going, they stumbled and fell, and so were overtaken and walked over by the advance of knowledge.

In accepting the conclusions of science with humility, docility and gratitude, the enlightened Christian of our communion does not confound his spiritual nature with the ponderable elements, or the forces which act upon them. He does not believe that the kingdom of heaven is governed by mechanical laws. He does not look upon spiritual force as a "mode of motion" convertible into its mechanical equivalents and capable of expression in foot-pounds. He therefore rejects the idea of sin as a chattel capable of transfer; the doctrine of chemical equivalents applied to justice brought about by substitution, and similar materialistic notions which end logically in a string of beads and the Japanese prayer-mill.

There is another point in which I feel as if we must all agree; namely, that the truly spiritual nature is a personal endowment found in individuals of every creed, especially belonging to no one creed in distinction from others. It is a Divine gift; like an ear for music, which some, not all, are born with. I think that we should also agree in recognizing congenital moral insensibility as a defect for which the individual is no more responsible than he is for color-blindness.

I doubt if we should consider the greater part of what we, in common with other Christians, are in the habit of calling "sin" as a voluntary, conscious projection of evil, as such, by a self-determining, intelligent agent, acting from a position of moral equilibrium. I believe that, on the contrary, we are disposed to think that much of what has been called sin has had eternal punishment threatened to it and sin has paid vast sums to the church threatened to it as sin, has paid vast sums to the church as sin, has founded monasteries and fattened ecclesiastics as sin, is a part of a series of causes and effects which might have been anticipated from the unavoidable conditions of humanity.

The Christian life may be compared to a system of railroads. Some are broad-gauge and some are narrow-gauge. Some run parallel and near to each other, some diverge and follow what seem to others needless roundabout ways. But all lead to the Celestial City. The churches are so many stations. These have walls which enclose a certain number who want their protection, and wide projecting eaves which shelter a great many more who wish to be near the track, but must have plenty of air at any rate. Two churches have the broadest eaves of all. I will not name them, but this I will say, that they spread their eaves so far out toward each other that a poor sinner can slip from one station to that of the neighboring track without getting very wet in the worst theological weather.

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AMERICAN and Foreign Teachers' Agency, 23 Union Square, supplies able and accomplished professors, tutors, governesses, teachers, companions and housekeepers. Families going abroad or to the country promptly suited. Call on or address Mrs. M. J. YOUNG-FULTON, American and Foreign Teachers' Agency, 23 Union Square.

A YOUNG LADY, teacher of French, German and music wishes to make an engagement for the summer with family residing in the country. Address T. C., Tribune Office.

ADIRONDACK CAMPING SCHOOL for boys during July and August. Address PRINCIPAL, Tribune Office.

MISS HESSE, 36 West 21st-st., supplies competent teachers, tutors, governesses, readers, singers, housekeepers, &c.; best advice given to parents on choice of schools; references by favor: Hon. Hamilton Fish and ex-Secretary Evarts.

WANTED.—Teachers, Schools, Families to do to write us their wants at once. Application form and copy of our "School Journal," mailed for postage. Address National Teachers' Agency, 357 Central ave., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED.—By a young lady, a High School graduate, who has had experience with children, a situation for the summer as governess, or to take care of children while in the country, at the seaside, or travelling. Address B. M. B., P. O. Box 193, Providence, R. I.

Steamboats and Railroads.

A.—HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT.—Steamers ALBANY and C. VIBBARD daily, except Sundays, leave Brooklyn (by Annex at 8 a. m.) Vestry-st. pier at 8:35, and West 22d-st. at 9 a. m. for Albany, landing at Nyack and Tarrytown (by ferry), West Point, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Catskill and Hudson.
Connecting at Rhinebeck with Ulster and Delaware R. R., at Catskill with Catskill Mountain R. R., and at Albany with trains for the NORTH and WEST and with SPECIAL SARATOGA EXPRESS.

A.—MARY POWELL, Captain W. H. CORNELL, for West Point, Cornwall, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Rondout and Kingston, landing at Cranston's (formerly Conzen's), Milton, New-Hamburg and Hyde Park, daily (Sundays excepted). Leaves Vestry-st. 3:15 and 22d-st. 3:30 p. m.; connects at Poughkeepsie with evening trains for the north.
NO EXPRESS BAGGAGE RECEIVED AT 22D-ST.

ALBANY BOATS, PEOPLE'S LINE.
DREW and ST. JOHN leave pier 41, N. R., foot of Canal-st., every WEEK DAY at 6 p. m., connecting at Albany Sunday morning excepted) with trains north, west and east.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
MODEL FAST LINE TO THE WEST.
Via Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.
Trains leave from Pennsylvania R. R. Depot.
1 p. m., except Sunday, for Washington and all points West.
7 p. m., DAILY FAST EXPRESS, through sleeping coaches to Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis. Connects for all points West.
12 MIDNIGHT, Daily for Washington and all points West.
For Time-Tables, Tickets, Sleeping Berths and Baggage, apply at Company's office, 315 and 21 Broadway, 338 Fulton-st., Brooklyn.

FALL RIVER LINE, for BOSTON AND EAST.
Splendid steamers BRISTOL and PROVIDENCE.
Leave New-York daily (Sundays included) at 5 p. m. from Pier 28 North River, foot of Murray-st. Connections by Annex boat from Brooklyn at 4:30 p. m., Jersey City 4 p. m. Tickets, state-rooms, &c., can be obtained at all principal hotels, transfer and ticket offices, at Pier 28 N. R. and on steamers.
Freight.—This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates as low as other lines.
BORDEN & LOVELL, GEORGE L. CONNOR,
Agents. Gen. Pass'r Agt

FOR BOSTON. The latest evening train with through Pullman sleepers, leaves Grand Central Depot at 11:34 p. m. week days and Sundays, 10:30 p. m. Morning train, 10:59, week days. Get tickets via
NEW-YORK AND NEW-ENGLAND RAILROAD.

FOR BRIDGEPORT and all points on HOUSATONIC and NAUGATUCK RAILROADS—Steamers leave Catherine slip at 3:30 p. m. Connections by Annex boat from Brooklyn at 3:20 p. m., Jersey City 4 p. m.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.
COMMENCING MAY 30.
NEW-YORK PASSENGERS—Leave James-slip 35 minutes, 7th st. 25 minutes, 34th-st., East River, 15 minutes before Long Island City time. ANNEX BOAT from Pier 17, foot of Pine-st., East River—7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 11 a. m., 2:00, 3:05, 4:05, 5:05, 6:05 p. m.
LEAVE LONG ISLAND CITY FOR
BABYLON—8:05, 8:35, 11:05 a. m., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 7:05 p. m. Sunday 8:30, 9:00 a. m., 7:35, 8:00 p. m.
PATCHOGUE—8:35 a. m., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35 p. m. Sundays 8:30, 9:00 a. m., 7:35 p. m.
FAR ROCKAWAY—4:05, 10:05, 11:05 a. m., 2:05, 3:30, 4:30, 5:35, 6:05, 7:05 p. m., 12:15 night, Wednesday and Saturday only. Sundays 8:30, 9:30, 11 a. m., 2, 3, 4:30, 6, 7:30, 9:50 p. m.
SAG HARBOR—8:35 a. m., 3:35, *4:35, 5:35 p. m. Sundays 9 a. m.
GREENPORT (SHELTER ISLAND)—8:35 a. m., 3:35, *4:35 p. m. saturdays only 5:35 p. m. Sundays 9 a. m.
*Limited express parlor car train.
GARDEN CITY, HEMPSTEAD—8:35, 9:05 a. m., 1:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 p. m., 12:15 night, Wednesday and Saturday only. Sundays 9 (9:35 a. m. Garden City only), 1:35, 6:35 p. m.
GLEN COVE, SEA CLIF, LOCUST VALLEY, OYSTER BAY—8:35, 9:05 a. m., 1:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 p. m. Sundays 9:35 a. m., 6:35, 9:15 p. m.
HUNTINGTON, NORTHPORT—9:05 a. m., 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 p. m. Sundays 9:05 a. m., 6:35 p. m.
PORT JEFFERSON—9:05 a. m., 4:35 p. m. Sundays 9:05 a. m.
RONKONKOMA—8:35 a. m., 3:35, 5:35, 6:35 p. m. Sundays 9:00 a. m.
LONG BEACH,
11:05 a. m. and 4:35 p. m.; Sundays, 9:05 a. m.

NEW-HAVEN, MERIDEN, HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD, HOLYOKE, MONTREAL and intermediate points. Steamers leave Pier No. 25, E. R., at 3 p. m. and 11 p. m. (Sundays excepted), connecting with trains at NEW-HAVEN for MERIDEN, HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD, etc. Tickets sold and baggage checked at 944 Broadway, N. Y., and 4 Court-st., Brooklyn. Excursion to New-Haven and return, $1 50.

NORWICH LINE
To Boston, Worcester, Nashua, Portland and the East.
The new Iron Steamer
CITY OF WORCESTER,
Without exception the most elegant boat on the Sound, and the favorite CITY OF BOSTON,
leave Pier No. 40, North River, foot of Watts-st., next pier above Desbrosses-st. Ferry, daily, except Sundays, at 6:15 p.m.

NEW-YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—Commencing May 27, 1883, through trains will leave Grand Central Depot:
8 a. m., Western and Northern Express to Rochester and Montreal, with drawing-room cars also to Saratoga.
8:40 a. m., Special Express for Chicago, daily, stopping only at Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland and Toledo.
10:30 a. m., Chicago Express, drawing-room cars to Canandaigua, Rochester and Buffalo.
11 a. m., to Albany and Troy, with connection to Utica, Saratoga, Glens Falls, Lake George and Rutland.
3:30 p. m. Saratoga special. Daily except Sunday.
4 p. m., Accommodation to Albany and Troy.
6 p. m., St. Louis Express, with sleeping cars for St. Louis; running through every day in the week; also Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Toledo and Detroit.
6.30 p. m., Express daily, except Sunday, with sleeping cars to Syracuse and to Auburn Road; also to Saratoga and Montreal.
9 p. m., Pacific Express, daily, with sleeping cars for Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Lowville.
11 p. m., Night Express, with sleeping-cars to Albany and Troy. Connects with morning trains for the West and North. Tickets on sale at No. 5 Bowling-Green, 252 and 413 Broadway, and at Westcott's Express Offices, 3 Park-place and 785 and 942 Broadway, New-York, and 333 Washington and 511 Fulton-st., Brooklyn.
J. M. TOUCEY, Gen. Sup't. C. E. MEEKER, Gen. Passenger Agent.

POPULAR SHORE LINE.
FOR PROVIDENCE, BOSTON AND THE EAST.
ALL RAIL FROM GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.
Three Express trains daily (Sundays excepted) to Boston at 8 a. m., 2 p. m. (parlor car attached), and 10 p. m. (with palace sleeping-cars), Sundays at 10 p. m. (with palace sleeping cars. F. W. POPPLE, Agent.

RONDOUT and Kingston Line.—Steamer James W. Baldwin leaves Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 p. m. from foot Harrison-st., making usual landings and connec