The Sun.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR. NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1869. PRICE TWO CENTS.

SING SING CAMP MEETING.

BISHOP JANES'S OPINION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Policemen Praying like Christian men—A Fine Field for Capt. Steers—The Pickpockets Naturally Following the Police—Daniel Drew—The other Celebrities Attending the Camp Meeting.

Correspondence of The Sun.

SING SING, Aug. 22.—Despite the lowering clouds, the attendance to-day at the Camp Meeting was unusually large, there being at about noon no less than five thousand persons on the grounds. This throng was mainly composed of clerks and apprentices in their Sunday clothes, with their "girls" or sweethearts. The steamers on the river were crowded with persons of this class, and they came up to the grounds in the great, long, double seated coaches of the place, which were decked with flags and green leaves. In fact, flags and green leaves are the prevailing decorations of Sing Sing at present; and by the wayside are publicans, who retail beer, ice cream, peaches, "home-made pies," &c., for a consideration.

THE LOVE FEAST.

At about 8 o'clock this (Sunday) morning the day was opened by a love feast, which is peculiarly Methodist, and has no reference to eating food, as the ignorant might suppose. At this love feast 182 of the elect, some of them females, related their experiences (selves). During their exhortations there was an unusual number of "amens," "praise be to God," &c., these cries coming often from elderly women, who rocked themselves to an fro in their enthusiasm. Brother Ferris, Presiding Elder of this District, had the chair, and among the best speakers were Brothers Thomas Gallagher, Ebenezer Brown, Egbert Rinehart, and others.

THE SERMON

Was delivered by the distinguished Bishop Janes, who for one hour and a half held the attention of the congregation, his theme being the impending terror of the law. His words were so vivid that the emotions of many were aroused beyond their control. Bishop Janes asked where were Sodom and Gomorrah? and then applied the question to Paris and New York. He called upon the religious present to go out into the world, and tell it of its total wickedness, and the darkness in which it was wrapped. He said that they knew not the impending vengeance of the Lord, for their Sabbath breaking, playing cards, and other sinful employments.

THE SECTS AT WORK.

On the outskirts of the congregation was a German Presbyterian woman, who became engaged in a colloquial dispute with a Methodist man, but it did not attract much attention.

THE AFTERNOON SERVICES.

At 1 o'clock there was a large prayer meeting in front of the grand stand. Brother Applegate of the John street M. E. Church, spoke effectively. He is a thin man, of the American build, and a really able person. Among the speakers were the Rev. C. K. Putney, pastor of the Jane street Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Mr. Osborne. The singing was impressive.

At 2½ in the afternoon, Dr. Bristow, a Kentucky local preacher and missionary, and one of the religious celebrities of the West, delivered a fine sermon. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Sanford preached.

On Saturday, Brother Meredith of New York, a young and able man, and the Rev. Mr. Brown, were the preachers.

THE POLICE STATION.

One of the tents displays the arms of the Metropolitan Police and two American flags. This is "headquarters," and before the door lounge the officers, all of whom are Methodists. Every evening they hold a prayer meeting of their own, and the leaders of these occasions generally are Brothers James Knox, J. W. Perritt, Stephen Johns (principal), &c. There are twelve men on duty here, commanded by Serat. Osborne, of the Twelfth "Precinct," as it is styled. They have a nice, easy time of it.

PICKPOCKETS.

Yesterday, there were on the ground three or four able pickpockets, and of course the police were unable to detect them. If they were men, one of the officers told us, he could "spot" them immediately, for the male sex of rogues have a certain style about them which is immediately recognizable; but with the women it is different. The female professional pickpocket looks more like a genteel schoolmarm than anything else. Several persons, during the sermon this forenoon at the 1 o'clock prayer meeting, were relieved of their money, which varied from ten to two hundred dollars. There is a rumor that a certain tent is exclusively under their control; but if this is true, we do not see why they could not be discovered. These pickpockets are the only really dangerous class present, the

"BUMMERS"

being offensive but harmless. The majority of these last named fellows are flashily dressed and easily recognized. The most of them come up here to "see the fun," and some way or other manage to get drunk in time to go home on the boat and sing maudlin songs. However, if one of them makes the least disturbance on the grounds a policeman takes him by the neck in the same way that he would a cat, and escorting him to the entrance, rather demonstratively boosts him outside.

GETTING CONVERTED.

The process of getting converted is somewhat interesting. There is more work accomplished in the evening than at any other time. The trees looming in the darkness, the stars dimly shining above, and the weird blue lights of the calcium apparatus, combined with the fiery threatening tone of the preachers, work upon people of an emotional or imaginative temperament to a great degree. The excitement is carried to such a pitch that one almost sees hell yawning before him, and with his heart bursting, and tears in his eyes, he joins the din of groans and "amens," which could not be more effective or serious were the day of judgment arrived. It is at a time like this when nearly all the converts are made. They believe the preacher, that this is their "last chance," and his picture to them of the uncertainty of to-morrow, and the bottomless abyss, about which their footsteps stray, assumes a dreadful reality.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE HERE.

Daniel Drew, the greatest Methodist in the country, and one of the bulls or bears of Wall street, will be up here Monday with his family. He has a small wooden tent, furnished elegantly, and his hospitality when here is very famous. Bishop Janes all know is here, as well as Robert Collyer, the Rev. Dr. Newman, Chaplain of the United States Senate; the Rev. Mr. Hedstrom, of the Swedish Bethel Church; the Rev. Mr. Tamford, of New York, &c. The trustees for this year are: President, John McLean; Vice-President, Stephen A. Merritt; Secretary, William Trousdale; Treasurer, Joel Sammis; Directors, Charles H. Applegate, Daniel Roberts, Ebenezer Brown, Laban Styles, Egbert Rinehart, Richard Taylor, Stephen A. Merritt, Jr., A. Brummel, William Ryer, John Falconer, and Thomas Gallagher.

LOSSES BY FIRE.

Great Fire in Rochester.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 22.—The old Rochester House block on Exchange street was burned this afternoon. It was occupied by Luther Gordon & Co. as a planing mill, and by Whiting & Doty, sash makers. Nearly one million feet of pine lumber in the yard adjoining was destroyed. The loss to Gordon & Co. is $40,000, with an insurance of $5,000; Whiting & Doty, loss $5,000, insured for $2,500. Landerbach & Mack, owners of the building, lost $5,000, and have no insurance.

Other Losses by Fire.

Welden & Hughes's bleaching establishment at Frankfort, Pa., was burned on Saturday. Loss, $25,000

Edward M. Harter's tannery in Utica was injured by fire yesterday morning to the extent of $6,000. Insured for $2,000.

A fire from an overheated furnace damaged the American Flint Glass Company's works in South Brooklyn, on Saturday, to the extent of $2,500.

At Nos. 163 and 165 Chrystie street, on Saturday, James Gray lost $1,000. Patrick Boyle $1,500, Mr. McManus $1,000, and Michael Cox $2,000.

Last evening at 2 Orchard street, originating on the second floor, occupied by Abraham Marks, caused by explosion of a kerosene lamp. Damage, $1,000; insured for $1,500.

OUT IN CALIFORNIA.

The Graveyard of Speculation, and the Abiding Place of Toil—Extraordinary Fertility of the Soil—A Twenty Thousand Acre Farm—A Private Park of One Thousand Acres.

Correspondence of The Sun.

CHICO, Cal., Aug. 10.—I have just arrived in this place from Willamette, Oregon, after a weary ride in a six-horse stage over a country lately full of promise and rich with hopes of happiness, the site of innumerable airy castles of gorgeous hue and rich material, but now desolate beyond description. On every side stretch decayed fields and charred forests, deserted ranches and villages, settlements ruined, farms exhausted, buildings depreciated, and mining districts without miners. Machinery rusting, and places rapidly becoming covered with a rank vegetation, alone mark the spot where lie buried the fond expectations of despairing thousands. Even the Chinaman, who can toil from morning to night, and live on almost nothing, has left the water-wheel, for the ditch is dry, and not a scanty mouthful can he wring from the corpse of what was once a fruitful soil. A disheartened pioneer or two is met here and there, standing sadly in his decaying hut, awaiting some freak of capricious fortune which may enable him to depart from out the shadow of the curse which has fallen on his life. Disheartened and careworn, half starved, and in tatters, they remain like jackals around a graveyard, haunting the scenes of their misery, too indolent to make an effort to break their fetters, too despairing to take another look into the future. One brick building was pointed out to me at Sparta, which cost $36,000 to erect, and which had been sold for $600. Another at Yreka sold for $1,000 that cost twenty-five times the amount.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

What a delightful change to strike the fertile valley of the Sacramento after all this desolution. Here the fruit trees bear volunteer crops. Here everything grows spontaneously, or with little care. Grapes may be had at two cents a pound, and apples, pears, and peaches at three cents.

"What splendid apples you have," once remarked an English tourist, when seeing a fifty-pound watermelon in the Sacramento valley for the first time. "Apples be d——d!" answered the California farmer; "these are only California huckleberries." They have even taken to raising tobacco and the mulberry tree, and the silkworm will follow in a short time. All that is needed is factories to turn to account the wool of the thousands of sheep, and furnish the inhabitants with cheap clothes of their own manufacture. These, too, will doubtless be added before long, and the new Paradise will be complete.

AGRICULTURAL VS. GOLD DIGGING.

The reason of this contrast lies in the fact that in the one place the pioneers speculated wildly in extravagant searching for gold which never existed; in the other they set quietly to work and dug from the soil the riches which may be found in any place. These were slow but sure; those let their vaulting ambition o'erleap itself. Like thousands of others who did not come so far from home to cast their fortune on the hazard of the die, they not only became ruined themselves, but blighted all and everything within their reach, while their more sensible brethren rested content with the goods the gods gave, and without any unusual effort found themselves after a while masters of the wealth for which the others had risked and lost so much. As an instance in point I may mention Gen. Bidwell.

A TWENTY THOUSAND ACRE FARM.

In 1841 he invested $10 in a Mexican stamp, and is to-day the owner of a rich and productive farm of 20,000 acres. As far as the keenest eye can see—from the Sacramento to the Sierra—fifteen miles by three and a half—all of the finest land in the world calls him master; and this after presenting 2,000 acres to his neighbors for the sake of company.

LUXURY IN THE WILDERNESS.

I paid the General a visit, and was received with princely hospitality at his palace of a residence. Every luxury, every refinement imaginable pays ready and constant court to the favored pioneer of a quarter of a century ago. After a luxurious breakfast that would make the mouth of a resident of Fifth avenue water with longing, the General ordered his carriage, and we started off on a tour through the estate.

LIVING HOUSES.

We first visited a "patch" of a park, eight thousand acres in extent, two thousand of which are covered with oak trees. I saw a million of fir trees from six to twelve feet in diameter. Some were large enough, if sawed into boards, to build a second Boston Common from. The General's carriage could easily have been driven through a tunnel made through their trunks.

ONE THOUSAND ACRES OF WHEAT.

Emerging from the park, we came upon a vast wheat field, one thousand acres in extent. Just think of it, you old fogies! "ten acres enough" and "five acres too much." One thousand acres of golden, waving wheat, thirty-five bushels to the acre, a perfect sea of embryo bread, enough to feed a small town. All the work is done by machinery, and I was astonished to see to what a wonderful degree of perfection labor saving automatons had been brought. Here were four-horse headers, and two-horse wagon loaded, filled in three minutes by the watch—three men cutting their twenty acres a day. Under the trees, there was the ten-horse engine, threshing out the grain—two bushels a minute! Here I saw with my own eyes three headers, forty-eight horses, twenty-four men, one boy and a ten-horse power engine cut, gather, thresh, and bag twelve hundred bushels of wheat in eleven hours.

THE STOCK OF A CALIFONIA FARM.

The General estimates the yield of wheat on his farm this year at 40,000 bushels, and of barley at 15,000 bushels. He has 1,500 head of cattle, 300 head of horses, 100 milch cows, and 1,500 hogs. Times are dull, and grain is low, and these figures are far below his usual productions. He grinds 300 barrels of wheat per day in the Chico mills. All that is needed is an outlet, to make this part of the Union the greatest grain-producing country in the world.

A SMALL ITEM OF FRUIT.

We next went through the orchards at a trot. These consist of 100 acres of peach, pear, apple, plum, nectarine, apricot, fig, almond and pomegranate trees, all bowed down with their load of ripening fruit to such an enormous extent that apples and peaches only bring 3 cents a pound. His graperies will yield 100,000 pounds of grapes this season, and at 2 cents a pound will be worth $2,000. After this we need no longer laugh at the Crockett stories of getting a rice ear down in a thousand acre potato field, to hear the big potatoes tell the little potatoes to lie still and stop crowding, and the story about a race horse chasing a pumpkin vine half a mile.

Murder in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 22.—A difficulty occurred this afternoon at a restaurant in the suburbs of this city, between a party of men, in which Lewis Meltee was badly beaten by John Chambers. Meltee left the place and subsequently returned with his brother August and a friend when the party assaulted Chambers. Lewis Meltee struck Chambers with a stone weighing ten pounds, crushing out his brains, and causing instant death. All the parties were arrested.

Political Gossip.

Gov. Harriman of New Hampshire has accepted an invitation to take part in the Ohio campaign.

Wm. D. Man, of Mobile, the Democratic carpet-bagger, spent, it is said, $25,000 to secure his election to Congress, but in vain.

The Hon. Harvey Jewell, Speaker of the Massachusetts Legislature, will make an effort to carry the Republican caucus in opposition to Gov. Claflin.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that "ten or twenty times as much opposition is made to Chinese immigration by the Radicals as by the Democratic party."

Parson Brownlow warns the Administration not to punish the Senter men of Tennessee, and says that Andrew Johnson will not be elected Senator.

Henry Reynold, seeing that the Ohio Democrats are around nominating the class of men who always bitterly opposed them, and fearing his turn would come next, wrote that on no account would he be prevailed upon to accept.

The Nashville *Banner*, always the friend of Andrew Johnson, opposes his Senatorial promotion, and says the name is now suggestive of agitation, turmoil, and excitement. What the *Banner* wants is peace.

Gen. Longstreet, the new Surveyor of the port of New Orleans, has appointed several colored men to positions in his department. The Republicans are delighted, and the Democrats cannot complain now that they are voting for negroes and begging their votes.

Under the head "Progress of Military Usurpation," the Philadelphia *Age*, the Democratic organ of the State of Pennsylvania, scores severely the policy of Gov. Hoffman in threatening martial law along the line of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, and in declaring that he would seize hold of and run the road unless order was restored.

A German Reform organization in Cincinnati have adopted resolutions that they will not support any candidate for the Legislature who will not reduce the salary of local county officers to $10,000 a year, and no candidate for these offices who will not pledge himself to give one-third of his fees for charitable purposes.

The Democratic press is already at loggerheads on the subject of Chinese immigration. The *World*, some time since, came out in an article claiming that the Democratic press favored it. But scarcely was the ink dry on the article before the Albany *Argus* denied it. Since then the Cincinnati *Enquirer* endorsed the position of the *Argus*. The Chicago *Times* sides with the *World* in the contest.

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

DASHES HERE AND THERE BY THE SUN'S REPORTERS.

The Sunday Lager Beer Fountains in Hoboken—The Procession of New Yorkers Athirst—Escaping the Meshes of the Excise Law.

The crowds that once a week throng the ferry-boats to Hoboken were yesterday multitudinous beyond computation. Beginning early in the morning, thousands on thousands of released New Yorkers poured over the river until as late as 3 in the afternoon, wending their respective ways to Hudson City, the Elysian Fields, West Hoboken, and the various saloons and gardens in Hoboken itself. They were as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. Otto Cottage Garden was so well patronized as to very nearly resemble a bedlam in heat and wild confusion and despair. We do not undertake to compute the lager beer that was disposed of, nor the Schweitzer käse. As many pretzels were swallowed as would require a hundred bakers to manufacture in a week. A ponderous Teuton, who spent his afternoon in the garden, after putting out of sight an astonishing amount of the liquid, offered to make a bet "mit any man who felt so as if he would feel very vergnüget to be deprifet of his money dat he vould trink more as he," which wager was immediately taken up by another Teuton, who sat at a table behind him. As we left the place the terms of the bet were being arranged. Six kegs of beer were to be tapped for instant use, and as it was impossible that either should get drunk, it was resolved that the one who first gave in, or fell dead, should pay all the expenses. We have not heard how this frightful affair turned out. The confusion was so great that in every direction waiters were looking in despair for the tables at which their orders had been given, and the tables were looking in vain for the waiters. Of these waiters a large extra number are hired for Sundays alone. By ten in the evening they are drunk as fiddlers, the bartenders are drunk, the drinkers are drunk, the policemen are drunk, the trees are drunk, the tables are drunk, and there is a general drunkenness everywhere. This was Sunday in Hoboken.

The Fisk-Vanderbilt Freight War.

The maxim that competition is the life of trade, is by no means invariably true. The reckless competition, at all events, in which the Central and Erie Railroad Companies have been for some time engaged has proved so unprofitable to both belligerents, that persisted in, would, notwithstanding their immense wealth, inevitably involve them in bankruptcy. Formerly their regular charge for freight was $1.40 per hundred pounds, but within the last two or three weeks the spirit of rivalry has gradually brought it down to the nominal charge of 25 cents. The Commodore, however, though having ample means to carry on the ruinous contest, has no notion of doing so any longer, and from this day on means to raise the rate to 40 cents.

Throughout the contest the Erie Railroad Company, in consequence of its headquarters being in Jersey, has labored under material disadvantages, for while their depot has been glutted with goods, the Vanderbilt people have been sending off ten or twelve freight trains per day, and have now a very light stock on hand.

Father Corrigan's Lecture.

There was a meeting of officers of Father Mathew Temperance Societies yesterday, at which a committee, consisting of Messrs. Brady, Boyle, Lamb, Mitchell, and Kelly, was appointed to confer with the several societies and with the Common Council to secure their presence and cooperation at the lecture to be delivered by the Rev. Father Corrigan, Sept. 9.

Parepa-Rosa in September.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa will begin a season of English opera at the French Theatre in Fourteenth street on Saturday evening, the 4th of September next. The first performance will be that of Balfe's opera of the "Puritan's Daughter." The season will be limited to fifteen nights.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Vermin and Pestilence in the Car Cushions.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Under the above heading your correspondent "C.," in THE SUN of Aug. 16, objects to car cushions. He may be in the interest of the car company, wishing to save them the expense of cushions by substituting wooden seats. Vermin are not desirable, but they do not generate "pestilence." I ride constantly in the horse cars, and I have never seen any vermin. If the poorer people who ride in the cars have vermin about their persons, the difficulty would not be obviated by wooden seats. I hope the car cushions will be kept in cleanly, decent order; but I hope never to see the abomination and nuisance of wooden seats. They are extremely cold and uncomfortable in winter, and by chilling the system, tend to produce disease. If "C." is a fat, plethoric gentleman, the wooden seats may answer very well for him; but they do not answer for persons of a spare habit of body. The cars jolt horribly as they pass over the uneven and imperfect rails, and many individuals feel as if all of the bones in their bodies would be broken. Rheumatic people and others with painful conditions of the body, suffer very much in this way, while riding in the cars. Wooden seats would greatly intensify the evil. Let us, therefore, hold on to the car cushions; but let them be kept in decent order. PHYSICIAN.

The Extortionate Bakers.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Two or three days ago I complained of the bakers, among other things. Bread that I had bought for 6 cents weighed 9 ounces; for 8 cents, 12 to 14 ounces; for 10 cents, 14 to 16 ounces. It was not bought for experiment; it was weighed to satisfy my curiosity. To-day "A Baking Company" say in your paper that they sell 1 pound 6 ounces of bread for 6 cents. If they sell a good, pure article at that price, it proves that other bakers are simply extortionists. I wish you would investigate this matter thoroughly.

And concerning the "Licensed Vendors'" measures and spring weighers, is it not the duty of the City Inspector to inspect them just as completely and carefully as he does those of the tea dealers, grocers, and market-men. A. B. W.

Aug. 19, 1869.

How the Lawyers' Clerks are Underpaid.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Bricklayers, tailors, carvers, moulders, and others have had their strikes, but a much abused and overworked and miserably compensated class of employees still quietly submit to the imposition of their employers. This state of affairs has lasted long enough, and it is high time that a change should be brought about. A clerk in a law office works as hard—nay, harder—than a dry goods clerk. It is none "do things" "just so," and the slightest and most immaterial departure from the beaten track incurs the displeasure of his employer, and compels him to begin anew the work of one or more days. And would you like to know how he is remunerated? He may receive four, six, eight, or ten dollars per week—the latter being the highest salary. Employers think they are in conscience bound to pay. There are, doubtless, exceptions, but these are few and far between. FIAT JUSTITIA.

The New Political Movement.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: In THE SUN of to-day I see the workingmen have proposed N. W. Young for Mayor or Representative in Congress. Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, said we had too many lawyers there; too much talk, and too little work. And now, Mr. Editor, would it not be better for the whole country were the people represented by men who understand what they want? Do we not want more mechanics, farmers, merchants, and workingmen in Congress—less talk, and more work? As THE SUN shines for all, I know of no better way than for you to keep it before the people; and if the people want their interests represented, both in State and national councils, let them make their own nominations, as the working men are trying to do, and not leave it to political rings and caucuses to make them for them. ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

A Lovely Girl the Best Swimmer at Long Branch.

From the Boston Post.

A lovely girl, the most vigorous dancer at the biggest hotel at the Branch, washes out all traces of the last night's ball in a morning swim out beyond the surf, when the envious waves do not dash their foam in her little mouth, but the long rollers kindly rock and caress her. A notable swimmer is she. Encased in a free and not cumbersome suit of light blue, her long hair free to wind and waves, she trips to the surf, takes a bold header through the first breaker and strikes out. Another roaring wave comes at her, but the little dripping head ducks and plunges through it, reappearing on the other side and shaking the salt drops back with glee. Again and again, and the last breaker is past, and she strikes out over the rolling deep water, beyond the safety-buoy, with a stroke that would shame the Adonis who whirled her last night in the dance and who has not yet come down to breakfast. Returning, she rides in on the breakers like a queen, fresh, invigorated and careless of the terrors of the deep of which she is so charming a mistress.

After the bath the ladies retire to their rooms, and the other sex to the bar. It is said that both have the same object—that the "little glass" is the regular corrective of sea water, without distinction of sex. There is also a queer odor as of cigarettes, which is unaccountable but by supposing a male presence.

The Kentucky Militia.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 22.—Three companies of the State militia, numbering all told about 95 men, left this morning for Lebanon, Ky., to be distributed in the lower counties, where the Regulators have been depredating.

THE MAJESTY OF NEW YORK LAW.

One Man whom the King's Policemen will not Arrest—A Railway King as an Exemplar for the Car Conductors.

Car No. 201 of the Third Avenue Railroad started from the depot at 10:40 on Wednesday night with a complement of passengers. Nothing unusual occurred until the vehicle had reached Fourteenth street. Here it stopped, and a distinguished railroad and steamboat king, who is neither James Fisk nor Cornelius Vanderbilt, entered, but did not take a seat. The king is somewhat past the meridian of life. He is large and stout and immensely rich; we may add that he is a stickler for discipline on the roads of which he is the envied head. He was fashionably dressed and carried a large gold-headed cane. It was evident that he had just left a meeting of one of the railway boards, the evidence being the peculiar roll of the upper part of his body, the shakiness of his pedicular extremities, and the general air of unfathomable profundity which enshrouded his puffed-up visage and his half closed eyes. He stood just in front of the doorway, holding both sides of the door with his bejewelled hands, and completely blocking the passage.

A block or two farther down the car stopped again and several ladies entered. The conductor tapped the colossus of railroads on the shoulder and called out: "Gentlemen please move forward a little and let these ladies in." The man who was neither James Fisk nor Commodore Vanderbilt did not budge. He merely started suddenly, elevated his eyelids a little, and then quietly subsided into his former oscillatory abstraction. The conductor tapped him on the shoulder again and made a personal appeal to him to please permit the ladies to get inside. Turning his head slowly around, he drawled out dreamily;

"You—go—to h—l,—you—sucker—you."

The conductor waxed wroth, and gently insinuated that if he did not get out of the way instantly he (the conductor) would be under the painful necessity of forcing him.

Aroused by this threat, the railroad and steamboat king, who was neither J. F. nor C. V., suddenly jerked himself around and poked his gold-headed cane through a pane of glass. The conductor quietly intimated that he would take a dollar from him for that, but the king staggered back and told him to "Go to h—ll for a d—d sucker" again, at the same time making a pass at him *à la* John C. Heenan. The conductor caught his arm, and having got the ladies safely in, stepped to the front of the car and told the driver to stop and hail the first policeman he met. The latter did so at Canal street, and the policeman approached and drew his club. He looked at the offender, stopped, hesitated, put back his club, and said to the conductor:

"Never mind him; he's all right. Just you take my number, and if he don't pay you I will."

Here the railroad king grasped one jamb of the door, cocked his head to one side, and, shutting his eyes completely, growled with an air of mock dignity:

"Say! (hic) d'ye know who I am? I'm — —, and I'll have you broke."

"I don't care for — — or anybody else," responded the conductor. "Policeman, I want you to take that man to the station house and I'll make a charge against him."

"No, no. You just take my number, and I'll be responsible for the payment of the glass."

Finding it impossible to get the drunken Mogul arrested, the conductor was obliged to start his car, but he finally got him off at Franklin street.

THE WAR OF THE RACES.

A Case of Virginia Chivalry—New York Criminal Courts Successfully Imitated.

A correspondent of the Washington *Chronicle* writes from Hedgesville, Va., giving the following particulars of the late riot in that place. He says that the day in question, the 9th inst., was court day, although no court was held, and that a large crowd, mostly of white men, had collected. Under a certain tree an old colored woman had a refreshment stand, and to this tree Lt. Col. G. Hayne, the Conservative member elect to the Legislature, tied his horse. The animal was restive and endangered the stand, whereupon the old woman's son gave him a slight tap to make him change his position. The owner, who stood by, after some words, horsewhipped both the son and the mother, and a riot ensued in which the blacks were fearfully beaten. It only came to an end when one of them had been laid out for dead, first by a blow of a cane in the hands of one of the ringleaders, and then by a brickbat. He died about 9 o'clock the same night, and his murderer was committed to jail.

The next morning no prisoner was to be found. The jailer, on being questioned, claimed that during the night parties unknown to him came and demanded the key, and threatened to "kill him" if he did not give it up, which he did, though within calling distance of the public house where lodged the Military Commissioners!

About noon an attempt was made to overtake the escaped prisoner, but in the course of a few hours the parties returned without him. That morning an inquest was held upon the body of the murdered man, some of the jurors acting as jurors, but up to this time no effort whatever has been made by the civil authorities to bring the actors to justice. In the minds of many this is regarded as a premeditated affair.

CURIOSITIES OF CRIME.

Take Some of This—The Coolest Reading of the Season.

Bud Carter, a Tennessee outlaw, having been taken to task by the newspapers for a late outrage upon William B. Hill, has addressed a "card" of explanation to the Nashville *Banner*. He says that James Bosson, a nephew of Col. William Bosson and a cousin of this Mr. Hill, blacked and disguised themselves and shot John T. Rogers, the son of Gen. Rogers, in the presence of Carter. For this they were sued, and Carter was employed to run the witness off, on a promise of receiving $300 and two horses for his services. The $300 was not only not paid, but Hill and Bosson had Carter arrested and cast into prison, where he lay for months at a cost of about $2,000, before he could obtain his release. He then seized Hill and held him in custody until he had refunded the $3,000. Carter says that he treated Hill better than he was treated himself, and adds, by way of a postscript, "I hope such newspapers as have noticed this transaction will give me the benefit of this explanation, and assure the public that they are in no danger from my hands if they attend to their own business."

The Tiger in Court.

Robert Moran and eleven other persons were taken to Jefferson Market Court yesterday, on charge of fighting "the tiger" at the corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-sixth street. The police paid their respects to the place on Saturday night and captured all the paraphernalia of the game, which was handed over to the Property Clerk at the Police Central office, to be used as the Police Commissioners may direct. Moran, who keeps the place and was dealing the cards when arrested, was locked up yesterday in default of $500 bail, but his partners in guilt were discharged.

How they Don't Pay the Office Boys.

Franklin Harris, an office-boy, in the employ of John McQuiggan, furniture dealer in Spring street, complained at Marshal Tooker's office, on Saturday, that he could not get his wages. McQuiggan has hired boys and kept them as long as they would stay without wages, and then when they grumbled he discharged them and took others, thereby getting their services for nothing.

Knocked into Eternity by a Tumbler.

On Saturday night Joseph Carr, a dock builder, of 274 Sixth street, quarrelled with his wife and threw a tumbler at her. It struck Ann Connerty, a girl of 16, who happened to be present, and who was fatally injured. The wound is three inches across the right temple and very deep. Carr was arrested.

DECENT SPORTING NEWS.

The Brooklyn Yacht Club Regatta.

The Brooklyn Yacht Club on Saturday started for a race from Gravesend Bay past Staten Island to Gravesend Bay, where they ate chowder and drank champagne. The entries were the Sophia, Niagara, and Muskodeed, cabin sloops; Fanny Vall, Hoop La, Phantom, and Marion, open sloops. At 11 A. M. the word was given, and the Phantom led the way, followed by the Sophia and Marion, the Hoop La, Fanny Vall, Niagara, and Muskodeed being considerably astern and well together. The first buoy was toward Staten Island. The run along the shore of the island showed a good race between the Hoop La and the Marion, and the Fanny Vall and Muskodeed. When passing Tottenville the Fanny Vall overhauled and passed the Muskodeed, which soon after carried away her halyards, and withdrew from the race. On nearing buoy 11 the Marion carried away her jib, which obliged her to withdraw and give her place to Hoop La. The yachts rounded buoy 9, the first turning point on the course, in the following order: Phantom, Sophia, Hoop La, Niagara, and Fanny Vail; which order they maintained until reaching Gravesend Bay, the terminus of the race. Only a short time was necessary to allow all the boats to come up, the schooner Alice, Commodore Kled, having arrived first, by taking a straight course, the Alice not being in the race. The prize pennants were awarded to the sloops Sophia, owner Capt. C. Felt, sailed by Capt. R. Bosch; Phantom, owner Capt. A. Roberts, builder and sailer Harry Smedley.

REDDY THE BLACKSMITH.

THE WITNESS LAWRENCE GRAHAM NOT YET MURDERED.

Still Alive—The Fourth Ward Gentry threaten to Kill Him if he Appears—How a Citizen that Prosecutes a Politician is Treated by Other Politicians—What the People Pay For and What they Get.

The vague and contradictory rumors that have been in circulation of late, concerning the whereabouts of Mr. Lawrence Graham, who was robbed in Reddy the Blacksmith's den on Chatham square, and with the particulars of which case the public are familiar, are at last brought down to fact. Mr. Graham has not disappeared, has not been murdered, has not been bribed, but on the contrary is alive and well and intends to do his duty.

WHAT MR. GRAHAM SAYS.

A SUN reporter took a trip to Hudson City last night in quest of Mr. Graham. Our reporter spent upwards of an hour in inquiring for the whereabouts of Mr. Graham. Finally, after having questioned nearly a hundred residents, THE SUN'S representative found Mr. Graham. He is a very honest, hard-working, and sober-looking man, and very seldom takes strong drink. He says that the money which he was robbed of in Varley's saloon is not all the loss he has sustained in prosecuting Reddy, and that in subpœnaing witnesses, lawyers' fees, and other sundry disbursements, not counting in the time he had lost, nor the necessary expenses he had incurred, Sir William de Varley and his gang had cost him about $800 more. He has applied to the District Attorney for reimbursement, but has always been put off, being told to wait until the fugitive Reddy was convicted. All this notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Graham had attended the trial of Brennan and Howard, both of whom were convicted, the former being sent to State Prison for fifteen years, and the latter to only five years. But the five years man, owing to the overflow of mercy, or something else in the breast of the noble Judge who sentenced him, backed up by Assistant District Attorney Hutchings's philanthropy, was kept in the Tombs a week—just long enough to enable the merciful young Judge and the philanthropic young man who looks after the interests of the people to write a doleful request to Governor Hoffman, urgently begging of him to pardon the Fourth Ward politician's pal. The Governor could not resist the appeals of gentlemen who are paid $8,000 and $5,000 per annum, and so the convicted robber was pardoned after he had been incarcerated two weeks.

Mr. Graham said that numbers of Reddy's friends, rough-looking, black-moustached desperadoes, the pests and scourges of this community, have thrust their filthy carcasses into his saloon, interceding for their chief. They have had recourse to all devices. They have made all-tempting promises, they have threatened his life. After all this, Varley's wife, accompanied by five little ones, visited him. Mr. Graham was out. His wife, however, was at home, and had to listen to the broken-hearted wife's appeal. Mr. Graham denies *in toto* that anybody has offered him a bribe of either $3,000 or $5,000 not to appear against Reddy, and says: "Being out of so much money, of course, I would like to get some of it back; but the citizens of New York and elsewhere needn't be afraid that I won't appear. Bribes will be of no avail with me now, for if I live I'll be a witness against him. You may depend upon me, sir. It is not bribes I fear, but it's the talk of those that come to me. I wish sometimes that I had this place sold out, and was many a mile from here. I'm no coward, and don't intend to be scared away, however, if I can help it. I wouldn't take a bribe in no matter what amount."

Mr. Graham tells his story in a very plain, straightforward manner, and says he has been a gardener for the best part of his life (he appears to be about 55 years of age), working over seven years for one man, Mr. John Lafarge, and two years for another gentleman, who is one of his best friends and counsellors at the present time. He says he has no feelings of revenge to gratify, but simply wants justice, and that he intends to have it with the aid of THE SUN. Our reporter informed him that some doubt has been expressed about his ever having been worth $300 or $500 to be robbed of. He replied that before his present misfortunes "twasn't $500 alone I could show, but four times that, for I had over $2,000 in good hard money a short time back, and I don't know but what I could raise $500 to-morrow." About a year ago he bought the bar he is keeping, and has a fair run of custom.

Mr. Graham could not say that the threats that had been used to him came from Reddy himself, but supposed they did, as Reddy had political influence, and his services are much needed in the coming elections. He was much put out at the District Attorney and the officers of the Court for the long time the case has taken to bring it to a head and the losses he had sustained, saying he had promised to refund him $300, but hadn't done it yet. He supposed the delay was caused through Reddy and his friends' political influence.

He further said that the threats from Reddy's gang would not deter him from going to New York whenever he had business, but that he preferred going there in the daytime, and did not now go at night.

Why Governor Senter Ought to be Senator.

Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

I met a very shrewd politician—one of the lights of the *régime ancien*—in fact "good old rebel," and I said, after some preliminary remarks about the crops and the weather—

"Well, how about Senter?"

"Why," said he, "Senter's a cossed ass."

"How so?"

"He's losing deal, sir. He's letting Etheridge and Johnson get the start of him. In fact, he's a mere quarter nag."

I ventured to remark that I didn't see it, and he continued—

"If I were Governor, by the lord, sir, I'd know who'd be Senator."

"Who?"

"Me, sir; me myself, sir."

"You think, then, that Senter could be Senator if he desired?"

"Desire, the dickens! Of course he desires it, but he don't know how."

"What should he do?"

"I won't say what he should do, but I'll tell you what I would do. When the Legislature meets I'd call the boys up like a drove of field hands, and I'd say: 'Look here, fellows, I'll be plain with you. All this is my work; so don't be proud. Your existence is my doing. You owe your places to me. Alone I did it, and if I cannot undo it I can do the next thing to undoing it—I can thwart and bother you mightily. I can so vex and destroy your legislation as to make it practically valueless. I have only to join hands with the Radical Tennessee delegation in Congress to raise up a pretext which Congress and the Administration will jump at. I don't want to make trouble, however. Elect me Senator and I'll say no more about it. I'll consider the account between us squared. Refuse me, and I'll just raise devil. That's what I would do if I were Senter. But he hasn't the melt to do it."

Woman Burned to Death.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 19.—Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Storres township, was burned to death by the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Admiral Mendez Nunez is dead.

Mr. Gladstone is in good health.

The Governor General of Canada denies that he advocated severance from England in his Quebec speech.

Maj.-Gen. Meade is expected in Gettysburgh today. All the Confederate Generals except Gen. Heath have excused themselves.

Mr. E. Repple Hall, traveller, author, and guide, piloted a large and select party of friends and invited guests Round the World in the Long Room of the Continental Hotel, Long Branch, on Saturday night last.

Commodore Vanderbilt was married on Saturday, at London, Canada, to Miss Frank Crawford, daughter of Robert L. Crawford, of Alabama. Augustus Schell, of New York, and Superintendent Tillinghast, of the New York Central Railroad, were the only persons present at the ceremony. The bridal party are in Saratoga.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

The New York Cooperative Building Lot Association meet this evening.

The House Carpenters will go on an excursion to Myers's Grove on Wednesday next.

Bricklayer's Union No. 3, of Brooklyn, will meet this evening in their rooms.

The Wheelwrights' and Blacksmiths' Union will meet in Thordon's Jackson Hall on Wednesday evening.

The tailors employed by Hull, Happy, Hadden, J. S. Clarke and J. S. Lee, of Broadway, and Doll of Beekman street, will meet this evening, at 1 Stanton street.

The Labor Congress closed its sessions in Philadelphia Saturday. Richard Trevellick was elected President for the ensuing year, and it was voted to hold the next Congress in Cincinnati on the third Monday in August, 1870.

REDDY THE BLACKSMITH.