THE LONG ISLAND RED MEN.

THE JUNE MEETING FOR THE ADJUSTMENT OF DIFFERENCES.

The Indians as they Really Are—Recorder Mitchell's Stumping Ground—The Sportsmen's Paradise—Shinnecock Bay.

Correspondence of The Sun.

POQUONUCK, L. I., June 5.—The train reached Good Ground at dusk. At the depot was a sunny-faced boy, wearing a hat that might have been mistaken for a ponger umbrella. This was the state driver. Seated in the father of all wagons, and drawn by a cross matched team—a bay and a white—I set out from the depot. The red moon was just rising from the ocean as the vehicle struck on the crooked and sandy road that leads to the village of Poquonuck, two miles down on the shore of Shinnecock Bay. At Mr. Squires's Bay View House I sat down to a royal supper of the famous Shinnecock clams and bluefish, fresh from the water.

Poquonuck is a village of about six houses, on Long Point, which reaches out into Shinnecock Bay. It is an out-of-the-way place, and but for its fish and game no mortal man would ever visit it a second time. It is the old stamping ground of Recorder Hackett and his associates, who have often fished and hunted here under the guidance of the renowned

BILL LANE AND HE FOSTER.

There is far one inlet to the bay, and that opposite the Bay View House. The man this narrow channel the bluefish run in and out, and the fishermen stand on the banks and throw their squids into the water. Capt. Penny caught at one tide on Saturday last forty-five that weighed 210 pounds, and this is not an extra catch. Later in the season the various kinds of game and rover abound in vast numbers, on the shores of the bay and the ocean beach are hard with gentlemen who come here from Boston, New York, and elsewhere to cut Shinnecock clams, and enjoy the fishing and shooting. Judge Vessler and Peter Barth, Jr., of Brooklyn, take Hon. S. Tabor of Roslyn, D. C. Wickham, the lumber dealer of Orange county, G. O. H. Mackay of Boston, and J. H. Kimball of New York are among the gentlemen who have visited the Bay View this season. The bluefish run into Oyster, and the snipe and plover frequent it until November.

Taking the Bay View House on Sunday morning in Mr. Squires's old Sunfish Florence, I started with Capt. Wallace F. Waite at the helm for Shinnecock Neck, the home of the Indians, to attend their

FAMOUS JUNE MEETING.

We reached Shinnecock Neck at 10 o'clock. Walking up toward the village we met our first Indian, an old man with a crooked neck, coming down with a basket slung over his shoulder.

"Going on a missionary?" said Mr. Squires.

"Yes, a clam mission," was the calm response, and he passed on toward the bay.

The first house we coasted by Uncle Tom Beman, who caters for the picknickers who visit the Neck. As we passed, he was bending over a place on the ground, and diligently arranging a pile of clams, lips down and in a brick fireplace in the little grove just back of his house. He was getting ready for a clam bake. Uncle Tom, who is a fair specimen of the Indian, is about one-quarter negro. He is 61 years of age, a stout-built man of dark complexion, hair almost straight, and a gray chin beard. His wife, Ann Poly, is a very dessy matron, of about the same degree of Indian blood as her husband. They have three girls, aged respectively 11, 13, and 15. They are lighter colored than their parents, and their hair is straight but is as black as tar. The girls live in a two-room house off one story, and gets his living by

FISHING, CLAMMING, AND CATERING.

Grouped around the house were a number of carriages and wagons in which visitors, black and white, had arrived from Mattituck, Southold, Sag Harbor, Southampton, Westhampton, Atlantic, Riverhead, and other surrounding towns and villages. Walking up the road into the village, we met coming toward the church, a pretty miss in a blue dotted pique dress, well fitting and fashioned from the fashion plate of the period, and on her head a natty sailor hat. Though not full-blooded, her face was unmistakably Indian, and her long, straight hair was of a color and texture which we find on no other heads. By her side walked a cavalier, a fine straight-haired, high cheekboned young fellow with a copper colored skin. He was dressed in the position of the period, and looked other persons, all with the Indian characteristics, but all good looking, and with few exceptions well dressed. Briefly, they are a quiet, sober, and decent, though not very industrious people, living in houses, nearly all of which are very neatly kept. We had assembled to participate in a ceremony which was introduced among them by good old Father Paul in 1790. Father Paul was a native missionary of some talent and great power. He died in 1812. For many years he presided over the Indian churches at Narragansett, Montauk, Poosepatuck, Long, and Shinnecock, and about the time indicated he ordained the churches. The churches on the first Sunday in June at Shinnecock. Religious services were held, and all internal difficulties in any of the churches were

SETTLED AT THE JUNE MEETING.

The custom of bringing the tribes together is gradually falling into disuse. As they have advanced with civilization their clannishness has faded away, and this June meeting of the Shinnecocks was attended by only a few Indians from other tribes.

The Shinnecock tribe now numbers about 300. In 1703 the proprietors of the town of Southampton leased to the tribe the Shinnecock Hills and Neck, comprising several thousand acres. The consideration was an ear of corn; the right was reserved to the white men to graze their cattle on the leased lands at certain seasons. This arrangement continued until 1861, when by consent of the State Government the Indians transferred to the white men the right to the use of the hills, reserving for themselves the exclusive use of the Neck, which contains about 700 acres of very good soil. But very few of the full blooded Indians remain. They are all more or less crossed with negroes, though the Indian appearance and characteristics largely predominate. The peculiar color of the skin, the straight thin nose, high cheek bones, and general angularity of features are met everywhere.

THE TRIBE IS GOVERNED

by three trustees, who are voted for at the annual town meeting of Southampton after the whites' election is over. These trustees exercise the same control, as those of any other community. If a member of the tribe wants ground for farming purposes, he stakes out a tract on the Neck which does not conflict with a claim already preempted. This done, he informs the trustees, and a tribe meeting is called to confirm the claim if just.

Religiously the tribe are Congregationalists. Adventists, and Methodists, the numerical strength of the divisions being in the order indicated. The Congregationalists and Methodists occupy the same place of worship, a queer little meeting house about twenty feet wide by thirty long. The Adventists have a house of worship about twenty feet square. A school is supported by the Government, and is well attended.

Women were their only physicians until recently, when some of the younger members began to employ whites. They have

NO BAR-ROOMS.

By occupation they are fishermen, clammers, cooks, and sailors, with a few tillers of the soil, though the majority do not like to dig. As whalers the men are famous. Several have risen to the position of mate, and their color is the only bar to a better rise. Milton Lee recently came home from a cruise in command of a ship, the captain having died on the voyage. At one of the churches I saw an old man nodule in on one leg. The other had been taken off by a whale. Ferdinand Lee, who is six feet three in his stockings, and in every way, physically and mentally, a splendid specimen of a sailor, made $1,000 on his last voyage as mate. He came home and built a good house for his family, and starts next week on another voyage as captain of the bark Callao of New Bedford. His house is neatly fitted, and a portrait of Lincoln is among the pictures in his parlor.

THE JUNE MEETING

was very quiet. In the joint Methodist and Congregational church Deacon James Y. Downs of Southampton presided, and the prayers were offered by Rev. C. Graham of Southampton in the afternoon. The services here were peculiar and decorous. Vincent Cuffee, a venerable man and son of Father Paul, is deacon of this church. At the Advent church the Rev. Henry Pratt of Springfield, Mass., officiated. Elder Lee, 81 years of age, and forty years ago from Maryland, is deacon of the church. By dark the majority of the visitors had departed, and the Indians dropped into their usual quietude. Joining the departing throng, I soon reached the beautiful old village of Southampton, and the sun had risen and set on the day of Post the day of the June meeting was pleasantly ended.

X. Y. Z.

REAL ESTATE MOVEMENTS.

The great sale of the Dyckman estate was continued at the Exchange Salesroom yesterday by Stevenson & Son, when 35 lots were sold at prices equally as good as those realized the day previous. The plots disposed of were on Cooper, Emerson, and Hawthorne streets, Broadway, Bolton road, Nicholas place, Prescott and Seaman avenues. The property was sold in parcels of three and four lots, and the buyers were H. Patterson, M. B. Wilson, J. W. Sullivan, S. P. Fairchild, R. White, S. W. H. Ward, Mr. Ross, J. W. Clifford, A. Jacobs, Mr. Beebe, W. M. Aloes, Potter Brown, J. Brown, M. Goldbach, F. Tombs, E. Lowery, W. Taterson, T. Tatterson, C. C. Hays, F. G. Green, Mr. Bernhard, and E. W. Houghton. The prices realized were from $475 to $2,350 per lot, the highest amounts being paid for sites on Broadway. One lot on the corner of Broadway and Hawthorne street and three adjoining, each 25x100; one adjoining, 25x150, and two lots on Hawthorne street, together with the building of the Dyckman homestead, were knocked down at $4,000 per lot.

Mr. Muller sold at the Exchange yesterday the lot on the N. W. corner of 7th av. and 59th st., with a 15 years' lease, for $25,500, to C. D. Mathews; and the leasehold lot adjoining for $18,500.

S. Dinger & Co. made a very successful sale under the hammer of the properties of J. B. White and W. Storm, on Bergen Heights, N. J. The lots are located on Hudson av., Palisade road, and Howard place. Two lots were struck off to S. C. Bovey for $2,175; four to George Byrnes for $4,125; two to Patrick O'Connor for $2,525; four lots, including Mr. White's house, to Henry Duesberry for $16,620; one to W. W. Knight, $900; two to Wm. Frost, $2,200; one to D. McCarty, $850; two to Samuel McBurney, $1,825; three lots and Brown's house to J. Van Winkle for $7,500; three lots to C. W. Gordon, $2,800; and two to E. B. Holmes, $4,100. Total amount of sale, $40,475.

THE SIX BLACK MUTINEERS.

OFFICIAL MISBEHAVIOR LEADING TO MUTINY AND DEATH.

The Maltreatment which Demoralized Well-Meaning Seamen—The Killing of Capt. James O. Arnsbury.

The examination of James Thomas, Michael Antoine, Jacobus Roach, and Emanuel Antoine, the mutineers of the brig J. L. Bowen, was begun yesterday before United States Commissioner Davenport. Assistant U. S. District Attorney Ambrose H. Purdy appeared for the people, and Mr. Robert M. Waite for the prisoners. Mr. Purdy submitted that the case should be tried in the Eastern District. Mr. Waite contended that this was the proper place for trial, insisting that jurisdiction began with the service of the warrants. Mr. Waite demanded the particular charge against his clients. The examination proceeded, Jeremiah W. Sleeper being the first witness. He was obliged to hold up his wounded right arm with his left hand when the oath was administered. After identifying that he was a seafaring man and first mate of the Bowen, and detailing the arrest of the prisoners by the Staten Island police, he said:

We left port on Sunday, May 28. The mutiny was on the following Thursday. At 4 P. M. I ordered the second mate to stow the anchor. The men all mustered on the forecastle. They had landed the anchor on the forecastle. I wanted the stock moved to the cathead, and put a watch-tackle on it. I ordered the tackle taken to the capstan. Thomas took a turn on the capstan, and put it on wrong. I told him to get it on again. He put it on wrong again. I asked him whether he was asleep, and he put it on wrong the third time, which

MADE ME MAD.

I had a stick in my hand—a piece of board to put under the anchor. Words followed. Emanuel Antoine came toward me with a capstan bar. The second mate seized him, and drew him off the forecastle. The next thing I knew I was struck over the head twice and knocked down. The next thing I noticed was the captain lying on the deck. I told the men that was enough, and the row stopped. I ordered the men to take the captain aft. Mike Johnson and another helped. The captain's head was solid open. The wound was about five inches long. He died in an hour and a half. The men all called the capstan bars. I don't know what the others did. I have been a seafaring man 15 years. The captain did not tell me on leaving port to get shooting irons ready, and we had none. This was on the fifth day out. The men had behaved well, and there had been no previous trouble. At the beginning of the trouble the captain was playing backgammon with Clifton. I saw the captain after throwing the stick. He told me to

TAKE NO INSOLENCE FROM THE MEN.

Did not hear him call any names. Did not see anything in his hand. I said, "All right, sir." My attention was engaged with the men. I threw the piece of wood at Thomas. Did not strike at him. The wood was a piece of pine board, about 18 inches long. Had it there to lay under the anchor to keep it from chafing the deck. It might have weighed two or three pounds. Then Mike Antoine advanced toward me with capstan bar in hand. He had been using the bar. He began to talk, and said it was not right to call a man what I called Thomas. He did not try to strike me, but advanced toward me. The second mate grabbed him and pitched him on the main deck. I had nothing to strike with. He had a bar. I was struck twice on the head and once on the shoulder. I saw no blows struck at the captain. It all occurred on the forecastle. When I said "that was enough" the fight stopped. The men have obeyed orders since and worked the ship. The second mate was

NOT ABLE TO DO DUTY.

The men did not attempt any further revolt. Johnson put the ensign in the rigging once, and Peter the other time. The steward and Johnson were forward when the Europa. After I threw the board I did not pick up the windlass brake. Did not have any other weapon than the board. I did not have the windlass brake, nor did I threaten to push it through the man's body. The difficulty commenced as I have stated. The first blow knocked me off the forecastle. I was flung well to the leeward, a distance of about twenty feet. The men were orderly before the disturbance.

Mr. Waite requested the removal from the court room of those witnesses who had not been examined, so that they might not hear the testimony. His request was complied with.

George E. Crane testified that he was second mate of the Bowen. He said that at 4 o'clock they got the anchor on deck and landed the flukes on the forecastle. The shank of the anchor lacked a foot of the cathead. The first mate ordered a watch-tackle put on to take it into place. It was

PUT ON FOUL.

The first mate said, "Take it off," and wanted to know whether the men were asleep. He had it taken off, and asked what was the matter. He used harsh language then; said ——— ——— somehow. I don't just remember how. Witness said he expected the men would shoot out for it. The mate had stopped work on the capstan, and stood with the bars in their hands. The mate told them to ship the bars and heave away. The men did not do it, but came toward us. I grabbed Antoine and threw him to the deck. Then saw Thomas coming for me with a stick in his hand. I grabbed him and took the bar. Struck him on the head with the bar, when the steward came forward with a large cordwood stick, as big as he could lift. He had it raised over his head to strike Thomas. The next thing I knew I was struck on the back of the head and knocked senseless. When witness regained his senses the fight was ended and the captain had been carried aft. Noticed that trouble was coming after the mate spoke. The piece of board which he had was about two feet long. The first act was the throwing of the board. The man was five or six feet from the mate. There had been very little talk. I was on the forecastle with the mate when the altercation commenced. The man that had

THE BAR RAISED

was the man I threw to the deck. Up to that time no officer had been spoken to. The mate's utterance was on one side of the deck and mine on the other. The forward house was between us. The captain was on the topgallant forecastle when struck. Don't know how he got there. Did not see him engaged in the fight. Before witness threw the man to the deck the captain said, "Don't take any insolence from the men." The mate used harsh language and had no weapon that I could see. Witness knew nothing of the striking of the captain. When the mate threw the stick, the man was advancing toward him with the bar uplifted.

Matthew Goss, the steward, was the next witness to stand around Fort Lafayette and back, twice over, making a race of about twenty-five miles.

The Sophia Emma, which is twenty-two feet long, was sailed by Capt. Joe Ellsworth, who sailed the Mattie in her celebrated race against the Martha, and the Gen. Tweed was under command of Capt. Charles smedley.

As the Gen. Tweed had to allow the Sophia twelve minutes, five were taken at the start, which was made by

Sophia Emma	7h.	24m.
Gen. Tweed	7h.	29m.

The wind blowing freshly from the southwest, enabled the Sophia Emma to get a good lead before the Gen. Tweed started, but she lost much of the advantage by standing out too much toward Robins Reef Light, where she lost the wind, while the Gen. Tweed, by keeping well over to Staten Island, caught it and gained rapidly on the Sophia, which passed Fort Lafayette on the first turn only two and a quarter minutes ahead. The run home was a fine stern chase on the part of the Gen. Tweed, which speedily overhauled her antagonist.

THE HOME STAKE

was passed the first round as follows:

	H.	M.	S.	Time of Race.
Sophia Emma	4	20	—	1h. 56m. —
Gen. Tweed	4	23	19	1h. 53m. 19s.

The start for the second round clearly showed that a close race was to be made. The Sophia Emma very cleverly kept the lead until half way across the bay, when the Gen. Tweed passed her to leeward and got the lead, which she lost again off Quarantine. On nearing the third landing on Staten island, both boats went in shore, they were bow and bow, continuing so for a long time, creating great excitement among the spectators, who likened it to the races between the Mattie and Martha, or the Lelia and Edger. Keeping inshore to avoid a shoal the race was. On turning off, pointing toward home fort, the Gen. Tweed however took the lead, and passed half a minute ahead. Running along the Bay Ridge shore, the Sophia Emma again crept up close, and had nearly caught her big antagonist, when they both turned homeward. Then the Gen. Tweed could hold her seven minutes, the balance of time allowance in a race which lasted only about forty minutes.

The final stake boat was passed—

	H.	M.	S.	Time of Race.
Gen. Tweed	6	13	30	3h. 49m. 40s.
Sophia Emma	6	17	40	3h. 58m. 40s.

leaving the Sophia Emma three minutes of her time allowance to spare.

After the race all sat down with sharpened appetites to a collation provided by the loser, and of course did ample justice to it.

Court Calendars this Day.

SUPREME COURT, CHAMBERS.—Nos. 122, 143, 156, 174, 187, 189.

SUPREME COURT, SPECIAL TERM.—Case on.

SUPREME COURT, GENERAL TERM.—Nos. 121, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 135, 139, 140, 132, 133, 134, 141, 143, 137, 138, 139, 140, 143, 144, 146, 147, 148, 150.

SUPREME COURT, CIRCUIT.—Part I.—Short cases. Nos. 875, 1193, 1443, 1463, 1481, 1497, 1511, 1583, 1743, 125, 1097, 1271, 1341 1 2, 1285, 1287, 1315, 1401, 1493, 1505, 1517, 1555, 1585, 1609, 1639, 1651. Part II.—Nos. 1087, 589, 1325, 1365, 1395, 1397, 1911, 2014, 2078 1 2, 2156, 2238 1-2, 1044, 1186 1-2, 1285, 1605, 1636, 1695, 1744, 1845, 1846 1-2, 1856, 2072, 2083, 2164, 2173.

SUPREME COURT, SPECIAL TERM.—No. 80.

SUPREME COURT—Part I.—Nos. 567, 647, 651, 681, 743, 669, 789, 103, 1105, 1109, 1111, 1121, 1129, 1139, 1159, 1181. Part II.—Nos. 6-0, 742, 885, 890, 744, 128, 294, 699, 765, 776, 247, 792, 789, 790.

COMMON PLEAS—Equity. Nos. 191, 146. Part I.—Nos. 866, 892, 899, 929, 924, 80, 391, 369, 431, 433, 819, 884, 497, 720, 815, 846, 866, 944, 1009, 472, 473, 523, 475. Part II.—Case on.

WHO STOLE THE SEAL?

Construction of the Viaduct Railway Commissioners—The Seal Missing—How Much the Road will be—Nothing yet Decided.

Last Wednesday evening a special meeting of the Directors of the proposed new Viaduct Railway was held. The President, Judge Hilton, wishing to give the members an agreeable surprise, and likewise desiring to be prepared in future emergencies to make use of the corporate seal, exhibited on that occasion a form of seal for the approval of the Directors. It was duly examined, accepted, and thereupon declared to be the legal seal of the corporation. The design, which was elaborate, represented a section of the proposed viaduct crossing the street. The elevation, as there shown, consisted of three supporting arches, one large, crossing the street, and two smaller, covering the sidewalks. As it is intended to make the viaduct a thing of beauty as well as utility, the arches were represented as elaborately ornamented after unique and striking designs. After having passed under the rigid scrutiny of the Directors, it was handed to the reporters, several of whom were present, that they might dilate upon its beauties.

The business of the meeting proceeded, the organization of the Company was completed, and nothing more was thought of the seal until after the adjournment, when Judge Hilton sought diligently therefor, but failed to reap the reward of his labors. The official monogram had disappeared, neither none could tell. Adopting the system in vogue in our Police Courts, the President pathetically asks where is the missing seal has been seen, and he remembered that it had been given over to the reporters, all of whom had now left, and from that time no clue could be found.

"I don't find it now," said the Judge to a SUN reporter yesterday, "I could show you the exact idea of the viaduct."

"Have you no idea as to who is in possession of the prize?"

"Yes, I think I knew who stole it. I expected to see it in one of the morning papers. Bought every paper in the city to-day."

"Well," quoth the reporter, "THE SUN may consider itself two cents to, then."

"Not at all. I always buy THE SUN—that is, when I can get it. This thing is a sort of High Joint Treaty affair, you see. The just was the thing some paper publishes a cut of that seal, and then I'll go for the fellow who stole it."

"It must have put you to no little inconvenience."

"Yes. I want to sign the lease as soon as possible. I was going to send it to the die-sinker's to-day."

The organization of the Directors is now complete, and subscription books are to be immediately opened, Messrs. Stewart, Astor, and Morton being the committee appointed for that purpose. Mr. Morton has already taken $50,000 worth of stock. The plans of Mr. Serrell, the engineer, have been forwarded to the Board of Directors; but action has not yet been taken on them, so that the line of the road is not definitely fixed.

"The map published in the *Tribune*," said Judge Hilton, "is correct enough as to the general direction of the viaduct, which is defined in the charter, but of no authority whatever as regards the exact line to be followed. We have not determined ourselves precisely where the line shall be drawn. The viaduct will cut directly through the blocks in its road, taking forty-five feet of ground, for which the owners will be paid a fair price. It is hoped that no difficulty will arise on this point. It just comes to this," said the President: "We are authorized by law to take this ground. I, for one, would prefer to give a little more, and have no trouble; but if there is to be a fight, we are prepared to stand our ground. Everybody wants the land taken except the party from whom it is taken."

The elevation of the viaduct will vary in accordance with the grades of the streets crossed. On the east side of Broadway it will range from 18 to 20 feet; on the west side from 30 to 35 feet. There will be four tracks, running on a surface of 45 feet width. The width of the tracks has not yet been determined. Indeed, the whole affair seems to be as yet in embryo. Nothing has been absolutely decided, except that we are certainly to have a Viaduct Railway, and that the property owners along the route will have to dispose of 45 feet of property, *nolens volens*.

THE BALL AND BAT.

The Flyaway Contest with the Silver Star for the Silver Ball and Junior Championship—Disgraceful Scenes on the Ground—Score 14 to 13 in Favor of the Flyaways.

A contest for the junior championship and silver ball took place on the Union ground yesterday afternoon, and a more disagreeable or disgraceful game one have never seen on any ground. A rougher or more disreputable crowd it would be impossible to gather together in so small a space even in the worst districts of New York city. The captains of both nines, as well as the officers of the clubs, allowed their men to keep dodging round the reporters' box, much to the annoyance and inconvenience of the representatives of the press. The language used by several of the players was offensive and disgraceful. About the end of the sixth inning, to make matters a little more lively, a fight was got up at the back of the catcher between the respective partisans of the clubs, and at this several of the players appeared desirous to take a hand in with base ball bats.

The policemen on the ground, however, managed to quiet the disturbance, and the game was renewed, the players crowding round the reporters' stand and commenting on the merits of the fight, the decisions of the umpire, &c., in a free and offhand, but not very edifying manner. The ninth inning of the game was looked out for. The conduct of both nines respecting a decision of the umpire. He was surrounded by not only the players, but a host of the outsiders who crowded round him, and the wonder is that, as he was a very little man, he did not have a mansard roof put on him. If Mr. Cammeyer has any regard for the reputation he has acquired, he will not allow any more junior championship games between such clubs as the Flyaways and Silver Stars to be played on his ground.

INNINGS.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Flyaways	2	7	1	0	0	1	6	0	3—14
Silver Stars	3	0	1	3	0	1	1	2	2—13

Umpire, Mr. Denike, of the Hudson Club.

Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

Something for the Park Commissioners—Where the Working Boys Play.

Boys cannot be too careful how they play ball in the streets. Tossing a ball from hand to hand in streets not much travelled by vehicles may be tolerated; but batting a ball is highly dangerous, as there is no telling where the ball may strike. Some boys were playing ball and bat in Thirty-ninth street, between Third and Lexington avenues, on Wednesday afternoon, when the ball—a wooden one—struck a little baby on the sidewalk full in the mouth, wounding it most cruelly, and perhaps endangering its life; for the result is yet uncertain. There is an ordinance against the use of the bat and ball in the streets, and boys will have to beware lest they are locked up for violating it.

A SPLENDID CEREMONIAL.

The Festival of Corpus Christi in Williamsburgh—Procession of the Host through the Streets—The People on their Knees.

The most imposing spectacle ever witnessed in Catholic Church ceremonials around this city was presented yesterday in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Montrose avenue, Williamsburgh, in honor of the great festival of Corpus Christi. Hours before the beginning of the ceremonies the edifice, which was garlanded and festooned with flowers, was crowded. At half-past nine the children of the Sunday school, carrying baskets of flowers, entered the house of worship, followed by the members of the different societies with their banners. Arranging themselves along the aisles, they awaited the coming of the priests, whose entrance into the chancel was signalled by the booming of cannon and the alarm of trumpets.

At 10 o'clock, the Rev. F. May, accompanied by two deacons and over fifty acolytes, entered the temple, preceded by a company of soldiers and ten pioneers, fully equipped. One of their number bore a large silk American flag. When the celebrant ascended the altar steps, the standard-bearer placed himself in front of the altar, the rest of the company forming in a semicircle on either side, their guns reflecting the light of the tapers on the altar. Haydn's Imperial Mass No. 12 was sung, with organ and brass and reed accompaniments. Suddenly, while the choir were chanting the Hosanna, and the whole church was filled with the magic of the instruments, the boom of cannons announced the Elevation. All was silence. The vast congregation bowed in prayer, the soldiers presented arms, and the standard-bearers waved their flags and banners, until the tinkling of the silver bells gave notice that the mystery was consummated. At the conclusion of the mass the procession was formed. After marching through the church it passed to the street and down to the school house, the path being carpeted with flowers, scattered by the little children as they walked along. As the Host borne by the priest passed, the countless multitude which blocked the streets knelt in adoration until it had passed from their view. The devotion of forty hours begins to-night in this church. During the octave there will be devotions morning and evening.

Milton Gold Jewelry.

The necessity no longer exists in New York for paying $25 or $50 for sets of jewelry, watch chains, &c., when articles which look as well, wear as well, and which cannot be told from pure gold, can be bought for one dollar. The Milton Gold Jewelry Company guarantee their goods to possess all the above qualities, and this guarantee is fully endorsed by thousands of ladies and gentlemen of this city, who have fully tested their merits, and cheerfully bear witness to the extraordinary qualities of these brilliant goods. Everybody now wears Milton Gold. The Company have just received, by last Cunard steamer, another large invoice of their really beautiful goods, most of which are of new patterns and designs never before offered in America. They can be bought at the Dollar Store, 667 Broadway, opposite Bond st., for one dollar each.—*Adv.*

A.—HEADACHE, AVAUNT!—Now is the time to buy one of Knox's elegant summer hats; light, elegant and attractive; a sure preventive of headache and sunstroke, and one of the best of summer luxuries. Buy your hats at Knox's, 212 Broadway, corner of Fulton street.—*Adv.*

Luxury and health insured by using Dooley's Yeast Powder. Elegant rolls, biscuits, &c., prepared in 10 minutes.—*Adv.*

A BROOKLYN OUTRAGE.

A Poor Old Woman Brutally Kicked by a Strong Man—Shrieks Heard by the Police—Injuries Probably Fatal.

As Officer Bowen was passing 427 Baltic street, Brooklyn, he heard the cry of murder, and hurriedly made his way through a narrow and dirty alley, which led into a filthy yard. On the further end of the lot stands a rickety shanty, occupied by a number of Irish families. The officer saw a burly ruffian kicking an old woman on the floor in a most brutal manner. The fellow showed fight, but the officer was too much for him. Roundsman Cadden hearing that an officer was in trouble ran to the place, and found the woman unconscious, and lying in a pool of blood.

Dr. Frederick Clark found that the victim had been kicked in the left thigh and left jaw, and had also received another terrible kick which had injured her internally. She had lost a large quantity of blood. The doctor pronounced her injuries serious, and said that there was not much hope of her recovery. The woman gave her name as Margaret Hughes, of Ireland, widow, and sixty-six years old. The brute's name is John Lynch.

Dr. Clark, after the examination, went to the Third Precinct Station and advised Capt. Berry to have the injured woman removed to the hospital. The room on the first floor in which the woman was lying presented a miserable and disgusting appearance, and was revolting with filth. Margaret in the meantime revived under the strong application of Irishtown whiskey, and about a dozen dirty, sympathetic women were hobbling around her. The Captain asked her if she would like to be taken to the hospital, as she would receive better treatment there. Margaret was inclined to take the Captain's advice, but the hags, who were the worse for somewhat under the influence of liquor, advised her not to go. Margaret said that if the Captain would take care of her father bed she would go; she was afraid her friends would steal it. She finally refused to leave the place.

The SUN reporter then asked her why Lynch had kicked her so brutally. She said that Lynch and his wife were quarrelling the whole night. Lynch being under the influence of liquor. Yesterday morning Mrs. Lynch came out of her room, with some clothes on her arm, Lynch followed her, and threatened her. Mrs. Lynch sought refuge in Widow Hughes's room, which stands in the rear of Lynch's house. Margaret locked the door. Lynch demanded admittance, but was refused. He then forced the door open, and knocked Margaret down, and that is all she knew.

The reporter visited Lynch in his cell. He is a sullen and hard-featured man, and gave snappish answers. He was lying in his cell asleep, with his small boy. His story is directly opposite to Widow Hughes's. He said that Margaret interfered with his family, and he denied assaulting her. His wife met Sessler by morning of New Jersey to see her protect. Lynch is a laborer, and works for James Dodd, the contractor. He does not yet realize his situation. The injured woman will in all probability die from her injuries in the hovel where she is confined. Lynch bears a hard character, and the police have had much trouble with him.

MRS. SUSAN MILLER'S INFIRMITY.

An Old Lady who Frequents Shoe Stores—What was Found in Her Stocking—A New Definition of Theft.

The trial of the old lady, Susan Miller, arrested on a charge of stealing $19 from two German ladies in a shoe store, on the corner of Third avenue and Stuyvesant street, a few weeks ago, resulted in her acquittal on the ground of insanity, in the General Sessions yesterday. Miss Boardman and Miss Ludwig, the ladies who lost the money, were the principal witnesses for the prosecution. Miss Ludwig, who has only been in this country three months, went with her friend to the store to purchase a pair of gaiters, and, after receiving her change, had in her pocketbook a $10 bill, rather old, a new $5 bill, and two $2 bills, one much older than the other. Just before leaving the store she placed her pocketbook on the counter, and stood with her back toward the pocketbook. While she was standing in this position Mrs. Miller passed between her and the counter, remained in the store a few moments, and then passed out.

A few moments afterward, when Miss Ludwig was about to leave the store, she discovered that her pocketbook was missing, and informed the proprietor of the store of her loss. Suspicion, his convictions that Mrs. Miller had taken it. She had frequently visited his store, he said, and acted suspiciously. The ladies left the store, not expecting to find Mrs. Miller, but determined to search for her for a few blocks further. After walking about half an hour in the neighborhood of the store, they accidentally met her on the corner of Third avenue and Tenth street, and accused her of the theft, which she strenuously denied, and positively stated that she had only three $2 bills and seventy-five cents in stamps in her possession, which she offered to show them. The ladies, however, gave her in charge to officer Young, and delivered the search until they got to the station house.

At the station house she pulled out her pocketbook, exposed it contents, which were as stated to the ladies, and emphatically asserted that she had not another cent in her possession. On seeing the $2 bills Miss Ludwig positively identified one of them as her property. Sergt. Saunders then directed Mrs. Miller to be searched. She was taken into the Captain's room, and the ladies who searched her found a $10 bill and a $5 bill, both of which Miss Ludwig identified, in one of her stockings.

On the money being found, Mrs. Miller discovered, she, rather suddenly, that she had put it there three days before and had forgotten it since that time.

Mrs. Miller is a respectable looking old lady, apparently over 50 years old, dresses in black, and wears gold cased spectacles and heavy gold earrings. In her defence, several acquaintances testified that for some time past she has been in the habit of secreting property in out of the way places, and forgetting where she had put it, and that at times she has acted as if insane.

The jury found her not guilty on the ground of insanity, and, her friends promising to take care of her, she was discharged.

SPORT OFF BAYONNE.

Close Race between the Gen. Tweed and Sophia Emma—Gen. Tweed Beaten.

Gen. Wm. Tweed, Jr., and a number of friends went to Bayonne yesterday to witness the race between the fine yacht which is christened in his honor and the Sophia Emma. The race was begun last week, but had to be adjourned in consequence of an accident to the Gen. Tweed. Everything had been got ready for a sharp race, and as each boat was in command of a well-known racing captain, who would take all out of them that could be taken, a lively time was expected. A large number of crack yachts were cruising about, ready to attend them over the course, which was from McGlehan's dock to and around Fort Lafayette and back, twice over, making a race of about twenty-five miles.

The Sophia Emma, which is twenty-two feet long, was sailed by Capt. Joe Ellsworth, who sailed the Mattie in her celebrated race against the Martha, and the Gen. Tweed was under command of Capt. Charles smedley.

As the Gen. Tweed had to allow the Sophia twelve minutes, five were taken at the start, which was made by

Sophia Emma	7h.	24m.
Gen. Tweed	7h.	29m.

The wind blowing freshly from the southwest, enabled the Sophia Emma to get a good lead before the Gen. Tweed started, but she lost much of the advantage by standing out too much toward Robins Reef Light, where she lost the wind, while the Gen. Tweed, by keeping well over to Staten Island, caught it and gained rapidly on the Sophia, which passed Fort Lafayette on the first turn only two and a quarter minutes ahead. The run home was a fine stern chase on the part of the Gen. Tweed, which speedily overhauled her antagonist.

THE HOME STAKE

was passed the first round as follows:

	H.	M.	S.	Time of Race.
Sophia Emma	4	20	—	1h. 56m. —
Gen. Tweed	4	23	19	1h. 53m. 19s.

The start for the second round clearly showed that a close race was to be made. The Sophia Emma very cleverly kept the lead until half way across the bay, when the Gen. Tweed passed her to leeward and got the lead, which she lost again off Quarantine. On nearing the third landing on Staten island, both boats went in shore, they were bow and bow, continuing so for a long time, creating great excitement among the spectators, who likened it to the races between the Mattie and Martha, or the Lelia and Edger. Keeping inshore to avoid a shoal the race was. On turning off, pointing toward home fort, the Gen. Tweed however took the lead, and passed half a minute ahead. Running along the Bay Ridge shore, the Sophia Emma again crept up close, and had nearly caught her big antagonist, when they both turned homeward. Then the Gen. Tweed could hold her seven minutes, the balance of time allowance in a race which lasted only about forty minutes.

The final stake boat was passed—

	H.	M.	S.	Time of Race.
Gen. Tweed	6	13	30	3h. 49m. 40s.
Sophia Emma	6	17	40	3h. 58m. 40s.

leaving the Sophia Emma three minutes of her time allowance to spare.

After the race all sat down with sharpened appetites to a collation provided by the loser, and of course did ample justice to it.

LOST IN THE METROPOLIS.

GOING FOR A RAILROAD TICKET AND NEVER RETURNING.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Young German Merchant—The Story of a Fortune-Hunter—Ruined by the French War—Is this a Ziegenmeyer Case?

Seven years ago a German gentleman arrived here from Munich. His name was Meyer Regolskchen. He later had been one of the wealthiest merchants in the capital of Bavaria. Owing to reverses in fortune, the firm of Regolskchen & Co. became bankrupt, and was broken up. Soon after the death of his father, which followed almost immediately upon the failure of the house, the younger Regolskchen, with a few thousand dollars in his pocket, started from Hamburg for America, determined to develop a mountain of wealth in the Far West.

After prospecting through the greater portion of the Western States of Illinois, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, he finally settled down in the little town of Belleville, Ill., where he thought he had discovered a productive mine of anthracite coal. His speculature turned out to be a fact. The mine was worked for two years, during which time Regolskchen received as his share of the profits the handsome sum of $156,000. Then selling out some land which he had acquired during his residence in Belleville, he turned to the East, and crossing the ocean once more, almost five years ago, found himself in Munich, home again.

RUINED BY THE WAR.

Here he gave evidences of his great wealth. He wore the most fashionable and costly attire. Of the many who during the day drove up and down the Moritz Strasse none possessed more costly barouche and team than Meyer Regolskchen. He was a stock broker and banker instead of a Western coal miner. The world gave his favors to him, rix-dollars flowed into his coffers in a plenteous stream, and he seemed in a fair way of becoming a small Rothschild. In the spring of last year he held possession of notes of hand from French merchants to a very large amount. Their time not running out, the declaration of war between Germany and France fell upon him like a thunderbolt, creditors came who could not be persuaded, and one fine morning in August Regolskchen found himself again a bankrupt and fortune-seeker.

This time, with farce thousand dollars in gold, and a letter of credit on a Chicago banking house for $7,000, he crossed the Atlantic for the third time, by the steamer Hamburg, arriving in this city three weeks ago last Monday. On the voyage over he became acquainted with a young German from Munich named Maximilian Schroeder, and the two became friends. Regolskchen informed Schroeder of his future plans, and it was settled that both should go to Chicago, and from there to some barely settled village in the State. In furtherance of this plan their baggage checked by the Erie Railway to Chicago, and Regolskchen kept the checks.

Wishing to stop some days here, they put up at Hubner's Hotel, corner of the Bowery and Bayard street