The Sun.

VOL. XLVI.—NO. 345. NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1879. PRICE TWO CENTS.

EX-GOV. SPRAGUE'S ANGER.

A FULLER VERSION OF FRIDAY'S OCCURRENCE AT NARRAGANSETT.

Gov. Sprague Drives the German Tutor of his Children from the House—Mrs. Sprague and her Guests also Leave and Take Rooms at one of the Pier Hotels—Senator Conkling's Connection with the Case.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 10.—The Boston *Herald* to-day publishes the following from Providence: The city was full of rumors Saturday afternoon, concerning a very unpleasant affair at the residence of ex-Senator Sprague, at Narragansett Pier, on Friday afternoon. Reports of a serious shooting affray were current. As usual, all sorts of ridiculous and sensational stories were told, involving several persons, among whom was Senator Conkling, who has been sojourning in Rhode Island for several days. Your correspondent has visited Narragansett Pier, and, after investigating the affair thoroughly, is able to state what is clearly and beyond doubt the true inwardness of the matter. It may be well to say at the outset that there was no shooting and scarcely anything in the occurrence which places it beyond an ordinary private family matter.

It appears that Mrs. William Sprague and children arrived in Rhode Island from Washington about two weeks ago and, after a short stay at Watch Hill, went to her husband's residence at Narragansett Pier. Some months ago she engaged a German teacher for her children named Prof. George Linck of New York, and he was occupied with his duties while the family were in Washington. She requested him to come to Narragansett Pier to meet her husband to arrange his compensation. Linck came to the Pier, but for several days did not see Mr. Sprague. At last he met him at Watch Hill about a week ago, and for some unknown reason Mr. Sprague took a violent and strong dislike to him, and would have no business dealings with him, even forbidding him to come to his house at the Pier. Linck, not realizing that Mr. Sprague was in earnest, went to Mr. Sprague's house on Friday, and the result was that a very disgraceful encounter ensued. After Linck had been in the house a while Sprague arrived, and when he saw the German, became furious, and in spite of the fact that the house had several guests, ladies and gentlemen from Albany and elsewhere, he ordered the man to leave, and, seizing a double-barrelled shot gun, threatened to kill him if he did not go. Mr. Sprague had previously informed some of the guests that they also had better go as it was probable there would be murder in the house. The ladies screamed, and naturally there was a great deal of excitement at the strange action of the ex-Senator. The housekeeper endeavored to quiet the infuriated man, but it was necessary for Linck to depart before the fear of bloodshed was allayed. The German left the house and went into the village, whither, after a time, Gov. Sprague followed, but he did not chance to encounter Linck again.

Senator Conkling was at Mr. Sprague's house during this altercation, but saw nothing of it, as he was in the library at the time, some distance from the scene. It appears that Mr. Sprague had consulted Senator Conkling in Washington some months ago upon a business matter connected with the settlement of the Sprague estate, and, as the business was unfinished, and as it had been intimated to Senator Conkling that Mr. Sprague wished to see him again about it, the Senator went over to the Pier from Newport in a yacht with a party of friends Thursday afternoon. He called at Mr. Sprague's house on Friday, and was awaiting his arrival to consult him in reference to the business. As before stated, he did not witness the altercation, but, hearing the ladies scream, he immediately sought them out, and found they were desirous to leave the house. There was a disturbance in the party of guests present in the house, and Senator Conkling took him in his arms and removed him to a carriage, and afterward saw that all present were conveyed from the residence, as they were very much frightened. He then walked to the village of Narragansett Pier, a half mile or so from the house, while walking along he was overtaken by Gov. Sprague, who was driving to the Pier. He stopped and asked Mr. Sprague what all the trouble was about, saying he could not understand why Gov. Sprague should act so like a wild man. Mr. Sprague said that he knew his own business, refusing to give any explanation of his actions. Senator Conkling went to the house of a friend, and shortly after took the evening train for Providence. He was the guest of Senator Anthony on Friday night and to-day, and this evening took the steamer for New York.

The report that Senator Conkling had a personal encounter with ex-Senator Sprague, and was shot by him, has no foundation whatever. Nothing of the kind occurred, and the only thing to give rise to the story is what is above related. It was Senator Conkling's misfortune to be in the Sprague residence when the Linck alteration occurred, but he took no part in it, and was in no way involved in the affair.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 10.—After the trouble at Gov. Sprague's summer residence at Narragansett Pier, on Friday afternoon, Mrs. Sprague and her guests left the house and drove down the village, where they took rooms at one of the hotels, Gov. Sprague remaining at home. Yesterday Mrs. Sprague and her children left for Providence, where it is understood that she went to the house of one of her husband's relatives in that city, where she now is.

The Peace of Senator Conkling's Household Unbroken.

UTICA, Aug. 10.—The publication here, this morning, of the Associated Press telegram relative to the trouble in ex-Gov. Sprague's household, at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, on Friday afternoon, again revived the reports current here last June. It was then asserted that Mrs. Conkling was to institute divorce proceedings against her husband; that a separation had already taken place, and that the Senator would not again return to Utica. THE SUN's denial of these stories early in July was given editorial prominence in the Utica *Observer*, and for the time being it killed the scandal, particularly as it was followed almost immediately by the Senator's return to this city. It may be again stated that Mrs. Conkling will institute no divorce proceedings. All stories to the effect that there is a rupture in the Senator's home relations are unfounded. The scandals or slanders from the outside have not broken the peace of his household. This is authentic.

THE WHEELBARROW OFF AGAIN.

Federmeyer Started on a Six Days' Trundle for the Sum of $500.

F. P. Federmeyer, the Frenchman, who arrived in this city July 24, from San Francisco, having pushed a wheelbarrow the entire distance, began at 12:15 this morning a six days' walk in the American Institute Hall. He proposes to make 500 miles during the six days, and the stake is a purse of $500. He was dressed in the same or a similar costume to that which he wore while making his long journey.

He has upon the same wheelbarrow, with all its old decorations. It is empty, however; so the weight of his load is reduced from 133 to about 65 pounds. He trundles the barrow on the concrete pavement of the rink. Outside of his course a track has been laid for another pedestrian, for Federmeyer offered to compete with one for $500. Edward Carter accepted the challenge, and started with the Frenchman this morning. He was about a third of a lap behind when Federmeyer began his fifth lap. The latter says he hopes to beat Weston's time. He is about 41 years old, small, yet exceedingly wiry. His gait is a short, quick step, that looks like a trot.

An Exciting Runaway.

As Mr. Edward Moller of Hoboken was driving along the Boulevard in Union Hill, on Friday evening, with his sister and niece, his horse took fright and ran. Mr. Moller, in attempting to check the animal, was jolted over the dashboard, and seriously injured. The ladies were stunned before either of the ladies was hurt.

THE FEVER STILL SPREADING.

Twelve New Cases Reported in Memphis Yesterday, and Five Cases of Death.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 10.—The new cases reported to the Health Board to-day included the eighteen cases telegraphed you last night, and which were reported to-day, and twelve additional cases inside the city limits and five outside. Three colored persons are included in the new cases. The cases of death reported to the Health Board up to 5 o'clock to-day were: J. Clements, 35 years, City Hospital; Fritz Hatch, 18 years, 199 Elliott street; Michael Dwyer, 52 years, 132 Robeson street; Martha Woods, 30 years, 25 Causey street; Etta Nowland, 18 years, 155 Linden street.

The declaration of an epidemic created no surprise, it having been expected for the past three weeks. The fever is spreading rapidly, wherever unacclimated persons, white or colored, can be found. The small number of cases of death daily, compared with the number of new cases, creates surprise, and causes the belief that many cases reported are not yellow fever, but bilious remittant or malarial fever. This view of the case is confirmed by the recovery of many sick within a week. However, there is plenty of typical yellow fever to satisfy the most hypercritical.

A Howard visitor to-night reported as sick with fever John O'Brien, 17 Jackson street, M. Williamson of the Chickasaw Guard, one of the first cases of fever, was out on the street today. M. W. Guy is slightly better. His temperature is reduced to 103 from 105¾. Miles Owen is improving slightly. Edward Moon has been delirious for twenty-four hours. He has to be held in bed occasionally, but there is hope of his ultimate recovery.

The Forbes family, out on Hernando road, outside the corporation, are in a frightful condition. Howard visitors and nurses have taken charge of them. The family are very poor white people, and filthy in their habits. They live in a small frame house, under which is a cellar into which they throw all their refuse by means of a hole cut in the floor above. Forbes and one son died of fever a few days ago. While sick the rest of the family tumbled all the black vomit and excreta through the hole into the cellar beneath, from which a horrible stench arose. Now Mrs. Forbes and her six children are sick with the fever. They have no mattresses or bedding, and sleep on the floor. Howard visitors and nurses were driven from the house by the stench from the cellar and had to disinfect and fumigate the cellar. Twelve six nurses are in attendance on the family. This case surpasses belief.

E. I. Schiess of the Howards, who was a most efficient visitor during the plague of last year, but who, yesterday, was taken sick to-day. He will probably be reported as a new case to-morrow. The Howard system of visiting and attending the sick is working admirably, and systematically.

CAIRO, Aug. 10.—The quarantine inspection boat Van Zandt was to-day anchored in the Mississippi, near the head of Island No. 1, and hereafter all up-stream boats will be inspected there in accordance with the rules of the National Board of Health. The inspecting officer is instructed, in case any steamer refuses to submit to inspection, to telegraph the fact to the station above to order force to prevent a landing.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Dr. J. S. Billings, Vice-President of the National Board of Health, telegraphed Dr. Jerome Cochrane at Memphis, to-day, as follows:

Your advice in the Associated Press despatches is noted. This Board has been, from the commencement, urging the same advice, through Dr. Mitchell, and has furnished funds to the Board of Health to carry it out and do the work. The State Board has the legal authority; this Board can only give advice and means, and this it has done. When more means are needed, by the State Board it will no doubt inform us. Continue to urge the removal of unacclimated people from camp, and also the isolation of infected persons in their places. Advise directly with the agents of the State and local Boards, to save time, as was done by Dr. Mitchell.

PASSPORTS TO SOUTHERN CITIES.

Blanks Sold and Given Away for Persons and Things Bound South.

In the doorway of W. Reid Gould's stationery store in THE SUN building is a placard bearing the legend, "Yellow fever affidavits for sale here," in staring capitals. A SUN reporter, with not a trace of yellow fever about him, but urged by curiosity, entered the door and purchased an affidavit, which cost three cents. This was its form:

EPIDEMIC AFFIDAVIT.

United States of America, the State of New York, City and County of New York, ss.—Blank: of the city of New York, a partner or clerk of the firm of blank in the business of said city, being by me duly sworn according to law, on his oath doth depose and say that said firm of blank and blank, composed of blank, residing in New York, in the State of New York, are about to ship hence there follows an inventory of the merchandise to be shipped: to there belongs no infection, nor proximity to infected places, and that said merchandise will go hence to its destination by there follows the steamship or railroad name: and that said merchandise was manufactured in there follows the name of the place: and has never, to deponent's knowledge, information, or belief, been exposed to any infection, nor to the vicinity of any epidemic, nor in proximity to other goods or merchandise in or from any such infected place, and that said merchandise is consigned to there follows the name of the firm or person to whom it is consigned.

The blank closes with the shippers' signature and affidavit and the notary public's signature.

Mr. Gould said that he had only had these blanks three days, but had sold one hundred and fifty in that time, and understands that when it is known that they can be purchased already printed they will "go like hot cakes." He says the demand for them is very great.

At the Mayor's office there is a thick book which leaves are printed blanks written up to meet the requirements of the proclamation of the Governor of Texas, who demands that all persons who enter that State shall carry a certificate of identification and an affidavit of their movements since the 1st of July, the document being issued by the municipal head of the place from which they start. This is a shorter document, and reads as follows:

NEW YORK, Mayor's Office, N. Y. city, 1879.

I hereby certify that I, a person about (blank) feet and (blank) inches in height, having (blank) eyes and (blank) hair, am to the best of my knowledge and belief, (or the name is written) a resident of (blank), and (blank) years of age, has this day appeared at this office, and signed and swore to the annexed affidavit, for the purpose of obtaining the certificate required by the authorities of the (blank State or city) for persons entering said (State or city).

(Signed) EDWARD COOPER,
Mayor of the city of New York.

The "annexed affidavit" is found on the back of the Mayor's certificate. It has this form:

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, }

(Blank), being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a resident of (blank), and that and here is written the record of the places he has lived in or visited since the first day of July.

Signed and sworn to before me this (blank) day of (blank), 18 (blank).

(Blank), Notary Public, New York County.

The person who dispenses these certificates has generally been Col. Tracy, of the Mayor's office, but Police Commissioner Morrison when he was the Mayor's secretary issued some, and when neither he nor Col. Tracy were about Mr. Benjamin, a notary public in the Marshal's office, acted in their place. Both Commissioner Morrison and Col. Tracy are notaries public. Nothing is charged for the certificates or the services of those employed in filling them out.

The reason that the blanks are made out after the form required by the Governor of Texas, and are not designed for admission to other quarantined States, is that the State of Texas is the only one that has instituted regulations of that sort. It is not known at the Mayor's office what the Tennessee regulations are, but the city of Memphis demands that emigrants to it shall come armed with a certificate of a court of record. Inquiry developed the fact that the office have established the fact that it is not managed in any respect as courts of record usually are.

One certificate was furnished a man bound to Little Rock, Ark. Under the other writing was the note, "in case a certificate should be required." All the other certificates were for places in Texas. There were fourteen for Galveston, four for Austin, five for Waco, and five for Houston; two each for Dallas, San Antonio, McKinney, Tyler, and Chappel Hill; and one each for Marshall, Nacogdoches, Aransoma, Bryen, Brenham, Huntsville, Brownwood, Round Rock, Burnet, and Weatherford. Some of the persons had been in Europe, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Troy, and Philadelphia, but nearly all had spent the time since the 1st of July in New York. The persons to whom those certificates were granted were all commercial travellers or residents of Texas returning home. Since July 26 fifty-six certificates have been issued.

Newark's Anti-Liquor Men.

Yesterday afternoon a meeting under the direction of the Union Temperance Association, was held in Military Park, Newark. Henry Price presided. About 1,200 persons were present. Gen. Conway of Vineland said that the good, moral, Christian people were to be found on the one side, while the beer drinking and other disreputable people were arrayed against them. He said that his experience in the army showed him that the soldiers who were wounded and had led temperate lives seldom died of their wounds, but the drunkards died. As a general thing also drinking people died of yellow fever when attacked.

Senator Thurman in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Aug. 10.—Senator Thurman and wife came to Hartford yesterday evening and will remain until Tuesday. They are making a private visit to old friends. A number of prominent citizens of both parties gave a dinner to Mr. Thurman at the Hartford Club last evening. It was a purely social affair. The Senator will go from here to Washington, and after a short stay there he will return to Ohio.

VANDERBILT IN ROCHESTER.

SHALL THE TRACK OF THE CENTRAL BE ELEVATED OR SUNK?

Proposals from the Monarch of the Rail—Opposition in Rochester—The Kind of Elevated Road Mr. Vanderbilt Offers to Build.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 9.—There is much discussion here about Mr. Vanderbilt's late proposal to elevate the Central Railroad tracks across the city. In the newspapers the scheme is pronounced sweetly reasonable; but in the streets it is denounced as the worst piece of corporate impudence ever imposed upon a patient community. There is an uneasy feeling abroad that the proposal may be accepted before the people get a chance to make their will felt in the matter, since it has been no unusual thing for the good citizens of Rochester to wake up and find that their charter was changed or their rights bartered away over night; and the burned child dreads even cold water.

In old times the managers of the Central Railroad had two points in view in their course through Rochester; one was to have the passenger depot on a level with the principal streets of the city on the west side of the river, and the other was to cross the Erie Canal at such a height that boats could run under the railroad bridge. To serve both ends it was necessary to descend somewhat in their course through the eastern part of the city toward the river, and ascend rapidly from the depot on the west bank to the canal. The grade in this direction is estimated by the City Surveyor at 104 feet to the mile, and by the railroad engineers at 110 feet. It looks more like a hill than a railroad grade, and the boys might almost slide down it on their sleds in winter. In the days of single tracks and moderate freight traffic this arrangement entailed no great nuisance on the city and no great hardship on the railroad company. The trains were infrequent. Once in a while a stray child, a careless drunkard, or a farmer with a restless horse was killed at one of the railroad crossings, and once in a while a passenger got stuck in the snow in the hill; but the whole thing were few complaints. Of late years tracks have multiplied, and the through freight traffic of the road has increased so that there are trains coming and going incessantly in the depot; the streets are in terror at every crossing, the noise and confusion are insufferable, the growth of many important streets is checked, and accidents are frequent. The railroad company is expected to put forward engines on trains going west, and dash along the level at an unlawful rate of speed to get a good start up the hill; and trains going east often rush down grade as fast as they dare to avoid the engineer's control. The result is that the company is at a heavy expense to keep flagmen at all the street crossings, and drag freight cars up artificial and unnecessary grades.

It has been felt for a long time that a change would be beneficial to Rochester and the Central Railroad, if not actually essential to both; and a controversy has been carried on for several years by the city authorities and the State to bring about that end to be made. In the course of the controversy some bad feeling has been engendered touching the removal of the Central Railroad depot, the refusal of the company to submit to inspection, to telegraph the fact to the station above to order force to prevent a landing.

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WHAT UNDERLIES THE DELAWARE?

Capitalists Prospecting for Oil Deposits Within 150 Miles of This City.

NARROWSBURG, Sullivan County, N. Y., Aug. 9.—The big eddy in the Delaware River at this place is in some places a hundred feet deep, and in others no bottom has been found. Bubbles are constantly rising to the surface in the deepest places, and in the summer of 1855 the Rev. Dr. Winslow of Staten Island, who was summering here, applying a lighted match to one of them, saw a blue flame shoot up from it, and burn for a while with much brightness. At night he lighted numbers of the bubbles, and the boarders in Murray's Hotel were treated to the novel spectacle of a large part of the eddy on fire. The Doctor sounded the river at that spot. It was eighty-four feet deep. The bottom was rocky and abounding in fissures, from which the gas that found its way to the surface in bubbles was emitted. Further investigation was made, and gas was found rising to the surface along the shores, agitating the sand and mud as it forced itself through. Near the New York shore of the eddy is a small island of sand. Dr. Winslow set an inverted firkin over the sand and then inserted a small lead pipe, with a plug in the upper end. In a few hours this reservoir was filled with gas. The plug was pulled out, and on lighting the gas a jet of flame rose to the height of six feet. It burned for several days. Then a freshet washed the firkin away. The mountaineers flocked to Narrowsburg by hundreds to see this modern pillar of fire, and the Second Adventists, who were prophesying the near approach of the end of the world, made many converts here. A family that dwelt on the Pennsylvania side actually gave away all their household effects to their neighbors, and fasted and prayed for days, in hourly expectation of the judgment day.

Dr. Winslow next tested the power of the gas on a larger scale. He floated a hogshead to a place on a mud island where the gas ascended in large quantities, and, inverting the hogshead in the mud and driving a two-inch pipe six feet long, gave the reservoir a whole day to fill. The gas was to be lighted after dark. Hundreds of persons assembled near the island in boats. One Patrick Murray, who was a giant in height and proportion—mounted the hogshead to apply the torch to the end of the pipe. The gas did not ignite, but a loud rumbling was heard. Then there was a terrific explosion, and Murray was blown to pieces. Partridge was shot fifty feet up in the air and far out in the river. The island was lifted almost bodily from the water and was visibly depressed for the greatest exposures. Partridge was picked up unharmed. No further experiments were made with the gas.

In 1865, when the petroleum fever was at its height, a wealthy gentleman, Brower by name, who was spending the summer in Narrowsburg, fancying that the escaping gas indicated the existence of petroleum deposits under the river, employed experts from Oil City and Titusville and thereabouts to pronounce the condition good for the finding of oil. Thereupon Mr. Brower leased 4,000 acres of land on both sides of the river, and offered a farmer named McAlister $10,000 for the use of his farm for twelve years, and to give his family a share in the oil found. There were eight in the family. Without the shares, McAlister was offered $20,000 for his property, but the offer was refused. A suit was started. When it was at the depth of 300 feet, somebody threw several large pieces of railroad iron into it, and nothing further could be done with the well. A new well was put down to the depth of 900 feet, when it was that the wells were not put down to a greater depth, and as oil was not found at that depth, the enterprise was abandoned.

The excitement at Narrowsburg awoke the Delaware valley. Simeon Goodman remembered that in 1840 he had a stone quarry near Hancock. While drilling for a blast one day a thick, yellowish fluid oozed from the joints of the rock. It had an unpleasant smell. Goodman plugged the hole up. He afterward quit working the quarry. When he heard that boring for oil had been begun at Narrowsburg he went to his old quarry, found the plug in the hole and pulled it out. He inserted a torpedo and blasted the rock. A copious flow of the greasy fluid followed. The news spread, and a party of capitalists from New York visited the spot, and paid Goodman $60,000 for his quarry and five acres of wild land surrounding it, he reserving a $10,000 interest in the property. Another company of capitalists from Philadelphia, as Labar's flats, paying $20,000 for it. Both companies bored for oil, but found none.

It was in 1865 that the first efforts to find oil in Bradford County were made. The pioneer prospectors in that region were a number of capitalists organized under the name of the King Oil Company. Frank A. Dean, an expert oil well sinker, put down a well in Rixford for this company in 1865. The well was sunk only to the depth of these in the Venango region. It was not until 1875 that it was discovered that the oil-bearing rock was at least twice as deep in the Bradford region as it was in the lower country. Wells that had been deserted at the depth of 600 or even 900 feet were drilled 1,200, 1,500, or even 1,800 feet, and then the oil gushed forth. This discovery has made Bradford the great centre of the oil-producing country of Pennsylvania.

For some weeks past a number of strangers have been prospecting on the mountains in this part of the Delaware valley. They have visited all the points at which oil was bored for fourteen years ago, and have made exhaustive inquiries as to what the nature of the ground and rock then pierced was. It has been ascertained that these prospectors represent capitalists who advance the theory that the wells put down in 1865 were deserted before the test was complete, as was the case at Bradford, and believe that there is a petroleum belt in the Delaware valley underlying the surface probably twice as deep as the drill went in 1865.

NEW YORK'S YACHT SQUADRON.

Sunday at Shelter Island—The Fleet to Sail for Newport To-day.

SHELTER ISLAND, Aug. 10.—The New York Yacht Club squadron have remained quietly at anchor all day off the Manhansett House. The large and beautiful fleet presents an attractive appearance, with awnings and wind sails set, boat booms rigged out and sails neatly furled. During the day many visits were exchanged between the fleet and the shore, and in the afternoon, at a gun signal from the flagship, all the vessels simultaneously dressed ship with colors from truck to taffrail. In the morning there was divine service in the spacious parlors of the Manhansett House, conducted by the Rev. D. H. Taylor of Jamaica Plains, Mass. The squadron will sail for Newport to-morrow morning. The Vanderer sailed for that place yesterday, and the fleet will be largely reenforced at that point.

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SIX FRIENDS IN A BOAT.

The Rescue of Convicts Gillespie and O'Brien Shrewdly Planned and Effected.

Keeper Stephen Kelly of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island was in Guard Boat 8 yesterday, with Convicts Dennis Gillespie and John O'Brien as oarsmen. A larger boat containing six men, unknown to him, approached and demanded the release of Gillespie and O'Brien. The refusal of Kelly to comply was followed by an onslaught. The six men instantly rowed alongside, and upset the guard boat. The two convicts were thrown into the water along with the keeper, but they were rescued by their six friends, while he was left in the water. While Kelly was swimming his pistol was taken from his pocket, and the gang pulled for the Long Island shore. Kelly climbed upon the capsized guard boat and waited until some other keepers came in a boat and took him ashore.

A description was sent to the Police Central Office, and a search was made for the escaped convicts, but they were not found. They had been for a considerable time employed as oarsmen, and it is supposed that the rescue was carefully planned. If so, clothing was probably in the rescuer's boat to cover the wet prison suits.

A Apology for Charging Theft.

A letter of apology and $250 were the gift of a guest at one of the Cape May hotels to a chambermaid whom she had falsely accused of theft.

CALLED BY A DINNER BELL.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CAMP MEETING NINETY MILES FROM NEW YORK.

Preaching that Attracted Ulster and Sullivan Farmers and their Wives and Sons and Daughters and the Boatmen from Abroad.

PHILLIPSPORT, Aug. 9.—The annual camp meetings of the Ellenville district call together the Methodists of parts of Orange, Ulster, Delaware, and Broome counties in this State, and of the northern corner of Wayne County, Pa. P. R. Hawxhurst of Ellenville is the present Presiding Elder, a young man, energetic, enthusiastic, and good looking. Phillipsport is on the northeast edge of Sullivan County, in the Mamakating Valley. It is a small hamlet, through which the Delaware and Hudson Canal boats are towed, and where, twice every day, stops a sluggish train on the Ellenville branch of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad. Just across the canal and the railroad, at the foot of the Shawungunk Mountains, is a spot evidently designed by nature for a camp-meeting ground. Here in a grove of ash, maple, and chestnut is a natural amphitheatre. From its centre the ground rises gradually around, save one little spot, which is the natural entrance, and here yearly from many villages in Ulster and Sullivan counties gather the pillars of the Methodist Church, and, pitching their tents on the edges of the amphitheatre, devote a week to religious exercises.

On Friday last I drove over to the camp meeting. The rain of two days had washed the country clean, and it was at its best. In the afternoon a steady stream of vehicles of all kinds poured in. The horses were tied to trees a little way from the camp, and their constant stamping and occasional squealing mingled with the voice of the preacher or the prayers from the tents. One unfortunate young man tied his charger to a tree in which a colony of yellow jackets had made a home. This nest did not escape the eyes of some urchins, and thereupon they thought it their duty to demolish the structure. It was a curious object on which the yellow jackets could vent their spite, and he being turned out of their home was the innocent horse. A few minutes later the young man came trying to collect the remains of his buggy. Righting it, he was busy with hammer and nails when the police headquarters of what had happened to him. Chief of Police Webster and the clerk, McIlride, sallied forth. They found the young man in the middle of the street in front of the police office. Seeing the officers approaching he called on them to desist or he would shoot them, at the same time levelling his revolver. The officers were within six feet of him. He snapped a pistol at the Chief, who ducked his head and in seeming incongruity with the surroundings, was a diminutive melodeon. It served well to start the Moody and Sankey hymns up there to sing, and a terrible noise it did not in any way mar the effect of the vigorous, if not tuneful, singing of the congregation. Behind the preacher's stand was a rough shanty, carpeted with straw, containing tiers of bunks in which preachers slept, and a long table with benches for the people. They were simply hemlock planks, unplaned, raised a few inches from the ground, without backs. Some worshippers unshipped their seats with backs, but in most cases the fattest had the softest seats. Tall men found the seats inconvenient, because their knees, rising in front of their faces, rather interfered with their view of the preacher by sitting sideways they could see the minister.

At the hour appointed the elder rang a dinner bell, and the congregation sat down. Those who were smoking quietly put out their cigars. The preacher, the Rev. John Johns of Kingston, has a local reputation. He is an Englishman in look and accent. If he called "boll-peas," "bolls," and "peas," "pies," "pies," "bolls," hascending and descending," and talked of "eaven" and "ell," it mattered little to the listeners. He preached the Gospel and preached it vigorously, and the people listened earnestly. The sermon done, the elder invited all to retire in the tents for prayer. Thereupon not a few elderly sisters and brothers assembled in a large prayer tent, and soon earnest prayer was poured forth. Attracted by the singing, a large party of capitalists from New York visited the spot, and paid Goodman $60,000 for his quarry and five acres of wild land surrounding it, he reserving a $10,000 interest in the property. Another company of capitalists from Philadelphia, as Labar's flats, paying $20,000 for it. Both companies bored for oil, but found none.

It was in 1865 that the first efforts to find oil in Bradford County were made. The pioneer prospectors in that region were a number of capitalists organized under the name of the King Oil Company. Frank A. Dean, an expert oil well sinker, put down a well in Rixford for this company in 1865. The well was sunk only to the depth of these in the Venango region. It was not until 1875 that it was discovered that the oil-bearing rock was at least twice as deep in the Bradford region as it was in the lower country. Wells that had been deserted at the depth of 600 or even 900 feet were drilled 1,200, 1,500, or even 1,800 feet, and then the oil gushed forth. This discovery has made Bradford the great centre of the oil-producing country of Pennsylvania.

For some weeks past a number of strangers have been prospecting on the mountains in this part of the Delaware valley. They have visited all the points at which oil was bored for fourteen years ago, and have made exhaustive inquiries as to what the nature of the ground and rock then pierced was. It has been ascertained that these prospectors represent capitalists who advance the theory that the wells put down in 1865 were deserted before the test was complete, as was the case at Bradford, and believe that there is a petroleum belt in the Delaware valley underlying the surface probably twice as deep as the drill went in 1865.

NEW YORK'S YACHT SQUADRON.

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A Little Girl's Peril.

BRUSHTON, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., Aug. 9.—James Ryan was wakened a few nights ago by the cries of his little girl aged 6, who slept near him. He ran to her and found her face, lips, and tongue so swollen that she could not speak, and she was in terrible agony. Calling his wife, they made an examination, and discovered a large thousand-legged worm lying close between the lower lip and the gum, having partly crawled in as the child slept with open mouth. A doctor was called, but spasms soon set in so violently that for several hours it was thought she would die, but the doctor remained by her through the night, and she is thought to be out of danger, though her face is still hideously swollen.

Simple but Efficient Precaution.

A short distance away from Coney Island, on one of the railroads, is a small public house, and attached to it is a shed. On the table out of the hotel is the sign, "Hotel," and on the front of the shed are the words, "Hotel shed."