SETH GREEN'S SUGGESTION.

THE VETERAN FISHERMAN'S TRIP TO THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

Engineer Lovejoy Explains Why Mr. Green's Plan for Reaching the Buried Workmen will Not Work—How the Caisson is Used. —An Easy Way of Identifying the Bodies.

There have been many complaints made because the work of recovering the bodies of the workmen who perished in the Hudson River Tunnel has gone on so slowly. There have also been many suggestions made as to the best way to accomplish this work. Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fisherman, wrote to THE SUN a few days ago suggesting a way to stop the leak in the tunnel that has so bothered the engineers. The only fault to be found with his plan was that it was based on the supposition that the leak was in that portion of the tunnel that was under the river. In fact, it is in that part of the tunnel which is fifteen or twenty feet inland from the water front. When Mr. Green learned this he determined to personally inspect the place and try whether rugged common sense could not solve the enigma that seemed to baffle the engineers. He thought, as do many, that the leak had not been located, and that until that was done the inflow of water could not be stopped, and the bodies of the dead men be reached.

On Friday, accompanied by a SUN reporter, Mr. Green visited the tunnel entrance in Jersey City. He found a party of men at work around the caisson, the engines throbbing, and the pumps throwing out a great stream of water. Without making himself known Mr. Green sat down and studied the ground.

"The water evidently runs through this bulkhead," he said, pointing to the timbers along the water front. "In order to find just where it runs through I would sprinkle bran on the water and set the pumps at work. If the water drew the bran through the cracks in the logs, that would show where the leak was. After that I would put a canvas along the bulkhead, and thus keep out the water. Or I would dig a ditch a few feet back from the water front, drive piles on each side, and tamp the ditch full of clay. That would shut off the water from the place where the bodies lie."

Mr. Green's plan seemed excellent. After a time he entered into conversation with Mr. Lovejoy, the engineer. Mr. Lovejoy is from St. Louis, and shows the Southerner in his speech. He is tall and slender, with sandy hair and beard, and determined-looking gray eyes.

"So you don't seem to find the leak?" said Mr. Green, affably.

"Find it!" exclaimed the engineer, in his quick, prompt way; "why, of course we've found it. The water comes into the end of the short tunnel and up through the hole where the tunnel caved in on the men."

"But why don't you stop the leak in the end of the tunnel?" said Mr. Green.

"That's exactly what we want to do, and can't do, and because we can't we are sinking a caisson. You see," the engineer continued after further conversation with Mr. Green, "there are two tunnels. One runs out 200 feet under the river. That is intact. The other runs to within fifteen or twenty feet of the bulkhead. The end of this tunnel is open, and through it the water runs. Now, you talk of stopping the end of that tunnel, or of ditching around it. You don't understand the situation. The river front is a crib work, at least forty feet deep, made of logs laid in cob-house fashion, and filled in with stones, some of them of several tons weight. The end of the short tunnel is directly under this crib work. To reach it we must dig down, or rather down, forty feet deep. And while we are doing this what are we to do with the water? This crib extends all along the river front for miles. It is like a sieve. The water runs in rough it freely. Stop it in one place, it runs in at another. I tried the canvas, as you suggest. It shut off the water where the canvas was, but the flow into the tunnel was not diminished. If that short tunnel had only extended fifteen or twenty feet further, and come out under the river bed, it wouldn't have given me ten minutes' annoyance. I'd have driven spiles down, and shut the end up tight in no time. Now to get at the end would cost $50,000 at least.

"There has been a good deal of fault found with us," continued the engineer, "because we did not work faster. The fault finders are those who have not understood the local difficulties of the undertaking. I have seen some pretty hard jobs. I've worked with Eads on the Mississippi and built bridges over the Missouri, but I never before came across as tough a job as this. It made my hair turn gray in a week. The history of this thing is interesting. On the 21st of July the top of the tunnel caved in and buried twenty men. Of course, there was great excitement at the tunnel. Men began to dig for the bodies as if they expected to find them in a day. Of course, that was natural. When such accidents happen there is always such excitement. It must be allowed to spend itself. I was at the time Supervisor of Construction on the New York Elevated Railroad. The tunnel company sent for me, and Mr. Haskins, Mr. Bush, Mr. Payne, and myself, with others, held a consultation. The first thing done, as you may remember, was to endeavor to reach the bodies through the working shaft and air lock. This was frustrated by the water. With three six-inch pumps and a four-inch pump nothing could be accomplished. That plan had to be given up. Then it was decided to sink a coffer-dam around the broken portion of the tunnel. We thought the water came through the loose earth. All this land here is made, and consists of cinders, ashes, and rubbish of all sorts. It is like a sponge. We supposed the water filtered through this earth from the river, and that by building a coffer-dam we could control the water and work right down to the bodies. The coffer-dam was built. It took a week and cost $15,000. We dug down fifteen feet and found that the water came in in a flood. We added a nine-inch pump to our others and tried to lower it. When the tide was out we gained on it. When it was high tide the pumps made no impression. It was as if we were trying to pump the North River dry.

"As I have told you," continued Mr. Lovejoy, "I looked for the leak with all the resources at my command, and after doing just what you have advised me to do, I found the leak. I satisfied myself that the end of the short tunnel, forty-five feet below the spot where we stand, had broken in, and through this a stream of water as big as your body was pouring, filling the tunnel and rushing up through the hole made by the caving in of the tunnel like water from a gigantic spring. The coffer dam was useless. We were simply curbing a well, from the bottom of which came an inexhaustible supply of water. There was no stopping the inflow of water unless we could get at the end of the tunnel, and that was forty feet under this mass of crib work. The question then arose, Which is better—try to get at the end of the tunnel or build a caisson? Either would be expensive; either would take time. Suppose we reached the end of the tunnel, would that entirely obviate the difficulty with the water? Would the water not break through somewhere else? These questions arose. If we built a caisson we knew that we could go right down to the bodies, and then go on with the work of building the tunnel. This was resolved to build the caisson. All this had taken time, but I think we gained now that we did not waste time. Why should we? It was a question of going on with the work as well as of going down to rescue the bodies. All that the ingenuity of the best engineers could devise was tried, and everything failed. The caisson won't fail. It can't fail. It is simply the same plan by which the foundations for the Brooklyn Bridge were placed. The caisson is all ready now. We are only waiting for the air locks. They were promised days ago. Now the makers say they will be here on Tuesday. Then they will be placed in position, the men will go to work in the caisson, and the bodies will be reached. I make no predictions as to time. Now you see, Mr. Green, that the job is not the easiest in the world."

The old fisherman looked at the engineer for a moment. "It is a tough job," he said. "I had no idea that it was so tough. It is the crib work that makes all the trouble. I guess you won't run the right track now."

The caisson is an immense inverted box, 25 feet high and 40 feet square, made in the most secure manner possible. Layer after layer of beams and timbers, solidly screwed together, composes it. It is air and water-tight, and will be operated by compressed air, as were the caissons of the Brooklyn Bridge towers. The main shaft or entrance is a five-foot air-tight cylinder, extending from four feet above the high-water line down into the bed of the caisson. It is made of heavy iron plate, and contains three entrance doors above the water line, from which an exit can be made when necessary. Next to the main shaft is the supply shaft, a three-foot cylinder, through which the air will be forced and material supplied for carrying on the reconstruction of the tunnel walls. The discharging shaft is a six-inch pipe, through which the water and mud will be forced from the interior of the caisson. Mr. Lovejoy is absolutely certain that the caisson will do the work required. When the men working in it reach the top of the tunnel the iron plates that form its roof will be taken out, and then the bodies will be removed. This done the work of excavating the tunnel will go on.

A member of the tunnel company said to a reporter, yesterday: "There is not the slightest doubt that we will be able to identify the bodies of the men as soon as we get them out, for the following reasons: When the men were engaged to work in the tunnel, in addition to their names being entered on the roll, each man was numbered, and his number was next to his name. When the men went to work we supplied them with rubber boots, which were numbered to correspond with the name of the man to whom they were given. This was done so that the men would know their own property. Now, when we reach the bodies, all we will have to do is to look at the numbers marked on the boots, and then by referring to the numbers opposite the names in the books we will be able to identify each body, and return it to the man's friends. The interments will be at our expense."

The large air lock for the caisson arrived at the tunnel late yesterday afternoon.

THE SAVED FROM THE VERA CRUZ.

Additional Details of their Struggle for Life —The Boats Not Manned.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 6.—The steamer City Point arrived here this morning, having on board Mr. A. K. Owens, one of the surviving passengers, and six of the crew of the Vera Cruz. Their names are Charles Smith, second assistant engineer; Charles Bradenburg, quartermaster; John Greenfield, James Kelly, Toomer Drumbold, and Mason Talbot, seamen.

Mason Talbot was found reading his own statement published in the Associated Press despatches. He said that it was in the main correct, except that he never said that the boats were manned. "The boats," said he, "were not manned at all. It was impossible to man them. They were all smashed to pieces. At 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, after we got the drag out, we were called down below to bail the water out of the ship. When the sea put out the lights in the engine room some of us got out. There was then a boat load of people, composed mostly of the officers and crew, but they were soon killed. All the rest of the boats were washed away. The hurricane was the most severe after we left the ship. Most of us were in the water from twenty-four to twenty-seven hours. The rest of the statement published as coming from me is true. I can't form any exact idea of how many persons were lost."

Charles Smith, the second assistant engineer, made the following statement: "I think it was at about 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon when it came on to blow heavy from the northeast. The wind continued to increase until at night a regular hurricane was blowing. In the afternoon we threw over the deck load, but the ship continued to ship heavy seas, and by midnight the hurricane deck was blown away and the water came in faster than we could get it out. At 2 o'clock on Sunday morning our fires were put out and the engine was stopped. We put out a drag to help keep her head to the wind, but it was of no use; the sea kept breaking over the ship. At about 3 o'clock all hands were called to bail out the ship, but as fast as we threw a bucketful out a hogsheadful came in. At about 4 o'clock the Captain called us all up, and said that it was no use; we couldn't do anything more. The sea was then making a clean sweep over us. We attempted to clear away the boats, and one was got out, but it was soon smashed, and everybody on board either killed or drowned. A few minutes later the Captain was killed and knocked overboard by a fragment of the deck. The chief engineer, first assistant, and myself were in the engine room up to within ten minutes of the sinking of the ship, and when we left steam was up in the donkey engine, and the pumps were still going when the ship went down. We all left the engine room together. I never saw the chief or first assistant after that. When I came on deck I started to go to the saloon for a life preserver. The passengers were all huddled together in the social hall, all of them having on life preservers. They seemed to be as cool and collected as possible. I saw no signs of confusion or panic. They were standing holding on to each other as the ship lurched and rolled in the trough of the sea, but there was no shouting or screaming that I could hear. When the water was up to their waists they all walked right out into the sea. I went with them. I saw little Mr. Rice come down from forward, and as she went down she broke to pieces, the foremast going one way and the mainmast the other. This was at about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. We were all left to do the best we could. We had no life raft on board, and our six boats had all been smashed, so we were left to do the best we could with life preservers and floating pieces of the wreck. It was a fearful scene in the water. The ladies seemed to be able to make no use at all of their life preservers. I saw several of them sink within fifteen minutes after they were in the water. I managed to keep afloat. I don't know how, but we got separated, and I never saw anybody until I was washed ashore at about 5 o'clock on Monday morning. We were all treated with the greatest kindness by everybody after we landed. Every attention was shown us by Mr. Butterfair, to whose house I went, and at St. Augustine and Jacksonville, and especially by the Captain of this boat."

Charles Greenfield, seaman, says that he was in the engine room when the Captain was killed. He rushed out to get a life preserver, and saw the passengers in social hall. They appeared to be cool and calm. "After getting into the water," he continued, "I saw two ladies pass by me. They were struggling wildly in the water, and went down in a very few minutes. I was washed ashore at about 2 o'clock in the morning, and went to Mr. Daggett's house at Port Orange, where I got some clothes. From there I went to Mosquito Inlet, where all the survivors met and proceeded to St. Augustine."

Charles Bradenburg, quartermaster, Toomer Drumbold and James Kelly, seamen, agree substantially in the statement made by the second assistant engineer. They say that they were all washed ashore naked, and were immediately taken care of. None of the survivors could give any accurate or authentic statement of the names of the saved. Smith, the engineer, said they were all washed ashore at different times and at different places, and were carried to different points. The six, with the passenger Owens, got to St. Augustine together, and are all that he knows of as saved. Drumbold says that he heard of four men saved at Smyrna, but did not hear their names. The rumor stated that one of the four was a passenger, a young Brazilian, who had just finished his education in the United States, and was on his way home.

Owens, the passenger, left for home to-day by rail. The other survivors will sail for New York in the steamer Clyde to-morrow.

THE DEAD ON THE FLORIDA COAST.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Sept. 6.—I have been down the coast looking for bodies of victims of the Vera Cruz. The bodies came ashore on Monday and Tuesday, and were not discovered until Wednesday and Thursday of last week. I could only find the bodies of two men. The places where the women were buried have been washed over by the sea, and are beyond finding. The bodies of two young men are buried near Matanzas Inlet, but were so badly decomposed that they were beyond identification. The body of an old gentleman, not Gen. Torbert, came ashore in a nude condition. He had gray hair, smooth face, excepting very a small pair of side whiskers. The body of a young lady came ashore in a nude condition also. She was about medium height, and was good looking. She had no bruises on her body, but one on her head. She had two teeth out of her upper front row. She had also a plain small gold ring on her marriage finger. The body of an elderly lady about 45 or 50 years old was also nude. She had on her marriage finger one chased diamond ring, and on the third finger, right hand, two rings. The first one is a large, plain gold ring, the second is a handsome small gold ring with a fine diamond oval setting. This ring has these words carved inside: "Presented to S. S. from H. K., 1870." I could not find the places where the ladies were buried; it was below high water mark, and the sea has levelled everything. The rings are here and at the disposal of friends or relatives. Part of a body came ashore. One leg was off at the knee, and on the other leg the foot was off.

At Matanzas a large copper bottomed vessel lies anchored out about a mile from shore bottom upward.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 6.—The few sailors who landed at Smyrna from the wrecked steamer Vera Cruz are expected here to-morrow on the Palestine. The body of Gen. Torbert has been exhumed by direction of Gen. Dent, commanding at St. Augustine, placed in a sealed metallic casket, and is on its way to Milford, Del., where Gen. Torbert lived.

At the office of Alexandre & Sons no further details of the wreck of the steamship City of Vera Cruz were received yesterday. The survivors, A. K. Owen, Charles Smith, James H. Kelly, John Greenfield, Thomas Drumgold, Mason Talbot, and O. P. Silva, are expected to arrive in the steamship Clyde on Friday morning. Throughout the day yesterday many of the relatives of passengers, officers, and crew thronged the office making inquiries, but no missing persons were asked for whose names have not been already given.

Capt. Deaken called to mind yesterday the singular coincidence that another steamship called the Vera Cruz, in the Mexican trade, was lost on the coast in 1866. But in that case there was no loss of life.

Walter M. Ritchie, who was lost on the Vera Cruz, was a son-in-law of William M. Peiberton of 39 Bloecker street, Newark, N. J., who is now lying dangerously ill. The wife of Mr. Ritchie, who is 56 years old, is living with her father, John Gledhill, a partner of Mr. Ritchie, was lost with him. The partners were on their way to Cuba to close their business, and intended to begin business anew in New York. They had their choice of going in the Vera Cruz or Niagara, which sailed the following day. They chose the Vera Cruz because they had sailed on her several times before.

Important Appointments by the Cardinal.

His eminence Cardinal McCloskey has made the following changes among the priests of the Archdiocese. Rev Felix H. Farrelly, for fifteen years pastor of St. James's Church, has been appointed to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, Sixth avenue, left vacant by the recent demise of Rev. Thomas Farrell. Father Farrelly will be succeeded by Rev. Michael R. McEvoy of St. Raymond's Church, Westchester. The Rev. John J. Kean of St. Stephen's Church, this city, succeeds the late Father Curran in the pastorate of St. Andrew's in Duane street. Rev. Edward Dunphy, Professor of Divinity at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, will take charge at St. Raymond's Parish, Westchester, and Rev. Dr. Woods of St. Andrew's succeeds Father Dunphy. The Rev. James Crosby, assistant pastor at Sing Sing, is removed to the Church of the Nativity in Second avenue.

Killed with a Stone.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 5.—Mrs. Margaret Fury, who lived with her husband in a tenement on Lily street, came to her death this afternoon under singular circumstances. Two young roughs were abusing their mother under her window. Mrs Fury remonstrated, and they began throwing stones at her, one of which struck her with so much force that she died in about two hours. A cursory examination of the body showed no marks. The boys who threw the stones have fled.

Twenty-five dollars in doctor's visits will do you less good that one bottle of Hop Bitters.—Adv.

MR. GEOGHEGAN AT KNOCK.

HOW HE WAS MIRACULOUSLY CURED OF PAINFUL LUMBAGO.

The Wonderful Story that a New York Saloon Keeper Tells of his Pilgrimage to the World-Famous Chapel in the County Mayo.

Mr. William Geoghegan, well known to the inhabitants of the Thirteenth Ward, and, indeed, to a great many New Yorkers, arrived home a few days ago from a visit to his native country, Ireland. Mr. Geoghegan felt that his journey would be incomplete unless he made a pilgrimage to the famous Knock Chapel, the scene of the remarkable apparition of a year ago. Of his journey there and what he saw and experienced he last evening told in his saloon, at Grand and Cannon streets.

"I visited Knock Chapel," said Mr. Geoghegan, "on the 6th of August last, a little less than a year after the wonderful apparition. I went in company with the Rev. Father Corbett of Claremorris. The village of Knock, as you know, of course, is in County Mayo, and in the barony of Costello. 'Knock' in Gaelic means 'a hill,' and the village is rightly named, for it is surrounded by eleven little hills. We drove down from Claremorris in a jaunting car. After a drive through the rain we reached the church. All along the road we had passed pilgrims bound for the same destination as ourselves. When we reached the church I was surprised at the number of persons who surrounded it, many of them kneeling in the mud and water, with their faces on the ground, devoutly praying to God and the Blessed Mother that their pains might be taken from them. I confess that I was skeptical when I set out for Knock. I was a Catholic, to be sure, and meant to be a good Catholic, too, but my credulity was pretty severely taxed by the accounts of the miracles I had heard. But when I saw that church and the surrounding worshippers, a feeling of reverential awe stole over me.

"I saw," continued Mr. Geoghegan, "a humble church, with no claim to architectural beauty. It was built of gray stone, in the shape of a cross, or of a letter T. The body of the church is about 60 feet long, the cross portion perhaps 50 feet long. It was on the southern gable of the church that the apparition appeared. You remember what the apparition was? No? Well, on the 21st of August of last year, which was the eve of the octave day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a remarkable appearance was seen at 7½ in the evening. It was a gloomy, rainy evening, without a particle of sunshine. The best accounts say that some persons hurrying along the road which leads to the chapel saw the wall beautifully illuminated by a soft light, amid which stars shone. Other persons came up and stopped and looked. These saw on the gable end of the church in this light an altar, and by it figures of the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph, and Saint John the Evangelist. On the altar was a lamb standing, and behind it a crucifix with the figure of the Lord Jesus Christ upon it. All around the altar was a golden light. These figures were visible until 10 o'clock that evening, and twenty persons saw them, and attested their existence to the clergymen testified to the facts as I have told them. Subsequently many cures were accomplished by the application of cement taken from the chapel walls. I should have said that over the gray stone of which the church is built is, or was, a firm coating of cement to protect it from the beating storms that abound in that region. But now the cement has disappeared in great pieces, taken away by the pious pilgrims.

"We drove first to the dwelling of the Very Rev. Archdeacon Bartholomew A. Cavanagh, the priest of the parish of Knock, who accompanied us to the church. He is a man of 50 years, perhaps, tall and slender, with a fine face in which is devoutness and unassuming piety—a man you would trust and believe. Guided by him we made our way through the throng that pressed up in front of the shrine. Against the wall where the vision appeared there now stands a statue of the Blessed Virgin covered by a canopy. This is the shrine. The end of the gable is all boarded up to keep the people who come there from pulling off the cement. And now I stood before the shrine of our Lady of Knock. I knelt on the damp ground and prayed that my pains might be taken from me. For two years and more I had been a great sufferer from lumbago. I had such pains in my back that I could not sleep unless propped up by pillows. Why I have stood behind the bar here and almost cried out with the great pain. I was still suffering when I went to Knock. It was with difficulty by the aid of a chair that I got on the seat of the car, and Father Corbett had to help me to get down. When I arrose from my knees in front of the shrine I felt better. I then went inside of the church and again knelt and said more prayers, such as Father Cavanagh suggested. Inside of that church the Rosary is continually chanted from 4 in the afternoon until 11 o'clock at night, and a few weeks before I was there it was chanted continually night and day. When I came out of the church I felt like a new man, and was able to jump up to the seat of the car without aid, nor have I felt the pain since. I am cured. This is a fact that I am telling you. Father Cavanagh gave me some of the cement, and also some wood from the window in the gable where the apparition appeared. I used both according to his directions, in connection with the prayers I said. The usual way to use the cement is to mix it with holy water and bind it on the diseased spot. Here is some of the wood."

Mr. Geoghegan took from behind the bar a paper in which were a few bits of soft wood, that seemed to be the moulding from a window casing. They were painted a dirty white, except, of course, on the ends, where they had been sawed into small pieces.

"I have given several of the bits away," continued Mr. Geoghegan. "I stayed in Knock two days. There is a very comfortable hotel has been built for the accommodation of the pilgrims that flock there from all parts of the country and from other countries. They have left behind them proofs of the healing power of the cement in a pile of sticks and crutches on a vacant lot behind the chapel, and which they abandoned when they went away cured. While I was there Father Cavanagh showed me a letter written by the Nun of Kenmare to the Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke, the great Irish scholar. In this letter the Nun wrote that she had been an invalid for many years, and owed to her bed much of the time, but that she had been cured by the cement and the Blessed Mother. She wrote that she hoped that she did not offend God by taking out of His hands the punishment that He had seen fit to impose on her. There is no collection taken there, but a box stands by the shrine with the words 'For our Lady of Knock' on it. In this the visitor may drop his offering. There is no compulsion. Any gift is received from a penny to a pound, and no one knows what you give. The money goes to repairing the church, which suffers continually from the pilgrims that constantly visit it."

"Do you know, from personal experience, of any cures beside your own?"

"I do," said Mr. Geoghegan. "There is Robert Murray, the son of the widow, Eliza Murray, who keeps that well-known inn, 'The Three Jolly Pigeons,' at Auburn, three miles from Ballymahon, in county Longford. Goldsmith spoke of the inn in his 'Deserted Village.' I knew Robert when he was a boy. He had a crooked leg, and walked with a crutch and a cane, his crooked leg twisted around the crutch. For fifteen years he was lame, until he went to Knock Chapel, and came away cured, leaving his crutch behind him. Another cure was that of the son of Matthew Lovett, a nailer of Ballymahon. The boy had a running sore on his neck, apparently incurable. He went to Knock, bound on the cement, and I myself saw him with his neck as dry and well as the back of my hand. Then I saw a young man in Ballinrobe, county Westmeath, who, when 7 years old, fell from a house, and suffered for fourteen years with an enlargement of the hip joint that made him a cripple. He was carried to the Knock Church, and a bit of the cement was bound on the hip. While in the church praying he began to suffer great agony. He was carried to the car, and on the way home suffered intensely—so much so that his friends feared that he would die. When they took him off the car at the cart in which he was riding, a lump as big as a turnip, as they express it, came out where the cement was bound, and burst. The pain ceased, and today the young man is cured and walks without crutches.

"I know of these cases by personal observation, and these are all I do know, in that way. There are many other cases that I am satisfied are bona fide cures, but they come to me second hand, and perhaps you don't care for them. I saw the shoe of a boy who, when he went to the church, had a club foot, the toes being turned in toward the other leg, you know. When he went away his foot was as straight as the other one. Father Cavanagh keeps a list of the cured, and it contains many wonderful cases. You ought to go out there and see for yourself."

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Oliver Doud Byron began an engagement last evening at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre in his play of "Across the Continent."

At the Brooklyn Park Theatre, last evening, Miss Minie Palmer's "Boarding School" combination appeared to a good audience.

Frank Frayne occupied the stage of the Williamsburgh Novelty Theatre last evening with his great side and revolver drama of "81 Sheum."

On Monday next Mr. Maurice Grau's new French opera company will open at the Standard Theatre. "La Fille du Tambour Major" will be produced for the first time in this country.

The "Broadway Theatre," heretofore known as the Globe, was opened last night by Messrs. Fleming & Brien. Amelia Adams by Paul Martinetti, director "The Band of Providence," was produced.

The Grand Opera House resumed its prosperous course last evening with the engagement of Maude Fealy impersonating Speechless and make-up Dr. C. Shepard, Capt. R. C. Stall, A. J. Smith, and others. Every ward in Trenton has at least one Hancock and English Club, and some have more.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

Quirk's Irish Tea cures biliousness, headache, and dyspepsia.—Adv.

HOW THEY SPENT THE SUMMER.

The Baptist Preachers Converse Lightly and Joyously Concerning their Vacations.

The Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and vicinity reassembled, yesterday, after a two months' vacation to resume their weekly sessions in their headquarters at 9 Murray street. They wore a brown body of preachers. "Vacation Reminiscences" was the theme for discussion. The Rev. John Quincy Adams had had he said, a most blessed vacation. He had preached forty-three times, and had managed to sandwich between the sermons seventy prayer and conference meetings. He had preached in the Long Branch gospel tent and in Lackawanna, Pa., in school houses, and in churches. He had preached thirty-five sermons in fifteen days, and, far from being exhausted, he was invigorated. "How about the congregations?" whispered one of the brethren. The ministers laughed. The Rev. Mr. Adams said thas he has gained fifteen pounds since he began to preach around the country, and he came back improved physically, spiritually, and financially.

The Rev. J. J. Brouner of the North Church said that he had remained at home excepting two days. He went then to Martha's Vineyard and to Squan Beach. People in New York city died, married, and were given in marriage in summer as in winter. The closing of churches in his vicinity had driven people to his church and put more labor than usual on him. Yet he was in good health. The Rev. H. Cross of the Pilgrim Church said that his wife wanted to go visiting this summer, so he stayed at home and took care of the babies. He thought that while he was at home he might as well preach, so he had preached. It was his first summer in New York city, and he had enjoyed it until this last Sunday, when he sighed for a vacation. The Rev. J. N. Folwell of the Ainslee Street Church, Brooklyn, had taken no vacation, as his wife and child were sick.

The Rev. W. S. Goodno of Hoboken had shut up house and church, he said, and taken his family to Ocean Grove for a month. He didn't speak in meeting once.

The Rev. J. C. Grimmell of Brooklyn had preached at home, and in July had baptized two converts. He had never enjoyed baptism more than in July. Once in a while he had gone out crabbing. He had kept the printers busy with his translation of the Moody and Sankey songs into German.

The Rev. W. D. Hedden of Orange had not gone away from home except to walk about Zion a little. He had gone to Coney Island, that holy place (laughter), and there, like the girl who wanted a new excitement, and complained that "old ocean was played out," he had the same feeling. So he had come back to his church.

The Rev. J. S. Holme of the Riverside Park Church had been on a three weeks' ocean voyage. It took him to Mount Desert Island, the grandest watering place in the world, the minister said. It is a combination of grand mountains, flashing lakes, and the ocean. He was restored to bodily and mental health.

The Rev. H. Huggins of Rutherford Park was grateful to God that he had been permitted to preach during the vacation and to attend the sick, some of whom had died. He had led some to the new life, and others were inquiring what to do to be saved.

The Rev. D. C. Hughes of Greenpoint had spent the vacation in the Catskill Mountains, in which he had preached every Sunday at home, but on week days had travelled through the country. He went to Maine, and he both inquired and observed for himself for a week as to the observation of the Maine Liquor law. The places were few in Maine where liquor might be obtained by the drink, but a man who came to a dealer with a bottle, even if it held only one or two drinks, could get liquor.

The Rev. D. Henry Miller of Greenpoint had attended more funerals and officiated at more marriages in his vacation than in any vacation of his ministry. He had spent much of his time in his cottage on the Housatonic River, Conn. He had attended more clambakes, rather more clam and fish chowders, driven more on the road, and preached less than in any equal period of time that he could remember.

The Rev. B. A. Motley (colored) said that he took a few days' vacation to hunt up his only relation in the world, his brother, with whom he had been a slave before the war, and whom he had not seen since the close of the war. His brother was a colored soldier. Mr. Motley had traced his brother to Haverhill and Haverhill, Mass., but could not find him. No record existed of him since March, 1877.

The Rev. D. C. Potter of the Sixth Street Church had been to Chautauqua Lake and to Martha's Vineyard. He had attended two fish conventions. He didn't preach much, he said, and he had got as far away as possible from those who did preach.

The Rev. Charles Rhodes of the Central Church, Brooklyn, had been at home all summer.

The Rev. Mr. Simondson of Newark had been to the bedside of the Rev. M. G. Clark, who was stricken down in the streets of Brooklyn by an express wagon nine years ago, and injured for life. Now Mr. Clark suffers from the worst form of the shaking palsy. He is on a rack of torture continually, and prays for death. He is in Illinois.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. Thomas of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, had been camping in the wilderness. He had preached in Boston, and was sorry for it. Not but that Boston was well enough, but he had heard that a Boston student young divinity student might have had. He was becoming sensitive on the subject of preaching outside of his own church.

The Rev. Dr. J. F. Elder of the Madison Avenue Church had sailed around Nova Scotia to Quebec and Montreal.

The Rev. Dr. H. J. Eddy had been to the only watering place, he said, that a Baptist ought to go to. It was an island. It was twenty-nine miles from Newport, and all of the hotel keepers were Baptists. The residents walk in the middle of the road because there are no sidewalks. There are two Baptist ministers on Block Island; one weighs 310 pounds and the other 260 pounds, and their theology is as heavy as they are. For six years the Rev. Dr. Eddy had, he said, been hunting for a place around New York fit to spend the summer in. He had loved he had found the spot in Greenport, L. I.

The ministers then went out arm-in-arm to eat dinner together in a hotel in Chatham street.

A Storm of Flies on the Hudson.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 6.—A storm of flies was encountered on the Hudson River on Saturday afternoon, similar to the one recorded in the London *Telegraph* as having been seen at Havre a week or two ago. The steamer Marion, bound south, encountered the fly storm between New Hamburgh and Newburgh. It was like the river storm, as described by the London *Telegraph*, seeming a dense drift, and the steamer sped southward from shore to shore as far as the eye could reach. There were millions upon millions of the flies, and they darkened north-east as thick as snow flakes driven by a strong wind. They lodged upon the clothing of the passengers on the steamer, and were minutely examined. They were long and black and had light wings, and the insect have been seen in Asia Minor. The steamer Mary Powell ran into the fly storm off Haverstraw, and First Mate Bishop says that in all his steamboating experience he never saw such a sight.

Fight Between Soldiers and Laborers.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 6.—There is much excitement at Highland Falls over a desperate fight there at midnight on Saturday, in which were involved enlisted soldiers from West Point and laborers on the West Shore Railroad. The fight is said to have occurred in front of a drinking place. A laborer named Sullivan was stabbed twice, once just below the heart and once in the ribs. Dr. Moore was called to attend the wounded man, who is in a critical condition. It is believed Sullivan was stabbed by a fellow laborer, and not by any of the soldiers.

NOTES OF THE POLITICAL CANVASS.

A meeting of the Thirteenth District Gen. G. K. Warren Hancock and English Campaign Club will be held at 419 Sixth avenue on Thursday evening, Sept. 9.

At a meeting of the Emanuel B. Hart Club of the Twentieth Assembly District, Mr. E. B. Hart was nominated as a candidate for Assembly in the place of Mr. Tuttle.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Hancock and English Campaign Club in Brooklyn last night reports were received that there had been an organization formed in every ward and county town of Kings County.

Among Gen. Hancock's callers yesterday were Senators Kernan of New York and Wallace of Pennsylvania, Judge Sharp B. Taylor of Louisiana, Judge A. H. P. Mather of Columbia, Gen. Edward J. Gay of Louisiana, and Lieut.-Col. T. M. Anderson, U. S. A.

The Howell Democratic Club of Farmingdale, N. J., will have a pole and banner raising on Thursday afternoon. Senator McPherson, Col. Fellows, M. W. Hazeltine, Esq., the Hon. Geo. W. Patterson, and others will deliver addresses. There will be music and a free lunch.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Thomas J. Gill Club was held last evening in Lyceum street, Jersey City, for the nomination of Hancock and English, in which the names of fifteen voters who had been Republicans were enrolled. The membership was thus increased to 183.

The Democratic Club of Rodney held a mass meeting last evening, and a handsome Hancock and English banner was flung to the breeze. Addresses were delivered by Senator Charles A. Fowler, the Hon. Alton B. Parker, Colonel Sebastian Lombardi, and J. D. McClelland of New York city.

On Saturday a club was organized under the name of the "Manhasset and Great Neck Hancock and English Campaign Club," with the following officers: William H. Grace, President; J. P. Travers, Treasurer; Samuel R. Warren, Secretary and Robert E. Tibbetts, Corresponding Secretary.

The Twenty-second District Republican Association, which is divided against itself, last evening carried Charles F. Valentine, President, and Joseph Cilman member of the Central Committee, both to fill vacancies. Henry C. Robinson and Hamilton Bridge were defeated for these offices.

A large Democratic ratification meeting was held last night in the Seventh Ward of Trenton. Over 1,000 persons were present. Speeches were made by Dr. C. Shepard, Capt. R. C. Stall, A. J. Smith, and others. Every ward in Trenton has at least one Hancock and English Club, and some have more.

Every Nervous Person Should

Use Carter's Little Nerve Pills. 25 cents.—Adv.

TROUBLE IN CASTLE GARDEN

COMMISSIONERS QUARRELLING OVER THE TICKET AGENTS.

Three of the Railroad Men Bewildering an Immigrant—The Agents Put Out and a Breeze Raised in Consequence—Results.

The three trunk railroads running from this city recently made application to the Board of Commissioners of Emigration to be allowed to place additional agents in Castle Garden. Up to that time each road was represented by one ticket agent. The matter was within the province of the Castle Garden Committee, but its members considered it of sufficient importance to be referred to the full Board. The Board granted the application. On Friday last Commissioner Starr, while passing through the Garden, saw three of the new agents at work upon one emigrant, each trying to persuade him to buy a ticket over the road the agent represented. One had the foreigner by the arm, another by a buttonhole, and the third had a good grip on the back of his neck. The sight was exceedingly displeasing to the Commissioner; so, after ordering the railroad men to desist, he called all the new sub-agents together and ordered them out of the Garden. Subsequently he allowed one of the Erie Railroad agents to return. His name was Valk. The other roads objected to this, and claimed that it left them with one man each in the Garden, while the Erie Railroad had four, namely, Congressman Nicholas Muller, his two sons, and a man who is supposed to represent the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The officers of the other roads in their complaint to Commissioner Ulrich, who is Chairman of the Castle Garden Committee of the Board, wanted to know if the Erie Railroad was to have a monopoly of the Garden. This was the first that Commissioner Ulrich had heard of the other Commissioners' action, and the news nettled him. He said that he considered it discourteous on the part of Commissioner Starr to annul an order of the full Board on his own responsibility, especially when he, the Chairman of the Castle Garden Committee, was in the Garden at the time and might have been consulted. He also considered the course pursued disrespectful to the railroad companies, which should have been formally notified of a repeal of the order admitting the men.

Commissioner Ulrich gave orders to Superintendent Jackson to readmit the new ticket agents, and they were allowed the privileges of the Garden on Saturday morning. Later in the day Commissioner Starr came to the Garden, and finding the railroad men at work, called them together and ordered them out again, threatening to have them ejected forcibly if they did not go at once. When Commissioner Ulrich heard of this action he went to Commissioner Starr and asked him what he meant by the course he was pursuing. The former says that he told Commissioner Starr that he had investigated the affair, and found that the railroad men had been unfairly treated in the matter of ejectment. He pointed out that he only proper way to deprive the railroads of their recently granted privilege was by rescinding the order admitting them, and formally notifying the companies of such action.

"They are all out now," Commissioner Starr replied.

"But they can be put back," said Commissioner Ulrich.

"If you put them back I will prefer charges against you and against you," replied Commissioner Starr.

Commissioner Ulrich says that this is all the satisfaction he got in his interview with Commissioner Starr. The latter at once filed a notice with Superintendent Jackson to the effect that, acting under section five, article five, of the by-laws of the Board, he had suspended and observed for himself for a week as to the observation of the Maine Liquor law. The places were few in Maine where liquor might be obtained by the drink, but a man who came to a dealer with a bottle, even if it held only one or two drinks, could get liquor.

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