DRIVING LEE TO THE WALL.

MEMORIES OF THE FIERCEST FIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

Grant Looking for a Weak Spot in the Confederate Line—The Deadly Grapple—Sixteen Years After—A Mine of Bullets.

From the Detroit Free Press.

When the dogs of war let go of each other's throats in the Wilderness it could not be said that either had secured an advantage. Lee had temporarily checked Grant by striking his flank, but he had not shut him up in the woods by seizing the Brock road. The great dark woods were full of dead and wounded, but Grant had not been crippled. He had failed to drive Lee by fighting, but the road was open to march around him. Grant formed his battle lines into marching columns and renewed his route to Richmond. Lee recalled his lines and marched to throw himself across the Federal path. Thus it came about that they grappled again at Spottsylvania.

Sixteen years of peace have brought but few changes. Almost every rod of the earthworks are still there, the few poor houses still stand, and the woods through which Hancock's men felt their way on that dark and rainy night of March 11 have scarcely lost a tree. If history had not warned the correspondent that here occurred some of the closest and most deadly fighting of that memorable year of battles, he would still learn it from the sights around him. Just beyond the ridge which marks the Lee-Lendrum house are the dead stumps of trees twelve inches thick which were cut down by musket balls alone. There are larger trees there which are chipped and scored twenty feet up from the roots. A log a foot thick and nine feet long, which formed part of the Confederate breastwork, has over 300 bullets in it. From a line of breastworks forty rods long more than two barrels of bullets have been gathered and taken away to the junk dealers at Richmond.

When Grant found Lee in his path there was a halt. Lee was not only there, but he was intrenched. One night had been sufficient to give cover to every man and cannon. Trees had been felled, logs piled up, and the spade had taken care of the open spots. For a mile either way from the Court House Lee's infantry had almost safe protection from the fiercest cannonade. They needed it. Grant had five men where Lee had two. He had two guns where Lee had one. On the plains of Manassas Grant would have encircled the little Confederate army—toyed with it—crushed it as a cat crushes a mouse. In the woods around Spottsylvania, behind strong breastworks, one man counted as three. There was no Brock road to move by the flank. Lee must be walked over if Grant pursued his further road to Richmond.

When famous pugilists meet in the ring they do not rush at each other. The approach is cautious, even timid. They look into each other's eyes. They watch every motion. They stand ready to strike or to guard. It is the same when armies come upon each other. There is a weak spot in every battle line. The object is to find it and wield the hammer there. Lee was on the defense. It was for the Federal to race up and down in search of the opening in the Confederate armor. Hancock found it at Laurel Hill, but after two desperate assaults and the loss of 1,000 men he let go his grip and renewed the search.

The weak spot was found. North of the Court House was what the Southerners have since called the Horseshoe. It was a part of the Confederate line which projected out something in the shape of a horseshoe, the extreme point being nearly half a mile from the "heels" of the shoe. When Lee's troops swung in there they had made a salient of little importance. If Grant arrived it was too late to withdraw from this salient. In one sense it was a dangerous point to hold. In another sense it was a point easily defended. An attack on the main line on either side of this salient gave the Confederates a chance for a massed fire upon their assailants. An attack on the salient itself could be desperately resisted, and yet it was the single weak spot in Lee's long line. As the lion prowled up and down, drawing blood in every pass he threatened, he could see no further. That night, with the rain and sobbing drearily over the meadows and through the trees, the rain falling with steady pour and the night so dark that men had also to feel their way, Hancock massed 20,000 men within half a mile of the salient and waited for daylight.

It was Grant's plan to assail and capture this Horseshoe, push his troops through the opening, and then fall upon Lee's rear, right and left. That was Burnside's plan at the Crater—Gordon's plan at Fort Stedman—Hancock's plan at Gettysburg. It was the tactics of war, but whenever the plan was tried it met with bloody repulse and terrible disaster. Hancock was the right man for desperate measures. In rain and mud and darkness he pushed troops over and upon the Confederate salient, called formidable obstructions by daylight. Men plunged into swamps, fell into the swollen waters of the creek and were entangled in the thickets, but two long hours before daylight all were in their places in line, ready for the movement. Therefore they stood under drizzling rain, all orders being passed in whispers, and those who realized most fully the desperate work before them were glad to hear the notes of the chanticleers announcing that daylight was approaching. After 3 o'clock the rain ceased, and a fog set in to render the darkness more intense, but in this fog and darkness Birney brought all his troops forward and joined his left to Barlow's right, and Mott and Gibbons swung in behind him for a second and third line of battle. There was something terribly weird in this massing of troops in the darkness of midnight—in the hoots of the owls alarmed by the thousands of dark figures passing through the pines—in the solo of the wet wind as it lingered in the tree tops and sighed the word to move to the attack was a glad relief.

Almost as one man the 20,000 moved forward just before daybreak. One could see the length of his musket in advance, but no further. When once the lines started there was no halting. The Confederate pickets coming across the path heard the heavy tramp! tramp! tramp! but they had barely time to exactly locate its direction before a line of battle swooped from the fog and swallowed them up and carried them along in its rush, as a rising river floats away the chips left on the bars.

The idea had been to surprise the Confederates in the Horseshoe. This might have been accomplished but for the fierce defence made by the Confederate reserve picket. A single volley was fired, and then Carroll's whole brigade for one minute, keeping up the fight until nearly every one was wiped out. This firing alarmed the force in the salient, and as the lines swung around and rushed forward there was a crack of muskets and cannon.

Cheers, shrieks, and groans were mingled together in an uproar which awoke men who were sleeping two miles away, and then came the forward rush of every man left standing on his feet. Daylight was breaking, and in plain sight was the Horseshoe. Its defenders before after the first gun was fired the Irish Brigade were tearing away the abattis and they were being shot down by men who could almost touch them with their muskets. On came the great wave of blue, and it swept over, lifted a brigade over the logs and earth into the fort. Here for ten minutes war never saw more terrible fighting. The Federals had cut loose and gained a foothold. To lose that Horseshoe was to let the Federal army in upon Lee's flanks. Every man seemed to realize the desperate situation, and for a time every soldier was a fiend. Quarter was neither asked nor given. When the muskets were empty the bayonet was used. If the bayonet failed the men swung their clubbed muskets.

The attack was met by equally desperate resistance. In the three-quarters of a mile of line not a Confederate retreated. Hundreds of them were asleep as the Federals poured in, but they did not spring up to rush back into the woods. Where they could not use their muskets they fought with stones and clubs. Confederate artillerists were bayoneted or knocked down while loading their guns, and it was only when resistance was hopeless that the remnant of defenders surrendered.

The famous old Stonewall Brigade was in the Horseshoe, and nearly the entire force was captured. A sergeant rallied eight or ten men around him and refused to surrender and this handful actually fought its way through a whole division and made its escape to the rear lines. The capture of the Horseshoe brought the Federals over 3,000 prisoners, a score of guns, almost as many pieces of artillery, and many thousand stand of arms. It was a victory gallantly won, but so gallantly contested. It was 20,000 against 8,000, for the dead were found piled in heaps which showed how fearlessly the survivors had rushed to assault. The dead were everywhere—the groans of the wounded almost as loud as the cheers of the unhurt. Before the guns could be moved the dead had to be piled up in pens to protect the ground.

As soon as the captured Horseshoe was effected a part of the force pushed on through the woods toward Lee's inner line. It was expected to find him in confusion and without protection, but by the rushing Federals soldiers struck a fresh foe and was thrown back in rout and staggered by it. If the Horseshoe was a weak spot, it was also a failed one to give the Federal commander. Its capture did not expose Lee's flanks. The Federals were in the second breastwork. The Confederates who had fled from it had passed on were picked up and hurled back with awful vengeance, leaving the woods thickly dotted with corpses in blue, and within an hour from the first rush upon the salient Hancock's men had been driven back to it and were besieged there.

Who blundered? Did Grant expect that body of 20,000 men to position and rout Lee's whole army? If not, why were they not supported after capturing the Horseshoe? If he only hoped for the capture of the salient, what benefit could he derive from it, except, as it seem was by such a fire that nothing living could stand exposed? The Sixth Corps came upon the ground half an hour too late for any serious assault on the inner line. In fact, Hancock had advanced beyond his depth and was in sight of a superior force.

Lee was determined to recover possession of the Horseshoe, and Hancock was equally determined to hold it. Then there occurred such terrible fighting as the oldest soldier of the war had never seen. The Confederates swept forward with line after line, charging right up until they looked into the eyes of the Federals. Lines did not give back. They melted away until where they had stood the dead lay in heaps. There were hardly any wounded. Men went down to die. Hundreds of the men were struck by three and four bullets at the same instant. For five hours the Confederates held one side of a breastwork and the Federals the other. It was a grand, continuous crash of musketry—a horrible roar of artillery—a wail made up of cheers, shrieks, hurrahs, and death cries. In this pandemonium death swept right and left, and blood poured out until the earth would drink no more. Confederates sprang over the breastworks and fought with bayonet and clubbed musket until pinned to earth. Federals buried themselves over and pushed the lines back for a few rods, but only to be swallowed up in the rebound.

From daylight to midnight, this terrible fighting was continued without a moment's intermission. Burnside attacked on Hancock's left, but Lee gave him no attention. Wright attacked in the other direction, but not a Confederate was withdrawn from Hancock's front. Wright was repulsed again and again with the loss of 4,000 men, but never was his line had a breastwork of dead before. He did not attempt bondvance—he was glad to hold his own. Three separate times the Confederate lines charged right into him with the bayonet, and each time men fought hand to hand, using the bayonet, knives, fists, coins, and fighting to kill. The gray and the blue died on the same spot—died, in some instances, clutching each other. At one time Wright was pressed so hard that Hancock sent him Brooke's brigade, which had just been served with fifty rounds of ammunition. It rushed for the front with a yell, and in ten minutes had lost 110 men. When its ammunition was expended the brigade did not number two full regiments.

When the light around the Horseshoe waxed hottest a section of United States artillery opened up and poured into the unfinished within pistol shot of the Confederate lines. Before the second discharge of the pieces twelve of the artillerists were shot down. In ten minutes horses and men were so nearly wiped out that the pieces were run back by hand.

Standing on the knoll in front of and a little to the right of the Lendrum House, one can look down upon the Horseshoe. From this knoll I dug thirty-eight bullets by using the spade twice. I could have dug a mine of lead in magazine bullets. Every bullet which passed over the heads of the Federals at the salient struck in this spot. It was covered with grass on the morning of the fight—rich, green grass. After the battle it was a burned and blistered spot on which the sun could not detect a living blade of grass. Death had taken a broom of fire in his hand and swept it clean.

As night came down men were fighting just where men fought when daylight came. Regiments had fired 200 rounds of ammunition per man. The dead were in front, behind right and left. Blood stood in pools—blood made paste of the red and sticky soil. The Federals had carried the Horseshoe and held it, but that was all—all but the sacrifice of dead. The Confederates could not retake it, but they had checked and repulsed Grant. The coming of night did not stop that terrible fighting. Darkness seemed to add fuel to the flames. Fresh troops were pushed in, new positions taken, and the darkness was rent and torn with sheets of flame which revealed the smallest limbs in the tree tops. All around that Horseshoe was a bubbling, seething, roaring hell of hate and murder. In that baleful glare men did not look like men. Some had thrown away hats and coats; some had torn off their shirts; some were crushed and bloody; others had the wild, fierce look of a tiger hunted to cover. Midnight alone brought a cessation, and men who had scarcely eaten a mouthful for two days, or closed their eyes for forty hours, dropped to the ground where they stood and were asleep in a moment.

In the morning it was discovered that Lee had shortened and strengthened his lines, leaving the Horseshoe to the Federals, and leaving them more dead than had ever before been seen on such a limited space. It was his weak point, Grant had struck it, but what was the gain? Grant had captured it, and held it, but where was the gain? Stretched across his path was a line of earthworks—hidden behind them an army determined to check him. He raved up and down that line—he struck again and again, adding to the heaps of dead, adding to the wounded, but being hurled back at every point. He could not drive Lee from his path at Spottsylvania, and he marched by the flank to grapple him at Cold Harbor. M. QUAD.

The Children's Carnival.

The baby squad were impatient at the back of the stage. They bobbed up and down in their frilled night gowns and pink sashes to the music. The half egg-shell was empty, waiting for the Prince. Queer little beings, two feet in height, some with very fat legs and some with very thin, danced one by one upon the broad waxed floor. They came from a spangled and short skirted group of 100 or more. Four cabions dropped their light upon the array, and a far brighter shaft in which the dust danced, was shot from the sun through a small round window in the very top of the Academy. A Frohsinnes, 5 years of age, dressed in feathers and pink tarlatan, danced with Indian bows and carrying a small American flag, and needed a partner for a quadrille, who in turn succeeded the Queen of Shebs, or somebody else, at the age of 4. Finally the baby squad, dressed in pink and blue, trotted forward with rattles. They grouped, and the big ones danced the little ones in their arms, and afters and all but three coddled up, and the dance ended in a tangle. The four little babs dressed in nightgowns with legs, ran forward and drove them away, a number of the ladies tumbling and sprawling into the waxed floor. In conclusion all the performers got in motion. Prince Carnival riding in his half eggshell, and a most beautiful Harlequin, long known in the Academy, and named Maginnis, preceding. It was the second presentation this year, and the house was thronged with spectators.

The Arion Ball.

For an entertainment such as the masquerade ball of the Arion Society in the Madison Square Garden on Tuesday evening, the programme is necessarily not a matter of showing of what may be expected, but it suggests the broad and general effects contemplated without giving much of an idea of the beauty which will characterize the display. There will be quaint and original costumes, grotesque and striking character, and splendid costumes in the grand procession. The music will be by an orchestra of 200 performers.

The Purim Ball.

The Hebrew charity ball, under the auspices of the Purim Association, is to be in the Academy of Music, on March 2. The tickets illustrate a scene on the floor. Noone is to be admitted on the floor before midnight unless in masks, and ladies wearing hats or bonnets, unless in fancy costumes, are not to be allowed on the floor. The grand march is to be begun at 10 o'clock. The supper is to be in Nilsson Hall.

The Martha Washington Reception.

All the preparations for the Martha Washington reception of St. John's Guild, in the Academy of Music, on Washington's birthday evening, have been completed. Arnecke and Bernstein will furnish the music. It is confidently believed that the occasion will surpass that of any previous season, and that not of the committee indicates that everything possible is to be done to attain success.

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Lyceum reception, Tammany Hall, to-morrow evening.

Ball of the Tough Club, Tammany Hall, Tuesday evening.

First annual ball of the Irving Social Club, Irving Hall, Feb. 23.

First Bicycle's ball, Standard Hall, Broadway, to-morrow evening.

Reception of Paul Drayton Commandery, Tammany Hall, March 1.

Reception of the Museum of Natural History Wednesday afternoon.

Reception of the Washington Greys, Irving Hall, Wednesday evening.

Ball of the Thistle Benevolent Association, Lyric Hall, Tuesday evening.

Reception of Washington Club at 5 East Twelfth street, Wednesday evening.

Ball of Parnell, Land League, Branch No. 29, Parepa Hall, to-morrow evening.

Concert for the benefit of Miss Elizabeth Palmer, Brooklyn Institute, April 5.

Masquerade ball of the Beethoven Maennerchor, Beethoven Hall Tuesday evening.

Week's dancing association's first annual ball, Fernow's Assembly Rooms, Feb. 24.

The Irving Club are to have their annual ball in Irving Hall on Thursday evening next.

Reception of the Teachers' Association, Steinway Hall, Friday evening, Washington's Birthday.

Thirteenth annual masquerade ball of the Oeffy Gesell Social Club of Jersey City, March 17.

Reception of St. Peter's Dramatic Association, Rivers's Academy, Brooklyn, Tuesday evening.

Literary and musical entertainment of Grand Lodge O. S. S. B. Bnai Brith, this evening.

Reception of the Social Int. Imperial Hall, Fourth Avenue and Eighty-seventh street, March 7.

Third annual meeting of the Manhattan Athletic Club, Madison Square Garden, Thursday evening.

Musical and literary entertainment of Prospect Hill Lodge A. O. U. W., Parepa Hall, Tuesday evening.

Public reception of the Young Men's Association of the Temple de la El, Terrace Garden, Saturday evening.

Andrew McKenna will address the Brooklyn Revenue Reform Club, Art Association Hall Tuesday evening.

Racket and hand ball games for the benefit of the Land League, 115 Hudson street, Hoboken, Wednesday.

Twenty-four hour race of the Williamsburgh Athletic Club, American Institute Building, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Celebration of Washington's Birthday by the Order of United American Mechanics, Cooper Union Hall, Wednesday.

Forty-ninth annual reception of the Washington Light Battery, Lexington Avenue Opera House, Wednesday evening.

Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association, Manhattan Hall, Eighth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, Tuesday evening.

Entertainment by the Ladies' Land League, Manhattan Branch, Terrace Garden, East Fifty-eighth street, this evening.

Masquerade ball of the New Brooklyn Turn Gemeinde, Harmony Hall, 140 Marion street, Brooklyn, to-morrow evening.

Celebration of Washington's Birthday by Washington and West Washington marketmen, Clarendon Hall, Wednesday evening.

Athletic entertainment and sparring exhibition for the benefit of Waite and Hodgen, Madison Square Garden, to-morrow evening.

Sacred concert by the Juvenile Military Band, in aid of the new St. Mary's Church, Melrose, in the hall of the institute this evening.

Parade and decoration of the statue of Washington in Union square by George Washington Camp, U. S. War Veterans, Wednesday.

Entertainment of Father Sheehy Branch, Ladies' Land League, Revoort Hall, Third avenue and Fifty-fourth street, Tuesday evening.

The Tower Post veterans, 112 Delaware, G. A. R., are to have their next camp fire at Anti Monopoly Hall, 412 Grand street, on Tuesday evening.

Twelve-hour race of the North Side Athletic Club, Wood's grounds, North Ninth and Second streets, Brooklyn, E. D., Washington's Birthday.

The Hare and Hounds of the Leinster Social Club will meet on Wednesday morning at Kelly's Hotel, Fiftieth street and Third avenue, weather permitting.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn will deliver lectures on "The Great Poets of the World" in Chickering Hall on Mondays and Fridays at 11 A. M., beginning to-morrow.

SPRING STYLES.

The New Silks, Dress Goods, and Upholstery Stuffs of A. T. Stewart & Co.

An inside view of the sample books and latest importations of A. T. Stewart & Co. affords the best possible knowledge of what is to be worn by women in all parts of the country, as well as in New York and its neighboring cities, during the coming spring and summer. The variety embraces all that could be expected from the resources of this house of unlimited capital and long experience.

In the department of dress goods proper, the leading light woollen material will be nun's veiling in various styles of finish, smooth, *finé* or dressy, crapelike, flat and round threaded. Many of these nun's veilings are so thin and fine as to resemble the finest Sea Island cotton batiste and nail muslins. They come in all shades of colors for day and evening wear. The aesthetic tints are not forgotten, either in pale or dark shades. They come in plain solid colors and in embroidered robes or dresses. Both edges of the material are embroidered, showing that the flounces, ruffles, tablliers, and back draperies are all to be thus trimmed. The embroidery is in silk floss, sometimes in lace not applique amid the entrelaceries, in wheels, cut work resembling old point coupe, and in Spanish lace designs. The floss generally used for the embroidery is of the same color and shade as the veiling, but in some instances contrasts are seen, as in a line of dark blue veilings embroidered in white silk floss. The cream and pale pink veilings embroidered in the same color and shade will be the popular material for evening and afternoon dresses to be worn at Saratoga and other fashionable watering places where garden parties, germans, and hops demand full dress. The dark colors of velvet, the gobelaine, peacock, and navy blues, olives, browns, myrtle and bottle greens will be worn undressy street and afternoon carriage and walking costumes. Some of the veilings have embroidered silk and arrasene flowers in the late English conventional or aesthetic style in exaggerated sizes and bright colors, scattered sparsely over grounds and which are in tints which the French call *nuitons degrade* and the English dub aesthetic. These tints will be much worn, and when properly brightened with a minute touch of bright unmoiseuse tints are beautiful, effective, and also becoming, when judiciously chosen, with an eye to the complexion, hair, and eyes of the wearer.

The handsomest Scotch ginghams or zephyrs are brought out in the same style, with embroidered bands in Kensington stitch, wheels, cut work, lace appique and flower designs, in which the Spanish lace figures have furnished the decorative ideas.

New light woollens for early spring wear, similar to checkers, but introduced as Milan mixtures, come in some effects as well as plain woven, in checks, and also in checked grounds, in which two neutral tints appear, while in a darker tint are moss and reservoirs, both on the same piece of goods, the crescent showing the profile of the moon in the moon in an indefinite manner. Some of these mixtures have other figures and polka dots, thrown upon the grounds of the Milan mixtures, are in *fonds* or fancy effects. Other mixtures and plain goods have botonnes, or small or medium sized balls thrown upon the surface with the Jacquard loom, esaies heads, and other devices in indefinite rather than definite outlines in silk floss, also Jacquard loom effects. The grounds are in the same shades and in a greater tints, and in a new shade of smoky blue called Sobiat de beige blue, or telegraph boys blue. This last will be a popular color, but the wearer of it will be very careful to avoid the degrade shades are not seen in the importations of the house. Our people will not take them, say the buyers, &c.

The silk dress effects in cameo colors on satin striped grounds, alternating with moire stripes, are observed in the new silk goods of fine quality. The colors of the grounds are white, cream, pale blue, and black. The cheme flowers are in vivid tints. Moire Francais, in cameo shades or waves of water across the goods, is the ruling effect of the silks and dress goods. Pekin satin stripes, alternating with moire stripes, the satin Panamas with double and single ovals in broche effects, in which the ground is both satin and moire, and in white and black, then the satin foulards printed in small figures and checks, shepherd's plaids and bars, and lastly the black satin faced and moire silks for mourning purposes, have been received in attractive forms. In the last category is found a new silk called peaude soie, skin silk, durable, soft, brilliant, and admirable adapted for draping.

Novelties in the upholstery department show the demand for French goods in French designs and colors. Reproductions of the Gobelins tapestries by the Yonkers and their near neighbors in the surrounding cities and Hudson River towns. The advanced English renaissance goods are down in fashion. So we are told by the head of the department. Among a quantity of French tapestries, and new, are found admirable imitations of the heavy tapestries of the Henri Deux period in discolored and faded greens of moss, olive, and pale, flame blue, and terra cotta, the large flower figures in detached groups being in metal broche, gold wire thrown up into the surface in the Milanese fashion, and in wool, also, are printed Autusson dentation tapestries for walls, with borders for the frieze, dado, and corners, of forty patterns, with a pink ground, named for one of William Black's heroines, the Princess of Thule—a novelty for heavy portieres and curtains. It is brought out both in silk and cosmos, in seven alike in finish and in both solid colors, and in bars of Oriental colors and designs, alternating with plain solid bars. The colors of the solid shades and the solid bars are Madeline red, Pompadour, Oriental yellow, olive, olive green, and seal brown. Whether in silk or cosmos, it is a valuable addition to upholstery goods of the finest quality. The Pekin satin stripe novelties of this spring's importation are silk, broche velours, in satin grounds, and shaded cut and uncut velvet flowers. These are for chairs and fauteuils and cushions, and are composed, showing a tendency to the Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. periods. The satin broca lables, intended for curtains, to match the silk goods, are in the same shades and colors, and in all the goods an eye to the fitness of the upholstering and the carpets, whether Turkish, Oriental, French, English, or American, is strictly observed.

Mr. Bergh's Year's Work.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted 559 cases last year, for the following causes: Working horses with sores upon their bodies chafed by the harness, 246; working lame horses, 149; working sick and diseased horses, 42; working horses with glanders and farcy, 30; working old worn out horses and mares, 21; reckless driving, 1; overloading teams, 64; neglecting and starving animals, 6; driving horses with sticks, but ends of whips, robes, banners, and ribbons, 100; throwing nails, &c., in the streets and highways, 4; driving animals with their feet tied and open jets, 12; carrying animals in a cruel manner, 2; maliciously killing and mutilating or wounding animals, 10; keeping animals in filthy stables, 2; selling animals, 3; dog fights and cock fights, 2; fast driving, 28; soiling the streets, 6; acts of cruelty to cattle, dogs, cats, goats, &c., 10; offering diseased horses and other animals for sale, 2; dogs chained to fat kettles, 2; throwing cats and kitchen garbage, 10; acts of cruelty to dogs committed by city dog catchers, 1. It killed 1,086 animals unfit for further use, and ordered out of harness and sent to stables 1,276 disabled animals.

Staten Island's Ball.

The usual County Ball on Staten Island is fixed for to-morrow night in the German Club Rooms, Stapleton, the occasion being the chief social event of the locality. Among those chiefly interested in promoting it are: Erastus Brooks, chairman of the Reception Committee; C. C. Norrell, George William Curtis and Livingston Satterlee. The proceeds are devoted directly to the S. R. Smith Infirmary, the only local hospital on the Island, and to the Sailors' Home. Very elaborate arrangements have been made for the occasion. A large attendance is expected from the city, provision being made for those who are not entertained by private friends at the Bay View, Castleton, and other hotels. Nearly every one of the leaders of the Island set as lady patronesses, and the occasion is expected to be a very pleasant one.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales Feb. 18.

UNITED STATES, STATE, AND CITY BONDS (IN $1,000).

18 Arch. C P 1st 9[illegible]	107	31 Tenn cs	59¾@59⅞
20[illegible] Ind. B & L 1st	107	5 Mo 6s, long	108
1 Dist. Col. 3-65s c	1[illegible]	10 Tenn 6s new	77
2 Ala class A	9[illegible]		

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS ON $1,000.

18 Arch. C P 1st 9[illegible]	107	1 Laf. Bl. & M 1st	101
20[illegible] Ind. B & L 1st	107	14 Mich. Cent. 1st	1[illegible]
[illegible]		1 N. & S. R. R. 1st	120
1 Cin. Ind. St. L.	75	10 Mo. K. & T. 1st	70
8 Cl. & Mah. 1st	80	5 Mo. K. & T. 2d	50
4 Cl. C. & C. 6s	80	17 M. & St. P. 1st	1[illegible]
2 Cl. C. & O. cons	40¾@40⅞	2 M. & M.	103
2 Cl. Col. & Cin. 5s	1[illegible]	12 N. J. Cent. 1st	1[illegible]
1 Canada So. 2d	4	2 N. Y. 1st	1[illegible]
5 C. C. C. & I. c	27	2 Nor. Pac. 1st	97
10 Del. & Hud. 7s	1[illegible]	15 N. Y. C. & H. R. 7s	1[illegible]
1 Del. L. & W. 7s	1[illegible]	15 N. Y. C. & H. R. 7s	1[illegible]
2 Den. & R. G. 1st	1[illegible]	17 N. Y. L. E. & W.	
20 Ill. Cent.	1[illegible]	W. 2d 6s	[illegible]
2 Ind. B. & W. 1st pf	3[illegible]	1 Ohio Cent. inc. Receipts for 2d inc.	1[illegible]
2 Iowa Cen. 1st	7[illegible]	1 Ohio Cent. inc. Receipts for 3d inc.	1[illegible]
2 Kan. Pac. cons	102	10 Pac. Pac. 6s	1[illegible]
20 Kan & Neb. 1st	6[illegible]	10 Pac. Pac. 6s	1[illegible]
2 Kan. & D. Sen. 1st	1[illegible]	11 Pa. & Wash. 1st	1[illegible]
5 L. & W. con.	1[illegible]	3 Pa. Pac. 1st	1[illegible]
2 Lake S. 1st	1[illegible]	2 Pa. Pac. 1st	1[illegible]
5 L. S. & M. S. 1st	1[illegible]	2 Pa. Pac. Ch. 6	1[illegible]
4 Long I. N. con.	2[illegible]	2 Wabash Pac. gen.	7[illegible]
3 Long I. N. gen.	9[illegible]	5 West. Pac.	1[illegible]

RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES.

Bellevue Ex.		10 Nor. Pac. pf	7[illegible]
2 Atl. & T. H. pf	54	3 Ontario	10
100 Bost. A. L. pf	9[illegible]	1 Nor. Cent.	1[illegible]
1 Bost. C. & C. O.	1[illegible]	1 Lehigh Val.	5[illegible]
1 Bost. H. & E. pf	1[illegible]	1 Lehigh Val.	5[illegible]
2 Bost. & Prov.