THE STORY OF BULL RUN.

A LEGISLATOR OF PENNSYLVANIA TELLS WHAT HE SAW THERE.

Bull Run Russell Overhauled Again—Henry J. Raymond of New York and his Experiences—The Battle—The Rout—The Alarm.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

BUTLER, Pa., Aug. 7.—"It is doubtless true, as you say," assented Kennedy Marshall, as we sat chatting together in his airy law office here the other hot evening, and whistled for a breeze. "It is doubtless true that newspaper men tell more truth in a year than the majority of men in outside professions do in a lifetime, and I do not wonder that you are grieved when ignorant or malicious people try to escape unpleasant truths by attacking the writer of them. Now, there was 'Bull Run' Russell, for instance, the famous correspondent of the London *Times*, who criticised the conduct of our soldiers at Bull Run so sharply. They have tried to blunt the point of his criticism by asserting that he wasn't there at all. The truth is that our soldiers had no conduct worth mentioning after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. Russell was there when the stampede took place, for he divided his lunch with me. Furthermore, we would have ridden to Washington together after the rout, if his horse could have travelled fast enough. But it was tired, and I rode away from him, and so happened to be the first to carry the news of the defeat to Washington.

Once into the field of reminiscence, Mr. Marshall could not well escape telling the whole of his interesting experience on that hot Sunday at Manassas, requesting only that his name should not be published. As he resembles his Pittsburgh uncle, Tom, recently mentioned in Stalwart journals as "the Glorious," it goes without saying that he is an admirable story teller, and that a stenographer could have given a much more graphic report of this conversation than I.

THE PICNIC IN '61.

"Richmond was quite a popular summer resort in July, '61," said Mr. Marshall, "and a great number of Northern people, politicians, Congressmen, gentlemen of leisure, ladies fond of a little well-regulated excitement, clergymen sighing for virgin territory, and business men seeking for a speculation, made up their minds to take a flying trip to this new capital of the Southern Confederacy. Our army of gallant young recruits, led by the valiant McDowell, under the direction of the sagacious Scott, was to go ahead. The rebel soldiers had been massed at convenient points in sufficient numbers to assist with the fireworks and furnish entertainment for the visitors. The campaign was to be a huge picnic at Government expense, and I went along with hundreds of others to see the fun. I was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and the malaria common to legislative halls had left me half an invalid. Ben Morgan, Charles Spang, Jr., of Spang, Chalfant & Co., John Shaw, then Flour Inspector of Allegheny County, since burned to death at Scottdale, and Charles Clark of Clark & Thaw, all Pittsburgers, were with me. There never was so large and respectable a lot of camp followers as those who followed our army out from Washington. Many of the most distinguished men of the country were there, and there was no lack of good company.

We were just beginning to tire of the picnic, and were preparing to return to Washington to spend Sunday, when on Saturday one of Gen. McDowell's aids told us that they were going to attack the enemy that night. There was apparently no attempt to keep the matter secret. At 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, July 21

THE TROOPS BEGAN TO MOVE.

"We left our carriage and followed them on foot. I got separated from my party, and fell in with Henry J. Raymond of the *New York Times*. We followed the right-hand column, under Hunter. You know the battle was fought at first; how their skirmish line was passed, their batteries charged, and the entire left wing of the rebel army driven back beyond the Warrenton road. We whipped them fairly in the early hours of the fight, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Raymond and I, sitting beside the road near the Warrenton stone bridge, were well in the rear of our advancing right. It was a hot day, I tell you, and we were tired, half sick, with the smell of powder, and very hungry. Along the road came Russell on horseback, with a big knapsack of provisions behind him. He was an old campaigner, and had come provided. We hailed him, and while he shared his lunch with us, told him how we were licking them and how we could serve the British the same way upon occasion. He had driven out from Washington since morning, bringing a saddle in his carriage. While we were talking together we heard locomotives over yonder whistling over the Manassas Railroad. The trains stopped in a cut out of sight. Pretty soon out marched a lot of soldiers in gray, with a stand of brigade colors, and came at a double quick across the field. It was Kirby Smith with the last instalment of Johnson's army from Winchester, which had eluded Patterson. The panic which seized our troops when these fresh fighters hurled themselves at the Union lines, already tottering with exhaustion, was wilder than anything in military history since three Austrian soldiers, coming out of the woods to surrender after the battle of Solferino, put the whole French army to rout for a time. Regiments that had stood up to their work bravely since 9 o'clock in the morning, melted away in a few minutes at the sight of the

GRAY CHARGING COLUMNS.

"There was no knowing what force was behind Smith, and Hunter's men didn't wait to see. They took the road toward Centreville, pell-mell, every man for himself. The infantry charged their own batteries, cut the horses loose, jumped on their backs, and went to the rear at a gallop. Russell disappeared on the tide at the top of his speed. Raymond drifted away from me, and I didn't let many passes me in the race myself. It was the further the faster, and after covering what seemed to me about five miles, I dropped exhausted beside the road to rest. By and by Raymond came along. He had found his buncoucle, and he took me in. We whirled along in the crowd of ambulances, artillery horses, privates, officers, and camp followers on foot, ladies and politicians in carriages, and two or three hundred steers, all making the best of their way to Washington. A drove of cattle had been driven out behind the army to be slaughtered after the battle. They were stampeded with the rest, and added to the confusion. There were many amusing incidents. Earlier in the day I had noticed L. L. McGrath of New Castle, since judge in this district, driving cattle now dead. He was carrying water to one of the field hospitals. He had been one of the 'On to Richmond!' crowd, had come down to stiffen up the President's spine, and was loud in advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war.

HOW JUDGE M'GUFFIN RAN.

"He was a large man, and wore a long linen duster. When the rush to the rear began he ran with the rest. He was fat, and as the crowd gradually swept past him he at last began to think the rebels must be almost within grasp of his flying duster tails. Blind with sweat and dust he tripped on a log and fell flat on his stomach, or as flat as he could fall on such a round stomach. A zouave, who was hard at his heels, came down with emphasis on top. Mr. McGuffin was certain that the Philistines were upon him, and with a weak endeavor to roll his eyes around, that he might see his foeman's face, exclaimed: 'Great God, gentlemen, can't this thing be compromised?'

"Before Raymond and I had driven far an ordinance wagon crashed into our barouche and demolished it. I mounted one of the carriage horses. Raymond was in despair.

"'Get on the other horse,' I cried.

"'But I can't stick on.'

"'Then good evening; I'm going to Washington.'

"Hold on, I can ride behind the nigger,' exclaimed the distinguished editor, and he was about to clamber up behind the colored driver, when a carriage drove past with some Congressmen whom he knew, and he got in with them.

"I galloped away, but before I had gone far I saw a regiment drawn up in line across the road, with fixed bayonets, stopping the fugitives. I took to the fields, executed a flank movement, and got past with a few others. When I came to the little fold telegraph office near Fairfax Court House, I was riding ahead of my party. A wire had been laid out thus far, and despatches from the field were carried here and wired to Washington. The last messages sent had told how our troops were driving the enemy.

"What news from the field?' cried the little operator, with his finger on the key.

"Our men are routed. They are running this way,' I shouted back to him as I galloped past. He cut loose his instrument, tucked it under his arm, and took to his heels. When the next orderly came with a despatch, he found the Lottery disemployed, and that was how I came to be the first to carry the news to Washington. I overtook 'Bull Run Russell,' and we rode together for a while; but his horse was lagged and mine was fresh, so I soon left him. After that I rode for one mile and alone. As Ball's Cross Roads I was challenged by a Dutch sentinel. Ben Morgan had my pass through the lines, but I had an amount over the Pennsylvania Railroad signed by Tom Scott. I showed the sentinel the name of Scott, told him I was Gen. Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief, and he passed me through. I got over the Long Bridge at Washington at 9 o'clock, just as the countersign was being given out for the night. I rode up to Willard's Hotel, through streets thronged with people, with my announcement over the favorable telegrams that had come in from the front. The brass bands were out in force, and somebody was making a rousing 'On to Richmond' speech from the balcony of the hotel. I walked into the office, under the sound of his inspiring words, knowing how soon those cheers would be hushed to whispers of affright. Chadwick was keeping the hotel then, and as I pushed up to the desk he stared at me, bareheaded and streaming with dirt and sweat as I was, and finally recognizing me, asked me where I had been, what was the matter.

'I came from the front. McDowell is licked out of his boots, and the wreck of our army is not far behind me.'

Chadwick dived back into his private office with a scared face, and in a few moments came back and took me up with him.

"There sat Gen. Mansfield, who was in command of the troops around Washington, with a bottle of champagne before him.

"'Mr. Chadwick informs me, sir, that you report our army retreating. Are you a military man, sir?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Then how do you know, sir, that they were not merely making a change of front or executing some other military manœuvre, sir?'

"'Well, General,' I replied, as calmly as I could, while the gray-haired old martinet eyed me sternly, 'I saw whole regiments throw down their guns and take to the woods. I saw artillerymen cut their horses loose from the guns and caissons and gallop away. I saw officers, men, Congressmen, and Texas steers running neck and neck down the road toward Washington, and steers were the only things that had their tails up. It may have been a change of front, as you say, but—'

"'I don't believe a damned word of it,' broke in the General, who had listened to me with evident impatience.

"'Good evening,' I replied, and walked out of the door. The crowd had got the news by this time. Tom Chadwick and I was almost pulled to pieces. Somebody noticed that I was wearing a gray suit, and shouted, 'He's a rebel.' There were several suggestions that I be lynched for attempting to stimulate a rising of the rebel element in the city. Gen. Mansfield hurried off to the War Department, and pretty soon a sergeant and a squad of soldiers came for me and took me to the department. President Lincoln and his entire Cabinet were there, with old Gen. Scott, anxiously waiting for news from the front. Simon Cameron had known me as a member of the Legislature and vouched for my loyalty. There was very little said while I told my story briefly.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN DESPONDENT.

"The President sat with his head bent down upon his hand, and was evidently very much depressed. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, was the coolest head in the Cabinet. He immediately consulted with Scott as to hurrying reinforcements across the Potomac, and orders were issued to stop all fugitives at Long Bridge. They asked me very few questions, but after I had told my story and was dismissed the newspaper correspondents nearly devoured me. Just as I came out of the War Department I met one of Gen. McDowell's aids bringing in the report of his commander's defeat. The Government took charge of the telegraph offices and suppressed every word about the final disaster. The glowing reports of the success of the Union forces in the early part of the action were allowed to go out, and the next morning the whole North was ablaze with rejoicing over our victory. The next day the true story was published, however, and I got more notoriety than I have ever had since. I was quoted as an authority in every prominent paper in the country.

All of which proves that Mr. Russell was at the battle of Bull Run, and also that he didn't stay long. ST. GEO.

THE POOL ROOMS CLOSED.

Sheriff Wright of Queens County Stations a Posse in Front of Them.

The pool-selling establishments at Hunter's Point were closed yesterday through the agency of Alonzo Wright, Sheriff of Queens County. A committee of citizens of Long Island City sent a communication to the Sheriff on Thursday asking him to raid the pool rooms, and pledging themselves to pay the necessary expenses of the raid. They said they had given up hoping for action against the pool sellers by the Police Commissioners. The Sheriff summoned a posse of twenty men from various parts of Queens County. They met in Long Island City about noon, and proceeded to the pool rooms. Upon their arrival they found all the places closed and the doors locked. The saloons in the vicinity were filled with men talking and gesticulating. The Sheriff's men were invited to drink, and were soon on terms of libelous familiarity with the pool sellers and pool buyers. They remained in the vicinity of the pool rooms until nearly midnight in order to prevent any attempt at reopening them. Before leaving, the Sheriff warned the pool sellers that if they opened their establishments again he would arrest them and confiscate their property there. He said he was determined to break up the business in Long Island City, and would keep the pool-selling establishments under surveillance until he had accomplished his object.

The rooms of Kelly & Bliss, in the rear of Coroner Robinson's saloon, and those of White, Johnson, and Lovell & Co., were all open at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. It was soon learned that the Sheriff's deputy, who was unwilling to assume the responsibility of raiding the rooms had arrived, but not the Sheriff. This caused some of the patrons of the rooms to remain. Upon the advice of local politicians business was kept up, but upon the approach of the Sheriff they were quickly closed, and remained so during the rest of the day.

While the Sheriff's men were on duty at the rooms a squad of Capt. Wood's policemen unexpectedly appeared marching through Ferry street. They stopped in front of the pool rooms, saying they had been authorized to arrest all persons found selling pools. Their conduct created some merriment, as it was not believed that Capt. Wood was desirous of troubling the rooms. The Sheriff said it was an attempt on the part of the Captain to capture the credit for closing the rooms.

Before undertaking the raid the Sheriff consulted District Attorney Downing. Upon his suggestion the Sheriff thought that a confiscation of the sellers' property, estimated to be worth $50,000, would not be advisable at present. He deemed it sufficient to drive the pool sellers out of the city. If he could not do this by keeping his men stationed near the pool rooms for several days, or a week, if necessary, he would, he said, adopt other measures. The pool sellers appeared demoralized, and declared that they did not intend to continue their business at Hunter's Point.

Very Badly Clubbed.

Eugene Sullivan, better known in the Fourth Ward as Doc Sullivan, was arraigned at the Tombs Police Court yesterday, charged by Policeman Breen with being drunk and disorderly, and with having assaulted him. Breen told Justice Gardner that at 8 o'clock on Friday night, near Oliver and Cherry streets, he found Sullivan fighting with Albert Dexter, a Sandy Hook pilot. Breen ordered Sullivan away, but he would not go. Breen pushed him and he struck Breen. Then Breen clubbed him. Justice Gardner committed Sullivan.

Sullivan's friends, as soon as the prisoner was brought to him, called for Jackson, one of the attending surgeons.

"This is an outrage," said Dr. Jackson, as he dressed the wounds of Sullivan. "I don't know the particulars of the case, but unless a policeman was in danger of his life, I think such a clubbing as this man has received was more than brutal. Such a beating to man should receive attention, where assistance can be readily had. Every day I am summoned to dress club wounds. I don't see why this should be. This case, however, is the most brutal I have seen or known."

Acting Sergeant McGann of the Oak street police said: "Sullivan was brought before me at 8 o'clock on Friday night. I saw that his head was badly cut and called the doctor to examine it. He refused to allow himself to be examined, and would not go to the hospital. At 11 o'clock and again at midnight I examined him, and find my first impression confirmed. Instead of going to the hospital, he would not go. The record shows that throughout the night he refused all assistance."

Political Riot on the Isthmus.

PANAMA, Aug. 17.—An electoral row occurred in Colon on the night of the 15th. The leaders of the defeated party, headed by a man named Prestan, of political and murderous notoriety, began indiscriminate revolver firing in the streets. The police endeavored to check them, but without success. Two innocent canoe men were shot. There were 100 national troops in the city at the time, who had been taken from here to prevent other outbreaks, but they took no hand in matters and remained a mere morning stage. Fearing the consequences, Prestan and his gang took to the woods. He is said to have 100 armed men with him. The principal object of the movement is to secure Mr. Nunez from returning into power as President, to whom office he was elected months ago. Political jealousies and personal animosities have been about to assume a general feeling of disposition has been evident in many of the States, and the countryside is affected the other day in Bogota is already giving evidence that it cannot stand any pressure.

Eloping with a Negro.

PORT JEFFERSON, L. I., Aug. 26.—Miss Fanny Reeves, a white girl, about twenty years old, the daughter of Alexander Reeves, a well-to-do farmer living near Comac, eloped on Thursday night with Charles Jackson, twenty-eight years old, and a full-blooded negro. He has been in Mr Reeves's employ nearly two years. Miss Reeves had been away to boarding school, having returned home a month ago on her vacation. The parents of the young couple were informed of late that an attachment existed between their daughter and Jackson. A note was found in Miss Reeves's room stating that she had gone away with Jackson. It is thought the couple started for New York. A ladder was found under Miss Reeves's bedroom window.

Coaster's Harbor Island Accepted.

NEWPORT, Aug. 26.—Secretary Chandler formally accepted Coaster's Harbor Island this noon in behalf of the United States Government. He was accompanied by his wife, and by Chief Engineer Shock, Chief Naval Constructor Wilson, Mr. Leopold Morse of Boston, Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island and Miller of San Francisco, Gov. Littlefield, and Mayor Franklin of the Newport City government. A salute of 21 guns was fired in honor of the event from the United States ship Kearsarge, which was at the anchorage. After the inspection there was a collation, at which a few remarks were made by Secretary Chandler and by the Mayor of the city.

Indians Becoming Troublesome.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received a telegram from Agent Miles of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian agency in the Indian Territory, in which it is stated that the northern Cheyennes have declared their intention of migrating to the Pine Ridge agency in Dakota regardless of the wishes of the Indian Office in the premises. These Indians had previously requested permission to make the removal to the Pine Ridge agency, but receiving a reply from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, they have resolved to act upon their own responsibility. The Commissioner has the matter under consideration.

The Courtney-Lee Match.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS N. Y., Aug. 26.—Courtney and Lee arrived here with their boats this evening to go into practice for the three-mile race on Canandaraga Lake on Aug. 31. The course has not yet been decided upon. Both men have agreed upon E. D. Brandegee, formerly Captain of the University crew of Harvard, as referee. Ex-Gov. Van Zandt of Rhode Island is chairman of the committee on arrangements, and all details will be perfected on Monday.

MR. BIDDLE'S HANDSOME PRIZE,

Filled with Champagne and Emptied to the Long Branch Gun Club.

The sharp crack of polished shotguns drowned the far-off echo of the rumbling breakers at Deal Beach yesterday. The members of the Long Branch Gun Club were having their sixth annual reunion. From the open pavilion on the roof of the picturesque club house pretty young ladies, clad in bewitching toilets, watched their escorts wing graceful pigeons in their flight. The marksmen soon had the ground strewn with the material for a grand pigeon potpie for the guests at the West End Hotel. The skilled shots of the club entered in friendly competition for a glittering wine bowl of silver and gold, presented by Messrs. Pressbury and Hildreth, and called "The West End Cup."

The match was a handicap rise, ten birds each, released from five traps five yards apart, $5 entrance fee. Sixteen men unpacked their double-barrelled shotguns and engaged in the sport. Referee Salmon ordered out three cages of imprisoned pigeons, and active darkies filled the traps.

Walter G. Murphy, son of the ex-Collector, took his place on the plank platform overlooking the traps. A small boy behind him rattled the ropes, to confuse the marksman, if possible. Then he suddenly pulled open one of the traps, and the feathered prisoner darted off so abruptly that Mr. Murphy's shot scattered harmless in the air. Then he brought nine birds in succession tumbling to the grass.

Arthur Kull, Bowing Association—Bow, J. H. Chumar; E. Bartlett, W. F. B. Walker; stroke, J. A. Hand; coxswain, J. L. Ballantyne. Bayonne Rowing Association—Bow, G. S. Stitt; M. A. Hyatt, John C. McRae; stroke, L. M. Whitehead; coxswain, E. E. Van Buskirk. Staten Island Athletic Club—Bow, W. C. Rowland; W. M. Christopher, W. G. Didrichsen; stroke, C. A. White; coxswain, R. T. P. Fiske. Bayonne finished in 5 minutes 17½ seconds; Arthur Kull, 5:24; Staten Island, 5:32.

The pair-oared race brought out: Staten Island—H. W. J. Telfair, bow; W. J. U. Roberts, stroke; Argonauta—Edward Smith, bow; R. B. Osborne, stroke. The Argonautas slipped by the finish easy winners in 5 min. 26¾ sec.

In the senior single race were E. W. McRae, Bayonne; W. C. Rowland, Staten Island; A. Walker, Argonauta; F. L. Rodewald, Staten Island. McRae finished in 5 min. 39¾ sec.; Walker, 5:47; Rodewald, 6 min.

The final event was for pair-oared gigs among the following crews: Bayonne—Bow, J. C. McRae; stroke, L. M. Whitehead; coxswain, E. E. Van Buskirk. Argonauta—Bow, J. Laubenheimer; stroke, Nat. W. Trask; coxswain, Ed. Smith. Argonauta—Bow, E. P. Allen; stroke, Chas. W. Trask; coxswain, R. C. Annet. Coxswain Annet's crew won in 5 minutes 47¾ seconds. The other Argonauta crew finished in 5:57, with the Bayonne men only half a second later.

ROWING AND DANCING.

The Valencia Boat Club's Afternoon and Evening on the River.

The eighth annual regatta of the Valencia Boat Club took place yesterday in front of Fort Lee Park, on the Hudson. The members of the club and their guests were taken to the park on a barge gayly decorated and provided with a band, which played dance music. The course for the races was one mile from the dock. The single scull race for juniors was won by Clem A. Bugel in 9 minutes 24 seconds, with John H. Croll a close second. The single scull race for seniors was won by H. W. Sagendorf in 14 minutes. H. Weinhagen's shell was swamped on the first quarter, and he went overboard.

The first heat of the pair-oared gig race for juniors was won by Bugel's crew, which had a walk over. The second trial heat was won by F. C. Sagendorf's crew, and the final heat was won by Bugel's crew in 10 min. 36 sec. The pair-oared gig race for seniors was won by H. Weinhagen's crew. Time, 10 min. 42 sec. The four-oared barge race was won by C. J. Schneider's crew in 9 minutes.

The final event was a swimming match of a half mile, in which F. Schultze was the winner. Time, 13 min. 45 sec.

The festivities were concluded with a moonlight excursion up the Hudson.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

Grand Spectacle in Massachusetts Bay—113 Boats Crossing the Line.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Aug. 26.—The greatest regatta for small yachts ever held in Massachusetts Bay was held to-day under the auspices of the Beverly Yacht Club. 113 boats having crossed the line. The largest regatta held previous to this was in 1879, when ninety-nine boats started. All of the craft took a flying start to-day, the first class leaving from a point inside the harbor at 12:36 P. M., and the other four classes following in order after intervals of ten minutes. Among the noted yachts of the first class were the Hera, Shadow, Vohalla, and Magic. The first and second classes took a course of 15¾ miles; the third class, 10½ miles; and the fourth and fifth classes, a 7½ miles course. The wind was light from the east, at the start, but freshened into a good sailing breeze.

There were 151 sail in the harbor, all told. They were nearly all under weigh at the time, and presented one of the grandest spectacles in the annals of yachting. The headlands and wharves of Marblehead and the shores of Marblehead Neck were crowded with spectators. The large schooner Phantom was the judge's boat.

The Western Cricketers Victorious.

The second day's play of the match between the Western Cricketers and the St. George's Club at Hoboken ended with the signal success of the visiting team, who won the match in one inning, with a hundred and fifty odd runs to spare, having got the St. George eleven out in their second innings yesterday for fifty-two runs. Hutchison and Moeran were the only players to score double figures in the innings. Stratford took four wickets for five runs in his innings, and Dale one for two runs. The score of the second day's play is as follows:

ST. GEORGE—SECOND INNINGS.

G. Moore, c. Dulsch, Shaw	2	Saunders, st. Ogden, b.	1
Giles, Jr., b. Shaw	2	Stratford	2
Giles, Sr., b. Shaw	8	Moeran, st. Ogden, b.	1
Hutchison, c. and b. Shaw	5	Stratford	10
Armstrong, b. Tarton	2	Sadler, b. Stratford	0
Hutchinson, st. Ogden, b.	1	Caddehy, not out	2
Stratford	10	Fitt, b. Dale	0
		Byer, J., leg byes, 2	2
Total			52

RUNS EACH WICKET.

Second innings: 3 4 16 21 34 42 47 50 51 52—52

This week three play three grand matches of two days each, beginning on Monday, Aug. 28, with the Pastime Club, of Newark, and on Friday at Hoboken with a combined eleven of St. George, Staten Island, and Manhattan.

Sports at the Printers' Festival.

The summer night's festival of the Printers' Benevolent Association, Philip J. Scannell, President, was held yesterday in Jones's Wood. The grounds were thronged. The feature of the festival was the display of thew and sinew by sedentary men and their offspring. A boys' race, open only to printers' sons, was won by Peter J. Ward. Valentine McHugh came in second. The prize was a silver medal.

The girls' race, face was won by John Doyle, who, weighing 188 pounds, passed W. L. Cox, who was a pound lighter.

Mr. Lance took the gold medal for the one mile walk, open to all comers, in 7 minutes 6 sec. Not was second. The hundred yards run was won by Frank Burr.

The race for ladies' men's was well contested, A. F. Roth winning the first prize, a silver medal, James McCarthy took the second prize, a silver medal.

The last race was for a prize of a valuable gold medal, offered by the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, President. Mr. Lucas, who travelled 8 miles 4 laps, won it. Charles Eldridge, with a quarter of a lap less, was second man, and J. W. Petrie, with 7 miles 5 laps, third.

A Regatta at Greenwood Lake.

An amateur regatta, "open to the world," will be held at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1 and 2, under the auspices of the Greenwood Lake Association. Excursion trains, leaving foot of Chambers street, New York, will be run to the lake on both days, over the New York and Greenwood Lake Railroad.

Sporting Notes.

Patrick Sweeney of Lyceroad and Nevin Boyd of Dublin will, it is announced, fight for $100 a side and the middle weight championship in the latter part of September.

The Brighton Beach Racing Association has ordered that no man or horse that has been ruled off other racecourses in good standing shall start or ride on the Brighton Beach course.

All the stakes have been posted for the all-round athletic contest in which Duncan C. Ross and Donald Dinnie, the Scotch champions, and Thomas F. Leach and James C. Daly, the Irish champions, are to compete for fifteen athletic games at Ivanz park, Philadelphia, on Sept. 6.

At the games of the Original Tobacco Club in Caledonian Park, Jersey City, on Friday, J. T. O'Donnell won the 100-yard dash handicap in 10 seconds, R. Fleiss the ¼ mile run in 54 seconds, R. J. Berry the mile run in 4 minutes 58 seconds, Wm. Boag the 2-mile walk in 16½ minutes, G. Hammel the running high jump by a jump of 5 feet 2 inches, and J. T. O'Donnell the hop, step, and jump, making 38 feet.

A challenge was received at the pigeon headquarters yesterday from Samuel Hunt of Fall Street, New York, wherein he offers to fly a young bird owned by him, bred in the Francis Whiteley loft, Newark, in April, 1882, against any bird owned by any fancier in Newark. Francis Whiteley accepted the $250 a side, or he will fly upon the same terms a bird of his own raising, and if Newark fanciers will not accept them, he will make the same offers to New York fanciers.

CLOSE OF THE SARATOGA RACES.

Thora Beaten by Lida Stanhope in the Best Time on Record.

SARATOGA, Aug. 26.—The racing meeting of 1882 ended to-day. The attendance was large, and the betting brisk. The first race was a mile dash, which resulted in a victory for Monarch, the favorite, who finished a length in front of Wedding Day. Force was third, and Springfield last. Time, 1:44. Mutuals, $9.60.

The leading event of the day came next—the Baden-Baden Handicap, a sweepstakes of $50 each, or only $20 if declared out; with $1,800 added, of which $300 to the second, and the third to save his stake; three miles. Of thirty-seven subscribers the following came to the post: Thora, 117 lbs.; Ella Warfield, 93; Bushwhacker, 101; Lida Stanhope, 102, and Checkmate, 118. Granger and Tom Plunkett, who were named to start, were scratched. In the pools Thora sold for $500, Checkmate $170, Bushwhacker $150, Ella Warfield $160, and Lida Stanhope $170.

Blaylock took the track and made the running with Bushwhacker, setting a fair rattling pace. The other jockeys had orders to play a waiting race. Two miles were run, with Bushwhacker acting as pilot and Checkmate in the second place, three lengths behind and two lengths in front of Thora, who was running with her mouth wide open. Ella Warfield ran at Thora's flank, and Lida Stanhope was running free under a steady pull, nose and tail with Ella Warfield. After passing the stand the second time Frank Shauer hustled up with Ella Warfield, and at the quarter post Thora was also sent along. Shauer waited patiently until fairly straightened out in the backstretch; then he began to ride Lida Stanhope as only an artist can ride. He had Thora beaten at the half-mile post, and in a few more strides was clear of the field. Ella Warfield had considerable speed in reserve, and when well into the homestretch she began a run which brought Shauer to the whip abreast of the eighth post. The pair fought it, with Bushwhacker in close proximity, to the distance stand, where Lida Stanhope came away and was landed a winner by a scant two lengths in front of Ella Warfield, a length in front of Bushwhacker third, and he four lengths in advance of Thora fourth, with Checkmate last. Time, 3:25. The fastest on record by a quarter of a second. First quarter, 29¼; half mile, 57¾; three-quarters mile, 1:26; mile, 1:53; mile and a quarter, 2:20¾; mile and a half, 2:47¾; mile and three-quarters, 3:15; two miles, 3:40; two miles and a quarter, 4:07; two miles and a half, 4:33; two miles and three-quarters, 4:59; three miles, 5:25. French pools paid $25.50.

The third race was a consolation purse for horses which were beaten and had not won a race at Saratoga in 1882; one mile and a furlong. Patti won by a neck from Standoff, who was a head in front of Kennassw. John Sullivan finished fourth, Bonnie Castle fifth, and Long Taw last. Time, 1:57½. Mutuals, $21.60.

The day's sport ended with a handicap steeplechase for all ages, fractional course No. 2, about three miles and a half. The starters were Turfman, Rose, and Annette. Rose won, Turfman finishing second. Annette fell at a hurdle in the last field, and her jockey was severely injured. Time, 2:55. French pools paid $22.40.

Winners at Brighton Beach.

The first race at Brighton Beach yesterday, for a purse of $300, for all ages, one mile and an eighth, had five starters. Katie Creel sold at $70; Blue Lodge, $40; field, $20. Katie Creel won, Camillus second, Skylark third. Time, 1:57¾. Mutuals paid $9.45.

The second race, for a purse of $300, one mile, had eight starters. Little Fred sold at $300; Tug Wilson, $90; Ida B., $65; field, $105. Tug Wilson won, Little Fred and Major Hughes made a dead heat for second place. Time, 1:49. Mutuals paid $40.95.

The third race, for a purse of $300, for all ages, one mile, had four starters. Pope Leo sold at $150; Bouncer, $75; field, $80. Bouncer won, Rule Boy second, Pope Leo third. Time, 2:14. Mutuals paid $16.85.

The fourth race, for a purse of $300, for all ages, one and an eighth, had five starters. Babcock sold at $300; Monk, $100; field, $70. Babcock won; La Gloria second, Leviathan third. Time, 2:00¼. Mutuals paid $7.10.

The fifth race, for a purse of $250, handicap, one mile and a half over six hurdles, had five starters. Mrs. Chubbs sold at $150; Falconbridge, $100; Belle of the North, $60; field, $70. Belle of the North won; Falconbridge second, Mrs. Chubbs third. Time, 2:35. Mutuals paid $20.

Courtney Accused of Selling the Race.

AUBURN, Aug. 26.—The *Advertiser* will say that Courtney told his friends that he was going to win at Saratoga, and they backed him heavily in the pool box. The Union Springs people lost thousands, one young man's losses reaching $4,000. All the sporting men here pronounce the race a piece of jobbery.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales Aug. 26.

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

20 U. S. 4s, c.	120	2 Tenn. 6s, old	54
10 U. S. 4s, r.	120	30 Tenn. comp. bds.	33

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000s).

1 Atch. C. & P. 1st	92	5 M. & St. P. 1st C. & P. W.	103
5 Ches. & O. gen.	93½	1 Mil. S. & W. 1st	101
25 Chic. & Alt. cur.	51@51¼	1 Norf. & W. con. 1	102½
11 C. B. & Q. 7s	127¼	3 Nor. Pac. 1st	104
10 Col. Coal 1st	80	6 Norf. & W. con. 1	102½
1 Ch. St. L. & N. Os	105	25 N. Y. Ch. & St. L. 1st	103
1 Ch. St. P. M. & O.	119	1 N. Y. L. E. & W.	83¼@83½
36 Con. R. & G. con.	96	19 N. Y. L. E. & W. 2d	97@97¼
3 Del. & Hud. 7s	140	1 N. Y. Cent. 1st c.	112½
1 Del. L. & W. Tex. 1st	112	1 N. Y. L. E. 1st	113½
1 Hous., E. & W. Tex. 1st	102	5 Ohio Cen. inc.	33
1 Ill. Cen. leas.	137½	1 Rome, W. & O. inc.	32
11 Kan. Pac. cons.	104	1 Rich. & All. 1st	51½
1 Kans. & Tex. con.	1 65½	1 St. L. & S. F. 1st cl. A	115
1 Mich. Cen. 7s	126	1 Tex. Pac. 1st	91½
1 Mil. Un. Tel.	76½	3 Wab. 1st	31½
2 Nat. El. 1st	99½	3 Un. Pac. L. G.	115
1 Nat. Un. Tel.	78½	3 Un. Pac. L. G.	115

RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES.

Railroads, &c.		1100 Mut. Un. Tel.	26½@25½
200 Ala. G. S.	38	400 Nash. & Chat.	78½
200 C., C., C. & I.	78	840 N. Y. Cent.	112@112¼
2800 Can. south.	52@53	3640 North. Pac.	40½@40¾
800 Cent. N. J.	56@56½	840 N. Pac. pf.	81½@81¾
2700 Ches. & O.	33@33½	1000 Ohio & Miss.	34@34½
810 Ch., B. & Q.	134½@134¾	1630 N. Y. Chic. & St. L.	16½@16¾
100 Ch. & Alt.	128	4000 N. Y. Chic. & St. L. pf.	36@36½
27 do pf.	86½	6400 Omaha	35½@35¾
1200 Del. L. & W.	117@118½	3950 Omaha pf.	112½@112¾
17100 Del., Lack. & W.	143½@142¾	1000 Ontario	25@25½
5080 Den. & R. G.	57½@56¾	100 Or. R. & N.	57½
4780 Ill. Cent.	138½@138	900 Oregon Nav.	120½@120
1000 Ind., Bl. & W.	25½@25	1000 Oregon Ry. & Nav.	47½
250 L. Erie, Va. & Ga.	10½	2250 Or. & Trans.	54½@54
100 L. Tenn. Va. & Ga.	11½	125 Pac. Mail	47½@47
100 do pf.	31½	1000 Pacific of Mo.	37½@37
200 Evans. & T. H.	70½	300 Rich. & Al.	114½@114
1200 Ill. & St. Jo.	20	600 Rich. & Pitts.	27½@26½
100 do pf.	55½@54½	1000 Reading	40½
100 Ind., Bl. & W.	44½@44	200 Rome, W. & O.	130½@130
100 Ill. Cent.	138½@138½	100 Rich. & W. P. T.	36½
1000 Kan. & Tex.	12½@12	10 St. L. & S. F.	125
100 do pf.	35½@35	1000 St. P., M. & M.	140
100 L. E. & West.	36	100 do pf.	140½@140¼
3120 Lake Sh.	111½@110	100 Scioto Val.	40
3130 Lou. & N.	77½@76	100 Second Av.	14
1000 Mob. & Ala.	77@76	1400 Tex. Pac.	30½@29
100 Long Isl.	50	2100 Wab. & Pac.	31½@31
800 Mo. Pac.	108½@108	1000 do pf.	61½@61
100 Nat. Un. Tel.	78½	1000 West. Pac.	14
2400 Mich. Cen.	92½@91	1000 West. Un. Tel.	78½@78
500 Mich. Pen.	122@120	*Coal Companies.*	
500 Minn. & St. L.	2½@2	1000 Consolidated	8½@8½

CLOSING PRICES.

C. & A. pf.	90½	Mil. & St. Paul	110½
Ches. & O.	33½	do pf.	141
do 1st pf.	51½	Mob. & Ala.	77
do 2d pf.	34½	Mob. & Ohio	40
Chic. & Alt.	128	Nash. & Chat.	78½
do pf.	136	N. Y. Central	112
Chicago & A.	42	N. Y. Chic. & St. L.	16½
Canada South	52½	do 1st pf.	113
C., C., C. & I.	78	do 2d pf.	103
C., R. I. & P.	124	Norf. & W. pref.	50
C., C. & I. C. & I.	75	Nor. Pacific	40
Clev. & P