# THE SCHUETZENFEST.

**The Nature of the Festival—Excursion Down the Bay—Jones' Wood Yesterday—The Exhibition of Prizes—The Route of the Procession—Proceedings To-Day.**

"Here is the day" sings Rienzi in the second act Wagner's opera of that name, and the active members of the Schuetzenfest committees will rise this morning with like exclamation. Months of hard labor will culminate to-day in the grand opening procession and the reception banquet at Jones' Wood and beginning of the contest, which is to last through the week. From present appearances it is almost certain that this festival will be one of the grandest ever held in the city, and that a larger number of people will participate in it than have at any other public occasion in this country heretofore. And this is as it should be. The Schuetzenfest has more importance in a national view than most of the other festivals to which we have become accustomed of late. They originated in Switzerland, a country where, as with ourselves, republican institutions are cherished by the people, and the practice of monarchical governments to keep and maintain large standing armies is not only disapproved but abandoned. The defence of the country is confided to the citizens, who, as the militia of the State, are called into active service in cases of need. We need not remind the reader of the fact—for during the late war we have had sad proof of it—that to make this system of military defence effective it is necessary that the people should be skilled in the use of arms, and especially of the musket or rifle. Hence our own constitution prohibits the passage of any law abridging "the right of the people to bear and keep arms," and hence the Swiss, for a similar purpose, generations ago instituted this annual trial of skill, and the excellence of Swiss marksmen has become almost proverbial. Considering the importance and tendency of the Schuetzenfest in this light, we hope to see in the greatest success ever achieved in this country, and wish that all classes of our people, of whatever nationality, far and near, take active part to make it so.

STEAMBOAT EXCURSION YESTERDAY DOWN THE BAY AND UP THE HUDSON.

Before ten o'clock yesterday those of the delegates to the Schuetzenfest who choose to exchange the dust and heat of the city for the breezy and beautiful in the harbor and the bay sailed from the foot of Barclay street in two barges away towards Sandy Hook, skirting Coney Island, touching at Staten Island, and returning to the waters of the Hudson in the evening. The boats left Eighth street originally, stopped for a brief time at pier No. 4, and pulled up at the foot of Barclay street to receive all the late comers. The New York Schuetzen Corps, under command of Captain Gerdes, did the chaperoning part, and, together with about a hundred of the delegates and as many more fair and fervent maids and matrons, comprised the company that essayed to fulfil the second part in the Schuetzenbund programme. The bay looked lovely, the sky deeply darkly blue, and the wind, freshening up at intervals, made people feel cool and things look pleasant. Add to this a band of music and a well contented company, and the heavens for the nonce appeared to smile propitiously. Some of the delegates hailed from the craggy country of William Tell, and carried in their hathands sprigs of the national flowers of Switzerland; others hailed immediately from the West, but had never been in the Empire City before, and of course were both bewildered and delighted, as strangers ever must be with the wonderful variety that marks the harbor and surroundings of New York. There was no crowding—plenty of room prevailed, and dancing became a temptation impossible to resist. Waltzes and quadrilles formed the staple amusement, relieved at judicious intervals by a free circulation of the beverage that cheers the Teutonic soul and sometimes deranges the physical being. Out in the bay, the top-heavy barges sailed unsteadily on the uneasy waters, and in swaying from side to side gave a delightful variety to the figures of the dance, introducing steps of quite an exhilarating character. Nobody became sick, and if anybody did the barge, and not the billow, was to blame. Every here and there a group of strangers had an attentive cicerone who pointed out the Clove and Total—the clam coast of Coney Island, the big gun at Fort Hamilton, or the creeping outline of Sandy Hook. At Staten Island the company debarked and were received by the Liederkranz and Quartett societies, which formed into line in the rear of the visitors and marched through an unmistakably Teutonic quarter of Sobyer Park, where lunch was provided, and where the courageous proprietor of the luncheon house got himself immured in jail for regaling his visitors with lager. There was a quick demolition of the eatables, and then followed that supremely felicitous feature of German social life, an informal conversazione in the open air, under the cool shade of the trees, around a lot of plain deal tables, with men, women and children in one great group, talking, laughing, smoking and drinking beer with a delicious appreciation of its humanizing influence. Everybody being satisfied and more or less saturated, the order to fall in was suggested by the indefatigable master of the ceremonies, Mr. Barcucke, and a safe return to the boat accomplished. Then came another sail, and another dance, and another distribution of lager, and, Bedloe's and Governor's islands being passed, it was resolved to explore the beauties of the Hudson above Fort Lee. That classic ground was touched at, and after a really pleasant day the party returned to New York and separated for their respective homes.

JONES' WOOD YESTERDAY.

Jones' Wood looked beautiful yesterday. The immense building, intended for the Fest Halle, is complete in all its arrangements, and the decorations are plain, but appropriate and pleasing to the eye. In a less forward state is the shooting stand. The accident on Friday last, and the time and labor consumed in removing the debris of the portion of the trellis fence which fell and to repair it, have retarded the completion of the entire structure. It is hoped that by to-day at noon the whole will be finished, nevertheless, though arrangements have been made, should it prove impossible to complete it by that time, to commence the target practice to-morrow morning, instead of at three o'clock this afternoon, as originally fixed; but this postponement is to be had only in case of utter and unavoidable necessity, and the committee will do everything in their power to prevent it. The prize temple is also nearly completed, and will be radiant with all the costly gold and silver presents to be exhibited in it in the course of the festival. It is of pleasing architectural construction, and the only complaint to be made against it is its size, but when projected no one of the committee could expect such general popularity of the festival among the citizens, and no one could divine that such a large number of gifts would be donated for honorary prizes. The best thing the committee could do would be to erect a large tent near this prize temple and exhibit part of the gifts in it, for if they persist in placing them all inside of this small octagon structure not one hundredth part of the persons anxious to see them will be able to do so, for six will make a crowd and a dozen create a perfect jam.

If we can judge of the prospective success of the Schuetzenfest in regard to the number of people who may be expected to throng the grounds, from the large crowd of visitors who were there yesterday, we may safely presume that it will be immense. More than ten thousand people visited Jones' Wood in the course of the day, and from noon till evening there was not a moment that from two to three people could not be seen inspecting the improvements, and all (at least in so far as our reporter could hear) expressed themselves delighted with the arrangements. Even the "Big Judge," Police Justice Michael Connolly, who claims to have been elected to, but meekly counted out of, the office of Sheriff, was there viewing the grounds in order, perhaps, that a correct knowledge of the locality may enable him better to judge of the offence of any malefactor, should any be brought before him during the festival. One of the arrangements seemed to meet with special favor. This was that behind the usual entrance gate to Jones' Wood a space of about an acre is enclosed, separating it from the Wood, and making it, as it were, a kind of inner vestibule. From this enclosed space a gothic archway, decorated with flags and pine branches, leads to the interior or the *Fest Grand* proper. Only foot passengers will be allowed through this gate, all carriages being excluded, they having a separate place provided where they may wait.

The committees were again in session yesterday at the Jones' Wood Hotel, and the following rules to be observed by the sharpshooters were perfected and will be promulgated to-day:—

1. No one will be admitted to the shooting hall except sharpshooters.
2. The rifles are to be held upright by the sharpshooters resting on and from the target stands.
3. In the arms' rack the rifles will be arranged by ranks and are to be used in accordance with this arrangement.
4. Sharpshooters will not be authorized to shoot unless they have deposited on the shooting table, or with the warner, their respective shooting tickets or double marks.
5. Sharpshooters will quit the shooting hall immediately after their rifles shall have twice missed fire.
6. All rights to be gained by a shot are forfeited when a sharpshooter rests his rifle while firing a shot.
7. The burning out of rifles is to be conducted with the utmost caution.
8. A committee will be appointed for trying and punishing unfairness in shooting.
9. Sharpshooters are requested to submit without reserve to the foregoing regulations.

MAX RORDENTHAU, Secretary Shooting Committee.

In the Hotel building itself a commodious parlor, on the second floor, is reserved for the Reception Committee and the honorary guests of distinction and official position, and a room is also set apart, to be furnished with tables, inkstands, pens and paper, for the exclusive use of members of the press, where they may write and despatch their reports without intrusion. We may mention here that the West is represented by three editors—Mr. Carl Daenzer, of the *Anzeiger*, of St. Louis; Mr. C. Boeckster, of the Chicago *Times*, and Mr. F. Merz, of the Indianapolis daily *Telegraph*.

THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

The committee of the House of Representatives, accompanied by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, arrived yesterday morning on the seven o'clock train from Washington. The following gentlemen compose it:—Norman B. Judd, W. H. Robertson, J. F. Knott, N. G. Ordway, James A. Garfield, G. S. Orth, John W. Chanler and C. C. Washburn. They were informally received by Mr. George Knoeler, Chairman of the Committee of Reception, at the depot. The official reception by the committee of honorary members appointed for that purpose will take place this morning at their hotel, whence they will be escorted to the Everett House, the official headquarters of the honorary members. Governor Fenton is also in town, so it was reported to the committee last evening, and will positively attend to-day.

THE EXHIBITION OF PRIZES.

The large vestibule on the second floor of Steinway Hall building was well filled during the whole of the day yesterday and until ten at night with visitors to look at and examine the prizes donated to the Schuetzenfest, which were there exhibited. The collection was, for the first time, complete, and represented a money value of over $30,000. Some tradespeople seized upon the occasion and presented articles either of their own manufacture or in their special line of trade, with a view to obtain a gratuitous advertisement. Most of these contributions belong to the least valuable class. The handsomest gifts are from societies in this city and all parts of the country, and from private gentlemen seeking no selfish advantage by appearing to be generous. A small admission fee, ten cents, was charged yesterday, and $107 was received, showing that one thousand and seventy persons visited the exhibition. This amount will be handed over to the widow of the man killed last Friday by the accident at Jones' Wood.

THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-DAY—THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

The order of proceedings for to-day is:—First, the grand procession. In yesterday's HERALD we published the official order of procession, its classification by divisions, the names of the marshals, their assistants and adjutants. With reference to this the correction should be noted that in place of Mr. Paul Schulze, whose presence is necessarily required at Jones' Wood as superintending architect, Mr. Charles Klein was substituted yesterday as marshal of the Fifth division, with Messrs. Liebmann, Jr., and A. Wunsch as assistants. Also that the officers of the Continental Guard will march immediately in front of the veterans. The whole column is to proceed in half instead of full distances—that is, twelve paces instead of twenty-four between each division and sub-division. At seven o'clock all the several societies, delegations, regiments and companies will assemble at their respective headquarters and march thence to the designated rendezvous. The Chief Marshal and staff will meet in Tompkins, and the several divisions will form into line on the cross streets from Fourth to Tenth streets, the right wing of each resting on Second avenue. At precisely half-past eight o'clock A. M. the whole column will move down Third avenue and the Bowery to Canal street, across to Broadway, up to Union square, around the Park in the square, past the Everett House, where it will be reviewed by the Governor, the Congressional Committee, the Mayors of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark and Hoboken, the Common Council of New York, the Board of Supervisors, the county officers, the Judges of our courts and many other invited and distinguished guests. From the point of review the procession will turn into Fourth avenue and march down to Tenth street, thence to avenue C, going thence into Eighth street, and in that street to the East river, when all, except the military, will embark on steamboats and proceed to Jones' Wood. They will pass the Everett House between half-past nine and ten o'clock A. M., and arrive at the wood about one o'clock P. M., at which hour the official opening banquet will commence. It is arranged that the regular toasts will be responded to successively by Mr. P. F. Steffen, the president of the Schuetzenbund; Mr. Norman B. Judd, Chairman of the Congressional Committee; Governor Fenton, Mayor Hoffman, Mr. Mutschlechner, of Chicago, last year president of the bund; the Prussian Minister to the United States, Baron von Gerolt; the Consul General of Switzerland at Washington, Mr. John Hitz; the Austrian Consul General, Ritter von Loosey, and Mr. Ottendorfer. At the banquet a cable despatch will be read, received yesterday from Hamburg, containing the fraternal greeting of that old Hanseatic city to the sharpshooters of America, as follows:—

HAMBURG, June 28, 1868.

TO THE AMERICAN NATIONAL SHOOTING FESTIVAL AT NEW YORK:—

Hail, Columbia's Sons! May success crown your manly sport. HAMBURG RIFLES.

It is proposed, but not yet definitely resolved, to answer this despatch by one sent directly from the banquet. A proposition to connect the banqueting hall or the Press Committee room by a wire with the telegraphic system of the country is under consideration and may yet be carried out by to-morrow afternoon.

There will also be, during the afternoon and evening, military evolutions of the Turner Cadets, tight rope performance by Leslie, concert at the Grand Hall, open air concerts on the two platforms, fireworks and illumination of the wood with lanterns and calcium lights.

# THE PRIZE RING.

**A Gamely Contested Battle Near Dutch Kills, L. I.—One Hundred and Four Rounds Fought in One Hour and Forty Minutes.**

The battle between Yellow Davis and Tim Crowley, both of this city, which has excited considerable interest in up town sporting circles, came off near Dutch Kills, Long Island, at daylight yesterday morning. For a long time past the athletes named were desirous of testing their physical prowess in the ring, not so much for money as for glory, and their respective friends a few days ago met and made arrangements for a mill, subscribing a purse of $100 for the victor in the contest.

Shortly after eleven o'clock on Saturday night the principals, seconds and their friends, numbering several hundred persons, reached Hunter's Point and made the National Hotel their place of rendezvous, and at break of day all started for the battle ground near the Dutch Kills tollgate.

At ten minutes before four o'clock both men stepped into the roped arena in fighting trim, and presented so fine an appearance that the large assemblage cheered them lustily. Davis weighed 150 pounds and Crowley 160. The former was seconded by Johnny Drumgoole and Teddy McAuliffe, and the latter by Mike Coburn and Pat Barrett.

After the usual preliminaries both combatants met in the centre of the ring, shook hands cordially and immediately set to work. At this time bets were even, but from the second to the twentieth round Davis exhibited so much skill and pluck, being awarded the first blood and the first knock down, that large odds were risked upon him. After the twentieth round, however, he showed signs of exhaustion, while Crowley appeared to be as vigorous as ever. But the fight continued, both men showing the utmost game, until the 104th round, when the referee declared Crowley the victor in consequence of a foul blow delivered by Davis.

The crowd then quietly dispersed, having behaved themselves in an unusually quiet manner throughout the whole mill, which occupied one hour and forty minutes. The arrangements for the fight were so quietly conducted that the police were entirely ignorant of it until all was over. Both men were terribly punished, one of them requiring assistance to leave the ring, while the other staggered forward unsteadily without help.

**Mill Between Two Jersey Blues—Thirty-three Rounds Fought in an Hour and Eleven Minutes.**

Yesterday morning a merry combat took place between two powerful individuals, who, though not professional pugs, are of pugnacious propensities, and well adapted by their respective muscular development to contend according to the conditions of the prize ring. The names of these personages are Horace W. Vinton, a resident of Hudson City, and William Stackmaster, who lives in Jersey City. Both men are equal in age, weight and size, each being thirty years old, and weighing nearly two hundred pounds. Accompanied by their respective friends, both parties assembled in lager beer saloons near the Five Corners in Hudson City, at eleven o'clock on Saturday night. At four o'clock yesterday morning all hands proceeded to a secluded spot two miles northwest of Pen-Horn, near the Hackensack river. A twenty-four foot ring was then marked out, and after ceremoniously performing the usual preliminaries, the gigantic pair stood face to face, with full determination to satisfy the animosity which has for a long time existed between them. Vinton won the choice of corners; seconds were selected; a rum seller from Jersey city was chosen referee; time was called and the battle commenced. From the first to the tenth round Stackmaster had the fight his own way, and betting was strong in his favor. The succeeding rounds to the twenty-second were contested without any signal gain by either party; but towards the close Vinton seemed to regain his vigor and threw his opponent repeatedly. The betting then turned in his favor; yet both men were terribly punished and showed signs of evident weakness. Stackmaster's head was fearfully swollen and Vinton's eyes were almost closed. A more orderly crowd never was seen before at a prize fight, and blind prejudice seemed to possess no one. At the thirty-fourth round both men refused to come to time, Vinton's ribs being broken and his opponent having been beaten to nearly similar inability. The referee, by unanimous consent pronounced the fight a draw, and the parties began to depart from the field. Before six o'clock all persons were near their homes and the pugilists placed under medical treatment.

**THE STEAMSHIPS CRESCENT CITY AND GEORGE CROMWELL.**

STEAMSHIP GEORGE CROMWELL, June 28, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I notice in your edition of to-day that "in a race between the steamships George Cromwell and Crescent City, from New Orleans to New York, the George Cromwell was beaten eighteen and a half hours, and that upwards of ten thousand dollars were pending on the result." Will you allow me to state that the George Cromwell made only her usual running speed from New Orleans to New York, and that I have no knowledge whatever of there having been any money at stake on the speed of either vessel. Also that the Crescent City left New Orleans forty-five minutes ahead of the George Cromwell, crossing the bar at Southwest Pass without detention, while the George Cromwell was detained four hours on the bar, and arrived at her wharf eight hours after the Crescent City. R. H. ALLEN,

Master steamship George Cromwell.

BEAR CAUGHT.—On Friday last a black bear was caught in a trap near the Grafton House, West Thornton, N. H. He weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and was caught in the same place and by the same man who last year caught one weighing four hundred and fifty pounds. Bears are reported as being troublesome among the lambs in that vicinity.

# SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AND EXCURSIONS.

A clear blue sky, flecked with occasional fleecy clouds, a warm, bright sun and an atmosphere tempered by a gentle and exhilarating breeze, afforded a most agreeable opportunity to work-worn and dust-begrimed metropolitans to breathe fresh air, and they were in no wise unwilling to avail themselves of the recreative Sunday excursions which enterprising steamboat proprietors had announced for yesterday.

All the pleasing little riverside towns that dot the banks of the beautiful Hudson for a distance of sixty miles were invaded yesterday by swarms of New Yorkers, while the villages that skirt the shores of Long Island Sound and the islands that loll on the surface of the lower bay were visited by thousands of pleasure seekers who preferred the stiff salt breeze of the Atlantic to the bucolic scenery and forest perfumed, though less vigorous, airs that play along the crests of the barrivered Highlands and wood-crowned summits of the Catskills abutting upon the river's brink. Early morning witnessed parties astir with baskets and satchels from which the corners of white cloths and cork-plugged bottle necks protruded, and intuitively suggested that the owners were not unmindful of the fact that restaurateurs on excursions and picnics are frequently very exorbitant, even though their bills of fare generally comprise little more than piebelan lager and sandwiches. Groups, embracing every nationality, several positive colors and a multiplicity of shades of complexion, all heights, ages, sexes and conditions of persons, brigaded themselves on the piers, and, amid the jangling of tongues and steamboat bells and the shrill shriek of steam whistles, whose warning throats made the "fair, fat and forty" element move with momentum of no questionable degree, though at the sacrifice of the ideal ease and grace of pleasure lovers, were hustled on board the vessels and borne away on the waters in search of the relaxation which the city even on the quiet Sabbath does not afford to its inhabitants.

And at last night came, and the piers witnessed again the bustle and confusion that had characterized the morning start. The "fair, fat and forty" element, and the less obese excursionists alike, wend homeward with deliberate step, tired of the pleasures they had so eagerly grasped in the morning, each having done their utmost to fatigue themselves in the pursuit of happiness, and having also in most cases succeeded so admirably as to become anxious to reach the homes they had so willingly quitted a few hours before.

**Staten Island.**

Truly, the harbor of our metropolis is probably one of the most beautiful in the world, and certainly, with respect to this Continent, occupies the position which distinguishes Naples among the cities of Europe. From that most distant point, where the homeward bound vessel is first gladdened by the cry of "land, ho!" a series of magnificent pictures is evoked in its progress, until the anchor has been lowered beneath the shadows of quarantine. On every side, and from every point of view, the scenery of Staten Island affords material for a myriad of pictures, which might be multiplied almost to infinity. From the Narrows upward to where the island rests like a huge sentinel guarding the city, the luxuriant hillside presents a most picturesque appearance, with the white walls of its towns, cottages and club houses gleaming out from the midst of a rich vegetation. The fortifications, at times almost overrun with foliage, possess historic importance, as do many points of the surrounding country. Nature has done much for Staten Island, and the taste and wealth of its inhabitants have contributed to render it one of the pleasantest summer resorts on our coast. There yesterday, the temperature of the city being severe, thousands of our inhabitants, that they might not suffer figuratively as did the martyr St. Lawrence, fled away to its cosey retreats. Once gained, they renounced their Mephistophelian mood, voting the "precession of the equinoxes," or whatever else the scientific men call it, meaner than a Fourth of July procession, and took themselves to swallowing at first glasses of lager, and after the police, in carrying out the provisions of the Excise law, had placed an estoppel upon that nervy liquid, experimented in emptying tumblers of soda. As evening came on, and the luxury of the several charming parks grew somewhat less, thousands wandered near the shore, adding to the pleasure of the hour in viewing the broad sails piled aloft on ships passing up and wending their way through quite a fleet of yachts and smaller boats that coquettishly darted to the shore and again out on the broad bay. All was pleasant amid the great crowd, and, so far as practicable to note, Sunday was passed on Staten Island by many thousands with that degree of pleasure long to be remembered.

**On the Coney Island Road.**

The bright atmosphere, the cool breeze, the nodding tree tops and the general gay and summer like aspect of all nature without doors were too strong inducements to be resisted in Brooklyn yesterday while so many splendid avenues for enjoyment, health and recreation remain open to travel. Of the latter, however, the far famed Coney Island road is decidedly the best and therefore the most popular. Eight miles of finer course it would, indeed, be difficult to find than this, the favorite sea beach thoroughfare. Then the terminus of the road, too, presents the delightful luxury of a dash among the breakers as they come chasing each other in, propelled by old "Father Neptune," along the white glistening sandy beach, as if specially increased in size and force to welcome and invigorate the toilers of the dust burdened city and recompense them for their pains in thus journeying and generously seeking the acquaintance of the watery element.

But be that as it may it is certain that there was a very full turnout on the Coney Island plank road yesterday afternoon, that the dust flew in clouds, that horses, moderately quick in pace, were kept well up to their "best"—rarely, however, making 2:40—that vehicles of every size and description, filled with joyous couples, threes and fours (according to the capacity of the conveyance), jostled along; that the utmost jollity prevailed and fresh air and exercise were had by the fortunate participants. The horse cars were more than crowded—that is to say, they were literally loaded down, roof and all being in numerous instances taken possession of by the would-be excursionists—anyhow class; or, in other words by such as were bound to go to Coney Island some way or other, regardless of their own or their neighbors' convenience or inconvenience. The water carts were kept going constantly along the road, and tended much to allay the dust. It would be as well, perhaps, should the Prospect Park Commissioners increase the number of water carts in that park, and thereby save annoyance to pedestrians along the drive who are now subjected to much grievance from the want of such means to subjugate the revolutionary particles that are wafted about by every breeze and kept in a chronic state of agitation by the grinding wheels of passing vehicles.

**The Day in Hoboken.**

Hoboken, the great lager fountain—the only locality contiguous to New York where thirsty pilgrims can be refreshed with the stimulating beverage. Prohibitory laws have never profaned this shrine, and there is no spot even in Fatherland where the Teuton can enjoy such a holiday over frothy mugs. The Legislature of New Jersey has been almost defied, and Hoboken has come always victorious out of a struggle in which the more important, though not more thriving, Jersey City has been vanquished. It is a great triumph for the rumsellers, for the ferry company, for pickpockets and for rowdies. It proves troublesome to a police force on one side and profitable to a similar squad on the other side, who would otherwise have been left "out in the cold" for want of something to do. Of sixteen thousand persons who crossed the Hoboken ferry yesterday fully seven thousand betook themselves to a German festival in Hudson City; the others scattered over the Elysian Fields or reposed in the shade at several places on the river side. No other district in the neighborhood of the metropolis affords such a varied and delightful prospect. Our citizens travel several miles on Sundays to Staten Island and the suburbs of New York and Brooklyn to enjoy scenery inferior in many points to that afforded around the little city at the foot of the hill opposite New York. It is quite true that the very proximity itself argues the presence of thieves and pickpockets, but it is equally true that theft and rumdemism meet exemplary punishment under the Jersey code. A gang of four young pickpockets, whose faces are familiar to the patrolmen of the Eighteenth ward of New York, and none of whom exceeded sixteen years of age, was posted on the ferryboat Morristown yesterday afternoon, but they met with no success. They were careful not to advance on Jersey soil, and finally at a quarter past six they left in disgust and took a Sixth avenue car, where they hoped, no doubt, to be more successful. Just such young clodhoppers fill our jails and deter many a toilworn mechanic from rusticating one day in the seven with his household lest they might be entrapped. With thieves, rowdies and gluttons thrown out of the account, what enjoyment attends a retreat in this favored spot when there are no clouds, no storm, no dripping rain, but all calm and sunshine! The enchanting verdant enclosure known as the Elysian Fields is to Hoboken what the Central Park is to New York and Prospect Park to Brooklyn; nay, much more, for the view in the former case is incomparable. If such a spot be not the theme of admiration it is because it does not lie twenty or thirty miles from the metropolis; for "distance lends enchantment to the view" and "familiarity breeds contempt." If such a spot existed, say in Rockaway, that now neglected village would rival successfully long Branch or Cape May.

**Central Park.**

The older the Park grows the quicker its embellishments are being completed, the more is its last increasing beauty relished by its thousands of frequenters. Unquestionably it will soon eclipse anything of the kind on the globe, and the speedier that happy consummation is brought about the better, in order that New York may stand unrivalled in that respect, as, indeed, it does in many other commendable features. It would almost seem that at every visit some novelty, however simple in its arrangement, captivates the eye of the visitor, while the same good order and the wonted aspect of finish render it a pleasure to tread its paths. No wonder, then, that it should form a favorite haunt, a resting place where, shut out from the busy hum and turmoil of the city, free from the din and money-making clamor, one may recline in peace beneath its shady groves and ponder on the things that are to be. It is a positive relief to ramble through its many winding ways, slowly, pensively, yet lightsome and hearty, wondering all the while whither this path leads, doubtful, yet with a courageous venture plunging through the multiplying routes with a willingness fully recompensed by the delightful promenade. Of all other days, Sunday is a festive one at the Park—not festive in point of boisterous revelry, but harmonious and pleasant in its solitude. The attendance yesterday was, if possible, larger than any preceding occasion during the present summer, and never were shady branches more serviceable to the crowds who sought their shelter from the darting rays of the glorious sun. Shortly after mid-day pedestrians wended their way in all directions, loitering here and gazing there, and in fact doing the matter on the most approved constitutional principles. If the weather at times was too oppressive seats were secured and thoroughly enjoyed. Few of the many enchanting places of the Park were left unfrequented, and as for lovers they were there in scores. The lake, too, had its share of admirers, and throughout the day the boats were in constant requisition; besides, vehicles of all descriptions swept along the roads devoted to them, so that altogether the scene was picturesque and pleasing, and undoubtedly must have amply repaid every spectator who spent a quiet day at the Park.

**High Bridge.**

The bright sunshine of yesterday, scorching the city with its torrid heat, induced many to seek the refreshing shade of this locality, the majority availing themselves of the water route thither, to catch the cooling breeze that gently rippled the surface of the East and Harlem rivers. No place in the vicinity of New York is more in favor with Sunday excursionists than this charming neighborhood, and thither they flock in crowds weekly. They are of all sorts and many grades, old and young, boys and girls, married and single. *Pater familias*, with pinched frame, white face and dull eye, telling of late hours at the bench and the close atmosphere of a tenement house, accompanied by *mater familias*, more robust of figure and rubicund of countenance, upon whom the cares of maternity sit lightly, perhaps because, according to the spirit of St. Paul's advice to Timothy, she takes a little beer for the stomach's sake, accompanied by a large family of various ages, neatly and smartly attired, are stereotyped visitors. Sarah and her young man are there in manifold; John, basiful and devoted, Sarah wilful and coquetish, knowing herself to be irresistible in her new summer suit. Susan, whose Sunday out it is, imitating the airs and flirting manner of her mistress for the special distraction of groups of young men and some old, off for a lark and their lager, make up the balance of those who travel by boat. On the road the fast bloods strive for precedence behind cattle of numerous disguises, in conveyances of legionary make and name. Arrived at one of the many hostelries and *gardens* which abound at the *terminus* of the bridge, the programme of the last visit is religiously gone through with. The same drinks are called for—lager being in especial favor—the same walks taken, the same words spoken, and when the sun has reached the same point in his descent and casts the same shadows on the ground the route home is again taken, and another day of rest and recreation ended, giving renewed energy for the succeeding week's toil.

# SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

The steamer Henry Chauncey, Commander Gray, from Aspinwall June 26, arrived at this port yesterday. The following is the list of treasure by the Henry Chauncey:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Eugene Kelly | $104,700 |
| Moretz Meyer | 55,185 |
| A. Belmont & Co. | 332,597 |
| J. & W. Seligman & Co. | 111,400 |
| Wells, Fargo & Co. | 37,712 |
| Frederick Probst & Co. | 165,476 |
| Total | $807,070 |

## COLOMBIA.

**Murder in Panama—Departure of the American Minister for China.**

PANAMA, June 20, 1868.

Since the sailing of the Santiago de Cuba for New York on the 18th instant nothing of much importance has transpired on the Isthmus. A Jamaica man and woman got into a quarrel yesterday morning; the latter hit the former on the temple with a hammer, and, as a looker on remarked, "knocked seven bells out of him"—that is to say, killed him on the spot. He went to the graveyard and she to prison, and that's an end of it.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamship Japan sailed hence for San Francisco on the morning of the 19th inst. She took as passengers Mr. J. Ross Brown, Minister to China, and family. The day previous to leaving port a large party of gentlemen, including the President of the State, the British and United States Consuls and other distinguished citizens were entertained in a sumptuous manner on board by Captain Bradbury and the agent, Mr. Corwine.

The Royal West India Mail Company have commenced to run their large steamers through from Southampton to Aspinwall instead of changing as hitherto at St. Thomas, a smaller steamer being kept at Aspinwall to run in connection with the larger one to Greytown (Nicaragua) and Carthagena.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Constitution, from San Francisco, arrived in this port this morning. She brings 422 passengers and nearly a million in treasure. The steamer Henry Chauncey, with these passengers, sails from Aspinwall for New York to-night. The Constitution brings upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars from Mexico. Her total treasure list is as follows:—

| | Pkgs. | Value. |
|---|---|---|
| For New York | 167 | $772,858 |
| For England | 28 | 56,379 |
| For France | 34 | 66,750 |
| For Panama | 4 | 16,360 |
| Total | 233 | $912,353 |

Merchandise for New York—Past, 5 pkgs.; slow, 652 pkgs.; per brigs, 3 pkgs.

For Valparaiso—500 pkgs.

For Panama—247 pkgs.

Through mail—51 pkgs.; Panama mail, 4 pkgs.; 252 passengers' baggage.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Talca, from Guayaquil, &c., and intermediate ports, arrived on the 18th. She brings the following cargo: For Liverpool, 745 bags cocoa, 67 bales cotton, 245 ceroons tobacco, 20 bales rubber, 15 ceroons straw, 3 cases hats.

For Southampton—66 bales caucho and 10 ceroons hats.

For San Nazaire—183 bags cocoa, 24 bales bark, 34 ceroons straw, 1 case hats and 10 packages merchandise.

For New York—Per steamer, 1,002 bags cocoa; per brigs, 130 bales orchilla, 627 bags cocoa, 119 bales caucho, 181 bales bark and 1 parcel hats.

For Central America—135 bags cocoa and 3 ceroons hats.

For Mexico—70 bags cocoa.

For Valparaiso—13 ceroons hats and 1 case merchandise.

For Panama—843 bags cocoa, 296 slabs india rubber, 21 bales tobacco, 21 ceroons hats and 11 packages merchandise.

Specie—For Europe, 11 packages, value ....$34,879
For Panama, 6 packages, value.... 7,019
Total ....$41,879

The steamer from Valparaiso and Callao, due to-day, has not arrived yet.

Nothing later from Central America since my last.

## ECUADOR.

**Business and Health Improving—Large Shipments of Cocoa—Senatorial Elections.**

GUAYAQUIL, June 10, 1868.

The fine season has apparently set in for good. The health of the city is now much better than it has been for some years past. Several of our physicians have gone to Lima, where their services may be of some value.

Business is improving. People from the country, having more confidence in the health of the city, are beginning to arrive.

There is an abundance of cocoa ready for shipment. Each of the English Company's steamers calling at this port takes away a considerable quantity.

The French bark Burdegala and English bark Elm Grove are loading here and will soon be despatched. Other sailing vessels are expected towards the end of the month.

The French war-steamer Mejére is at anchor off this city, and will shortly leave for Panama bay.

The Brazilian Minister left here this morning early in the national steamer General Bolivar, *en route* for Quito.

The election for Senators for the provinces has concluded, but it is not known yet whether the liberals or conservatives are in the majority. The liberals are very sanguine of success.

From the province of Manavi we hear that there are still several cases of yellow fever, and that it has been particularly fatal among the doctors.

The P. P. Company's little steamer Maucora, from the petroleum wells at Tumbes, arrived here on the 5th and reports very favorably the condition of the mines. All the oil tanks are full.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—A curious case is reported in Michigan. A man was charged with maltreating, starving and finally murdering a child of his first wife's. But there was nobody to testify against him but his second wife, and the law holding that a wife cannot testify against her husband, the villain was likely to escape punishment, when it was discovered that the woman had a husband living when she married this man; and, consequently, that she was not his lawful wife and could give testimony against him. This she did and he was sent to the penitentiary for life. A curious illustration of good coming out of evil.

# NEW JERSEY.

**Jersey City.**

ARRESTED FOR BIGAMY.—A man named James McCahe was lodged in prison yesterday on complaint of Ann McKenna, who states that McCahe, by false pretences, induced her to marry him last April, since which time she has discovered that he has another wife still living. McCahe is held in default of bail.

**Hudson City.**

ANOTHER FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—About nine o'clock on Saturday evening a young man named William J. Sinclair attempted to jump from a way train as it was passing through the Bergen cut, when he slipped under the wheels and six cars passed over him, instantly severing both legs from his body and mangling him dreadfully. His friends, on being informed of the occurrence, removed him to his residence at Court street, near Chestnut avenue, in this city. Medical aid was promptly rendered, but the unfortunate man, after lingering in extreme agony, expired at half-past twelve yesterday morning. He had been in the habit of jumping on and off the trains, which pass near his residence, and was on his way from Jersey City to his home when the accident occurred. Coroner Warren viewed the body yesterday and gave a permit for burial. Deceased was only sixteen years of age and leaves seven brothers and his father living in this city.

DISGRACEFUL FIGHT AMONG FIREMEN.—Between ten and eleven o'clock on Saturday night a most disgraceful fight took place at Hudson City, in which no less than from fifteen to twenty were badly injured, and a jumper belonging to Engine Company No. 4 upset and nearly demolished. It seems that during the past week there has been every night a false alarm sounded by the companies lying near what is known as the Five Corners, while at the same time there has been considerable rivalry existing between the up town and down town companies. Last evening the Five Corners bell struck off an alarm, when almost immediately after Hose Company No. 1 came up and passed the house of three hose, the men on the rope using most disgraceful language. Finding it impossible to draw the above company into a dispute, they waylaid Engine Company No. 4, who were returning home in a peaceful manner from a trial of their engine. A general fight ensued, during which stones were hurled in every direction, clubs freely used, and several knocked down and beaten in a most shameful manner. The final interference of several of the leading members of the department put a stop to the affair; but it is to be hoped that the City Council will take some action in the matter, especially relative to so frequent false alarms.

**Newark.**

ANOTHER DISTURBANCE AT WIEDENMEYER'S GROVE.—Yesterday afternoon a disturbance took place at Wiedenmeyer's Grove, located in the Twelfth ward, in the course of which the proprietor was assaulted and beaten pretty badly, as alleged, by a one-legged organ grinder named Charles Bateman, who is charged with having used his crutch with serious effect on the persons of several beside Mr. Wiedenmeyer. The man of music was subsequently arrested and taken to the station house, where he awaits examination.

ALLEGED ATROCIOUS ASSAULT.—At an early hour yesterday morning officer Turbett effected the arrest of a young man named James Lynch, a professsional loafer, who stands charged with having, in company with Patrick Burns, committed an assault of an atrocious character on the person of Matthew Covey about two weeks ago in Monroe street. An unsuccessful attempt at rescue was made by some friends of Lynch, one of whom was subsequently arrested. Both parties were admitted to bail. The same officer yesterday afternoon espied the man Burns, who, not liking the prospect of a term in durance vile, jumped into the canal and escaped to the other side.

# SHIPPING NEWS.

**Almanac for New York—This Day.**

Sun rises..... 4 29 | Moon sets...morn 1 12
Sun sets..... 7 35 | High water.morn 3 44

**PORT OF NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1868.**

The office of the Herald steam yachts is at Whitehall slip. All communications from owners and consignees to the masters of inward bound vessels will be forwarded free of charge.

ARRIVALS.

REPORTED BY THE HERALD STEAM YACHTS.

U S steamer Monongahela, S B Bissell, Commodore commanding, St Croix June 16 and St Thomas 17th. June 25, lat 37 30, lon 72 50, spoke brig Jane, from Hayti for Boston; 27th, off Cape May, saw steamship Star of the Union, from Havana for Philadelphia. The Monongahela made the voyage under canvass, having been obliged to unship the screw.

Steamship City of London (Br), Brooks, Liverpool June 17, and Queenstown 18th, with mdse and passengers, to John G Dale. June 24, lat 43, lon 48 50, passed four large icebergs.

Steamship Britannia (Br), Laird, Glasgow June 12, via Moville 13th, with mdse and 503 passengers, to Henderson Bros. In lat 48 24, lon 48 30, passed a number of icebergs; no date, lat 42 25, lon 61 06, signalled ship Rains, and bark A W Singleton, both bound E; experienced heavy westerly gales almost