WORK NEGLECTED BY CONGRESS

Measures That Failed to Receive Action.

Legacies Left for the Next Session—How Commercial Interests were Slighted—Stupidity of the House Naval Committee—Why Certain Bills were Defeated—Effects of Mismanagement on the Part of Congressmen.

WASHINGTON, July 16, 1870.

Notwithstanding the great length of the session of Congress which closed yesterday—nearly eight months—quite a number of important measures failed. They will go over as legacies to the next session, and some of them will, perhaps, never be heard of again. There were about two dozen bills on the Speaker's table yesterday when the hour of adjournment was reached. Of this number at least a dozen and a half are "land grabs"—bills donating public lands to railroad companies. Some of them have been moving along for two or three sessions, and are no nearer success now than when they were first introduced. Nothing but the dogged persistency of their projectors keeps them before Congress. Probably the most

IMPORTANT BILL THAT FAILED

was that providing for the apportionment of representatives among the several States, better known as the Apportionment bill. Its defeat has settled the question of increasing the number of members of the House of Representatives until the Forty-second Congress, and it has prevented the West and the South from getting any increase in their representation. The elements of opposition to this measure were rather singular, and an allusion to them will show what a slim chance it had. First of all the New England delegation were against it for the double reason that while it would increase the strength of other sections of the country in the House, it would cause the New England States to lose a portion of their representatives. New York and Pennsylvania were generally opposed to it because where it would have given them one or two additional members each, the republicans feared they might be democrats, and as the republican strength is already large enough they considered it best to let well enough alone. As a general rule the South and West wanted the bill passed, because after all those sections would have been most largely benefited by its provisions. There was some opposition to it, however, even among the Western men. Certain of the democrats opposed it on the ground that it would give republican strongholds, like the State of Iowa, a chance to increase the republican majority in the House, and, on the other hand, republicans did not favor it because it might add to the democratic minority in some instances. As soon as the census is taken it will be absolutely necessary to pass this bill, and the chances are that it will go through at the next session. Perhaps by that time the contending elements will have harmonized. The bill

FIXING THE TIME FOR THE ELECTION OF CONGRESSMEN

failed in consequence of the Senate having put it on as an amendment to the Apportionment bill. There was no particular objection to it, and had it been allowed to stand upon its own merits it would undoubtedly have gone through. It was a sort of party measure, got up by the republicans as one of a series of measures to head off the alleged "repeating" and "colonizing" proclivities of the democrats. It provided that the elections for members of the House of Representatives should take place in all the States on the same day, the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Some of the States now elect in November, some in October and a few in the spring months. Another object of this measure was to have each new Congress complete on the day when its predecessor expired, the 4th of March. This is far more important than the ulterior purpose for which the bill was originally introduced. The bill for the

REORGANIZATION OF THE NAVY

never came out of the committee room of naval affairs after it was printed and recommitted. It was less fortunate than the bill for the reorganization of the army, which, under the lead of Logan, was pushed through both houses, though in a somewhat different shape from what it came from the House Military Committee. The truth is the Committee on Naval Affairs was not equal to the task. Not a single member of that committee knows anything, practically, of the navy or of naval affairs in general. Unlike the Military Committee, it has no member who has served in the navy, and, therefore, none who had an experience that might be turned to some account. On the vexed question of "line and staff" the members of the committee were as much divided as the officers of the navy themselves or their various friends outside. What was worst of all the committee would take no advice, nor would they consult with men who are supposed to know something about our navy from their long connection with it. To be sure, they sent for Admiral Porter half a dozen times, and had two or three letters from Admiral Farragut; but after getting the opinions of these officers as to what was needed to insure the efficiency of the service, they immediately set about to do the opposite. Perhaps, on the whole, it is better that the measure failed, for in the shape agreed upon by the committee it would have done little to add to the strength and to promote the efficiency of the navy. On the other hand the chances are that the navy would have been injured by the success of the measure. The bill for the

REORGANIZATION OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE BUREAU

went to the wall, probably on account of its great size and weight. It was prepared by General Schenck, and when that is stated it is hardly necessary to say that it covers several pages, and is the very perfection of elaboration. It was not introduced until late in the session, the committee being engaged on the tariff and the tax bills. The bill proposes to create the Internal Revenue Bureau into a separate department, and to place at its head an officer who shall be a member of the Cabinet. Of course this change will necessitate a thorough reorganization of the whole Bureau, and much of the bill is taken up with the details of the organization. Making the Internal Revenue Bureau a separate department has been a cherished plan of the President ever since he came into office, and he was very anxious to have it done before the close of the session, but it was impossible. It is said that the Secretary of the Treasury does not look with favor upon the proposed dismemberment of his department. As now organized the Internal Revenue Bureau is the main part of the Treasury Department. It has the bulk of the patronage, and it brings in the largest part of the public revenues. Nearly all the projects for increasing the number and promoting the efficiency of our

MERCANTILE MARINE

were defeated, partially for lack of time and partially through the mismanagement of those who had them in charge. The most important of these were the Oriental and Mediterranean steamship project, in which a large number of New Yorkers were interested; the New York Steam Navigation bill; the bill for a line of steamships between San Francisco and Australia; the bill for a line of steamers between New Orleans, Vera Cruz and other Mexican ports, together with several bills for lines of steamships between New York and European ports. Had all, or half of the bills of this character passed, we would have had a mercantile marine afloat which would soon have rivalled that of Great Britain. Of course this is on the supposition that all the lines chartered would have been established in good faith. Some of them were mere speculative schemes out of which a lot of hungry lobbyists expected to make a few thousand dollars by getting them through and then selling out, but there were enough of the bills genuine, backed by men who meant business, to have made a material addition to our mercantile marine had they passed. In this connection also may be mentioned the bill of Mr. Lynch, of Maine, to encourage and revive American shipping. The defeat of this measure was solely owing to bad management. In other hands, and more shrewdly conducted, it might have passed. But there are a great many

OTHER MEASURES

that went by the board. Among them was the Postal Telegraph bill, the New York Air Line Railroad, several submarine telegraph cable bills, the bill to prevent the importation of servile labor into the United States, which embraces the Chinese question, the Civil Service bill, which, like the New York Air Line Railroad, is an old standby, being left over at every session. In addition to these are some half dozen contested election cases, which must be decided at the next session.

EMIGRATION TO COLORADO.

Meeting of the Capital and Labor Colonization Society.

The Capital and Labor Co-operative Colonization Society, or Humanitarian Pioneers, held a meeting of *bona fide* members on Saturday evening, at Co-operative Hall, 214 Bowery, when Messrs P. Papin, Jas. Pfeffer and Edward Rice, were unanimously elected President, Vice President and Secretary, respectively, for the ensuing year. The society has power to add to their number two or four new members before the time of emigration. The president suggested the appointment of a responsible treasurer, and Mr. Jas. S. Anderson, offering the required security, that gentleman was appointed to the office, all money in hand above $100 to be put to the credit of the society, in the Union Trust Company, of New York. They elected officers also to act as trustees. A Locating Committee of three was appointed, with the president as chairman, and two practical agriculturists, Messrs. Charles Hale and Theo. W. Curtis, to start next Tuesday evening for the prairies of the Southwest. The committee are empowered to make such arrangements with Territories, States, governments or railways for the grant, lease or purchase of lands in the best locations for the general interest of the Co-operative Colonization Society. The return from the prairies is expected in three weeks' time, when the necessary steps will be taken for the emigration of 1,000 or more families by the end of August. The company desire to have it known that the highest security and compensation will be offered to capitalists willing to co-operate with the colonists.

The president suggested, and it was carried, that all members willing to retire from the Co-operative Society could do so at any time, when their initiation fee would be refunded, the society requiring none but *bona fide* colonists.

It was also moved and unanimously carried that Mr. A. Reed, alias Charles H. Morton, ex-member, be expelled from the society on account of an alleged slanderous statement published in a local paper on the 13th inst. prejudicial to the interest of the society.

NEW YORK CITY.

Local and Police Matters and Minor Items of Metropolitan News.

The following record will show the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding day of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's pharmacy, HERALD Building, Broadway, corner of Ann street:—

	1869.	1870.		1869.	1870.
3 A. M.	78	85	3 P. M.	91	97
6 A. M.	80	85	6 P. M.	89	91
9 A. M.	82	89	9 P. M.	83	89
12 M.	85	95	12 P. M.	81	87

Average temperature yesterday 89⅝
Average temperature for corresponding date last year 83⅝

The Department of Public Parks announce that, if the weather be fine, there will be music by the Central Park Band in Mount Morris square this evening, from six to eight o'clock.

Peter Clark, of No. 506 West Thirty-ninth street, was committed in default of $300 bail by Justice Shandley yesterday, charged with violating the Excise law by keeping his place open after twelve o'clock Saturday night.

At two A. M. yesterday Jane Linehan, living on the third floor of No. 118 Mulberry street, rear, fell from the fire escape to the yard. She was taken to the station house in Spring street and attended by Surgeon Waterman, who pronounced her wounds slight, but she was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

John Wilson, residing in East Fortieth street, was found yesterday morning by a Nineteenth ward officer at the foot of East Fiftieth street, where he had fallen from the terrace wall. He was taken up in an insensible condition and sent to Bellevue Hospital.

Coroner Flynn was yesterday called to hold an inquest at the Morgue on the body of Alice Harrison, twenty-eight years of age, who was admitted to Bellevue Hospital on the 16th inst., from 136 Cherry street. Intemperance is supposed to have been the cause of death. Deceased had lived at 185 Wooster street.

Warden Brennan, of Bellevue Hospital, yesterday informed Coroner Flynn that Michael Farrell, late of 417 East Sixteenth street, had died in that institution. On the 12th inst. officer Maloney, of the Sixteenth precinct, took deceased to the hospital, at which time he was suffering from a contusion of the head. How the injuries were received did not appear.

In the Tombs Police Court yesterday, before Justice Hogan, Charles Reinhart, of 26 Spring street, accused Thomas Morton of having stolen from him two patent locks, of the value of fifty dollars, and William Campbell of being the receiver of the stolen property. Campbell purchased the locks for sixty cents from two little boys. The accused were held to answer in default of $1,000 bail each.

Among the passengers arriving at this port on Friday last per steamer Frankfort was Mrs. Rosalie Beck, a German woman, eighty years of age. She remained at Castle Garden till Saturday afternoon, when the old lady left with her daughter, living in Newark, N. J., but on reaching the Cortlandt street ferry Mrs. Beck was taken suddenly ill and died soon afterwards. Coroner Flynn was notified to hold an inquest.

About one o'clock yesterday morning, at the corner of Prince and Elizabeth streets, a fight occurred between some rowdies who were making the Sabbath morning hideous by their oaths and blasphemy. Officer Carew, of the Fourteenth precinct, interfered to quell the disturbance, when he was set upon by a gang of the roughs, one of whom, named Hennessey, struck Carew in the neck with a stone, rescued his prisoner and inflicted severe injuries.

The report of the Central Park Meteorological Department for the week ending July 16, 1870, shows the following results:—Barometer—Mean, 30.004; maximum, 30.182; minimum, 29.848; range, .334 inch. Thermometer—Mean, 84.8; maximum, 88.2; minimum, 67.2; range, 21 degrees. Rain fell July 12 to the depth of .22 inch and on the 16th to the depth of .06 inch; total amount of water for week, .28 inch. Distance travelled by the wind during the week, 1,090 miles.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Prominent Arrivals in This City Yesterday.

Colonel B. Lewis, of Tennessee; H. S. Dunning, E. O. Haven and W. S. Cantwell, of St. Louis; H. M. Plummer, of Washington; Colonel C. J. Hutchings, of San Francisco; E. A. Hurd, of Vermont; E. Sunderland, of Washington, and J. G. Thompson, of Chicago, are at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Governor Goodwin, of Arizona; Roswell Hartt, of Rochester; Judge James, of Alabama; Senator Morrill, of Maine; Benjamin Field, of Albion, and B. C. Cook, of Illinois, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Benj. Stark, of New London; G. O. Johnson, of Savannah, and George B. Gammans, of San Francisco, are at the Albemarle Hotel.

Lieutenant Commander Wilson, of the United States Navy; N. B. Judd, of Chicago, and D. B. Grant, of Paterson, are at the Hoffman House.

Colonel J. S. Ruckle, of Oregon; George H. Corliss, of Providence; J. A. Peters, of Maine; F. Collins, of the United States Navy; Paul Juliane, of New Jersey, and Bradish Johnson, of New York, are at the Astor House.

W. H. Hooper and John J. Cain, of Utah, and J. A. Smith, of Chicago, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Personal Notes.

A Vermonter has recovered a verdict of twenty-five dollars from a neighbor as a salve for the bite of the latter's dog, and considers himself lucky, although no provision is made for his funeral in case hydrophobia ensues.

Two Chinese tea merchants were guests at the Wilson House, North Adams, last week, and visited their countrymen at Sampson's factory.

"One of our prominent citizens," says the Waterbury (Conn.) *American*, "went to New Haven last week and hired a horse to drive to Double beach. He was gone several hours longer than he anticipated, and on his return found the stable keeper just about advertising him.

Senator Brownlow has reached his home in Knoxville. His health is better than for years past. He walked from the railroad station to the carriage that bore him to his residence. His nerves are steadier than for many months, and he may yet survive those who have hoped to occupy his vacant seat in the Senate of the United States.

The veteran statesman, William H. Seward, who will be seventy years of age in May, 1871, is preparing for a voyage around the world, upon which he will start at an early day, accompanied by a portion of his family and several friends, so says the Washington *Chronicle*. Few men of his years exhibit such amazing vitality and such unabated interest in public affairs, and perhaps he could choose no more fitting method of crowning his eventful career.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Ditson & Co. publish the following:—

"La Belle Fleurette Polka." W. Vienna J. Demorest. A little affair that seems specially designed for very small fingers, and in that line good.

The same house publishes an excellent collection of popular gems, both vocal and instrumental, all of which are excellent to tickle the popular ear.

Pond & Co. publish, "There is a Land of Pure Delight," solo, duet and quartet. By W. V. J. Demorest. It corresponds in style with the first piece mentioned above by the same composer.

J. N. Pattison & Co. publish "En Avant," march for four hands. By Henry Maclata. This is a real gem, full of brio and dash. There is a nervous force of power about it, and all the themes are quite in keeping. The "Fifth Avenue Galop," by the same house, is one of the best we have seen for some time and will undoubtedly be a favorite in the ballroom next winter.

Benjamin Hitchcock publishes additional numbers of his unrivalled dime and half-dime music, among which are some of the most popular vocal and instrumental selections.

HONDURAS

The Interoceanic Railroad—Progress of the Work—Medina's Idea of Advancement—He Desires Improvement and Emigration—Opposition—the Crops and the Weather.

BELIZE, June 9, 1870.

I am happy to say we have not had the promised visit from Don Marcus Conrad, and the colony has been as quiet and undisturbed as if it was one continuous Sunday. Most of the laborers have retired to their plantations and resumed work, and our planters are again making sugar and rum.

The Honduras Railroad is progressing successfully, if the reports from there are to be believed, and a small portion of the eastern end is already completed and in use for transporting the materials to build the remainder. We have always had our doubts in this colony about the feasibility of building this road, owing to the rough and mountainous state of the interior of the State of Honduras; but this company, we are told, has, by taking a circuitous route, found an almost level course the greatest portion of the way on both sides of the continent. The friends of the road say it will be built at a less cost per mile than most roads in the United States. They have this advantage:—our mahogany cutters broke up their gangs last year. These men have been hired up at thirteen dollars a month and are among the best men in the world for such work. The contractors have had an agent here hiring these men for the last seven months, and at this time hands are so scarce that you can hardly get a hand to paddle you up the river.

The parties who bring these reports about the railroad also say that the Hondurans are down on President Medina for his activity in pushing on this road. This State, like Mexico and all Central America, has a large and wealthy portion of her population who are averse to any improvements, and more particularly to the influx of any Anglo-Saxons—or, in fact, any other white men. As a matter of course they bring all their influence to bear against President Medina, who is in favor of a large immigration and of developing the resources of the State. The same report says their influence and opposition to the President has been so strong that he has left the capital and gone to an Indian town, where he is surrounded by some five hundred or six hundred Indian soldiers. You may next hear of his assassination.

From the State of Guatemala we learn that the crop of cochineal is abundant and the quality excellent.

Our sugar crop this year will be the largest ever made, and we shall, in all probability, go on increasing that crop every year until this will be the best sugar growing country in the tropics.

A new administrator of this government has been sent down in the place of Governor Lengdon, who was sent to Trinidad. Our new man is named W. W. Cairns. He was sworn in on the 3d of June, but up to this moment he has not shown his hand and hardly his face. What he will do or how get on time can only tell.

The weather is very hot during the day, but at night we have good, cool breezes. Season still dry, although we have had two good showers.

The Supreme Court is in session, but the Attorney General has not brought on for trial the eight or nine men who are in custody for treason against this government, they being charged as having concerted with Canal about his coming into this colony. They are also charged with advising him where the troops are stationed and of other treasonable acts.

LITERATURE.

Criticisms of New Books.

TEN YEARS IN WALL STREET; A REVELATION OF INSIDE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE ON 'CHANGE. Including the Histories, Mysteries and Men of the Street, &c. By William Worthington Fowler. Published by Worthington, Dustin & Co., Hartford. 1870.

No romance equals the reality of Wall street in the extravagance with which it turns topsy-turvy all the ordinary sober facts of life, and falsifies every one of the staid rules that govern human endeavor. All the world has indulged with the Oriental muse the story of Aladdin's lamp and of illimitable wealth and what wealth brings, secured by the mere turn of the hand, and the centipede's cousin could not count on her toes the number of dreamers who have longed to possess that old utensil. Wall street is full of those lamps. They are stored in all the shops, scattered behind the apple stands, and peanuts are sold at the street corners in the light they give, so wonderfully are extremes jumbled in that great thoroughfare. Surely the lamp is hardly a hyperbolic figure of life in Wall street when the wildest changes from poverty to affluence are its every day histories, and when even the wealth, the great palaces and splendid gardens of the Arabians did not melt away more readily under the influence of a counter charm than the fortunes gained in the street pass as they come.

No book has ever hitherto been given to the public that puts before it such a realizing picture of hap and mishap in the great financial market as this of Mr. Fowler. Some real appreciation of one of the most deeply interesting topics of our age may be gained in these pages. Here we see, as he is, the speculator of every possible shade and shape—the winner of to-day and the loser of to-morrow—the man who tumbler up to fortune by some to him mysterious change in the value of the property he has bought and before he looks around and continues to hold on is as suddenly tumbled down again. Beside him, jostled and jostling him at every step, we see that more admirable, if more mischievous figure, the man who continues the change that make men rich and drives up and drives down prices of set purpose.

Mingled with the mass of happily presented information of the volume goes all the time a thread of story framed from the fortunes of the author, who went into Wall street on a purchase of $500 worth of a stock that rose to fabulous heights and by that and successive lucky purchases and sales went over $100,000 in a comparatively short time. This typical history of life in the street gives the story the interest of a novel for such readers as are likely to take interest in nothing else, though to all others the book will have a far higher interest, in virtue of its reality and the general scarcity and uncertainty of the kind of knowledge with which it abounds. Its sketches of the magnates who have gone to and fro in Wall street during the past ten years, and of the great operations of the same period, will give it permanent value as a contribution to history.

Another book of a semi-religious character is that entitled "White as Snow" (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.), containing six stories, all of which are well written and pleasant to read. They are each under the head of "Milly Hayden," "Miss Felicia, "A Rough Diamond," "A Happy Woman," "Somebody" and "Walter Sedley." We cheerfully recommend the book.

JEALOUSY; OR, TEVERINO, one of the most delightful of the novels written by George Sand, has been recently published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia. As in "Consuelo," the heroine is an ideal character, beautiful and pure, admirably drawn and worthy of the genius that conceived her. All the other characters are excellent. The book throughout will be read with pleasure.

The title, "Great Trans-Continental Tourists' Guide" (New York: George A. Crofutt & Co.), explains the contents of a neatly printed illustrated and bound book, by which the reader is enabled to travel by the best routes from Boston to San Francisco, and from that last named city to numerous points of interest in California, including San Quentin, where the State Prison is located, and where the compiler humorously leaves his reader. The book appears to us a very praiseworthy one.

THE OLDEST MAN IN RHODE ISLAND.

[From the Woonsocket Patriot.]

Mr. Jonathan Buxton, of Buxton street, near Slatersville, died on Tuesday at the great age of ninety-nine years and eight months. Mr. Buxton was born and lived the greater part of his life on the farm where he died. He had been a very industrious and hard working farmer, and was noted for his iron will and determined nature. Although an invalid for a long period he never relinquished his strong will or energy of mind. He was conscious almost to his death, and only five minutes before he expired asked the hour of the day. We have memories of this old gentleman running back more than a third of a century. We thought him "old" when we were boys; when, forty years ago, we made midsummer visits to his orchard. His life of nearly 100 years encompassed the whole history of the American republic, he having been born six years before the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Buxton leaves a widow now in her ninety-seventh year, worn and decrepit with almost a century of toil, yet with affections strong as when she married her now deceased companion. A touching incident lives in the fact that this good old mother watched with her husband the last night of his life, fanning him in the midnight hour, and attending to his wants with unwearied affection. Nine children of this family are now living, the eldest of which is in his seventy-fifth year.

A PRESENTIMENT.—Mr. Hoffman, of Island Pond, Vt., on the 12th, told his physician that his work would be all done up that day. The doctor attempted to cheer him up, and said he would probably find himself mistaken. He thought not. He passed into the house and told his family he was about through with the world, and soon after fell on the floor and died. He had been troubled with the heart disease about a year, and he was strongly impressed that last Tuesday his work would all be ended, and it was.

THE DAY OF REST.

City Excursionists on the "Briny Deep"—The Fishing Banks, Rockaway, Coney Island, Red Bank, Up the Hudson and Along the Sound—How the Heated Citizens "Cooled Off."

The seacoast, bay, Sound and river were yesterday alive with fleets of trim built steamers and sailing yachts cruising in search of waters fanned by a breeze, or for some locality beyond our horizon where a cloud might be found to interpose its vapors between them and the fierce, glaring light of the sun. None found the locality desired and all came back satisfied that if any such place be marked on the charts of this latitude a commission of survey should at once be sent out by the Navy Department that the error may be rectified "by authority." The generally expressed opinion was that a voyager in search of the North Pole would just now enjoy a "red hot" time. Notwithstanding this feeling of dissatisfaction among the amateur navigators and explorers and the old salts who had promised to pilot them to the longed-for sea, no great coolness was allowed to exist among them, and all determined to enjoy themselves as if that were their sole business in life. This enjoyment was taken principally in the shape of lemonade and lager in by no means homœopathic doses, drunk to sounds of music and dancing. The excursionists took various routes—some arranged weeks ago at the evening meal of some poor mechanic, some suggested by the impromptu fancy of a pair of lovers or the whim of a bachelor bored by the "dem'd noise" and heat of the town.

THE FISHING BANKS

were the scene of the usual piscatorial exploits on the part of the venerable "Izaaks" who have offered up their Sabbath morning devotions here every pleasant Sunday afternoon for the past twenty years, and who were, of course, the admiration of all the effeminate clerks whose gorge rose with each swell of the sea and who, under all the astonishing surprises they were constantly receiving, were astonished by none so much as by their ability to sham a doleful appearance of unconcern and happiness. Among the steamers anchored here were the Rip Van Winkle, with a band of music on board and a gay party of lads and lasses (the latter carried at half price as a tribute to their youth and beauty), who contrived to vary the monotony of "bait, lines and refreshments" by the ingenious yet simple arts of coquetry and flirtation.

The P. C. Schultz, another steamer, which leaves her first landing in the city at twenty minutes before six o'clock A. M., was also off the Banks at an early hour, heavily laden with passengers, who seemed in every way to enjoy themselves and the sport of fishing.

ROCKAWAY BEACH,

the once rival of Long Branch, early deserted by fashion and now the seaside paradise of the poor excursionist, was unusually thronged, the Pope Catlin and Sylvan Grove each being crowded with passengers every trip. Rockaway possesses, perhaps, finer natural advantages than Long Branch, and the fact of its being so easily and cheaply reached gives it a wide-spread popularity as a Sunday resort for persons of humble means who wish to enjoy the luxury of the sea breeze and bathing. Besides, there are those who, being wealthy, have not a vitiated taste, and prefer the absence of folly and fashion, when they can enjoy the beauty of nature undisturbed.

CONEY ISLAND.

Since the HERALD report of the outrages committed upon visitors to Coney Island beach Superintendent Jourdan has detailed a large force of police at the landings, and several deputy sheriffs have been appointed at the same place by the authorities of Kings county. In consequence of this action the steamers Meta and Norwalk are again crowded with excursionists possessed of the Salamander's power of defying the reflected heat of the sands, and the bathing cabs are employed to their utmost capacity. Not only by the steamers, but by several rail routes do the people perform the pilgrimage of pleasure to these barren shores, and till a late hour last night the cars were crowded with the returning thousands, who prefer to accomplish that most disagreeable task of return when the evening grows cool.

SANDY HOOK.

The Steamer Sea Bird left her wharf at eight A. M. with a large number of passengers for Sandy Hook, Red Bank and the Neave-Ink Highlands. There was a very quiet, orderly party on board, consisting in the main of business men, who with their families were seeking recreation after the labors of a week of such intensely hot weather that ordinary human nature felt itself thoroughly exhausted. After spending a pleasant time on shore at some one of the beautiful landing places the party returned, leaving Red Bank at six in the evening, and arriving home really refreshed by the excursion, instead of being exhausted by the fierceness of their fun, as many others were who yesterday went down in ships.

ALONG THE SOUND.

There were several excursions up the Sound, the departures taking place at various hours during the day. Among others was one on board the steamer Nelly White to College Point, Whitestone, City Island, New Rochelle and Glen Cove, and others on the Sylvan Stream and Sylvan Glen to High Bridge. The excursion of the Nelly White was one of the most pleasant of the day, and the High Bridge boats were densely crowded at every trip.

UP THE HUDSON.

The great events were the many excursions up the Hudson, there being eight "grand" excursions, leading off with the magnificent river steamer Plymouth Rock in her regular Sunday trip to Pongakeepsie, landing at West Point and Newburg. This boat, which carries a fine full band of music and in all its appointments is one of the most elegant of the "floating palace" steamers, attracted her full quota of pleasure seekers yesterday, and was the scene of many amusing incidents, among which was a comical encounter between an intelligent French gentleman and the traditional German from Lagerbierstadt, whom he interviewed on the question of newly declared war, and the position of affairs in the neighborhood of Metz and Kiel, resulting in a frenzied enthusiasm on both sides, which, however, was instantly dissipated by the laughter of the Frenchman when he learned from a bystander that the German had not heard of the question at issue or of the war declaration, but had been arguing on the merits of the Schleswig-Holstein-Danish question of four years ago. Parties on board the steamers Fort Lee, Pleasant Valley, and Thomas E. Hulse paid the regulation military visit to Fort Lee and swung in the swing. There were other excursions to Yonkers, Newburg, and other places on the river as far north as West Point and Cornwall, made by the steamers Mary Powell, Sleepy Hollow and others, including a steamer to the Catskills, nearly all of which carried bands of music on board and furnished abundant refreshments. The various excursionists returned between seven and ten o'clock P. M., waking the echoes along the river banks by their songs and the music of the bands, and disembarked still laughing and happy, though no doubt weary from the excitement of the day.

SUNDAY AT THE PARK.

How the German Element Enjoyed the Day—The Grand Restaurant and Scenes Therein—Syrup and Soda Water at a Premium.

Our German fellow citizens were about the only class of Gotham's mortals who ventured up to Central Park yesterday. It was a sight to see the German *pater familias* with the whole of his family, on his way to the cooling shades of the Park. On the east side of the city, of course, the people of Fatherland most appeared, and not even could an evening paper extra on the European war draw forth a guttural exclamation other than "Ugh! ugh!" from the paternal throat, and this was supposed to express comprehensively an opinion on the state of the weather. It was, no doubt, a sight to see the corpulent form of the sweltering Dutchman wiping from his ample forehead, with a most ample handkerchief, the big drops of perspiration which overcrowded Third avenue cars occasioned on the trip to the Park, and *mater familias* in deepest sympathy for her beloved lord and master and for the fifteen or sixteen juvenile offsprings who crowded around, all of them as silent as lobsters on dry land. A few others, a very few indeed, except the Germans were willing yesterday morning to brave

THE CHANCES OF A SUNSTOKE,

even for a few hours in the elysian lawns of the city's summer refuge. In this beautifully shaded garden of the city the forenoon hours were insufferably hot. Old Sol poured down his rays with such determined vehemence that no relief could be obtained. Go where you would, among the trees or by the lakes, in the arbors or among the shady lanes, it was all the same. The shade was there, but the pricking heat was there too. It seemed to be inherent; it stuck fast in every pore; it drew forth the sweat as if you were a pump and Sol was at the handle. Now and then a cool, soothing, delicious breeze would bathe you in an ecstatic vapor of air; but you had scarcely cried out your joy when the fires were at work again and you groaned.

SWELTERED, MELTED AND BROILED,

turned up your wristbands, turned them down again, took off your coat, slung it over your shoulder, slung it off again, opened your shirt collar, slammed your breast, pounded your forehead and kicked up all sorts of antics and capers, all of which were of no avail whatever, but made you only all the warmer, and groan and sweiter and melt away all the more. Little wonder, then, that all the people in the Park yesterday, all the Dutch men and Dutch women and little Dutchers and little Dutchesses, besides everybody else, finding the natural resources of the Park inadequate entirely to the occasion, carried themselves—and very slowly, too, one leg after another—to the grand restaurant, where the natural supplies suitable for a July emergency were in most abundant profusion. Goodness! what a spectacle did this grand resturant present yesterday at

CENTRAL PARK AT NOON.

Every table was filled, every seat that could by any possibility be improvised was made available, every inch of standing room was in use; and such eating of ice cream, and such drinking of all sorts of soda water and syrups; such feeding of children and crying of the same; such sending around among the children of goblets of lemonade, and such complaints among the same of the unequitable disposition thereof; such laughing and screaming; such growling and snarling; such incipient cases of stomach aches among the children, and consequent disagreeability among families; such a general sweltering, roasting time withal as there was in the eating department of the Park was never seen before, and will doubtless not be witnessed again this summer. These are days when even the weather is too much for Central Park, and yesterday was one of them.

BROOKLYN CITY.

Miscellaneous Items of Local Interest.

Charles Palmer, twenty-eight years of age, died on his way to the hospital yesterday afternoon, from delirium tremens. His body was taken to the Morgue.

John Dougherty, aged thirty years, died at his boarding house, No. 37 Front street, last evening, from the effects of the heat. The Coroner was notified.

The residence of John Wilson, corner of Fifty-eighth street and Fifth avenue, was broken into by some person unknown yesterday and silver-plated ware to the value of forty dollars was stolen.

The showcase in front of Mrs. Mathews' millinery store, No. 91 Fulton avenue, was broken open at about nine o'clock on Saturday evening and fifty dollars' worth of millinery goods were stolen.

A laborer, Joseph Coughlin, residing at No. 136 Butler street, was arrested yesterday for beating his wife, Catharine, in a ruffianly manner with a carpet stretcher. The injured woman was attended by Dr. Gilfillan. Joseph is said to be a prominent member of the "Hod Carriers' Wife Beating Association."

The residence of Mr. Weismen, No. 142 Clinton street, was broken into by burglars on Saturday morning and a quantity of portable property was stolen. A package of silverware, which was packed up for removal by the rogues, was left behind, as the latter were evidently frightened by some unexplained cause while at work.

Francis E. Roberts, an engineer, was arrested on a charge of appropriating the sum of $150 belonging to and collected in the name of his father, Mr. William Roberts, of No. 353 Pacific street. The difference between "mine and thine" will be defined for the special benefit of Francis before Justice Walsh to-day.

Mrs. Mary Daily quarrelled with Richard Hayes at the residence of the latter in Butler street last evening in regard to the children. In the course of the row Mrs. Daily drew a knife and stabbed Hayes behind the ear, inflicting a severe wound. The injured man was attended by a neighboring physician and Mrs. Daily was locked up to answer.

OBITUARY.

A. B. Longstreet.

We published yesterday morning the announcement of the death of Judge Longstreet, which took place at Oxford, Miss. He was born in Augusta, Ga., on the 22d of September, 1790, was graduated at Yale College in 1813, studied law and began the practice of law in Litchfield, Conn. In 1815, however, he returned home, where he met with success in his profession. In 1821 he served in the lower house of the State Legislature, and during the same year was chosen a Judge of the Superior Court, which position he held several years. In 1838 he became a minister of the Methodist Church, and during the following year was elected president of Emory College, at Oxford, Ga. Here he remained nine years, when he resigned to accept a similar position in Centenary College, Louisiana; but he had not been there many months before he was invited to the presidency of the University of Mississippi, at Oxford. He accepted the invitation and served for six years, when he retired with the intention of devoting the remainder of his days to agricultural pursuits. He was, however, persuaded in 1857 to accept the presidency of the South Carolina College, which he held until 1861. In 1869 he was sent to London as one of the two representatives of the United States to the International Congress for the adjustment of weights and measures. From this assembly he withdrew because a negro was admitted to the floor. His letter to the London *Times* on the subject was decidedly pithy and caused quite a stir at the time. As is generally known Judge Longstreet was the author of the famous "Georgia Scenes," whose humor was all popular thirty years ago. He also wrote other and less known works. Since 1861 he had been residing near Oxford, Miss., the weight of years pressing heavily upon him.

Andrew J. Fletcher.

The death of this gentleman, ex-Secretary of State of Tennessee, took place at his home in that State on Saturday last. He was a native of Tennessee, and came into prominence during the rebellion by his adherence to the Union cause. Under Brownlow, and until a comparatively recent date, he served as Secretary of State. Although a stanch republican, and a radical at that, Mr. Fletcher was a bitter opponent of the adventurers who crowded the South in search of political offices. He denounced the carpet-baggers in unmeasured terms, and for so doing incurred their animosity. He retired completely from public notice after leaving the post of Secretary of State.

AN ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

Adventure of Job Bilodeau in the Great Saguenay Fire in Canada—He is Almost Boiled Alive in a Fountain Basin—Thrilling Description of Scenes During the Fire.

The *Canadien* publishes a letter, in which the following recital appears of the adventures of a sufferer by this terrible catastrophe. Job Bilodeau relates his experience thus:—

We were preparing to sit down to dinner—my old father, my wife, my children and myself. I then perceived a thick smoke rising from the Pointe Bleue side, and soon after I became certain that a considerable conflagration, rendered more active by a tempestuous wind, had already enveloped the parish of Roberval. We hastened to get out our household furniture and to throw some linen and clothes into a cellar; but in a few minutes the fire caught my house. I entered to save a little clock, but was obliged to break out a window in order to get out. Thus attacked by the fire I cast myself into the damp dung of my pigs, which I saw roasting near me. At the end of some time I was surrounded by the fire from all sides, was suffocated by the smoke and for a moment lost all consciousness. The flames which caught me restored to me the desire for self-preservation. A jet of flame prevented me from getting into the cellar, where I had a few minutes before deposited some effects. I then went to the side of my barn, where there is a fountain. In order that I might not suffocate I threw myself several times on the ground. At last I reached the fountain and threw myself in head first. But I was far from being out of danger. My barn, half filled with unthreshed grain and straw, took fire, and I found myself at two perches to leeward of this furnace; the flames swept the place where I was; the wooden frame of the fountain took fire; I pulled off a splinter and with it thrust away the sparks that fell on my head, while I from time to time plunged entirely under water. At the end of a couple of hours the flames abated and I was able to sit on a cross piece of half burned wood. I was seized with trembling, and I seemed as if about to die. However, at the end of half an hour I was able to walk on the ashes around me, and rejoined my wife and the children whom I found by the side of the cellar where we had placed our goods and where they had taken shelter. My father, one of the children and one of my sisters-in-law had disappeared we knew not where. Night approached and we set out for Roberval, hoping there to find shelter, but all the houses were burned. We found there forty-two persons, among the rest a woman who had been brought to bed only four days before, and two who were near their time. We slowed ourselves for the night in the nearest cellar we could find; most of us were obliged to remain standing for want of space and to hold the children in our arms. Next day we set out from this den to try to find our wandering friends and relations. About noon I met my father holding my smallest child by the hand. About eight the evening before he had reached the bank of a small lake, to which he had been attracted by the croaking of the frogs. There he made a little raft, on which he placed the child, which he covered with his trousers, in the first place to protect it from the fire, and afterwards from the cold, which that night was intense. My sister-in-law is infirm and unable to walk. She dragged herself to the foot of a rock, where she found twenty-four other persons who, like herself, were saved miraculously, the fire having completely destroyed the wood on the top. We brought them in on a litter, and about noon we found the burned bones of my neighbor, Odie Fortin, and of his son. We were fortunate enough to find a sack of flour which I had been able to put in the field at the beginning of the fire. It was then noon, and none of the persons, more than sixty in number, assembled on the ashes of the chapel near my residence, had eaten for twenty-four hours. Without that provision of Providence the weak persons and children would have died of exhaustion before they could obtain succor.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

The New Appointees to Assume the Duties of Their Offices To-Day.

A Look at the Rings and Cliques—The "Indispensable" Officials in the Customs Service—Who is Really "Indispensable"—A Question Answered—How to Make the "Rings" Clatter and Jingle.

Thomas Murphy, the newly-appointed Collector of Customs for the port of New York, will this morning assume the duties pertaining to the administration of this office, and his predecessor, Moses H. Grinnell, will also enter upon the discharge of his functions as Naval Officer of the port. In nearly every instance of a succession in office there is a great deal of talk, bluster and