WASHINGTON.

Disputed Questions Adjusted by the Joint High Commission.

THE FENIAN CLAIMS EXCLUDED.

A Full Attendance at the Extra Session of the Senate Expected.

Interesting Reminiscence of the War With Tripoli.

WASHINGTON, May 5, 1871.

The New Treaty Negotiated by the Joint High Commission.

General Cameron and Senator Morton have been busy all day making themselves familiar with the new treaty between Great Britain and the United States. They had interviews with the President, the Secretary of State and several members of the Joint High Commission. This evening there was a meeting at Senator Morton's rooms at the National Hotel. Among those present were Senators Morton and Cameron, Judge Williams, of the Joint High Commission; Secretary Fish and J. C. Bancroft Davis. At this meeting the treaty was read over by Mr. Davis and commented upon by Morton and Cameron. Messrs. Fish and Williams, of the Joint High Commission, explained, as they went along, the various articles of the treaty. General Cameron and Senator Morton express themselves as highly pleased with the document. The English claims recognized are included within the years from 1861 to 1865. The claims for the Fenian raids upon Canada are excluded, though it is understood the English Commissioners were anxious to have them acknowledged. The treaty will be signed to-morrow. The British Commissioners have exacted of the American Commissioners that every means shall be used to keep the treaty from being made public until ratifications have been exchanged. This precludes the idea of its being considered in open session.

The Extra Session of the Senate.

The probability is that there will be a full Senate on Wednesday next. Among those now or recently in Washington are Senators Morrill, of Maine; Morton, Cameron, Casserly, Cole, of California; Cragin, Howe, Pomeroy, Sawyer, Stockton and Sumner. Senators Stewart and Nye, of Nevada, and Corbett and Kelly, of Oregon, who did not, after the adjournment of Congress, return to the Pacific coast, are within a few hours' travel of Washington.

Republican Jollification Over the District Election.

The republicans to-night had a torchlight procession, after which there was a complimentary serenade by the Republican General Committee to the officers of the new territorial government at the residence of N. G. Ordway, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House. Governor Cooke, Mr. Ordway and others made speeches. President Grant had accepted an invitation to be present, but just as he was on the eve of leaving the executive mansion the High Commission detained him by a visit.

Obligations of the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad.

Under the act of July 2, 1864, the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad, connecting with the Union Pacific Railroad, received land grants and bonds from the United States, and the Union Pacific was released from the construction of that branch. The question arose whether or not the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad were required to pay one-half of the compensation for services rendered to the government in aid of its construction, as provided by the fifth section of the act of July 2, 1864, in the case of the Union Pacific. The Quartermaster General referred the matter to Comptroller Brodhead, who decided that the conditions which obtain in the Union Central and Kansas Pacific Railroad Companies in this regard apply also, to the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad, and that its amounts for government transportation must be settled in the same way and on the same terms.

Mistake of a British Statesman.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday last Mr. Seeley stated that he had reason to know that the government at Washington was prepared for a reduction of the ocean postage. This is news to the Postmaster General, who states that the rates are now quite as low as the interests of the government will admit.

Metric International Standard of Coinage.

Advices have been received at the Treasury Department from prominent citizens of Bremen to the effect that the effort which has been made for many months past in favor of effecting uniformity in coinage on an international basis, having one and one-half grammes pure gold to the dollar, is being received with great favor and promises to be successful. Valuable pamphlets favoring this scheme were also received. It may be interesting, in this connection, to state that Governor Ito, the special Commissioner of the Japanese government to this country, fully endorses the same views, and hopes to bring about the adoption of adjustment of the the coinage system to the metric international standard.

A Relic of the War with Tripoli.

A letter has been received from an officer of the United States steamer Guerriere, at Tripoli, dated April 9, 1871, which states that the anchor of the old Philadelphia, which has been lying in the harbor ever since Commodore Decatur burned the ship, in 1804, was on that day taken on board for the purpose of bringing it to this country.

New York Custom House Appointments.

The appointments of Patrick O'Leary, as night inspector in the Custom House, and Jeremiah Lothrop and Daniel W. Lee, examiners; John Nugent, sampler, and William O'Hara, opener and packer, in the Appraiser's Office, New York, were to-day confirmed by Secretary Boutwell.

Improvements in the Capitol.

Congress having appropriated $23,000 for improvements in the Capitol building, among which are the enlargement of the passages leading from the Rotunda to the Senate and House, the renovation and ventilation of the building, repairing the floor of the House, &c., about one hundred mechanics are engaged in tearing out the old material preparatory to making the improvements. The bad odors about the hall of the House have not been caused by imperfect ventilation so much as the unclean condition of the seats in the galleries and the tobacco quids and cigar stumps in the heat registers. Instead of perforating the new floor for these registers they will be placed in the rise or step of each section, so that it will be inconvenient to use them for spittoons. The grounds immediately adjoining the Capitol are also in progress of improvement.

Statistics of the Census.

The census returns are not yet complete; a few, involving the population of several counties and townships, are yet to be received. The mortality tables are in a state of forwardness, about five hundred pages having been written. The tables of productions of many of the States are complete. That for Vermont shows the estimated value of all farm productions, including betterments, and the addition to the stock to be $34,000,647, the cash value of farms being $139,367,000. The table for Wisconsin shows the estimated value of all farm productions, &c., to be $78,000,000, the present cash value of farms being $300,000,000, and the farming implements and machinery over $14,000,000.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Although about 400 employés have been removed from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing since last winter, there are now 700 men, women and boys employed in that branch of the Treasury Department engaged in printing legal tender notes, revenue stamps and the faces and seals of the new bonds. The last named will not be ready for delivery before the 15th or 20th of the present month, when there will be a small supply of all denominations.

Personal.

Secretary Boutwell, having returned to Washington, resumed business at the Treasury Department this morning.

THE COAL TROUBLES.

The Long Strike Drawing Slowly to a Close—Both Parties Tired of the Contest—The Miners Propose to Test the Magnanimity of the Operators—Important Movement of Storekeepers.

SCRANTON, May 5, 1871.

There is a little change in public feeling to-day, although the situation is absolutely no better, to all appearances, than yesterday. The previous attitude of the companies affords but little hope that the earnest efforts made by distinguished citizens to draw from the representatives of the companies and the miners what terms will be acceptable to each will prove more efficacious than those which have been tried before. People, therefore, are anxiously awaiting the answer from the directors of the corporations to the proposition of the miners to go to work immediately and leave the question of wages to arbitration. Many well informed persons express an opinion that it will be accepted, while others equally intelligent as to the disposition of the officials say that it will be rejected. As the result will be shown to-morrow or Monday speculation on the subject will be profitless. In case the miners' offer is rejected, I have reason to believe that the men will propose to go into the mines and test the magnanimity of their employers. They will be encouraged to do this by assurance of many company adherents that better terms will be given them in case the companies' pride is gratified to that extent. It is certain that the long strike is drawing slowly to a close, and both parties are hedging to save as much as possible of their prestige. Each side has failed to accomplish its object and both are heartily disgusted with the struggle, so far as they have got. Public sentiment is still strong for the miners, but it is evident that sympathy of that kind is powerless to prolong the struggle for any length of time. Obduracy on the part of the company may keep the men out until June; a little concession will put the miners at work at once, and everybody is trusting that the corporations will be magnanimous.

An important meeting was held in Pittston yesterday. The most influential and largest storekeepers in the region embraced between Carbondale and Pittston assembled in council and discussed the situation in all its bearings. An association was formed for mutual protection. This movement is significant and may have great influence in the future of matters in the coal regions.

The movement to set the miners and laborers by the ears has fairly collapsed. It only excited the contempt of the citizens generally and the derision of the laborers themselves.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

Poughkeepsie's Romeo and Juliet—Romantic Story from a Hudson River Town.

POUGHKEEPSIE, May 5, 1871.

You have already been informed of the facts in the case of the suicide of Dr. Curtis Chapman, a young and highly respected physician of this village; but the full particulars are of a sad character and the surroundings of such an interesting nature that I cannot refrain from forwarding them in full. Dr. Chapman was twenty-two years of age, and the junior member of the firm of Raymond & Chapman, druggists. His father, Mr. Henry Chapman, is one of the most substantial moneyed men of the village. On Tuesday last the suicide left his store at nine o'clock in the morning, and proceeding to another drug store in the village purchased an ounce of prussic acid and left. That was the last seen of him alive. Not returning at night nor the next day, his parents became alarmed at his singular disappearance, and on yesterday, in conjunction with many of the young man's friends, commenced a search for him. At three o'clock in the afternoon they found his dead body lying in the woods, one mile north of here. He had evidently struggled considerably in his dying moments, as his face was bruised and lying downwards on the ground. On his person was found the empty prussic acid phial and a note. The purport of the latter was that he had left his gold watch and jewelry in his safe in the store, and also two letters, which would explain everything. He also directed the finder to take the safe key from his pocket. His body was at once removed to his father's residence. There were various causes ascribed for the rash act when the sad affair became known, some stating that his ill health hurried him to his grave. Others told that he had been disappointed in love, a report quite likely, but those who professed to know gave out that his business was embarrassed. All speculations, however, were put to rest by

THE FINDING OF TWO LETTERS

in his desk, one of which was strictly private. The other referred to his friend. In it he stated that business troubles and other things caused him to kill himself. He wrote that he loved no one as he did his only sister, and felt that his father and mother had been all to him that a father and mother could be to a child.

He desired that no services should be held over his remains, and if any were, that no allusion should be made to the manner of his death. He also desired to be buried in a pine coffin, and that his father and mother should not attend his funeral. He wished a simple stone to be erected over his grave, with his name and nothing more inscribed upon it.

It is not yet known what the letter which was directed to the family contained, but it is believed that its contents refer to causes other than financial for killing himself. A gentleman, however, who was intimate with deceased said that on the day of his death Dr. Chapman had a note for $1,500 to pay. This could, however, have hardly been the cause, for he could have commanded that amount at any time. He was a temperate young man, of good business habits, and enjoyed a large circle of acquaintances, who moved in the best society. And now comes the most singular part of the matter.

It will be recollected that on the 24th of February last Warren T. Snell,

A YOUNG MAN OF PROMINENCE

in Masonic, military and musical circles in Newburg, N. Y., committed suicide in the Bingham House, Philadelphia, by shooting himself through the heart. In a letter left behind he wished it understood that the deed was not committed in a fit of insanity, and averred that he never was saner in his lifetime. He referred to his lonely condition in the world—father, mother, sister and brothers all dead; nobody to care for him, &c. He said that for a year past he had suffered what none could tell but those who had suffered in the same way, and intimated that disappointed affection was the cause or one of the causes leading to the commission of the terrible deed. He wished his Masonic brethren to take charge of his remains and inter them with those of his family, at East Bridgewater, Mass., if there was nothing in the laws of Masonry to forbid paying the last sad rites to the remains of a suicide. If this was not done he cared not what was done with his body. The undoubted cause of Warren T. Snell's suicide was disappointed love. He was engaged to be married to a young lady who resided in Brooklyn, who, but a few months previous to his demise, renounced him. He, too, was in every respect a fine young man, and moved in the first circles. The first the young lady knew of his death she picked up a morning paper in the house of a friend in Poughkeepsie, with the exclamation, "Let us see

WHO IS DEAD OR MARRIED?"

The first piece of news which met her eyes was the announcement of her former lover's suicide. She was ill for several days after. Subsequently she became acquainted with Dr. Curtis Chapman, whose suicide is recorded in this article, and the two becoming enamored with each other, resolved to marry, and became betrothed early this spring. She paid another visit to her Poughkeepsie friends, and while there young Chapman visited her twice a week. One evening at a sociable it was noticed that he appeared down-hearted, when he was in a vivacious manner

TAKEN TO TASK FOR IT,

one of his male friends taunting him, jokingly, of being jealous of some gentlemen who were flirting with the lady spoken of. The taunt, spoken in jest, seemed to affect him seriously, and from that time forth he abruptly ceased paying his attentions to his affianced and the match was broken off and nothing more was heard of him by his Poughkeepsie friends till the announcement of his suicide in the paper, which announcement brought out all of the above facts. It is stated that his parents objected to his marrying the Brooklyn lady, and it is barely possible that caused him to kill himself. He was widely known, and the unhappy termination of his career has caused profound sorrow.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS ITEMS.

A bill to allow married women to sue and be sued in actions of tort for damages for personal injuries was passed in the Massachusetts Legislature yesterday.

About five inches of snow fell during Thursday night in Farmington, Me.

Antonio Cerrato, an old citizen and secretary of the Italian Society of the United States, died in St. Louis yesterday.

Mrs. Ruth, of Lawrence, Kan., whose husband was poisoned recently, led her children to the coffin where the dead body of their father lay and made them swear to avenge his death. She says she knows the murderer, and will relieve the law of the responsibility of punishing him.

Koppler & Salmon's planing mill, in Evansville, Ind., was burned last evening. Loss $20,000; no insurance.

James East, an old inhabitant and prominent member of the Common Council of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., died at his residence yesterday morning of typhoid fever.

Lieutenant J. Campbell Morrison, of Fort Niagara, who was drowned on Thursday in Niagara river, was former y of Cincinnati. He graduated with high honor both here and at West Point, and was assigned to the artillery corps.

The late rains in Minnesotta and Iowa have seriously interfered with wheat sowing, though about two-thirds had been sown previously. Some fields near the streams and in the Mississippi Valley are covered with water.

On Saturday last a young man named Lafayette Shepherd killed his mother and his sister with an axe at their home near Newtown, Jasper country, Ill. He fled but has since been arrested. He has several brothers and sisters who are also under arrest under suspicion of being accessories to the murder. It is said that Lafayette is insane.

QUARANTINE AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.

GALVESTON, May 5, 1871.

By order of the Mayor and in compliance with the Governor's proclamation, Galveston is quarantined from and after the 10th inst., and all vessels entering this port will be required to stop at quarantine station for examination.

ANOTHER FOSTER.

A Murderous and Unprovoked Assault on a Hoboken Citizen—The Victim Left in a Pool of Blood—Arrest of the Ruffian—A Chance for Jersey Justice.

The horror which the murder of Mr. Putnam has cast over the public scarcely seems to have roused the fears of some of the night-walking thieves and assassins. We came very near having to record in our columns this morning a similar atrocity. About eight o'clock last evening a peaceable citizen of Hoboken was on his way home to his little family, when, at the corner of Newark and Garden streets, a stalwart ruffian rushed furiously upon him, and with some murderous weapon struck him violently on the head. The victim fell senseless to the ground, and the would-be assassin, snatching the man's pocketbook, fled. The heavy blow, however, and a piercing groan from the bleeding man, were heard by Charles Weir, who keeps a store nearby. He ran into the street, and in a moment saw the villain fleeing fast from the scene. He gave chase, amid exciting shouts of

"MURDER!" AND "ROBBERY!"

from some individuals on the way, and after a desperate struggle secured the man. Officer Kennedy was soon at hand and took him in charge. The prisoner threw away the pocketbook, but the officer picked it up. It contained only $1 33. Sergeant Burke ordered the captive to be locked up. He gave his name as John Enrigus. He hails from the First ward of New York, and is a desperate looking character. Meanwhile the victim was removed for medical treatment. His face was terribly swollen, and

A POOL OF BLOOD

marked the place where he had fallen. He was unconscious for a long time, so that he was unable to give his name. At a late hour he was taken by officers to a house on the meadows, where he lies in a precarious condition. If he recovers the New York rowdy need not be thanked for it. Great excitement prevails among the citizens, as many among them justly think that unless the law be vigorously enforced against those lawless ruffians a like fate may befall themselves.

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The Recount of Votes in New Haven—Jewell's Vote Materially Reduced.

NEW HAVEN, May 5, 1871.

The Legislative committee to examine the vote for Governor met here to-day to inquire into the Fourth ward vote. The Town Clerk of New Haven was examined and testified as to the whereabouts of the boxes since the election. He was asked to produce the Fourth ward State box, but could not identify it. The moderator of the Fourth ward identified the box by a tally on the seal and other marks, and swore as to the correctness of the count, how it was taken and reported. The registrar identified the box by the same signs, swore to the accuracy of the checking, certified the check list produced in evidence and sworn to by the Town Clerk. The box was then produced and the votes recounted. In the box were found six packages for Jewell, three containing 100 ballots each, two 50 each, one 63 and 16 scattering for him; total for Jewell, 479. For English, five packages of 100 each, one of 93, one marked "scratched" of 112 and 14 scattering for him; total for English, 719. Jewell's vote on the recount, 100 less than the official return. The recount of Representatives gives the same result as the official return—the democrat, 606; republican, 577. The committee meet again on Monday.

Tampering with the Ballot Box.

HARTFORD, May 5, 1871.

Since the developments about the ballot box in the Fourth ward in New Haven the republicans here express a positive belief that the box has been tampered with since election day. The box was locked with a common key and not sealed. A full and investigation as possible will be made.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES IN TEXAS.

Attack on a Mail Train—Organized Plundering Bands.

[From the San Antonio (Texas) Express, April 22.]

It is probably known to most of our readers that no United States mail goes out of the post at Fort Concho without an escort of one or more soldiers. The importance of this precaution was shown last Friday morning on the route between Forts Stockton and Concho. The up and down stages had met and camped to let their mules rest and feed, near the central station, about eight miles from Concho. In the down stage there was a colored woman, the stage agent, the escort and the driver. In the up stage were two unarmed passengers, the escort and the driver.

About half-past seven one of the soldiers discovered an Indian and proposed, as he said, to go and see what kind of a "gentleman" he was. The agent advised him to keep near the stages, and assured him he would see enough of the Indian before they got through. But the two escorts went, and instead of one found some twenty-five or thirty Indians, who immediately fired upon them. One of the soldiers retreated to the camp, but the other took to a tree and returned the fire, and would probably have been cut off had not the agent advanced, and by firing rapidly held the Indians at bay till he could run in. The mules were gathered around the stages as soon as possible after the firing began. The Indians went close around the camp, dismounted and continued the fight for nearly two hours, often coming within forty yards of the stages. Each of the escorts fired about fifty rounds, and the agent did good work. It is believed five or six Indians were killed and several wounded. Several of their horses also were killed and others wounded, while, strange to say, the party with the stages only suffered by a slight wound in the ankle of one of the escorts, and by having their garments pierced by many bullets and arrows. Observing the Indians lighting signal fires they hitched the mules to the stages and drove rapidly for the nearest station towards Concho, followed for a long way by one of the Indians. They all had a narrow escape, and the incident shows the danger which continually beset travellers from the marauding, horse-stealing bands of Indians.

It appears they had gathered some forty or fifty horses and mules, besides what they rode, and were doubtless from the reservation.

The following letter is dated Eagle Pass, April 16:—

These Indians, now camped in Cañon de los Arboles, about thirty miles west of the Rio Grande and seventy-five from here, have made most of the recent incursions upon this frontier and have taken away several captives. They have a camp well adapted for their purpose sufficiently near the Mexican towns to procure such munitions of war as they require and to find a market for the stock they pillage from Texas.

We are credibly informed that the traders from the Mexican towns have recently taken to their camp large quantities of arrow points, lance blades, powder and lead, to exchange for horses and mules; that the arrow points and lance blades were manufactured for the special purpose on orders from the traders.

In the name of humanity and civilization, how long shall these savages, who are continually killing and scalping our citizens and dragging their wives and children into captivity, have a secure asylum within thirty miles of the Rio Grande?

A PROPOSED NATIONAL POLICE CONVENTION.

(From the Cleveland Leader, May 1.)

The purpose of the proposed convention in St. Louis would be the formation of a national detective association and the perfection of the machinery by which perfect co-operation may be secured between distant points. At a period when nearly every conceivable trade and interest has a national association, it is strange that this organization of detectives has not been thought of and accomplished before. The chiefs of the different cities should be personally acquainted; their system should be organized and managed for the prevention as well as the detection of crime, and, above all, a higher standard of tact and ability should be enlisted in the force. A proper detective system is by nature general, rather than merely local, and, in the language of the report, "to render it fully effective, information must be constantly furnished from distant points. The bank burglar, the express robber, the counterfeiter and other operators on a large scale take flight at once, and make distance conduce to safety; their movements are measured by calculation, and they seek and procure protection from their associates and accomplices, especially in distant cities. The detective force of every city in the Union ought to be, not a disjointed body, as now, but a chain of rapid communication and action by combined rule and cipher. The organization should be a network of swift intelligence and prompt performance, which would arrest crime, whether stationary or in flight." Among the most important services of a system like this would be the strong check which a knowledge of its existence would lay upon the commission of felonies. Men enter crime as a business, in which the chances of gain are carefully balanced against the danger of capture. The greater and more certain this danger is made the fewer intelligent men will be found taking the risks of the burglar's profession.

A VICTIM OF THE NEW YORK JULY RIOTS.—The New Bedford (Mass.) *Mercury* says:—John Austen, one of our colored citizens, died in this city on Tuesday, aged about seventy-five years. During the war he was living with his family in New York, and was one of the victims of the mob in July, 1863, but managed to escape from their hands, and, concealed in a cart, underneath a load of empty bottles, was conveyed out of harm's way. He never recovered, however, from the injuries then received, and has been gradually failing since his return home. The last few months of his sickness have been made comfortable by the friendly aid of the Union for Good Works. He leaves a wife and several daughters, all very worthy persons.

A subscription has been opened to erect at Belfort a monument to commemorate the hospitality of the populations of Switzerland to the French soldiers interned in that country. An allegorical group is to represent the two nations united in friendship, and an inscription will perpetuate the gratitude of the French people.

YACHTING.

The America's Cup—Mr. Schuyler's Interpretation Adopted.

The following preamble and resolution were offered by Mr. Sylvanus J. Macy:—

Whereas at a meeting held March 24, 1870, the New York Yacht Club acted according to their interpretation of the letter of trust donating the America's cup to the care of the Club, and

Whereas Mr. G. L. Schuyler, the sole survivor of the donors, published the original letter of trust and fully expressed the views of the donors thereof; be it therefore

Resolved, That the New York Yacht Club hereby accept Mr. Schuyler's interpretation of the deed of trust and that we will sail one or more representative vessels against the same number of foreign challenging vessels.

Seconded and carried unanimously.

Vice Commodore Douglas offered the following resolution:—

Resolved, That, in view of the arbitrary system of the Royal Thames Yacht Club and other foreign measurements, and its unfairness when applied to the American model, a committee be appointed by the New York Yacht Club to communicate with all foreign yacht clubs with a view to open negotiations in regard to the adoption of some impartial basis of measurement for international races to apply to both keel and centre-board vessels.

Seconded and carried.

The Chair appointed Messrs. W. P. Douglas, Anson Livingston and S. J. Macy as such committee.

A true extract from minutes.

CHAS. A. MINTON, Secretary.

THE ATALANTA BANQUET.

Celebration of the Twenty-third Anniversary of the Atalanta Boat Club—Illumination, Fireworks, Dining, Wining and Speech Making.

After twenty-three years of hard battling in "measured time" with the placid waters of the rivers of our land, and the rougher struggling with the ocean's tall in New York harbor, the boys of the Atalanta Boat Club have come down to the sumptuous anniversary dinners of Harvard and Yale, with the concomitants of the mighty after-supper amusements of Oxford and Cambridge—the pyrotechnics. Never did the haunting champions of the Hub or the matchless wrestlers at Mortlake, in the smooth waters of the Thames, gather in greater force, display more genuine zeal or partake of a more delicately arranged repas—*à la* Delmonico—than that to which they sat down in the combined club houses of the Columbia and their own, at Christopher street last night. They could scarcely have celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of the club in a more befitting spirit. The Atalanta is the oldest rowing club of continuous organization in this city, and though composed of amateurs, there are few clubs on this great American Continent more capable of entering upon and contesting for a race with such good prospects of success. It has been especially successful since the experienced and genial Ransom Parker, Jr., has been its president; for, having a large circle of acquaintances among rowers in this country and in Europe, he has been able to enter into arrangements for races with the best clubs in existence. At present they are matched

TO ROW WITH THE CREWS OF HARVARD AND YALE,

at Springfield, Mass., and it will doubtless be a hard task for the latter to get to the "windward" of them.

Last evening the club house was illuminated with a number of large Chinese lanterns, which shed their gloomy but fascinating light upon the bedraggled members as they entered, one by one, the "old spot," and showed up the three inches of mud which had accumulated before the doors—and leading one, as an *ignis fatuus*, into the thickest of it. At the rear of the boathouse five hundred rockets were discharged, hissing like so many rattlesnakes as they rose high toward heaven for the amusement of Hobokonians and the fish in the North river, while Greek fire of every color that has an English appellation sent forth its dazzling hues, and exhibited the oyster mansions on the quays and the warehouses on the street in lights as brilliant as the

BORDERS OF LAKE COMO AT SUNSET.

The greatest treat, of course, was the magnificent "lay out" in the Columbia boat house. Here was a table eighty feet long, robed in spotless white and adorned above with floral emblems, bouquets, six candelabras, each holding seven lighted wax tapers; a multiplicity of colored glass and a general tableau that would have made the great caterer in Fourteenth street wince from very vexation. Charlie Peverelly wore his best diamond pin and "bib and tucker;" Billy Webster looked two inches taller than usual when he gazed upon the handsome table, and "Ran" Parker's face glowed with merriment and good humor. Bob Withers, the old M. D., couldn't speak when called upon; his heart was full. One hundred intelligent and highly respectable gentlemen sat down to dinner, and

LITERALLY "RAN DOWN" THE CRAFT

so heavily laden before them, while their thirsty predilections were amply provided for by the sparkling champagne that was so plentifully supplied.

This is the first time in the long and successful history of the club that so dignified and gorgeous an affair has been entertained, but it is only the beginning of many that are now to follow. After dinner came the necessary speeches and recitations. "The Day we Celebrate" was ably responded to by Billy Webster; "The Atlanta Boat Club" was duly eulogised by Ran Parker, the president. The old veteran Charles Peverelly set the table on a roar in reply to the "Active and Honorary Members," and "Gus" Phillips gave "Houghly Goughty" as a reply for the press. Next came the singing, and it is scarcely necessary to add this was much more agreeable to the company than speech making. The wine flowed freely, was drunk cautiously, and the company continued to celebrate the day until the day had ceased to exist.

THE BANQUET OF THE THIRD ARMY CORPS.

The Third Army Corps Union wound up the celebration of their seventh anniversary last evening by a sumptuous and *recherché* banquet at the Astor House. General Graham presided, and among those present were General Heintzelman, the first commander of the corps; General Mott, of New Jersey; General Hobart Ward, Marshal Sharpe, General Stewart L. Woodford, General Tremaine, and Chaplain Rosa, of the Seventeenth New Jersey. Immediately the cravings of the inner man were satisfied the flow of eloquence and the feast of soul commenced. First came the presentation of a gold medal, studded with diamonds, to General De Peyster, the historian of the corps. The presentation address was made by Major John Cooney, and General De Peyster in suitable terms replied, accepting the medal as a distinguished favor, coming, as it did, from the Third Army corps, which he considered the fighting corps of the Union army.

The President then introduced General O'Brien, who delivered the oration of the evening. He said that in the Third Army corps as a social union now, as well as a war organization in times of trouble, there were still intelligence, soldierly brotherhood and generosity. It was the first corps to send home their dead to relatives with kindly messages of consolation and comfort and substantial assistance. This was done with true soldierly sincerity of heart, and not for show or effect. Through the battle's fire and fury, and around the camp fire, there was ever a fraternity of feeling and purpose not surpassed in the military history of the world. He would modestly say that the Third Army corps had never been excelled in gallantry, in rank and file, and when the call of duty came no man could say they proved recreant. Life, spirit, dash and intensity of purpose and concert of action were the prominent characteristics of the corps, which went into the war a solid and a fearless phalanx, and came out broken and annihilated, but with a preserved Union. In speaking of absent friends he paid a high eulogy to General Daniel E. Sickles, and referred in feeling language to the gallant Phil Kearny.

The toast of "The President of the United States" was responded to by Major Morgan, who traced the career of General Grant from a captain on the staff of the Governor of a Western State to the position he now occupies.

"The Army of the Potomac" was responded to by General Heintzelman and General De Peyster.

Major Buller delivered an able and eloquent speech in reply to the toast of "The Third Army Corps."

"The Loyal Press" was responded to by T. M. Cook, and "Our Invited Guests" by Lieutenant Governor Stewart L. Woodford.

Songs were sung by Major Burtellow, Colonel Berry, Major Candius and Colonel Hunt, who composed two songs—"The Old Third Corps" and "Our Departed Commanders and Comrades"—which were sung, all joining in the chorus.

The Committee of Arrangements were:—Major Fassitt, Lieutenant Colonel Hunt, Lieutenant Colonel Fitzgerald and Major Cooney. Mrs. General Graham and two other ladies entered the room after dinner and remained during the evening.

CONNECTICUT'S GOOSE ISLAND.

New Yorkers Have no Rights That the Ganders Are Bound to Respect—Important Decision by Judge Woodruff.

At the session of the United States Circuit Court in New Haven yesterday Judge Woodruff rendered a decision in the case of John H. Keyser, of Westport, vs. Enoch Coe, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The suit is a petition for an injunction to restrain the defendant from manufacturing manure from fish at his works on Goose Island, in Norwalk harbor, alleging that the same creates a nuisance. The defence raised the claim of jurisdiction, alleging that the island belonged to the State of New York. The Court, after reviewing the Warwick charter of 1631, and the Connecticut charter of 1662, and the charter to the Duke of York in 1664 and other documents, declared that a proper construction of those documents gave the island to Connecticut, as well as the others along the shore. The Court held they had jurisdiction and granted the injunction.

THE GLADIATORS.

The Coming Combat of Mace and Coburn.

The Accidents and Incidents—Stoves, Rum and Cigars—What the Profession Think—Amateurs in the Field—Facing the Music—Pooley, Dooney and Jim.

THE FIGHT NOT TO BE POSTPONED

The great fight which is just about to come off was the topic of general conversation throughout the city yesterday. Merchants in their offices dropped the morning papers for a moment to suggest to a partner or confidential, "I wonder if these fellows mean to fight." Clerks snatched a passing minute from the piling labor of a column of figures and discussed the subject with a companion "quill" in an animated manner that showed intimate acquaintance with the men and their proceedings. Conductors on the street cars and drivers on the front of them eagerly questioned the passengers for the last item of news on the great event. On the streets, in the hotels, at almost all the barrooms, the subject of conversation was the approaching pugilistic encounter. The soft depths of the feminine heart were aroused, and wagers of dozens of gloves and elegant bouquets, with seats at the opera, were freely offered and taken. New bonnets and glitteringly gilded boxes of bonbons were articles of frequent interchange upon decisions of feminine opinion upon the coming man. The prevalent excitement striking upon the trunk ran through the finest fibres to the very roots of Gothamite humanity and bootblacks in the City Park, from betting-dimes covies down to the prospective of coming shines, and sustained the popular feeling in their own way up to the coming of darkness. In the various depots consecrated to

THE REFRESHMENT OF THIRSTY SOULS

crowds discussed the chances of both parties in the expected contest, until the disputants, starting with an idea of what they would desire, so prolonged the argument and interspersed it with "liquors" that they wound up with a confused impression that somebody was going to have a fight, but who it was or what it was going to be about they hadn't the remotest conception until they reached their domiciles and bumped their heavy heads against the stairs it was a staggering difficulty to mount, and realized the problem that they had escaped it.

In Jim McDermott's an a semblage of "turfy" gentlemen speculated upon the events of the past few days relating to the men who were to be pitted against each other in battle array. Jim Coburn, the brother of the celebrated pugilist, led one party seconded by McDermott. The rain was shooting down in fine but piercing swoops, and the crowd gathered in the barroom, hugged the stove with an affection worthy a more prepossessing object.

"Say, Jim," queried one, "did Joe send that there feller word when the news cum

ABOUT THE OLD 'OMAN?"

"Yes he did, and Cusick answered back by telegram the fight must go on at the time appointed if Joe Coburn was dead."

"Oh! oh! oh!" growled half a dozen voices.

"Well, I aint no betting man," said a misty-looking gentleman long gone in tipsyness, "but I got a friend who'll put up seventy-five quid on—what's your name, young fellow?"

"Coburn."

"On Coburn, and there aint no better man ever stept into the American ring (hiccups). Give us a drink all round, Jim."

"Mr. McDermott," asked a HERALD *attaché*, "is there any news about the fight?"

"Well, sir, there's only one news; Joe Coburn is going to fight at all hazards."

"His recent misfortune, you think, won't interfere with the arrangements?"

"Not in the least, sir; here's his brother."

"How do you do, sir?"

"How do you do?"

"I am glad to hear there is to be no interruption to this affair."

"Well, sir, we won't throw any obstacles in the way; and if the other side don't weaken we're fixed."

"Your brother must be a little unsettled by his recent misfortune?"

"You mean the death of his wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, of course he's kind o' put out—it was so very sudden. But then he's game, and can stand a darned sight more than that."

The Arbor was the next pugilistic retreat visited, but the admirers of the "manly art" who frequent this delightful (?) retreat had retired to a neighboring corner grocery to discuss a smoked herring, flavored with the essence of the prize fight. At a celebrated bower in the immediate vicinity of Union square two well-known "pugs" talked the topic over in loud voices.

"Now, I tell you what it is," said the burliest of the two, "I'll bet you two hundred dollars Joe can fight him on his merits, and he will. I've got the stamps, and I'll put them up now."

"That's all right, old man; but look at the difference in the two men."

"Mace don't want to fight."

"Yes, but Coburn does, and it's his only chance."

"That's so. He's got to face the music this time, or he's a goner."

"If ever he gets a crack in the snout it's a dead game."

"Well, maybe it is; but he never did get a tap on the nostril, but Mace has had a good many."

"You're right, and it ain't disfigured him much."

"Well, now, if ever he gets into that ring—and I don't think he ever will—he'll come out

THE WORST FIGURED MAN

you ever saw."

"Well, Joe's got more at stake; that's certain."

"Oh, well now, he ain't no slouch; and these folks that think he's going to fight to make a reputation will find their mistake. Joe Coburn, sir, is going into this fight with a firm conviction that he will be the winning man."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, we will, and pretty soon."

The elaborately decorated halls of fistiology were next explored for information. The elegant Mace was absent. He had taken a cue from the HERALD and had retired into the country with a supply of brandy to improve upon the methodical grace of Delsarte. The barroom, however, was left with all its magnificence of abundance of decoration. Venuses lying in semi-robed elegance on marble pedestals upon the recess behind the counter; nymphs rising through a stony foam, some of whom hardly come foot behind them to mingle with the coral beauties of the deep—stately tripping virgins, done in bronze, carrying flowing cups that gave the satiated appetite a new relish for the enervating stimulants concocted beneath so much freshness and beauty. That the

REFRESHING INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

should not be lost on this arcadian alcoholic scene, Pooley, in the rear, seated on a wheeling chair, discoursed discordant melodies, leastways noises, with commendable industry from a cheap concertina. Mr. Pooley Mace sports the professional mustache, minus the waxed and twisted ends, that some of his more elaborate *confreres* are happy enough to be able to indulge in. He is one of the most strictly innocent young men one would meet with in a day's walk. With a bland and thoroughly non-committal sneer he grins upon a questioner, and doing *forte* on the concertina, shouts, "What d'ye say?"

"Is your brother in town?"

"No, he ain't. He's in the country."

"Can you tell me anything about the fight?"

"No, I can't."

"I heard down town you refused to postpone the day decided upon for the fight when Coburn asked you?"

"They may say what they like. Do you think we are heathens?"

"Well, how was that affair?"

"As soon as Cusick heard it he sent word to Coburn that he might take any reasonable time he wanted, and we would be satisfied."

"Well, what answer did you get?"

"We got word that the day was all right, and there was no necessity to postpone it for him."

"Then things are all right now?"

"Yes, sir, as far as I know."

"Where do they fight?"

"I don't know."

"How do you get there?"

"By train, I expect."

"Where from?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Pooley having recommenced on the mimic harmonicon a complicated *melange* of "Yankee Doodle" and

"PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED,"

further conversation on the all important subject was impossible. Mr. Heenan proved a fly-by-night, all research for him through the mysterious interwindings of the Coleman House and the adjacent resorts proving ineffectual. The gentlemanly John scented from afar the inquisitive public, and like a myth vanished from observation. Johnny Galvin turned up a happy ghost of the evanescent Heenan, and in dulcet, confidential tones conveyed his impression that the fight was a sure thing, and Mace ought to wait a decent time for Joe. He knew the old woman well. She was Joe's best friend, and a man don't lose a wife like that without considerable thinking about it. Mr. Rice was encountered on the way, but he proved so completely non-committal that it seemed a pity he should have so much control over an event in which the public took so deep an interest. Harry Hill was just

RETURNING FROM HIS STABLES

when the question was put to him,

"Mr. Hill, what do you think of the Mace-Coburn business?"

"It will be a fight, sir, and a good one. Both the men are in splendid condition. Poor Joe has had a misfortune, but I don't think he will let it interfere. As for Mace, the entire town has the utmost confidence in him, and we all expect one of the greatest events we have ever seen in this country."

"It all depends upon the day, then?"

"It does indeed. We have only to wait and see."

NO POSTPONEMENT OF THE FIGHT.

Coburn was recalled from Buffalo on Thursday, where he had gone on Tuesday with a friend or two to perfect his arrangements for the forthcoming fight, by a telegram apprising him of the sudden death of his wife on Thursday, she having died of convulsions. He arrived in the city at noon, and soon after a representative of Mace waited upon him and advised that he had been directed on behalf of the latter to leave it optional with him whether the fight should be postponed or go on as agreed upon; that Mace did not wish to take advantage of Coburn's sad bereavement, nor would he under any circumstances; and that the matter should lay over for his decision until late in the day. Upon mature reflection Coburn, in view of the large amount of money at stake, wagered in every possible manner, decided against further del