ENGLISH YACHTING.

Brilliant Opening of the Thames Season.

THE THREE LEADING LONDON CLUBS.

The Vessels and Their Performances.

A REVIEW OF THE CONTESTS.

The New Yacht Livonia's First Race.

LONDON, June 3, 1871.

The Thames yachting season was inaugurated this week under most favorable auspices, the three leading London yacht clubs, viz.:—the Royal Thames, the New Thames and the Royal London—having made arrangements to sail their opening matches on three consecutive days—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29, 30 and 31. In point of number the entries were scarcely up to the average of former years; but what was lacking in quantity was more than amply atoned for by the quality of the competing craft, all the crack cutters of the day (with the exception of the three "big Scotchmen," the Condor, Olmara and Fiona, the last named of which will not be put into commission this year) taking part in the contests. The weather, too, was, on the whole, far more favorable than is usually met with at this time of year, each of the three matches being sailed under most favorable conditions of wind and weather, both from a landsman's and a yachtsman's point of view, a bright sun and a fine, fresh breeze—a rare combination of circumstances in the land-locked reaches of the Thames.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB,

which still arrogates to itself the title of the premier club—albeit since the establishment of the Royal London and the New Thames Club (the latter being a "secessia" from the Royal Thames Yacht Club), the old prestige has been somewhat on the wane—opened the ball on Monday, May 29, with a match for first and second class cutters, the first class comprising yachts exceeding thirty-five tons, and the second fifteen tons and not exceeding thirty-five tons. The prizes, which were of an exceedingly handsome character, were, for the first class, a cup, value £100 ($500), with a piece of plate, value £40 ($200), for the second vessel, and for the second class a cup, value £50. The entries were as under, with the tonnage according to the Royal Thames Yacht Club measurement:—

FIRST CLASS.

Yacht.	Tons.	Owner.
Niobe	40	Mr. Albert Heyman.
Heron	46	Captain G. E. A. Ross.
Alcyone	34	Lieut. Col. Sir W. Topham.
Julia	113	Mr. George F. Moss.
Volante	59	Mr. H. M. Maudslay.
Vanguard	60	Mr. William Turner.

SECOND CLASS.

Yacht.	Tons.	Owner.
Glance	25	Mr. J. R. Rushton.
Vampire	20	Mr. Thomas Cuthbert.
Foxhound	35	Marquis of Alisa.

Time for tonnage, twenty seconds per ton.

As might be expected, the meeting of such a fleet of clippers created the greatest interest. The Niobe was built by Hatchern in 1863, and for several years proved very successful, winning a large number of matches. The Heron is by Ratsey, of Cowes, built in 1866, but prior to the present occasion had never figured as a match sailer. The Alcyone—being Ratsey's late production—having been built this year on the lines of the Muriel, naturally came in for the lion's share of notice, great interest being manifested as to the manner in which she would acquit herself in her début. She did not do quite so well as was expected, but circumstances were clear against her. Her sails did not stand properly, as is often the case with new canvas, and her new running gear and bolt ropes were constantly stretching, a pull being necessary on one purchase or other every time she stayed in the beat down. The Julia is another of Ratsey's, and has been lengthened and otherwise greatly improved by the same builder since she was originally constructed. She has figured with a fair share of success both as a yawl and a cutter, possessing fine running and reaching powers, but in a dead beat to windward she stands no chance against such a vessel as the Vanguard. The Volante, originally constructed by Harvey, and recently altered and improved by Camperdown & Nicholson, has figured prominently as a match sailer both on the Thames and Solent, and won a large number of prizes. The Vanguard, the property of the late Colonel Verschoyle, and recently purchased by Mr. Turner, the original owner of the Phosphorus, is another of Ratsey's build, and is now regarded by general consent as the champion English cutter of her tonnage. Last year, it will be remembered, in addition to other victories, she won two Queen's Cups on the Solent, and this season has followed up her success by carrying off two first prizes on the Thames. Of the smaller vessels the Glance and Vampire are well known, both having won a large number of prizes. The Foxhound was built last year for the Marquis of Ailsa by Fife, of Fairlie, and, judging from her performances during the past week, bids fair to equal the reputation of the Fiona.

The course originally proposed to be sailed was from Gravesend round the Mouse Light and back; but, as will be seen anon, the yachts were unable to accomplish the prescribed distance before the flood began to make, it being a dead beat all the way down from Gravesend to the Nore, and the course was consequently shortened. Owing to the exigencies of the case an early start was imperative, and shortly after nine A. M. the club steamboat, having on board the band of the Second Life Guards and a large party, numbering upward of 550, left Adelaide Wharf, London Bridge, and steamed direct for Gravesend. On arriving at this rendezvous she was joined by the Commodore's (Lord Alfred Paget) steam yacht Xantha, which flew the royal standard, in honor of the Prince of Wales, who was on board with a distinguished party, including Prince Vladimir, the second son of the Emperor of Russia; Prince John, of Glucksburg; Lord Yarborough, Lord Alfred Paget, &c., who accompanied the match from start to finish. The competing yachts were moored in two lines off Rosherville pier, the smaller vessels forming the lower tier, about two cables length below the others, the Foxhound being to windward. In the larger class the Vanguard had the weather berth, in addition to which advantage she had dragged her moorings a little and so got a clear start. The starting signal was made at twelve minutes past eleven A. M., the wind being N.N.E., and the whole fleet slipped their moorings and canted to the northward for a board under the lee shore. The Vanguard was the first round of the larger craft, followed by the Heron, Alcyone, Volante, Niobe and Julia, in the order named. The Vampire took the lead of the second class, with the Foxhound and little Glance in close attendance. The larger vessels set square-headed topsails and the small fry jib-headers, but the Volante presently shifted for a jib-header, and all made fine boards down Gravesend Reach. Half way through the reach the Volante's topsail blew out about the mainsail, and she lost much precious time before it could be secured and the tack hauled down. A short time afterwards the Heron's topsail also came to grief, and she had to house her topmast to repair damages, but half an hour later got her stick on end again and set a working topsail. In the Lower Hope the wind came fresher and a little hazing from E.N.E., and the smaller fry found whole canvas as much as they could carry. Just before opening Sea Reach the Volante, Niobe and Julia got in dangerous proximity, and a collision seemed inevitable, but happily no mishap occurred, all three going about just in time. The Julia and Niobe, however, hoisted protest signals in their rigging, which were duly acknowledged by a gun from the club steamboat, but as the protests were not carried any further the sailing committee were saved the trouble of inquiring into the rights and the wrongs of the case. In the west board the Volante stood across the bows of the Julia and Niobe, and shortly afterwards weathered the little Glance, taking the second place in her class about half a mile astern of the formidable Vanguard. The Foxhound was leading the smaller vessels and, considering the weather, doing remarkably well with the big cutters. Entering Sea Reach the wind, after a momentary lull, freshened considerably from E., raised a lively bit of sea, and making it a dead beat all down the reach. Between the Mucking and Chapman Lights no change of importance occurred, but off Southend the Vanguard seemed to be making bad weather of it, and after staggering along as long as she was able under her whole canvas, with her lee rails buried in foam, finally sent down her topsail and housed her topmast. Under shortened canvas she seemed to do better and improved her position upon the Volante with every board. Off Sheerness the little Vampire carried away her bowsprit shrouds and bore up, and the Heron, finding she had no chance, followed her example shortly afterwards. At two P. M. the Vanguard weathered the Nore Light, followed by the Volante, Julia and Foxhound in the order indicated, the last named dancing a good deal and dipping her bowsprit in the "slop." By this time the ebb was about spent and it being clearly impossible for the yachts to make the Mouse Light against the flood, with any chance of finishing the match before dark, the steamboat was brought up about a mile and a half below the Nore, and the yachts were signalled to round her. They were turned as under:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Vanguard	2	24	20	Niobe	2	41	20
Volante	2	30	45	Glance	2	43	0
Julia	2	32	45	Alcyone	2	43	30
Foxhound	2	41	0				

As the Glance was in the act of jibbing, Hatcher, the well known yacht builder, who was at her helm, caught his foot in the sheet and was dragged overboard. A boat was promptly lowered from the steamer, and he was rescued with some difficulty, but in the meantime the Glance had rounded to, and by so doing lost so much ground that she had no alternative but to retire from the contest. Immediately after rounding running-gear became in general requisition, the Vanguard and Volante booming out balloon foresails, while the Foxhound, Alcyone and Niobe ran up their "spinnakers," and the Julia set squaresail and square topsail over all. Running right before the wind under this press of canvas the last named overhauled the Volante off the Chapman Light, and the Alcyone also ran the Foxhound and Niobe, taking fourth place astern of the Volante, the last named shortly afterwards running in her balloon foresail and setting her "spinnaker." The remainder of the run home presented no special features of interest, the position of the competing vessels undergoing no further change. Entering the Lower Hope all jibed and hauled in their sheets, until they brought the wind abeam; but at the beginning of Gravesend Reach they jibed over on the other tack, and squared away before the wind. Alternately all passed the flag buoy at Rosherville in the following order:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Vanguard	4	27	45	Alcyone	4	44	0
Julia	4	28	15	Niobe	4	46	0
Volante	4	35	20	Foxhound	4	48	0

The Vanguard thus took the first prize in her class and the Volante the second, the latter having come in well within her time of the Julia. The prize in the second class, of course fell to the Foxhound, neither of her two opponents passing the winning buoy. Immediately upon the conclusion of the match the royal standard was displaced from the club steamer, and it was generally expected that the Prince of Wales would come on board to present the prizes; but, to the undisguised disappointment of the spectators, who expressed their feelings in unmistakeable language, the presentation took place on board the Xantha, which was moored alongside for the purpose.

NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB.

Following in the wake of the Royal Thames, the members of the New Thames Yacht Club sailed their opening cutter match—also divided into two classes—on Tuesday, May 30, and, though not equally favored in the matter of wind and weather, the race presented some very interesting features, and a large party on board the club steamboat, the Albert Edward, in charge of Commodore Lee, spent a most enjoyable day.

FIRST CLASS.

Yacht.	Tons.	Owner.
Julia	113	Mr. G. F. Moss.
Noose	40	Mr. A. Heyman.
Volante	59	Mr. H. C. Maudslay.
Foxhound	35	Marquis of Ailsa.
Alcyone	40	Lieut. Col. Sir W. Topham.
Vanguard	60	Mr. W. Turner.
Heron	46	Captain Ross.

SECOND CLASS.

Thought	28	Mr. G. Wells.
Vampire	20	Mr. T. Cuthbert.
Santry	25	Mr. A. C. Stevens.

The time allowance for difference of tonnage was thirty seconds per ton up to fifty tons, and fifteen seconds above that tonnage.

There were two prizes in each class, viz.:—First class, first prize valued £100, second £50; second class, £40 and £20.

The start took place off the Club House, Gravesend, the signal for the smaller yachts to get under weigh being made at 19:38 A. M.—the wind being northeast by east—very light and variable. The little Vampire was put about, followed by the Santry and Thought, and all three stood down Gravesend Reach nearly beam and beam, the Thought coming out with the lead off Tilbury Fort. Five minutes later the starting gun was fired for the larger vessels, and all made a short board for the north shore—the Heron having the weather station. The Foxhound was the first to haul about the Vanguard following suit almost immediately and tacking on her weather quarter. These two were presently joined company by the Alcyone, and the trio, catching a nice puff as they went about under the Kent shore, came out with a good lead of the others at the next board. In the meantime the remaining quartette were having a little scrimmage among themselves, which, had there been more wind, might have been attended by serious consequences. It happened in this wise:—The Niobe and Julia were together on the starboard tack close under the north shore, when the Niobe went about on the port tack, thereby pulling the Volante about—the latter having at the moment a barge under her starboard bow. The barge at once put her helm hard down, and for the moment cleared the Volante, but this brought her right across the bow of the Julia, who was standing in on the other tack. The Julia having plenty of sea room promptly went about to avoid a collision, but the Volante, hemmed in on both sides, was not so fortunate, but ran stem on into the barge. The shock seemed to shake her a bit, but luckily the wind was light and she shoved off without inflicting or receiving any damage. While this game of cross purposes was being enacted, the Vanguard, Foxhound and Alcyone, with a breeze off the land, were making the best of their way down the reach under the south shore, but as they made the bottom of the Hope the wind die away to nothing and the whole fleet were completely becalmed. They drifted with the tide to Coal House Point, where a slight breeze sprang up, and the leaders set jib topsails (the English term for flying jibs when used on a cutter), but did not keep them standing long. Opening Sea Reach the wind came fresher and truer from east-southeast, and the Vanguard tacked under the Mucking Light and stood over to the southward with a good lead, the others following her example in turn. At this point the order was:—Vanguard, Niobe, Alcyone, Foxhound, Julia, Heron and Volante—the last named getting more of her share of ill luck in the fluky wind, and showing no trace of the "good form" she displayed in Monday's match. Moreover, if the truth must be told, she was by no means well handled. Just below the Mucking the Foxhound weathered both the Alcyone and Niobe, and took second place—a good half mile astern of the Vanguard—followed by the Alcyone—the last named also weathering the Niobe off the Middle Blyth Buoy. In the meantime the Vanguard was rapidly picking up the smaller fry, having forced the Santry to windward half way down Sea Reach. Just below the Chapman she also weathered the little Vampire; but the Thought was still leading the whole fleet, and in the light wind looked like holding her own. The breeze, however, freshened at this point, and off Southend Mr. Turner's clipper managed to get on her weather and for the first time in the match proved her title to her name, coming out in the "van" of the whole fleet. While this was going on the Alcyone was making a very pretty match against the Foxhound, and after a good deal of "jockeying" on both sides succeeded in weathering her—the Niobe serving her the same just below Southend pier. Midway between this and the Chapman the Volante, now hopelessly astern, bore up, and hauling down her racing flag ran back to Gravesend. The course originally contemplated was from the Gravesend to the West Oaze Buoy; but as the leader breasted the Nore Light, it was close upon low water, and there being no hope of reaching the West Oaze the Commodore decided to shorten the course. The steamer was accordingly brought up about half a mile to the southeast of the Nore lightship, and the yachts were signalled to round her, which they accomplished in the following order and time:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Vanguard	3	14	54	Foxhound	3	25	00
Thought	3	27	24	Julia	3	38	2
Alcyone	3	29	42	Heron	3	47	55
Niobe	3	31	34	Santry	3	52	1
Vampire	3	33	45				

Sheets were now flared off, and running gear got in readiness for the run home before the wind, with booms over the starboard quarters. Directly she was round the steamboat the Vanguard set an enormous "spinnaker," and all the others followed suit, save the Julia, whose squaresail and squaretopsail were, as usual, brought into requisition. Off Southend the Alcyone and Niobe had overhauled the little Thought, but she even in the light wind could do nothing with the Vanguard, who was dropping the fleet fast. About a mile above Southend Head, however, "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream;" the leader, now fully a mile and a half ahead, ran into a stark calm, while the others still carried a slight air with them and were unmistakably closing up to her. In the course of time, however, they too became becalmed, and thereupon ensued a wearisome two hours of suspense—the yachts drifting idly along with the tide—without a breath of wind in their sails. However, "everything comes to him who can wait," and and at last, when off Thames Haven, the Vanguard, scenting a breeze from the westward, got on her "spinnaker" and hauled in under the north shore. It was a true omen. A few minutes later the "gentle zephyr" came rippling down the beach, and the Vanguard, getting the first benefit of it, was soon humming along at a merry pace, quickly leaving the others hopelessly in the doldrums a mile and a half astern. From this point she had the race at her mercy; for, though the others picked up the breeze in turn, and though the Foxhound managed to overhaul the Niebe and Alcyone on the run home they were scarcely in sight when the leader passed the winning buoy. The match was ultimately concluded as under:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Vanguard	7	4	26	Thought	7	54	10
Foxhound	7	28	20	Vampire	7	56	16
Alcyone	7	31	15	Julia	7	49	31
Niobe	7	32	48	Heron	7	53	0

The Vanguard thus won the first prize in her class and the Foxhound the second, while the first and second prizes in the second class fell respectively to the Vampire and Thought.

The Livonia's First Ocean Race—The New Schooner Takes the First Prize.

[From the London Shipping Gazette, June 6.]

This was a coast race, from Southend Pier to Harwich Harbor, for three prizes:—First, value £45, presented by Mr. James Ashbery, of Cambria fame; second, value £10, presented by the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, and third, value £5, in the event of the Livonia, the Commodore's new schooner, coming in the winner. Time allowance on the Royal Yacht Squadron scale. Course—After leaving the river to take the usual ships' track, through the East and West Swin, passing the lighthouse and buoys of the Gunfleet, the West Rocks buoy, the buoy of the Rough and the Cork light-vessel, all on the port hand, thence into Harwich harbor, passing between the Beach End (Bell) and Cliff Foot buoys, to finish between the north arm of the Corporation pier at Harwich and a vessel northward therefrom.

The start took place at half-past eight, the vessels getting away under canvas and crossing an imaginary line formed by a mark boat half a mile southeast of the pier head at Southend. To sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim to the satisfaction of the committee. A pilot, but no extra hands allowed. No restrictions as to canvas; to carry their usual boats, anchors and cables. The entries were as follows:—

Yacht.	Tons.	Rig.	Owners.
Livonia	394	Schooner	James Ashbury, Esq.
Gwendolin	193	Schooner	Major Ewing.
Gloriana	148	Schooner	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.
Flying Cloud	75	Schooner	Count Batthyany.
Volante	59	Cutter	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.
Heron	46	Cutter	Capt. G. E. A. Ross.
Niobe	40	Cutter	A. Heymann, Esq.
Alcyone	40	Cutter	Lieut. Col. Sir W. Topham.

Of the above all are well known, except the Livonia, which is a new yacht by Michael Ratsey, of Cowes, built expressly for sailing in American waters. On the same principle as the Sappho she only differs from her in size and her enormous spars; her sails are of cotton, made by Ratsey and manufactured by Sir Elkanah Armitage and Sons, of Manchester.

The lead was taken by the Flying Cloud, which cleared the mark well ahead, the Volante being close up and the Livonia last, she having, with the Gwendolin, ran aground outside the Cant Sand. When fairly into her track, with the wind E.N.E., the Livonia lay well to her work, reaching hard, and, gradually overhauling her vessels, went by the Niobe, which was the last cutter to leeward off the Black Tail Spit on the Mouse Sound; the Alcyone shared a similar fate, as did the Volante in less than half an hour, and just below the Mouse Light the Flying Cloud went about. From this point the Flying Cloud was out of the race in a heavy sea, as she fell fast to leeward, and the Livonia, closing on the Gwendolin, weathered her after several boards and became the leading vessel. Off the Gunfleet Lighthouse, on the port tack, the Gwendolin, which was not more than half a mile astern of the Livonia, carried away her jib and was out of the hunt, although the Livonia had a narrow chance, stranding badly on the Cork Sand. She was, however, towed off by Mr. Packard's steam launch, and bowling along at eight knots, reached Harwich an easy winner. The cutters and Flying Cloud were dead hull down, and the race finished as under:—

	H.	M.	S.
Livonia (winner first prize)	5	3	30
Gwendolin	5	16	32
Alcyone (winner second prize)	5	45	25
Volante	5	51	5
Flying Cloud	5	51	50

Niobe not timed. Mr. Ashbury, as the donor of the first prize, yields it to the vessel winning the second prize, given by the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, which he takes instead.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

A Fine Contest on the Union Grounds—The Eckfords Barely Escape Another "Nest of Goose Eggs."

About twelve hundred persons assembled on the Union grounds, Williamsburg, Saturday afternoon, to witness the first contest of the season between the Forest Citys, of Cleveland, and the Eckfords. Last year, it will be remembered, the Clevelanders came on here, and after being defeated by the Mutuals by a score of 12 to 13 turned to and beat the Eckfords 13 to 0. Such an overwhelming defeat as this was too much for the Eckfords, so they soon fell to pieces and were known no more during the season of 1870. When the two clubs again came together on Saturday it was with a determination on the part of the Brooklyn boys to wipe out this disgrace, if such a thing were possible. But, alas for their determination! for it was by the veriest scratch that they escaped the very same fate which awaited and overtook them last season. Notwithstanding this, however, they played a beautiful game; but not so good as that of their opponents, either at the bat or in the field, for there is not a finer fielding club in the country than are the Clevelanders. Their batting Saturday, considering the pitching they had to contend against, was, indeed, splendid, they making fifteen first bases and the same number of total bases, which is better than any other club has done against Marten this year. The Eckfords, on the other hand, were very weak at the bat, a statement which will readily be appreciated when it is asserted that they made but three first and three total bases during the whole game. This, however, is not owing to any particular weakness on the part of the Eckfords, but is due entirely to the superior pitching of Pratt. Owing to the remarkably sharp play of both clubs in the first four innings, neither side scored a run. In the third inning Kimball, of the Forest City, made a fine double play by taking a fly from Holdsworth's bat and then throwing the ball to first before Chapman, who had run on the strike, could get back to the base. But this play, fine as it was, was thrown in the shade by the one made by Nelson in the next inning. Pratt was on first, Kimball on second and Pabor on third, when Sutton, who has always been known as a powerful batter, struck a scorching hot liner, which Nelson jumped up and took in a most brilliant manner, and then threw to second base, cutting off Mr. Kimball, who had started for his third base.

In the fifth inning, owing to errors of Nelson and Gedney, the Forest City scored two runs, while the Eckfords obtained their only run during the game on a muff by Kimball, he letting Gedney's hot grounder slip through his hands. But for this error the Eckfords would have had another whole nest of "goose eggs" to brood over during the remainder of the season. Each club now drew blanks until the eighth inning, when, owing to some good, sale batting, and another error on the part of Nelson, the Western lads scored five runs, bringing their score up to seven.

The following is the complete score:—

[The column "R" indicates the number of runs made; "1 B," first bases on good hits; "T," total bases on good hits; "P," put out by the player opposite whose name it stands; "A," assisted to put out, and "E," errors made, which includes all called balls and wild pitches.]

FOREST CITY.

Players.	R.	1.B.	T.	P.	A.	E.
J. White, c	1	2	3	7	0	1
Allison, c.f.	1	2	2	1	0	0
Pabor, l.f.	0	2	2	1	0	0
Carlton 1st b.	0	0	0	8	0	0
Kimball, 2d b	1	3	3	5	2	3
Pratt, p.	1	3	3	0	0	23
Sutton, 3d b.	2	1	1	2	3	0
E. White, r. f.	1	1	3	0	1	0
Bass, s. s.	0	0	0	0	5	0
Totals	7	15	15	27	9	28

ECKFORDS.

Players.	R.	1.B.	T.	P.	A.	E.
Allison, 1st b.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Marten, p.	0	1	1	0	1	22
Nelson, 3d b.	0	0	0	5	5	3
Gedney, l. f.	1	0	0	4	0	1
Swandell, 2d b	0	0	0	3	0	0
Hicks, c.	0	2	2	3	1	3
Chapman, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Holdsworth, s. s.	0	0	1	1	1	1
Shelly, c. f.	0	0	0	3	0	1
Totals	1	3	3	27	8	31

INNINGS.

Clubs.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Forest City	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	5	0—7
Eckford	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1

RUNS EARNED EACH INNINGS.

Clubs.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Forest City	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—3
Eckfords	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire, Mr. J. Wildey, of the Mutuals.
Time of game, two hours five minutes.

Base Ball Notes.

A great game was played at Boston Saturday, between the Red Stockings, of that city, and Mutuals, of New York, in which the latter were victorious in a score of 9 to 3.

The Athletics, of Philadelphia, defeated the Olympics, of Washington, Saturday. The score stood, Athletics 11, Olympics 4.

ANOTHER HUSBAND FOR MRS. FAIR.

A Lunatic in the Coroner's Office—He Claims to be the Lawful Husband of the California Murderess.

A decently clad, medium sized, dark complexioned man, thirty years of age, apparently in a bewildered state of mind, yesterday morning rushed into the Coroners' office, evidently on very important business, and inquired for Coroner Young, to whom he had been directed by a gentleman in Beekman street. Immediately after opening his mouth the Coroner and others present discovered that the man was a religious enthusiast, and unsafe to be at large. He gave his name as Patrick Lynch and residence 78 Canal street. He said he had been commissioned by Christ to save the life of Mrs. Laura D. Fair, now under sentence of death in California for the murder of Colonel Crittenden; that she was his lawful wife in the sight of God and must not be sacrificed. Lynch said that if Mrs. Fair was executed in obedience to the laws of the country he was liable to the same fate and was willing to suffer death should she be hung. Lynch represented that he recently came from California by steamer, and that before leaving the authorities of San Francisco offered to build a bridge from that city to New York for his especial benefit; that he had been and was still struggling with Christ on behalf of the condemned woman. After continuing his senseless and incoherent harangue for some time, Lynch was sent away in charge of an officer, and Sergeant Porcher, of the Twenty sixth precinct, ordered him to be taken before Judge Hogan for disposition.

IMPROVING INLAND NAVIGATION.

In pursuance of a resolution adopted by the last Congress General Newton and one of his assistant engineers made a preliminary inspection of East Chester creek, in Westchester county, a day or two ago, preparatory to making a thorough survey of that river, with a view of ascertaining the practicability of rendering it navigable for vessels of light draught, and the propriety of making a Congressional appropriation for that purpose. Accompanied by a few prominent residents of Mount Vernon, General Newton embarked in a small boat at Lockwood's dock and proceeded to the mouth of the river, below Pelham bridge. The General expressed himself most favorably as regards the feasibility of the proposed improvement, and it is expected that a government survey will be at once commenced. Should the work be carried out it will prove of incalculable benefit to a large and populous section of Westchester county.

WEST POINT.

The Reunion of the Old and Young Graduates.

ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR DAVIES.

The Banquet that Followed and the Toasts that were Drank.

THE CADET ENCAMPMENT.

WEST POINT, June 17, 1871.

The youngsters who graduated at West Point something less than a half a century ago had a high old time of it this afternoon at their annual reunion. It will be remembered that last year, or rather a few months before the June festivities of the last season had come into full play, several of the old graduates put their venerable heads together and determined that the "boys" of the present day who leave the Academy every year amid an awful amount of pomp and circumstance should no longer monopolize all the fun and jollity to be met with at graduation times. The putting of the venerable heads together resulted in a plan to form an alumni to be composed of every ex-graduate who could afford to pay ten dollars a year for the privilege and who had sufficient moral character to carry him along through life with a good name. The main object of the plan was, of course, to bring together

THE OLD FOLKS

of the institution. But then old age is always generous, and so they arranged matters in such a way before the plan was completed that the latter-day saints of the cadet corps who, from time to time, shed their gray clothes for the army blue, could partake of all the privileges, enjoyments, jollity and brotherhood of the association as well as the gray beards and gray heads. The plan succeeded splendidly, although the movement had to stand some heavy firing from certain parties who declared it to be a political movement. Several young officers opposed it vigorously at first, one of them going so far as to publish a terrific denunciation of it in a weekly newspaper, in which he very beautifully illustrated by his own statements that abuse is not always argument. To add a little strength to the hue and cry set up against it by people who never took the trouble to look into the merits of the thing, complaint was made that the constitution was not a bar against rebels getting into the association; but this, as all other complaints did, spent its force by its own weakness. So the planners last year were finally made happy on finding at their first reunion no less than forty-three of the ex-graduates over whose heads many long years had passed since the day when they bade West Point a cadet goodby. This was a good beginning, and the reunion to-day showed that the original promoters of the association had not built upon the sand, for the roll showed an array of 147 members. The business meeting was held in the pretty little cadet chapel. The following classes were represented:—

Class.	Members.	Members Present.	Class.	Members.	Members Present.
1808	1	—	1841	4	1
1815	1	1	1842	4	1
1818	2	1	1843	4	—
1819	4	1	1844	2	—
1820	1	1	1845	6	1
1821	1	1	1846	4	—
1822	3	1	1847	2	—
1823	3	2	1848	3	—
1824	3	2	1849	1	—
1825	1	—	1850	2	—
1826	3	1	1851	1	2
1827	3	1	1852	3	—
1828	3	2	1855	2	1
1829	5	1	1856	3	1
1830	1	1	1858	1	—
1831	1	1	1861	6	1
1832	2	—	1863	3	1
1833	7	1	1864	1	1
1834	1	—	1865	8	4
1835	7	2	1866	3	2
1836	3	1	1867	1	—
1837	2	—	1868	1	—
1838	1	1	1869	2	1
1839	1	—			

THE OLDEST GRADUATE

present was Mr. S. Willard, of Boston, who graduated in 1815. This young man when he got his appointment took the overland route to New York on his way up here, and travelled as fast as the fast travelling conveniences of the day would allow him. He got to New York in five days. He left there one fine morning about nine o'clock for West Point on board the "fast sailing steamer Firefly," as she was called, and the tide and wind and everything else being very favorable, she made the trip in just eleven hours to the minute. The trip is now accomplished in two hours and a half, and Mr. Willard has not as much confidence in the Firefly now as he had some fifty odd years ago. By right of being the oldest graduate present he was entitled to preside at the meeting, but waived his right in favor of Professor Charles Davies, the next oldest graduate. The professor, after being conducted to the chair by two of the next oldest graduates, Messrs. Mansfield and Wright, delivered the following address:—

FELLOW GRADUATES—The day of our annual meeting has again brought us together. Let us rejoice that we have seen this day. Let us rejoice that we are permitted again to meet and welcome each other at the place so dear to us all, and to bring to the cradle of our youth the offerings of affection and love. Here we first assumed special obligations to our country, and here, in the fulness of age, we again renew our allegiance at

THE ALTAR OF DUTY:

and here may that altar stand through all time, be seen by all eyes and receive the homage of all hearts. But why should I congratulate you in feeble words, when all nature bids us welcome? The forests have put on their richest robes, the mountains receive us with the dignity of patriarchs, the river welcomes us with the graces of maternal love, while the little nooks and byways, from which in early life we looked out on all that is grand and lovely in nature, like the, as they were intended to be, connecting links between the living and the dead. But these gatherings have yet another significance. They admonish the young cadet that when he enters the Military Academy he writes his name on a leaf of history, where it becomes an abiding record, and where the whole country will read it. He then connects himself permanently with his Alma Mater, sharing in all its past honors and in all the glories of its future history. In his hours of labor these thoughts will nerve him, in his hours of weakness they will strengthen him, in his

HOURS OF SADNESS

they will cheer him, and in his hours of triumph they will reward him. But above all, fellow graduates, let us remember that the nation which sustains and has spread its mantle over this institution expects from every graduate, at all times and wherever he may be, the full measure of his duty. And when the evening of life shall come, and each one of us shall look back, for the last time, on the fading scenes of the past, may he be cheered by the thought that he has not for a moment been unmindful of this obligation; and that guided by it and by a higher wisdom, he has always walked in the path of duty, virtue and honor. Younger sisters of a household greet us with their sweet smiles of perpetual youth. The flag, the emblem of our nationality, and which has symbolized to this institution the power and dignity of the nation for seventy years, waves us a cordial welcome. A day spent here together is a volume of living history reaching over more than half a century. It is a day full of memories and full of joys. The reveille of the morning seems to us the reveille of a new life. The morning air is fresher than the morning air of other days—the noon has a fuller glory, and the evening a softer radiance; while all around points to the past and to the future. If the spirits of

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD

are permitted to surround the monuments and memorials which affection and patriotism have raised here to their memories—if they are permitted to revisit the scenes dear to them in life—then we are not alone to-day; for those who are ever present with us in their lives and their example participate in all that we do, and all that we feel.

THE BANQUET.

After the business meeting had come to an end, the youngsters of the association wandered about arm in arm to see the sights until the banquet was ready. The table was all set, and the good things all prepared to be got rid of by half-past three o'clock, when the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" began in downright earnest. The banquet was a right jolly affair, and some very funny speeches were made by Dr. Vinton, Professor Davies and others, who had all sorts of stories to tell about old times at West Point, when every officer of the army depended upon true merit for position and promotion, and

Who never did a slander forge
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whisper'd round;

and when every official at Washington, who had a say about the management of the Academy, was, unlike all Washington men nowadays, a man

Who to his plighted vows and trusts
At all times firmly stood,
And though he promised to his loss
He made his promise good.

The following toasts were drunk with all the honors between swallows:—1. "Our Country;" 2. "The Flag;" 3. "Our Alma Mater;" 4. "The President of the United States;" 5. "Our Army and Navy;" 6. "Our Citizen Soldiers;" 7. "Our Departed Comrades and our Absent President—General Sylvanus Thayer."

General Thayer, let me remark, was a graduate of the class of 1808, and is now living at South Braintree, Mass. When Jackson was President he sent three cadets away whom he deemed unworthy to remain at the Academy. The cadets had influential friends, and Jackson sent them back to West Point. Thayer got his back up at this, and was soon afterward relieved. He at once left West Point, and has never been near it since.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

The cadets will go into camp next Monday or Tuesday, and great preparations are being made by the classes which remain here to abandon the barracks for the tented field, with all the pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions. It is expected that the examination of the second class will be at an end by Monday, and once its standings are made out the third class will be made happy by being allowed to go off on furlough.

The elegant new hotel called the Parry House, which stands upon the brow of the cliff which overhangs the river just a little south of Cozzens', was formally opened to-day. The house is delightfully situated, and will no doubt be a formidable rival to the other hotels which have sprung up all round here during the past few years. It is not by any means as large a hotel as Cozzens'; but it has been fitted up regardless of expense, and its interior appointments are of such a character that it has more the appearance of a private dwelling than a hotel. It is to be under the management of Mr. Charles Hendriv, stepson of Mr. Sylvanus Cozzens. In this connection I may add that all the hotels and private boarding houses in this vicinity have done so far what a New Yorker would call a smashing business. This time last year there was nothing but grumbling and growling at the way visitors did not put in an appearance; so the contrast is all the more agreeable to people who don't like to hear grumbling under any form, and it must be especially so to the proprietors, who are the sole reapers of the harvest.

NEW YORK CITY.

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, corner of Ann street:—

	1870.	1871.		1870.	1871.
3 A. M.	75	71	3 P. M.	89	79
6 A. M.