LONG ISLAND RETREATS.

Beauty Spots on the Nose of New York.

THE SOUTH SIDE.

An Outside and an Inside View of the Great Land-Locked Bay.

GARDINER'S ISLAND AND CAPTAIN KIDD.

Fire Island---Its Shore and Its Sandy Surroundings.

Clam Chowder and Clam Roast by the Sea.

Sailing in Smooth Water and Swimming in the Surf.

OUR HOME BOURBONS.

Characteristics of the Conservative Natives of the Island.

BABYLON AND THE BABYLONIANS.

Summer Houses and Villas of Metropolitan Millionnaires in the Vicinity.

BABYLON, L. I., August 26, 1873.

Pasquino, the famous comic paper of Italy, has a standing cut representing a fowler with a long gun setting out in search of sport, while on his far stretching, spectacled nose, perched unseen, stands a goodly proportioned snipe. In this the taunt, that certain men cannot see farther than their noses, is exceeded in bitterness of reproach by the representation of a people who cannot see even as far as their facial promontories extend. The sketch might have been made for us, though with a different meaning. The witty Italian teaches a political lesson in a few strokes of his pencil; to us the caricature would apply to the summer wanderers in search of pleasure abroad while the bird they seek is under their eyes and within easy reach. Long Island, stretching out from the face of the bay into the Atlantic Ocean, is the nose of New York, and upon it stands unappreciated those very attractions that Gothamites go far and wide to seek. Of those who would fly from the heat and clamor of the great city it may well be asked where could be found in this broad expanse of snake-fenced territory, or in that of more cultivated Europe, places so abandoned to cooling airs and solitude as on the rocky and sandy shores of this

MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED MILES OF WATER FRONT?

and where can the lovers of ocean scenery and ocean sports discover grander panoramas of wild or placid sea, shelving sand or high-banked cliff, breast bigger waves in Nature's bathing dress, enjoy more exciting sailing or catch larger and more ferocious fish? Nowhere. And nowhere, be it said, without prejudice to the foregoing, can a man or woman enjoy those other delights that contribute to the pleasures of fashionable life in Europe and America than on Long Island. I am writing from mental notes—the experience of a week. Have we not in Paris been charged a franc for a candle to light us to bed? A genuine Long Islander will let you go to bed in the dark and charge you for a calcium flame. Have you been worried by butler, boots and chambermaid in an English hotel on taking your departure in fear and trembling? Trust to a Long Island Bourbon prince-republican to recall your experience when he computes his sufferings in your behalf in dollars and cents. Let no "travelled Thane" boast of encounters with Spanish fleas in dingy hostelries, with mud-covered floors and more than doubtful beds. Here we have the inquisitive, enterprising and ever active mosquito, and night attacks from bedbugs of distinguished mien and determined aspect. Persons who have gobbled maccaroni at Messina and soured their stomachs and temper with wine labelled for Americans are adjured to try our clam chowder (not *à la maître de hotel*) and swell themselves with native cider.

IF EXCITEMENT IS THE OBJECT

sought for by tourists who have erstwhile sweltered or frozen in British first class carriages, and blessed their stars that their fate (or their fathers') brought them not into contact with the vulgar in the third class, try a ride from anywhere to any place on a Long Island Railroad. Our turnpikes alone suggest a flood of sweet monarchical reflections. In short, all the elements necessary for extreme comfort or thorough respectability are on the nose of New York; it only requires the Duke of Kickickmakick, or some other equally distinguished person, to give the tone to Long Island to make it more fashionable than Ems, Wiesbaden, Long Branch or Newport. Quiet ease with rational enjoyment, or fashionable folly with ostentatious seaside life, can both be obtained within less than two hours from New York.

Several days' travel in unfrequented, but not always inhospitable regions of the island, in rain and mud, brought me large experience—an experience, however, which I found useless, in view of the publication of an able letter, covering all the points, from one of the HERALD correspondents who preceded me—and I can now only condense into a few paragraphs my impressions. To call in all the flying facts, and put them together in the crucible of the mind for the production of an impression at once just and comprehensible, is no easy task.

THE CHARACTER OF THE ISLANDERS

themselves is composite, and has peculiarities that defy analysis. Perhaps for that reason it is just as well that I should not attempt it. Settled by the Dutch and the English, and ravaged by the fleets and armies of both, the cessation of hostilities found this patchwork quilt of territory in an anomalous state, as compared with other portions of our Atlantic coast. It was conservatism, nearly surrounded by the widest liberty. Every reverberation from the world about smote on the hearts of the settlers as the knell of doom. The sounds of progress from afar brought the pious dwellers in the cabins of pine boards to their knees in prayer. To them improvement meant annihilation. Thrifty, coin-saving, industrious (as our civilized Indians are industrious), jealous of their rights, hating foreigners (New Yorkers especially), they presented a respectable dyke against the sea of modern innovation.

NEVER ADVERSE TO MAKING MONEY,

they tolerated foreigners who were willing to expend their wealth and leave; but persons, with cash or without, who came here on the island inquiring about lots and speculating concerning factories were their aversion. For many years after 1812 the island was a *terra incognita*. Then followed, with the expansion of the country a restless, pushing energy, and some sprays of the wave dashed over the fated island. In time came railroads tearing up the sand in the eyes of their cows, sending broad mares, "tail up," snorting into the midst of wondering boors and bringing consternation with them. Soon the puff of the innovating locomotive was heard, and then conservatism was up in arms. The ties of the railroad were burned, rails were placed awry, forest fires blazed all along the tracks. It was the story of the Sionx's opposition to the Pacific Railroad. The obstructors had to give way and the dreaded steam cars actually roared from the bridge to the tip of the nose at a fearful rate—actually fifteen miles an hour (express) on the Long Island road, as I am now ready to testify on oath. For many years the obstructive mind of the average islander has been quiescent; the flaming cross of the ninety-seven, calling to war against the retreating forces of the seventeenth century, has not only been allowed to flame undimmed, but many, very many, have awoke to its light. And to-day there may be found, wedged in between headstrong foreigners, descendants of conservative, non-intercourse Dutch and English, persons of property, who do not disdain to profit by the stranger within their gates; in fact, who are ready, and somewhat too willing, to make money out of the people who look upon the island in the light of the age in which we live.

THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Along that magnificent stretch of barring sand and ever-warning sea extending from Montauk Point to Long Beach there are many points of interest. Smiling bays, rushing lovingly into the outstretched arms of verdure-clad land; rivers, eel-like, twisting in and out, shining in the sun; fantastic mounds of storm-beaten sand and tempest-defying cliffs, that for ages have withstood the fiercest assaults from the hidden powers of the turbulent Atlantic. The Orient looks across from Montauk Point, and between, grim and lonely, is

GARDNER'S ISLAND.

W. L. Gardner must have been a curious old fellow choosing that as his inheritance and place of abode. History and tradition agree that his ways were not always ways of pleasantness. One day the redoubtable Captain Kidd came along and buried certain treasure there under the eyes of Mr. Gardner, whom he compelled to swear that he would never reveal what he saw or what he knew. It was a Tammany oath. In due time Kidd was caught and referred to my lords in England to be hanged, and was hanged; and Mr. Gardner dug up the chest of treasure and handed it over to the Colony of Connecticut and got his receipt. This is on record. The loot comprised many hundred ounces of gold and silver coin, precious stones, &c., of what value in all the chronicle fails to set forth—probably enough to make the Connecticut Crédit Mobilierists of the period feel independent of ordinary ways and means, and to start many first families on their way rejoicing down the path of time. Gardner's Island (now, alas, without a gardener!) was in men's mouths in the early days of the Cuban excitement. It was there that the fated expedition of the unfortunate Giacouria made its halt and came to grief at the hands of Uncle Sam's marines. Chivalric creoles wandered on its sands, and chivalric American officers there attempted the vain task of making them understand that discipline precedes victory. There it was also that a tall, muscular man, of vast cheek and wide expanse of hat, first essayed the rather ridiculous part of *filibustero*, and being caught, struggled and kicked himself into brief and not altogether unprofitable notoriety. Gardner's Island basks in the sun to-day innocent of honors as the clams that at the rising tide gape for refreshment on its shining sides.

SKIRTING THE SOUTH SHORE—

swimming, if you have strength and not a yacht and etceteras—you may pass down the outer nostril of the nose, without losing much, until, rising on the majestic waves that here, in long, regular strides, strike out from the great body of heaving waters, hissing out from envious Europe, you turn suddenly to the right and float through the inlet to Fire Island. This is the only good opening in an outer wall of sand that guards the mainland for seventy miles. There are a few other inlets, but not so safe or good as this. Within this extended bar, the most remarkable in the world, whether for its length or peculiarities of formation, is the Great South Bay. The navies of the world we live in—and the fleets of many worlds that we see above us at night, if ocean warfare is there considered a pastime and they have navies—might hide here securely and never break loose and go on a naval tear. There are

ONLY A FEW FEET OF WATER ANYWHERE;

a splendid place for Mississippi steamboats that can float on malarious dew resting on a cactus leaf, but unsuited to vessels of pretentious draft. Cat-rigged boats, with one man of cat-like activity (to attend to the seamanship) and with a well drawn chart of shoals and sands in his level head, delight to dance upon its waters. Blue fish, black fish, weak fish and strong fish of every fin, turn their tails up daily to heaven in thankfulness for this retreat; and it is because the fish are pleased to turn in at seasons for shoal water jamborees that crabs roam the sands, gesticulating with their starboard claws, that oysters smile at rising tide and clams grunt in satisfaction. For all these several reasons, comely Fire Island, that on one side faces the waving ocean, and, on the other, smirks through fog to-day over toward flatfaced Babylon, is regarded by many as the best place for a day's sport that can anywhere be found. Here the epicure can indulge in that delightful bivalve, the clam, at all hours and in many shapes, and those who prefer oysters can have them fresh from the water, dressed in more than a dozen forms of the art *culinaire*.

THE CHOWDER HOUSE.

Before one can reach the island (the extreme westerly end of the long, sandy breakwater) from the mainland he has to pass a reach of low ground standing out a few feet above the sea, which is marked on the map as Fire Island, but which is a mile or so from the place now given that designation. On this sand is a tavern governed by a Mr. Conklin, of the great Babylonian house of Conklin, where strangers can be fed and fleeced in the most approved fashion. Boating people and yachtsmen *en route* to Fire Island stop here to mollify their angry appetite. The succulent clam is the *pièce de résistance* of the cook. The clams are served as chowder, or roasted. Chowder making is a fine art, and Conklin and his men are reputed artists. The chowder of the city contains as many unknown particles of indigestible food as there are mysteries in Fifth ward hash; but here, taken *au naturel*, it is a soothing, delicious compound, tickling to the palate, and of that peculiar flavor and consistency that as you eat you will, like Oliver, continually ask for more. I tried hard to find out how it was made, intending to take notes for home reference, but found that there are lengths to which no outside barbarian can go in culinary inquiry. Those who can make a first class chowder are not numerous, and adepts in the delightful business find it to their profit to keep the secret of their success to themselves. Of the clam bake proper nothing can be said here. The Down East bake is unknown on these sands—the layer of hot stones, clams on top, layers of oysters, chickens, blue fish, potatoes, &c., in a trench and covered up with a heap of wet seaweed. Quicker, and, perhaps, not less delightful, is the process here.

THE CLAM ROAST.

It is not a clam bake, but a clam roast. In a hollow in the sand the clams are laid, nose down, thickly together, as many as are wanted for immediate use. Then a pile of shavings is placed on top and set on fire. By the time the shavings are burned to ashes the clams are thoroughly and properly cooked. They are then taken up and placed before you on a huge dish, a plate of melted butter is at your hand and very good white bread. If you are particular you will take a knife and fork; if you comprehend the importance of the occasion you will use your fingers. Take the black neck of the steaming clam between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, race the body of it through the melted butter, seize the pepper-box—if you have not shed pepper on the butter—and dash a little on; strike out deftly and swiftly at a plate of salt placed conveniently near (if you think you have time take a mouthful of bread and butter), eat and be happy. Your happiness can be continued as long as you have capacity in your stomach and money in your purse. Clams washed and prepared in this way cost $1 per 100.

CLAMS ON FIRE ISLAND

are cooked in the same way. You can see more clams cooked, more shavings burning and enjoy more excitement through them at the Chowder House, as the Sand Tavern is called. The result, gastronomically considered, is, however, not different. There are two hotels on the island, the Surf Hotel and the Domino. The former can accommodate (Boniface and guest here, as elsewhere, differ as to the meaning of the word accommodate) 400 people, well packed and who have roughed it; the Domino not quite as many. Then there are two cottages attached to the Surf House, a private cottage (hired for the season), gas house and of course bathing machines. This is what is visible to the naked eye. The bathing is very fine. One who has tried and failed to swim against the Atlantic waves can trot over the sand half a mile to the other side and delight in still water, and many people greatly prefer the latter indulgence. The sea on the outer bank comes in in tremendous breakers as it sometimes does at Long Branch, and is much "nicer" to look at than to swim in. There are now on the island about three hundred people, who are making the most of the fading days of Summer in

SAILING, FISHING, BATHING AND WADING.

The water is so shoal that one can wade almost out of sight of land before getting out of depth. But sailing and fishing are the main occupations of the visitors, who, I should have said before, are mostly transient. Cat-rigged boats can be had for $5 per day, with a man to take charge. Fishing lines are furnished, and one can catch the jumping-jacks and Spanish mackerel until his arms ache. A good gun will be found useful, as the sand snipe are running in flocks and afford fine sport. By cat-rigged boat is also the best way of going to Fire Island (which is about nine miles from Babylon) or returning, provided the wind is fair and a good breeze is blowing. There is a little steamer, the John A. Dix, that runs to the island from the Babylon dock, and most visitors avail themselves of her "accommodation."

The interest of the visitor nowise flags when he returns to the mainland from Fire Island beach. "An ancient and fish-like smell" pervades the place; the evidences of by-gone days being in the town and the flavor of the finny tribe being about the dock. It is

A VILLAGE OF INCONSISTENCIES.

Bright, smart-looking stores of yesterday crowd against blackened houses, built a century ago; a railroad track, both paws stretched out like a lion at bay, is close on one of the most conservative of Babylonian strongholds. Some of the people, late arrivals, are active and enterprising, but the majority are still blinded by the too radiant sun of progress that has burst in upon them. In a population of 3,500, with an outlying people numbering as much, there are no banks and no insurance offices. Then, on the other hand, is Puck amid the crypts of the Pyramids—a telegraph office, and two railroad stations, with locomotives that snort at the dormant village all day long. As it was in the beginning, the majority of these people want it ever more. There is a messenger who collects all the cash of the hotels and traders daily and takes it to New York for deposit, according to the old, old plan.

THE BABYLONIAN BOURBONS.

It does not occur to these people that it would be safer, cheaper and better for one of their number to receive these moneys, pay them out when wanted, and do, in fact, a banking business. When the messenger leaves for New York or Brooklyn it is hard to find a ten dollar bill in the village. There is no gas; when the few stores close there is not a glimmer of light, and the darkness of Egypt settles upon Babylon. But, backward in everything else, the village is progressive in the matter of fish supply. Ten tons of blue fish, Spanish mackerel, weak fish and other varieties are received daily and forwarded by the railways to the New York market. Eminently conservative in other things, they are no conservers of fish.

BABYLON AS IT IS

is undoubtedly a beautiful village. What it will be depends much upon the liberality of the railroads and the abolition of the spirit of insane Chinese exclusiveness cherished by the mass of the people. These people comprise the Smiths, the Conklins, the Carris and the Willetts. These names are the most numerous, and may be classed in the order given. I am told that a dry goods drummer came down here a few days ago to look for a Mr. Smith—he forgot his first name—and was sent back to New York a raving maniac. The hotels, of which there are two—American House and the Watson House—are good of their kind, and harbor no more mosquitoes than they can help.

A PECULIAR FEATURE OF THE PLACE

is that its perfect natural drainage renders it free from fever. The many trout ponds in and around the village have their outlets to the inlets and creeks, and carry away all that is noxious and fever-breeding. Mr. Litchfield, of the Brooklyn Fire Insurance Company, owns the best pond in the vicinity—if he has not recently disposed of it—and this is only excelled by Mr. August Belmont's twenty acre pond on his 700 acre farm on the road to Hyde Park. Fine summer homes are about this pleasant and interesting village. Among those having elegant residences in the vicinity, my attention has been attracted to those of Mr. Royal Phelps, Dr. Wagstaff, Udell and Sutton, August Belmont, Minor Keith (brother-in-law of Henry Meigs, of Peru and who owns 10,000 acres of South Side land) Mr. Johnson, of Boorman & Johnson, New York. Mr. Hyde, Vice President of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, has a fine place near Islip, and the buildings and grounds of the Olympic Club are on the shore, not far away. In fact the roads about Babylon, which, by the way, are very good and well kept, are lined with elegant villas and splendid mansions.

THE GREAT DRAWBACK

to the progress of the village of Babylon, after the Bourbon do-nothing-ism of the natives, has been the lack of spirit and enterprise on the part of the South Side Railroad people. It is perfectly monstrous that one should have to spend three hours in a rickety railroad train going a distance of thirty-five miles. More frequent trains, better time and better guarantees for the safety of life and limb, were wanted. These wants are in a measure supplied in the extension of the Central Railroad from Farmingdale to Babylon, now completed. Trains run at good speed over this road and make quicker time than on the South Side line, the distance from Hunter's Point being also less. Still it should not take one hour and forty minutes for an engine and a few cars to transverse thirty miles of level road, and the Central and Central Extension Company will have to do better before they can expect to build up Babylon to the proportions of Elizabeth, N. J.

But, take it all in all, those who have delayed their vacation until now, when tired Summer is dropping asleep in the arms of Autumn, can make no better use of their leisure and enjoy more health giving breezes of land and sea, than by adventuring on the Central Railroad and spending a few days among the islands and creeks of the Great South Bay.

WATERING PLACE NOTES.

Every house in Atlantic City, N. J., is frame except the light house.

It is proposed to build a sea wall to protect the bluff at Long Branch.

Dr. A. G. Agnew, of this city, is at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga.

The main topic of conversation now at all the principal watering places is Cæsarism.

Mr. A. G. Jones, President of the Fulton Bank, of Brooklyn, is at the Metropolitan Hotel, Long Branch.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge, of Brooklyn, has purchased a cottage for a summer residence at East Hampton, L. I.

Mr. Charles Broadhead, ex-United States Senator, with his family, of Bethlehem, Pa., is at Congress Hall, Saratoga.

J. H. Lyman, belonging to the United States Coast Survey, of St. Augustine, Fla., is at Congress Hall, Saratoga.

The camp meeting at Round Lake, Rensselaer county, N. Y., having broken up, there are only about 100 persons left who occupy cottages.

Hon. William E. Lansing, of Syracuse, representative in Congress from the Twenty-third district of this State, is stopping at Congress Hall, Saratoga.

The faces of Register McLaughlin, Deputy Register Barry, Superintendent of Schools Field, Commissioner of Charities Cunningham, Supervisor Osborne, Assessor Bryan, Justice Riley, County Treasurer Gardiner, Commissioner of Elections Wheeler and Commissioner Fowler—embracing nearly all the principal fat office holders of Brooklyn—have been seen at Caldwell, Lake George.

The *Mercury* speaks thus of the season at Newport:—"The cry that 'Newport is dull this season' seems to be hushed at last. There was no real ground for the report in the first place, except that there were some fifteen less cottages let this season than last. The past week and the next to come will show the season's height, for every hotel and boarding house is full, and private residences have no spare rooms. The Ocean House the present week has dined about 300 each day. The season will be a success."

COMMODORE FAIRFAX AND THE NAVY REGISTER.

LEXINGTON, Greene County, N. Y., August 23, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

The HERALD of the 19th inst. contains a "synopsis of the Navy Register for July, 1873," wherein the Washington correspondent states that "I declined to appear before the Examining Board," and, therefore, "am ineligible for promotion," and "it is presumed I will continue to be borne on the register as senior captain until, by reason of age or length of service, I can be retired." In naval circles this needs no comment, but among my friends and acquaintances in the army and in civil life the question would naturally arise, Why should I make this selection when by an examination I would have all the advantages accruing from promotion? As it is susceptible of an unfavorable interpretation, you will oblige me by publishing in your widely circulated paper a brief statement of the facts. In the regular order of promotion I was entitled to the vacancy created the 28th of December last, and, in compliance with an order from the Navy Department to report to the President of the Examining Board, I duly appeared, and after a "physical" examination, waved the "right to be present," referring the Board to my record of thirty-six years on file in the Navy Department, and withdrew. I am sustained in my course by the decision of the Secretary of the Navy, under whose supervision the laws were framed and enforced for nearly seven years; by the practice of the several boards up to a very recent date and by the opinions of several of the most prominent legal men. It was not until January 25, 1869, and just before the former Secretary retired from office, that any regular examinations were practised, even among the junior officers of the "line." At that time a circular was issued requiring all "line" officers ordered before the Board to be "professionally" examined, but the very Board to whom it was first addressed understood it to apply to junior officers, whose "professional standing" had not been as yet satisfactorily established, as is shown by their "recommending" the senior officers simply on their "records." Under the act of July 16, 1862, first establishing examining boards, a large number of the "line" officers were promoted by a "careful scrutinizing" of their records. So again on July 25, 1866. The amendatory act of April 21, 1864, requires no more of the Board than to "satisfy themselves" of the fitness of "the officer to be acted upon," and who "has the right to be present if he desires it" (section 3). The first section of this act, instructing the Board in its duties to the "line" officer, refers to the "staff" in these words, "And all other officers." Now, it is well known that "professional" examinations in this corps cease with the assimilated rank of lieutenant commander. On July 15, 1870 (cf. sec. 8 Naval Appropriation bill), boards were more directly empowered to examine all the "line" officers junior to commanders; then for the first time a system of regular "professional" examinations was commenced with the junior grades. None of these very officers who advocate the examining of captains and commanders were "professionally" examined! The Board that I appeared before (the President, however, being absent on account of sickness) recommended two captains for promotion only a short time before on their "records." A "careful scrutinizing" of an officer's record is the best test of his fitness, and where the Board are in doubt as to "moral and mental" attainments, the act of April 21, 1864 (cf. sec. 1), gives them the power to summon "witnesses" with whom the officer has served. "Professional" examinations are not practised on senior officers in our army. It would be laughed at in the British Navy. After contesting the point till I found two of my juniors confirmed by the Senate, and seeing no prospect of promotion under the present Secretary, I availed of his offer to "refer my case to the Board," and for the second time went before it, and was examined on some rudimentary points in international law and steam tactics, occupying possibly ten minutes, when I was recommended for promotion—all of which is offensive to men of my time of life in any profession, civil or military. Very respectfully,

D. McN. FAIRFAX, Commodore U. S. N.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

A Visit to Bethlehem and the Franconia Notch, N. H.

STAGE COACH TRAVELLING.

Fatal Consequences of a Driver's Recklessness.

An Overloaded Stage Dashing Down a Steep, Rocky Road.

GUSHING VIEWS.

Tableaux Vivants and the Daughters of Fashion.

An Angel Who Could Not Fold Her Wings.

The Largest Panorama of Yankeedom.

At the Plateau of the Giant's Grave.

BETHLEHEM, N. H., August 23, 1873.

This is an exceedingly pretty little village, right in the heart of a far-famed mountain district, being only twenty-two miles from Mount Washington, seventeen from the White Mountain Notch and ten from the Franconia Mountains. It is such a nook in the highlands of New Hampshire as comfort-seeking people, not mere sight seers, would desire. During the cheerless, unceasing rain which made your city so uncomfortable for a few days there were only bright skies and naught to veil the wonders and beauties of nature, so liberally spread out before the sojourners at Bethlehem. The celestial water cart seems to be judiciously careful of the convenience and clothes of the people here, and gives sufficient warning before turning on its stream. The hotel and surrounding farmhouses are well stocked with visitors, the number being greater than during any previous season.

COMFORT BEING THE CHIEF OBJECT

in view, the daily changes of toilet may be generally considered in the singular number. The New England girls tie their hair on the tops of their heads in the form of a squash, and bind it with a gay band of ribbon, while a few strangers from a lower latitude let it fall in curls or frizzit, so that it looks like the *coiffure* of an Ashantee chief. Muslin or tarlatan or light silks, within reasonable bounds of fashion, set off the conflicting styles of wearing the hair. The country is not favorable to agriculture around here, so there is hardly a prospect of a mountain "grange" being formed. Hunting and lumbering occupy the time of a large number of the people during the winter and spring months. Newspapers and national politics are mysterious terms to most of them, and the only genuine original man that insists upon always voting for General Jackson might be unearthed in some corner of this district. There is excellent hunting in the fall, and only last season three bears were killed within a short distance of the Sinclair House. The slaughter of the Bruin family served as a Sunday morning pastime to the guests of the hotel.

About a mile and a half from this house occurred

THE TERRIBLE STAGE DISASTER

last week, an account of which has already appeared in the HERALD. A visit to the spot and a conversation with parties familiar with all the circumstances of the sad affair tended to convince me that it resulted from gross carelessness on the part of the driver. The coach, drawn by six horses, was on its way to the Profile House, in the Franconia Mountains, and had reached the worst section of a road which all through is extremely rugged and dangerous. Before it was a steep incline, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, at the end of which the road gives a sharp curve to the right. At this curve the "accident" occurred. The stage had crossed a water bar (a few boards placed over a mountain rill running across the road) and the sudden jerk which followed threw the forward tackle almost on the leaders' haunches. They started on a run and the other four horses became equally frightened. Once in swift career down that steep decline the arm of Samson would be powerless to check them. When they reached the curve the momentum was too great to round it safely. Had the driver headed them for the brush and trees instead of attempting to round the curve he would have killed the entire team but would undoubtedly have saved the lives of his passengers. The rule with experienced drivers on these mountain roads is to apply the brake or check the team in crossing a water bar. This prevents the leaders' tackle from being thrown forward and removes the danger of the horses becoming frightened. The leaders are generally spirited and more easily excited than the other horses, and on a down grade the attention of the driver is wholly taken up with them and the brake. The driver in question crossed the water bar at a sharp trot,

RECKLESS OF THE PRECIPITOUS ROAD BEFORE HIM.

He is a young man, who on this occasion had taken the place of the regular driver. His experience in stage driving with six in hand has been very limited. No part of the stage harness gave way, contrary to report. If the pole straps broke, as was alleged by the driver, the coach would have gone clean over the wheelers. They were found lying in front of it. It may be said, in favor of the driver, that when the horses started on their mad race he clung to the reins with desperation, and did his best to stop them. But no human being could accomplish that in such a place. There are six stage lines on this route, and the utmost indifference and recklessness are shown in loading each stage. To convey eighteen passengers, with a pile of baggage towering over the coach so as to render it the more liable to upset, may be regarded as a risky undertaking. But stage companies here are like other corporations, thinking only of money making and reckless of human life. The unfortunate young man whose brains were dashed out was struck by the end of the Saratoga trunk on which he had been sitting a moment before. Little did the fashionable belle who packed away her myriad toilets in that monstrous receptacle think that it should ever be spattered with the brains and life blood of a young man. The hotel proprietors and stage drivers assure me that this disaster is an exceptional case. No accident has occurred on this road for over ten years. This is about as reasonable a reply as might be made by a trapeze performer, a rope walker or an aeronaut in favor of their respective pursuits. They might say that no accident occurred to them in a long term of years. Yes, but had an accident befallen them they would not be present to testify. Mr. Austen G. Fox and Miss Fox, of New York, who were so seriously injured in this disaster, have been removed from the farm house to which they were first conveyed and are now out of danger. It is very probable, however, that they will be maimed for life. David Reeves, the brother of the lady who was killed, is recovering from the effects of his injuries. He is cared for at the Sinclair House.

A CARELESS DRIVER'S REWARD.

I dwell at length upon the details of this disaster and the recklessness of the stage companies, because a very large number of New Yorkers dare the perils of the Franconia road every Summer. They generally take the stage at Littleton and reach the Notch in the evening. It may be consoling to them to be informed that the driver, whose carelessness was the main cause of the late disaster, is in charge of one of these Littleton stages. It will be an additional element of excitement to "pleasure" seekers.

Aside from this tragedy staging is a necessary nuisance in mountain travelling. All the poetry with which I invested it has been knocked out of me, and the inspiring air of the mountains can hardly compensate for

SHAKEN BONES AND AN ACHING BACK.

Yet it has its amusing features. On the way from Bethlehem to the Profile House my *compagnons de voyage* (I apologize to the ocean for comparing its sea sickness and vessel pitching to the infamous ruts and rocks in these mountain roads), were a gushing young lady, her beau and mischievous brother, *ætat* 10. They sat on the top of the coach, fearless of consequences. There was a small army of their friends as cabin passengers (I mean "insides").

THE GUSHING YOUNG LADY

(which her name was Louisa), had the usual oxydized arsenal around her waist, and her young man, Charley was his cognomen, was radiant and happy. The setting sun bathed the valley before us in a sea of crimson hue and gilded the rugged peaks with inexpressible beauty. Louisa was delighted, charmed, entranced—and so was Charley. "Oh! (this ejaculation long drawn out) what a lovely view!" "Oh! what a cunning little bird!" "Oh! what a dear little stream!" "Maria! Hattie! pa! ma! (this to the insidres) look at the sunset!"

Charley (*loquitur*)—"Well but, Louisa, why shouldn't the sun set? We have no Joshua among us." (One for Charley.)

"Now, Charley, you're real mean. O-oh! I'm afraid I'll fall."

Ten year old brother (*loquitur*)—"I know, I know. You only want Charley to put his arm round yer waist."

"Tain't nothing of the kind; Freddy, your'e awful mean. Ma! I wish you'd speak to Freddy."

Whereupon Freddy whistled a few bars of "Pop Goes the Weasel," and made violent grimaces to show how knowing he was for an American boy of tender years.

As we entered Franconia Notch the shades of evening had blotted out the last golden streak of the sun, and Louisa, after a pretty scream or two at the thought of the possibility of the coach tipping over, began to get drowsy, sang a verse of "Who will comfort you when I am far away?" and subsided. Tableau, curtain and drivers, "Get up there, you darned critters!"

Franconia Notch, according to the guide book, is a scene of enchanting beauty. To me it seemed only a narrow, disagreeable road, closely hidden by trees. If the enterprising landowners would only clear away a few trees on either side and give a glimpse of the mountain walls, travellers might be tempted to forget the road and indulge in the regulation ecstacies. But how can a poor wayfarer "ecstasize" when he can't see anything?

IN THE REALMS OF FASHION.

At the Profile House we found 200 New Yorkers and 250 inhabitants of the outlying districts of the great metropolis, such as Philadelphians, Bostonians, &c. Louisa was tenderly lifted down from the coach, after lamenting the loss of a paper of maple sugar, which dropped out of her hand during her short slumber. *Sotto voce.* Any one who can slumber on the top of a New Hampshire stage coach might bid defiance even to Gilmore and his panjandrum myrmidons. Here we found a series of *tableaux vivants* commencing in the parlor, and a look at the extravagant toilets among the audience was sufficient to convince me of the impossibility of getting a New York belle even to the mountains without her two dozen Saratoga trunks. No wonder, then, that an overloaded stage should upset. If they could engage a reliable balloon express a portion of the necessary baggage might be transported across the mountains from Littleton without endangering anybody's neck except the aeronaut's, and that is his business as a man and brother. The curtain went up before an audience fully as brilliant in point of

DISPLAY OF RICH DRESSES AND ABUNDANT JEWELRY

as any that Nilsson or Lucca ever sang to at the Academy. The tableaux were as lovely and bewitching—well, as all tableaux are when pretty girls take part in them. Every one was encored a dozen times, and the glittering assemblage of the daughters of Fashion poured out in the halls and corridors about eleven o'clock just as they do in the lobbies at the opera. With Eve-like curiosity some poked their pretty noses into rooms where a circle of smokers blew a cloud, and then retreated in paroxysms of coughing. Others invaded the sacred precincts where their papa, brother and, perhaps, their particular young man, indulged in a game of euchre. The ladies who took part in the tableaux mingled with the promenaders.

It was curious to meet Ophelia, Undine, Cleopatra and La Pompadour in *propria personâ*, after a weary trip into the heart of the Franconia Mountains.

THERE WAS AN ANGEL

(of course they were all angels, but I mean a particular one with wings), but she vanished after the tableaux were over. I believe she had some difficulty with her wings, which were of the obstinate kind and would not fold. A small party of elderly ladies were in the railroad ticket office attached to the hotel, in a state of intense bewilderment at the myriads of lakes, notches, ponds, boulders, Indian graves, &c., which the bland agent was telling them about, and which they must not for the world miss. Looking at the hotel registers in these regions one is astonished to find so many outlandish and unpronounceable Indian names of places opposite the musical signatures of pretty girls. I should be afraid to ask one of those charming creatures what happy land claimed her as its own, lest she might answer, "Pemigewasset," or some other pollysyallabic barbarism. There was one feature of uniformity about the ladies of this house. Each wears a rose in her hair. Even the waitresses were decorated with this simple ornament. They wisely dispense with the undertaker-like faces of colored citizens to wait on the table in the mountains and choose waitresses instead. The change is an agreeable one, except when, as I saw in one place, some of the waitresses wear spectacles and have a nasal twang. The scene at this hotel was sufficient to show that wherever New Yorkers congregate there is sure to be excitement, fun, enjoyment and dress.

The monopoly enjoyed by the Profile House in this region is likely to be disputed in a season or two by a Littleton company, who have purchased a tract of land 200 acres in extent, on a plateau higher than the Profile and commanding a finer view of the scenic points of interest which cluster around these mountains. On this land a large hotel will be built. The ascent of Mount Lafayette by a bridle path leading from the present house is one of the favorite excursions of the guests; also visits to the Flume, a look at the Old Man of the Mountain and a row on the lake.

Fleecy clouds hid the mountain peaks from our view in the morning, and mud-colored veils concealed the faces of the ladies who sat on the stage coach as we returned to Bethlehem.

A SINGULAR FORGERY CASE.

The Two Dromios—How a Draft Went Astray—A Merchant and a Watchman with Similar Cognomens—A Banker "Taken In"—Custodian Mackenzie's Kind Solicitude Unappreciated—Held for Examination.

On the 30th day of June last the office of Classon & Hayes, bankers and brokers, doing business at No. 6 Broad street, was visited by two men, who inquired for Mr. Hayes' brother. Being informed that the gentleman was absent they asked for Mr. Hayes, of the firm. On his appearance the men presented to him a draft for $88 74 on the Metropolitan National Bank of this city, drawn on the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company, of Milwaukee, and payable to Messrs. Goodrich, Terry & Co., of that city, or their order. The man who handed Mr. Hayes the draft introduced himself as William R. Mackenzie, and stated that he wished to get the draft cashed, but, as he was not known at the Metropolitan Bank, he was unable to obtain any money upon it at that institution. Mr. Hayes mildly insinuated that, as he did not know the visitor any better than the bank cashier did, he also would not be able to cash the draft; but the applicant meekly remarked that he was the night watchman for his brother in Fifty-fourth street, and raising the lappel of his coat, exhibited a badge that proclaimed him a deputy sheriff also.

Mr. Hayes naturally thought that all was right, and being willing to assist the stranger in his emergency, sent one of his clerks to the Union Bank with the draft to get his signature identified and then sent it to the Metropolitan Bank, received the amount named on the face of the draft and handed it over to Mackenzie.

A few days subsequently Mr. Hayes received word that the signature of William A Mackenzie on the draft mentioned was a forgery, and he was requested to return the amount.

Now, it seems that Mr. William A. Mackenzie, of 16 College place, is a wine merchant, who enjoys an extensive Western trade, while another William A. Mackenzie, who resides at 124 East Twenty-fourth street, is a night watchman. In the early part of June last the firm of Goodrich, Terry & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., received the draft, requesting a remittance in payment therefor. Much to their surprise the Milwaukee firm replied that they had forwarded their draft for the amount of the bill ($88 74), drawn on the Wisconsin Fire and Life Insurance Company Bank, duly endorsed by them, and payable at the Metropolitan National Bank of New York, where said draft had been honored and the money paid thereon.

Mr. Hayes, on being informed of the imposition that had been practised upon him, at once reported the affair to Captain Irving, chief of the detective force, who at once detailed Detectives Dilks and Tully to work up the case. After a careful investigation the officers discovered that the draft had fallen into the hands of Mackenzie, who was the nocturnal custodian and not the dealer in vinous beverages. After considerable trouble the detectives discovered Watchman MacKenzie, and found that he was the man who, in company with his father, George D. Mackenzie, of 942 Third avenue, had presented the draft. They also ascertained that he was not a deputy sheriff, and that the badge of office he had exhibited to Mr. Hayes was equally bogus with the draft.

The officers arrested the Mackenzies, father and son, and caused their incarceration at Headquarters, where they were indentified by Mr. Hayes this morning, and subsequently taken before Judge Hogan at the Tombs Police Court, and committed for examination.

The prisoner William A. Mackenzie, on his formal examination, said that he was twenty-seven years of age, and a native of New York and a night watchman by occupation. He admitted having received the draft and getting it cashed at Mr. Hayes' office, but pleaded in extenuation that the draft had come into his hands by mistake, and that he had deposited the proceeds of it in the Seamen's Savings Bank, to await the appearance of the rightful owner.

PERMIT ABUSES.

The committee from the merchants of the city that waited on the Mayor on Tuesday afternoon had a hearing before the Committee on Ordinances of the Board of Assistant Aldermen yesterday afternoon in reference to the exorbitant charges required by the permit ordinance regulating the delivery and loading of goods across sidewalks. They asked for the abolition of the ordinance. The committee took the papers and will consider the matter.

A FRENCHMAN'S FATALITY.

Singular Suicide in a Washington Square Boarding House.

A Musician Shoots Himself Because of Disappointment in Love—The Deed Caused by Jealousy and Despair—Interesting Letters Found in the Dead Man's Hand.

Shortly after twelve o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Ellen Parsons, a lady keeping a respectable boarding house at No. 42 South Washington square, laboring under an intense state of excitement, rushed into the Fifteenth precinct station house and