AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB.

RACING AT JEROME PARK.

A Most Brilliant Attendance and Full Representation of Fashion.

How a Starter Consumes Time.

FIVE CAPITAL RACES

Madge, Wildidle, Aristides, Springbok and Scratch the Winners.

The skies were favorable yesterday when the American Jockey Club flung its banners to the breeze and announced the ninth spring meeting at Jerome Park. The club has steadily increased in popular favor season after season, until now it occupies a very prominent position among racing associations in this country. The members are evidently ambitious of surpassing all previous efforts in the racing line this summer. The immense attendance yesterday—probably the largest ever known in Jerome Park since Kentucky ran against time some years ago—is an earnest of the interest taken by the public in those races. A more brilliant assemblage has seldom been furnished for a public entertainment, even in the great metropolis. The announcement of a meeting of the American Jockey Club at the beautiful park furnished them originally by Mr. Jerome is an attraction that cannot be overestimated. The change this season in the number of days of the meeting, and the fact that many new stables are represented, had their influence in the immense attendance yesterday. All day the sun was veiled, and it would seem as if the charioteer, Apollo, was endeavoring to break through the misty, filmy atmosphere that concealed his radiant steeds from mortal gaze. Probably the scene from Fifth avenue to Jerome Park was of a character calculated to spur even a celestial whip to extra exertions. But he failed, as did the humbler drivers below. Clouds enveloped the sun, and clouds, dense, opaque and disagreeable, hid the flying coursers bound Jerome Parkward from all mortal gaze save that of their drivers. The breeze was a grateful one, cool, invigorating and cheering; but the dust was simply awful, to use a feminine expression. The Park Commissioners were very chary about their sprinkling, and a simoon of Sahara could scarcely surpass in density the cloud that rested over Jerome avenue, from Macomb's Dam bridge to Jerome Park. The number of splendid toilets ruined by the dust on the way to the course and back would exceed even a milliner's calculations. Those floating particles play the mischief with velvet robes, silk costumes and chip hats, as do the grasshoppers with crops in the West.

It is only in driving out on a race day to Jerome Park that we can appreciate in their true light the vile pavements that disgrace our city. It is really a shame to drive a valuable horse over broken stone pavements, or those of wood that resemble a collection of rifle pits. From Union square to the Park there is little to choose between the various avenues. On Fifth avenue we would imagine that some contractor had turned it into a stone quarry. Sixth and Seventh are honeycombed with ruts, and Lexington avenue reminds one of the zigzag approaches of riflemen attacking a redoubt. Passing by the huge cavernous works of the Fourth avenue "improvement," where the short-haired toil and delve, the lover of turf sports finds himself—and gives vent to an exclamation of delight at the same time—at our beautiful Park. For beautiful it is, and never does it weary the eye or the mind of any of its admirers. The foliage, fresh and green yesterday, fringing the drive, and occasionally at the breath of the breeze lifting its veil to disclose pretty little nooks where soft nonsense is often uttered and smiles and blushes shed a sunlight of their own, the placid lake, with its miniature yachts, its bosom occasionally ruffled by the refreshing breeze, and the juvenile yachtsmen on its banks wildly wagering pennies and other small articles on their respective craft; vistas of the shanties and the East River from the winding incline that leads from Mount St. Vincent to the boulevards; one whiff of Arabic perfume from the Harlem flats, that almost demoralizes the horse and driver, and on every side gray-coated policemen, with the latest copy of Park regulations in hand; such was the realization of a drive through the garden of the metropolis yesterday. Then the broad, long stretching boulevards, where steed and master feel at home; the crazy, old, dilapidated, tumble-down structure known as Macomb's Dam; then a fog of dust, and at last the welcome portals of Jerome Park. The bluff outside the course has gradually been growing into popularity, until now it is one of the features of the occasion. Yesterday it was literally black with people. They were a very democratic crowd, remarking one of the Derby, but their enthusiasm was of the most emphatic kind. They had their own pools, their sports and pastimes, and even their lager.

The scene from the Grand Stand was most brilliant. In front was the bluff on which the club house is built, the ugly-looking stairs being removed and a number of very pretty terraces being substituted, and over a thousand ladies and gentlemen graced those terraces. The most bewitching toilets that modiste could conceive or artistic hands group together adorned those terraces. The bell rang at three o'clock for the first race, three-quarters of a mile, and the new starter, Captain Coster, made his début, flag in hand. The result was not entirely satisfactory, as it took forty minutes to get the horses off. Now when such a length of time is consumed in starting horses, notwithstanding the very laudable intentions of the starter to give all a fair show, there is sure to be a great deal of grumbling among those who do not coincide with the system inaugurated by the gentleman in question. But when the same consumption of time in starting was indulged in in the subsequent races, until evening came on before the events were finished, the carpers and grumblers in the grand stand became very numerous and very demonstrative, and hisses and groans were of the most pointed and significant character. Of course those gentlemen did not appreciate the great responsibility resting on the shoulders of the starter, or they would not have been so marked in their expressions of disapprobation. Horses and jockeys are hard things to manage, and certainly Captain Coster is determined that they will not get the better of him.

THE RACING.

The track was deep with dust and consequently very heavy, precluding the possibility of making fast time; still the racing was good in all the five events that came off. The weather was balmy, just suitable for racing, and the horses all appeared at the post in capital condition.

The first event of the day was for a purse of $400, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for which seven horses came to the post. These were D. McDaniel's chestnut filly Madge, by Australian, dam Alabama, 4 years old, 105 lbs.; J. S. Cattanach's chestnut mare Minnie Mac, by Planet, dam Edina, 5 years old, 111 lbs.; Jo. Donahue's chestnut horse Spindrift, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner, aged, 118 lbs.; John Coffee's brown horse B. F. Carver, by Lightning, dam La Victime, 5 years old, 114 lbs.; R. W. Cameron's br. f. Inspiration, by Warminster, dam Sophia, 4 years old, 105 lbs.; M. H. Sanford's brown horse Mate, by Australian, dam Mattie Gross, 6 years old, 118 lbs.; and Robinson, Morgan & Co.'s bay colt Searcher, by Enquirer, dam by Bonnie Scotland, 3 years old, 90 lbs. Madge and Searcher alternated as favorites as the pool selling progressed, and at the time of starting they were even, Mate the third choice.

THE RACE.

Inspiration was first away, after forty minutes spent in getting the horses together; Madge second, Minnie Mac third, Searcher fourth, Mate fifth. Madge ran to the front as she passed around the bluff out of sight, Searcher second, Inspiration third, Mate fourth, Minnie Mac fifth, B. F. Carver sixth. The pace was very fast. When the horses appeared in sight on the lower turn Madge had a commanding lead, Inspiration second, Minnie Mac third, Mate fourth, but all seemed beaten by McDaniel's flying filly at that time. She increased her advantage to the three-quarter pole, and entered the homestretch with the race in hand. Mate, after getting into straight work, made a gallant effort to overtake Madge, but the old horse, notwithstanding he beat all the others, could not get within four lengths of Madge. She won the race by that distance, Mate being three lengths in front of Inspiration. B. F. Carver fourth, Minnie Mac fifth, Searcher sixth. The time of the dash was 1:17¼, which was most excellent time on a track so deep in dust as was the Jerome Park track yesterday afternoon.

The second race was the Fordham Handicap Sweepstakes of $50 each, half forfeit, and only $10 if declared, with $500 added; the second horse to receive $200 out of the stakes. Winners after publication of the weights of $1,000 to carry 5 lbs. extra, of $2,000 7 lbs. One mile and a quarter. There were fifty-three entries, twelve of which came to the post. These were Mr. Langstaff's bay filly Countess, by Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington, 4 years old, carrying 100 lbs.; Robert Cathcart, Jr.'s, bay gelding Kadi, by Lexington, dam Katona, 6 years old, 114 lbs.; M. H. Sanford's bay horse Preakness, by Lexington, dam Bay Leaf, aged, 126 lbs.; John M. Harney's bay filly Osage, by Pat Malloy, dam Kate Leonard, 4 years old, 100 lbs.; John Hunter's bay colt Lelaps, by Leamington, dam Pussy, 3 years old, 90 lbs.; John Harbeck, Jr.'s, chestnut filly Australian, dam Dollie Carter, 3 years old, 88 lbs.; D. McDaniel & Co.'s brown filly Josie B, by Asteroid, dam Canary Bird, 4 years old, 90 lbs.; Jo. Donahue's bay horse Carriboo, by Lexington, dam Alice Jones, 5 years old, 100 lbs.; A. M. Burton's bay horse Survivor, by Vandal, dam by Lexington, 5 years old, 117 lbs.; D. J. Bannatyne's bay horse Audubon, by Australian, dam Heiress, 5 years old, 102 lbs.; Jo. Donahue's chestnut horse Spindrift, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner, aged, 118 lbs.; M. A. Littell's brown horse Wildidle, by Australian, dam Idlewild, 5 years old. Wildidle was the favorite, selling for $1,050; Preakness second choice, selling for $900; Josie B. third in favor, fetching $300; Survivor bringing $320, the field $410.

THE RACE.

The start was a very good one after a few breakaways. Josie B. taking the lead, with Australian second, Spindrift third, the others in a bunch. They ran quite sharply up the homestretch, and as they passed the stand Josie B. had a length the best of it, Australian second, Spindrift third, Carriboo fourth, Survivor fifth, Lelaps sixth, Wildidle seventh, Audubon eighth, Osage ninth, Countess tenth, Preakness eleventh, Kadi twelfth. Josie B. showed the way around the upper turn, and when the horses passed in front of the bluff she was a length ahead, Spindrift second, who was a head in front of Australian, Wildidle fourth, Carriboo fifth, Survivor sixth, Kadi seventh, Audubon eighth, Preakness ninth, Lelaps tenth, Countess eleventh, Osage twelfth. The horses then passed out of sight, and when next seen they were on the lower turn, Spindrift leading, Wildidle second, Lelaps third, Preakness fourth, Kadi fifth, the others so completely enveloped in dust that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. Getting into the homestretch Spindrift showed the way until he was past the furlong pole; but there Wildidle captured him, and came home a winner by two lengths, Spindrift second, four lengths in front of Preakness, Carriboo fourth, Kadi fifth, Survivor sixth, Josie B. seventh, Lelaps eighth, Australind ninth, Osage tenth, Countess eleventh, Audubon twelfth. Time of the mile and a quarter, 2:12. The weight on old Preakness was too much for him, which, with his lost ground on the first quarter, threw his chances entirely out. He is a grand horse, but should not be imposed upon in handicaps. Preakness carried thirteen pounds over weight, while the winner had ten pounds off, the old horse given the winner of the twenty-three pounds.

The third, and what was considered the great event of the day, was the Withers Stakes, for three-year-olds, of $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, the second horse to receive $200 out of the stakes; one mile. There were fifty-seven entries, of which number thirteen came to the post. These were Thomas Puryear's bay colt Warwick, by Leamington, dam Minnie Minor; Doswell & Cammack's bay filly Invoice, by Lexington, dam Volga; A. Belmont's bay colt Matador, by Gladiateur, dam imported Nonpareil, and black colt Rhadamanthus, by Leamington, dam Nemesis; D. D. Witners' bay filly by Gladiateur, dam Battaglia; John F. Chamberlin's chestnut colt Lord Zetland, by Lexington, dam Lis Mardis; D. McDaniel's chestnut colt Jo Cerns, by Australian, dam Bettie Ward; H. P. McGrath's chestnut colt Aristides, by Leamington, dam Sarony; and bay colt Chesapeake, by Lexington, dam Roxana; J. A. Grinstead's gray colt D'Artagnan, by Lightning, dam London's dam; Robinson, Morgan & Co.'s brown colt Bob Woolley, by Leamington, dam Item; W. Cottrill's chestnut filly Ascension, by Australian, dam Lily Ward, and John M. Harney's brown colt Ozark, by Pat Malloy, dam imported Sunny South. McGrath's entries were the favorites, selling in one of the pools for $600, Cottrill's $310, Puryear's for $210, McDaniel's for $170, Doswell & Cammack's for $100 and all the others in a bunch for $250.

THE RACE.

After nearly three-quarters of an hour, much to the annoyance of the spectators, the horses had a very unequal sendoff. Matador being in front, Withers' filly by Gladiateur second, Rhadamanthus third, Ozark fourth, Bob Woolley fifth, the others straggling on behind. Matador showed the way around the upper turn, Withers' fly second, Ascension third, Aristides fourth, Ozark fifth, Warwick sixth, Chesapeake seventh, Rhadamanthus eighth, Bob Woolley ninth, Lord Zetland tenth, Invoice eleventh, D'Artagnan twelfth, Jo Cerns thirteenth. A few changes took place before the horses passed the quarter pole, and as they passed around the bluff Aristides ran into second place, Rhadamanthus third. When the horses appeared in sight on the lower turn Matador was still in the lead; but he soon afterward fell in the rear, having performed his mission, and Aristides took the lead, followed close by Ozark, Rhadamanthus third, Withers' fifth, Bob Woolley fifth, Chesapeake sixth, Ascension seventh, the others beaten off. Aristides came into the homestretch in front, and, keeping the lead, came home apparently an easy winner by two lengths, Rhadamanthus a good second, Ozark third, Chesapeake fourth, Warwick fifth, Bob Woolley sixth, Withers' Gladiateur filly seventh, Lord Zetland eighth, Ascension ninth, Invoice tenth, D'Artagnan eleventh, Matador twelfth, Jo Cerns thirteenth. Jo Cerns and D'Artagnan were beaten when the flag fell, as they were going the wrong way at the time. Time of the mile, 1:45¾.

THE FOURTH RACE

was for a purse of $600; maidens allowed, if 3 years old, 3 lbs.; if 4 years old or upward, 5 lbs.; one mile and three-quarters. Five horses came to the post for this event, comprising D. McDaniel's chestnut horse Springbok, by Australian, dam Hester, 5 years old, carrying 114 lbs.; John Coffee's gray horse Donnybrook, by Lightning, dam Jessamine Porter, 5 years old, 114 lbs.; John O'Donnell's chestnut colt Milner, by Leamington, dam by Lexington, 3 years old, 87 lbs.; Samuel J. Salyer's chestnut colt Big Sandy, by Australian, dam Geneura, 3 years old, 87 lbs., and Robinson, Morgan & Co.'s chestnut colt Big Fellow, by War Dance, dam Fly, by Mahomet, 4 years old, 108 lbs. Springbok was the favorite at so high a rate that pools were sold without him, Big Fellow bringing $250, Milner $135, Big Sandy $45 and Donnybrook $45.

THE RACE.

Milner was first away, Big Sandy second, Donnybrook third, Big Fellow fourth, Springbok fifth. When the horses passed under the bluff Milner was leading, Donnybrook second, Big Sandy third, Springbok fourth, Big Fellow fifth. Going around the hill Donnybrook had the lead, Milner second, Big Sandy third, Springbok fourth. When the horses came in sight on the lower turn Donnybrook was showing the way, Big Sandy second, Milner third, Big Fellow fourth, Springbok fifth. There was no change of places as the horses came into the homestretch, but after a rapid run up the stretch Springbok showed his head in front of the stand, Big Sandy second, Milner third, Big Fellow fourth, Donnybrook fifth, the latter being beaten. Going around the upper turn Springbok showed the way, closely followed by Milner, who clung tenaciously to the great horse, all the others being practically out of the race. As Springbok and Milner passed around the bluff they were head and head, four lengths in front of Big Sandy, who was two lengths in front of Big Fellow, the latter three lengths in advance of Donnybrook. Springbok and Milner raced side by side all the way around, and it was only when they reached the furlong pole that Milner began to succumb. Then Springbok came away and won the race by four lengths, Milner second, eight lengths in advance of Big Fellow, who was a neck ahead of Big Sandy, the latter ten lengths ahead of Donnybrook. Time of the mile and three-quarters, 3:12.

The fifth race was for a purse of $500; the winner to be sold at auction for $1,500; if entered to be sold for $1,000, allowed 5 lbs.; if for $750, 7 lbs.; if for $500, 10 lbs.; one mile and a half. Five horses were entered for the race, and all of them came to the post. These were D. McDaniel's bay filly Mattie W., by Red Dick, dam Etta Snippen, 4 years old, 98 lbs., $750; Lawrence & G. Lorillard's chestnut horse Resolute, by Revolver, dam Mattie C., 5 years old, 104 lbs., $500; Jo Donahue's bay colt Scratch, by Kentucky, dam Fluke, 4 years old, 103 lbs., $1,000; M. H. Sanford's chestnut colt Light Heels, by Australian, dam Lightsome, 3 years old, 90 lbs., $1,500, and John F. Chamberlin's bay horse The Hoaxer, by War Dance, dam Lass of Sydney, 4 years old, 98 lbs., $500. Resolute was the favorite, selling in one of the pools for $425, while all the others together brought $250. The Hoaxer took the lead, Mattie W. second, Resolute third, Scratch fourth, Light Heels fifth. When the horses entered the regular track at the three-quarter pole The Hoaxer was showing the way, Resolute second, Mattie W. third, Scratch fourth, Light Heels fifth. As the horses ran up the homestretch they kept their positions Hoaxer still leading. Going around the upper turn Scratch went up and collared the Hoaxer, and passed him at the quarter, then coming away led one length around the bluff, The Hoaxer second, one length ahead of Resolute, Mattie W. fourth, Light Heels fifth. Scratch kept in front to the end, winning the race by four lengths, Resolute second, three lengths in front of Mattie W., The Hoaxer fourth, Light Heels fifth. Time, 2:45. The winner was not sold.

And thus ended the first day of the American Jockey Club races.

The following are the summaries:—

THE FIRST RACE.

PURSE, $400; a dash of three-quarters of a mile.

STARTERS.

D. McDaniels' ch. m. Madge, by Australian, dam Alabama, 4 years old (Hennessey)..... 1
M. H. Sanford's b. h. Mate, by Australian, dam Mattie Gross, 6 years old (Hayward)..... 2
R. W. Cameron's br. f. Inspiration, by Warminster, dam Sophia, 4 years old (Hughes)..... 3
John Coffee's br. h. B. F. Carver, by Lightning, dam La Victime, 5 years old (Wise)..... 4
J. S. Cattanach's ch. m. Minnie Mac, by Planet, dam Edina, 5 years old (Roe)..... 5
Robinson, Morgan & Co.'s b. c. Searcher, by Engineer, dam by Bonnie Scotland, 3 years old (Colston)..... 6

Time, 1:17¼.

THE SECOND RACE.

THE FORDHAM HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES OF $50 each, half forfeit, and only $10 if declared, with $500 added; the second horse to receive $200 out of the stakes; winner, after the publication of the weights, of $1,000 to carry 5 lbs.; of $2,000, 7 lbs. extra. One mile and a quarter.

STARTERS.

M. A. Littell's br. h. Wildidle, by Australian, dam Idlewild, 5 years old, 104 lbs. (N. Haywood)..... 1
Jo Donahue's ch. h. Spindrift, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner, aged, 118 lbs. (Chambers)..... 2
M. H. Sanford's b. h. Preakness, by Lexington, dam Bay Leaf, aged, 131 lbs. (Hayward)..... 3
Jo Donahue's b. h. Carriboo, by Lexington, dam Alice Jones, 5 years old, 100 lbs. (Houston)..... 4
Robert Cathcart, Jr.'s b. g. Kadi, by Lexington, dam Katona, 6 years old, 114 lbs. (Roe)..... 5
A. M. Burton's b. h. Survivor, by Vandal, dam by Lexington, 5 years old, 117 lbs. (Johnson)..... 6
D. McDaniel & Co.'s br. f. Josie B., by Asteroid, dam Canary Bird, 4 years old, 90 lbs. (Clark)..... 7
John Hunter's b. c. Lelaps, by Leamington, dam Pussy, 3 years old, 90 lbs. (Conner)..... 8
John Harbeck & Co.'s ch. f. Australind, by Australian, dam Dolly Carter, 3 years old, 88 lbs. (Richardson)..... 9
John M. Harney's b. f. Osage, by Pat Malloy, dam Kate Leonard, 4 years old, 100 lbs. (Black)..... 10
G. Langstaff's b. f. Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington, 4 years old, 100 lbs. (Hughes)..... 11
D. J. Bannatyne's b. f. Audubon, by Australian, dam Heiress, 5 years old, 102 lbs. (McCue)..... 12

Time, 2:12.

THE THIRD RACE.

THE WITHERS STAKES for three-year-olds of $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, the second horse to receive $200 out of the stakes. One mile.

STARTERS.

H. P. McGrath's ch. c. Aristides, by Leamington, dam Serong (Swim)..... 1
A. Belmont's b.k. c. Rhadamanthus, by Leamington, dam Nemesis (Evans)..... 2
John M. Harney's br. c. Ozark, by Pat Malloy, dam imported Sunny South (Black)..... 3
H. P. McGrath's b. c. Chesapeake, by Lexington, dam Roxana (Lewis)..... 4
Thomas Puryear & Co.'s b. c. Warwick, by Leamington, dam Minnie Minor (Hayward)..... 5
Robinson, Morgan & Co.'s br. c. Bob Woolley, by Leamington, dam Item (Walker)..... 6
D. D. Witners' br. f., by Gladiateur, dam Battaglia (Holloway)..... 7
J. F. Chamberlin's ch. c. Lord Zetland, by Lexington, dam Lis Mardis (Hefen)..... 8
W. Cottrill's ch. f. Ascension, by Australian, dam Lily Ward (W. Lakenan)..... 9
Doswell & Cammack's b. f. Invoice, by Lexington, dam Volga (Feeks)..... 10
J. A. Grinstead's g. c. D'Artagnan, by Lightning, dam Lightning's dam (Hughes)..... 11
A. Belmont's b. c. Matador, by Gladiateur, dam imp. Nonpareil (Conner)..... 12
D. McDaniel & Co.'s ch. c. Jo Cerns, by Australian, dam Bettie Ward (Hennessey)..... 13

Time, 1:45¾.

THE FOURTH RACE.

PURSE $600; maidens allowed, if 3 years old, 3 lbs.; if 4 years old or upward, 5 lbs. One mile and three-quarters.

STARTERS.

D. McDaniel's ch. h. Springbok, by Australian, dam Hester, 5 years old, 115 lbs. (Hennessey) 1
John O'Donnell's ch. c. Milner, by Leamington, dam by Lexington, 3 years old, 87 lbs. (McCartney)..... 2
Robinson, Morgan & Co.'s ch. h. Big Fellow, by War Dance, dam Fly, 4 years old, 108 lbs. (Walker)..... 3
Samuel J. Salyer's ch. c. Big Sandy, by Australian, dam Geneura, 3 years old, 87 lbs. (Richardson)..... 4
John Coffee's gr. h. Donnybrook, by Lightning, dam Jessamine Porter, 5 years old, 114 lbs. (Wise)..... 5

Time, 3:12.

THE FIFTH RACE.

PURSE $500; the winner to be sold at auction for $1,500. If entered to be sold for $1,000 allowed 5 lbs.; if for $750, 7 lbs.; if for $500, 10 lbs. One mile and a half.

STARTERS.

Jo Donahue's b. c. Scratch, by Kentucky, dam Fluke, 4 years old, 103 lbs., $1,000 (Evans)..... 1
Lawrence & G. Lorillard's ch. h. Resolute, by Revolver, dam Mattie C., 5 years old, 104 lbs., $500 (Donahue)..... 2
D. McDaniel's b. f. Mattie W., by Red Dick, dam Etta Snippen, 4 years old, 98 lbs., $750 (Clark)..... 3
J. F. Chamberlin's b. c. The Heaver, by War Dance, dam Lass of Sydney, 4 years old, 98 lbs., $500 (Hughes)..... 4
M. H. Sanford's ch. c. Light Heels, by Australian, dam Lightsome, 3 years old, 90 lbs., $1,500 (Kelly)..... 5

Time, 2:45.

OBITUARY.

REV. M. M'KENNA.

On Friday night last Rev. Michael McKenna, pastor of the Church of Saint Rose of Lima, in Cannon street, expired after a very long and severe illness. The reverend gentleman was born at Greencastle, county Donegal, Ireland, in the year 1820, and was therefore in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was educated at Maynooth College and ordained priest on the 6th day of June, 1846. He was assistant pastor of his native parish for fourteen years.

Subsequently he visited the United States for the purpose of collecting funds to aid in the erection of the Cathedral of Derry. He visited almost every State in the Union and was very successful in his efforts. During this visit he made many friends among the people with whom he came in contact. Many of these were afterward among his parishioners during his service in later years as a priest of this diocese and entertain very pleasant recollections of their first meeting with this estimable and pious gentleman. In the year 1859 he came to this country and was stationed at St. Peter's church in Barclay street; afterward he served at Transfiguration and St. Mary's church. At the latter place he was acting pastor during the sickness of Archdeacon McCarron, who was at that time pastor of this church, and after his death held the position of pastor until transferred to the new parish of St. Rose of Lima. This change occurred in 1866. From that time until his death he labored incessantly for the good of his flock and the church. By contributions mainly solicited by him personally he obtained sufficient to begin the work of erecting a fitting place of worship. First a temporary wooden structure was built, and on February 9, 1868, mass was celebrated for the first time. He continued his efforts with great zeal and was well supported by his congregation, who appreciated his noble self-sacrifices. Later a new church was completed, which ranks as one of the finest Catholic edifices in this city. His loss will be severely felt by the clergy and by his parishioners, who have loved and respected him sincerely. He was a man of great learning and ability, a thorough scholar and a finished gentleman. To-day would have completed his twenty-ninth year in the priesthood. In his last moments he was comforted by the attendance of priests and many of his friends and parishioners.

MARY CURTIS BEAN.

Mrs. Mary Curtis Bean, wife of Mr. Dudley Bean, who died suddenly Friday evening, was born in this city. She was the daughter of one of the old and honorable merchants of New York, Mr. Samuel Curtis, who flourished here more than half a century ago. Mrs. Bean was widely known. She was distinguished in a large circle for her sincerity of heart and purpose, her purity of character and her active kindnesses. The example she leaves of a true life will impress itself on all who came in contact with her.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Mr. Alexander Wilson, an old resident of Jersey City, died on Friday night, in the seventieth year of his age. He was a native of Scotland, and came to Jersey City thirty-seven years ago. When the first charter was granted to Jersey City Mr. Wilson was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen in April, 1851. He remained a member of the Common Council till May, 1857. In April, 1858, he was elected a member of the Board of Chosen Freeholders, and was re-elected the following year. In politics he was an old line whig, and he adhered to the fortunes of that party till he joined the ranks of the republicans. He was the treasurer of Hiram Lodge, F. and A. M., of Jersey City, for twenty years.

JAMES T. LAWLER.

Mr. James T. Lawler, well known to a large number of our citizens as an enthusiastic collector of and dealer in old and rare books, died suddenly in this city yesterday. His store, in former years in Sixth avenue, near Jefferson Market, and more recently at No. 4 University place, was a favorite resort of literary people and lovers of rare books. His funeral will take place at St. Xavier's church, to-morrow, at nine A. M.

REV. THOMAS T. FARRINGTON.

Rev. Thomas T. Farrington, pastor of the Associate Reformed church, of Newburg, N. Y., fell dead at his residence yesterday afternoon of heart disease. He was a brother of Postmaster Ezra Farrington, who died just as suddenly in Newburg about three months ago. The reverend gentleman now deceased was fifty-four years old; has filled pastorates in this State at Geneva, Salem and Oxbow. He has been pastor of the Newburg church eleven years.

SUICIDE OF A GERMAN.

Last night Paul Krampff, a German, aged forty-three years, residing at No. 347 West Forty-third street, took two ounces of chloroform for the purpose of ending his life. He was attended by Police Surgeon Waterman, who administered emetics, which were of no avail, and soon afterward Mr. Krampff died. The Coroner was notified to hold an inquest.

DEPARTURE OF THE TEAM.

A Grand Godspeed to the American Riflemen.

DOWN THE HARBOR IN STYLE.

Enthusiastic Parting in the Lower Bay.

SPEECHES ON THE WAY.

The Brooklyn Farewell to General Dakin.

The American rifle team had a grand send-off in the steamer City of Chester yesterday afternoon. There was a strong southeast wind blowing and the sky was of a pearly gray, but the wind died down and the sky showed clearer at the hour when the parting arrived, between the gallant half dozen or more of the American team and their friends, who literally swarmed on the decks and paddle boxes of the accompanying steamers that steadily conveyed the noble steamer, the City of Chester, down to the lower bay, the brave little Nelson K. Hopkins and the equally intrepid little craft the Neversink.

THE ARRANGEMENTS

for taking the team down the Bay in the Hopkins were in the hands of Colonel Wingate, assisted by General Martin T. McMahon. The Hopkins drew up to the government pier at the Battery early in the day, and long before the hour announced for her departure almost a hundred visitors, chiefly friends of members of the team, were quietly seated on board. At half-past two the Hopkins left and steamed up toward the pier where the City of Chester lay. She had the American flag flying at the stern, a long blue streamer flying from the mizzen, inscribed in white letters with the name of the boat; a small pennant bearing the words, "American Rifle Team," and at the fore a white flag with a red, symbolical emblazonment. The crowd on the Hopkins covered almost every inch of deck room. It was a well-dressed gathering and embraced a number of prominent officers in the New York National Guard.

THE CROWD OF VISITORS.

For half an hour before she quitted the government pier the stream of visitors was unceasing. The members of the team dropped in at intervals and were greeted with the utmost cordiality on board. The number of fashionable ladies was conspicuously large. After awhile the Hopkins became so thronged on the upper deck that there was hardly room to move. A thick fringe of spectators lined the Battery wall. It was composed of a different class than ordinarily awaits the departure of a convoying boat down the bay. Tickets had been issued for a limited number of passengers on the Hopkins, and nobody without a ticket could secure admission on board. Yet a great many respectable persons came down under the delusion that seeing the American team off was a matter of patriotism, and that the production of a ticket to get on board the boat was an unnecessary and despotic demand.

THE LITTLE HOPKINS

started with as many as she could possibly accommodate. She went away in the southeast wind, bearing gayly upward to the pier where the City of Chester lay amid the waving adieus of the many people lining the Battery wall. The Neversink, from Brooklyn, was out in the stream at this time and firing off repeated salutes of powder. Several vessels of grand proportions were backing out into the North River. Lorillard's beautiful little steam yacht, the Skylark, saluted the Hopkins with three tenor whistles. The Schoolship St. Mary's had all her boys on deck, and all the boats and vessels of magnitude in the neighborood had their crews looking with curious interest at the Hopkins with its enormous passenger freight on board. Then it was the Neversink steamed down with its prow directed for the outer bay the breeze freshening at the time and the surface of the sea indicating rough weather and *mal de mer* ahead. The Hopkins turned around, for now the City of Chester was out from her pier, and with her tremendous power was bearing down upon the twin and feeble convoy, from whion the flags floated brightly in the warm, breezy air and the sounds of music floated in lively, joyous measure to the shores on either side. The Hopkins had stopped at Governor's Island, where it took on the military (United States) band, with James Emil Stigler for bandmaster and E. D. Hughes for drum major. That band did effective service, and when it parted from the passengers of the Hopkins on its return it was rewarded with the camonic handkerchief homage of the women and the vigorous hand verberating of the men.

DOWN THE BAY,

the Hopkins close to the Chester and the Neversink on the starboard side of the Hopkins, the vessels made their way to the Lower Bay. The American team being all on board the Hopkins, she was naturally given the nearest place to the Chester, and a thousand greetings passed between the leviathan vessel and the comparatively tiny consort that kept up with her. Entering the Lower Bay, Colonel Wingate called the gentlemen on board, friends of the team, together, and in the middle compartment of the boat, over a table illuminated with champagne glasses, made a farewell audress to the American team.

COLONEL WINGATE'S SPEECH.

Colonel Wingate spoke as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN—For the first time a team of native born Americans leaves our shores for the purpose of participating in an international rifle match. They are not professional shots, neither do they intend to compete for any pecuniary advantage. Members of the Amateur Rifle Club, they are themselves only amateurs, and have prepared themselves for this contest at a sacrifice of their personal business interests (which few appreciate), to represent their country in this contest.

While their opponents have practiced for years at the ranges at which this match is to be shot, none of them have more than a year's experience, and some only a few months. Yet, with all these disadvantages they have displayed such skill and nerve that we feel confident that the name of America will suffer no discredit at their hands. We have the fullest confidence in all of them, the fullest reliance upon the skill and judgment of the experienced marksman they have selected as their leader, under whose direction we feel confident that nothing will be left undone which will in any way contribute to their success. On the part of the Joint Committee of the Amateur Rifle Club and of the National Rifle Association, who have had charge of the arrangements for the match, and on behalf of those of us whose business engagements have compelled them to remain behind, and of all Americans, I desire to assure them of our entire confidence and to say God speed them on their errand. (Applause.) I ask you, therefore, to drink to the health and success of the American team. (Applause and three cheers for the American team.)

RESPONSE FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM.

Colonel Gildersleeve was called for on all sides and promptly came forward and said:—"Gentlemen, I prepared no speech for this occasion or any other, but it is impossible for me to resist saying something to the many friends I see around me before we part finally. In the team that has been selected to uphold America in this international contest I will presume to say that some of the best material of the country in point of shooting is represented. I will go further and say that the men in this team are worthy of representing America, for I know them to be men who are capable of sacrificing a great deal. They are not presumptuous, and in their ways I might designate them as humble, but they go across the ocean to vindicate the nerve and muscle of American riflemen. We are very thankful for the generous way in which we have been treated. It was more than we expected. And now gentlemen you will accept our thanks for the way in which you have behaved in seeing us off in this gallant fashion."

CHEERS, THREE TIMES THREE,

were given at the close of Colonel Gildersleeve's speech. Several baskets of wine soon after disappeared and the Hopkins once more closed up to the Chester, until finally, in the lower bay, and in a direct line with the old Illinois hospital ship, she came directly in contact with the big steamer, and the team of riflemen passed, amid the most enthusiastic greetings from every side, from the paddle-box of the Hopkins on to the main deck of the Chester. A most exciting scene occurred. The friends of the riflemen on the Hopkins almost keeled the boat over, so eagerly did they press to the port side of the boat. On the Chester everybody had caught the contagion, and even the officers of the vessel partook of the general excitement.

After the Chester had the convoy farewell a man jumped overboard from a yacht with a life preserving apparatus *à la* Paul Boyton, and for several minutes amused the crowds on each steamer. He drew out a flag and paddled around but did not seem to be capable of locomotion.

THE TEAM.

As the steamer left there might be seen, all standing together on the light above the engine room, Colonel John Bodine, tanned from the Creedmoor weather, wearing a suit of plain black and a black hat. He looked eloquent, his whiskers never white, but his eye as bright and keen as a hawk's. Colonel H. A. Gildersleeve seemed in prime condition. He was dressed in a suit of gray and a black hat with a silk band and border. Major Henry Fulton wore his ordinary shooting dress. He thought at the last moment he would be unable to leave, as he was suffering from rheumatism; but, nevertheless, he was extremely jolly. General Dakin, with his iron gray mustache and imperial and his tall, soldierly form, looked like a French marshal. He was dressed in black and wore a soft gray hat. He was presented before leaving with a bouquet of flowers. Bruce was clad in gray and wore a silver badge inscribed "American Rifle Team" on the lappel of his coat. Yale had a suit of iron gray, a soft crowned hat, looked about thirty-five, seemed to be in good spirits, is reputed to be a sure shot, and will no doubt represent America to the best of his ability at the other side. Canfield seemed the sharpest man of the team. He is young, has a heavy black mustache, a bright eye, a well fitting suit of clothes, and altogether seems the style of man that will play havoc with the hearts of the daughters of the Emerald Isle. The "send-off" was the most whole-souled and enthusiastic that has happened in many years. The boats accompanying the steamer down the bay were laden with one of the most respectable groups of people that ever went on a similar excursion.

THE PEOPLE PRESENT

Among those present were Captain King, United States Army; Colonel J. W. Parker, General McQuaid, Dr. Vanderpoel, Colonel Squire, secretary of the Remington company; Mr. Steers, General Shaler, Colonel Ward, Captain Ashtye, Military Attaché of the French Legation; Colonel Meehan, General Vilmer, General Hughes, of Governor Hoffman's staff; Alderman Van Schaick, and Colonel Clolton, United States Army, commanding Governor's Island. Among the ladies, who were very numerous, were Miss McQuaid, Mrs. Judge Stanton, Mrs. Corey and daughters, Mrs. Colonel Proost, the Misses Meehan and Miss Dodge; Major Haverty and a number of others.

The Hopkins returned at seven o'clock and disembarked her passengers.

GENERAL DAKIN'S FAREWELL.

A joyous throng ushered Major General Dakin, a member of the American rifle team, to the steamship City of Chester, yesterday afternoon. A committee of appreciative friends had secured the steamer Neversink to convey the distinguished rifleman on board the ocean-bound vessel, and the occasion was rendered both festive and enjoyable, as a substantial part of the representative people of Brooklyn did the farewell honors to this popular marksman with characteristic hospitality. The Neversink (and it is a miracle she did not belie her name with the enthusiastic crowd aboard yesterday) hauled alongside the wharf near Fulton ferry at noon. There was a band aboard, and the interruption of everything attempted to be performed could only be excused on the ground that the musicians participated in the general feeling of excitement that prevailed and consequently allowed their instruments a sort of holiday. It is unfair, however, to pick flaws when the big drum smothered the grief and wailing of the assemblage. Battery A of the Second division, N.G.S.N.Y., of which Major General Dakin is commandant, arrived on the steamer before noon in command of Captain Schlig. A large police force was on the dock to preserve order, and not a single mishap occurred. As General Dakin, with his family, approached the wharf salutes were fired, and, amid ringing shouts, the favorite marksman stepped on board. The band did its best, the crowd cheered and the Neversink made the best of her way to the City of Chester. But this well freighted vessel was not apparently in a hurry to get off, and if the multitude of well-wishers could have detained her longer the noble Neversink and the brass band might have been blown to shreds.

GOOD LUCK

favored the scene. The big steamer at length came into the stream slowly,