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OLIVE LOGAN.

New York's Great Seaside Breathing-Places on Coney Island—How Not To Get There—The Attractions, and Who They Attract—Night and Day Scenes.

BRIGHTON BEACH, July 16, 1880.

This amazing place is a success of curiosity, primarily. No sooner does one arrive in New York than the whole world begins to ply one with the question, "Have you been to Brighton?" The query is varied by a pointed desire to know how soon you propose visiting Manhattan. If you come here from abroad your opinion is solicited concerning the relative merits of the various piers there and the Iron Pier here. Newsboys invade the street cars at all hours, selling copies of the Coney Island *Sun*, an ill-printed sheet furnished with coarse woodcuts which are not unattractive, however, by reason of the suggestion they convey of sportive sea bathing and a presumable relief from torrid heats. Then there is what I may call the paragraph influence. The itemizer of the morning press notes that the President visited Manhattan Beach a short time ago; heads of Departments are captured while *en route*, and conducted to the Iron Pier; seals arriving from their far Alaskan and Shetland haunts are sold to make a Coney Island holiday. The moment arrives when this pressure becomes too strong to be resisted. Then you start for the Iron Pier. You place yourself in the category of important personages who have been or are on the beach at Brighton on a summer's day. The question of your transportation hither will be a perplexing one, as there are several columns of the morning papers absorbed each day in the setting forth of the advantages of the various routes. I would like to mention the one I patronized, if for nothing else than to quote Hamlet's advice, "Pray you avoid it." But a detailed account of it would make unsavory reading. It is the same old story, the crying disgrace of New York. A walk throug the Seven Dials of London is quite a pleasant experience compared to a street-car ride through the pestiferous purlieus of this ill-managed metropolis.

Reaching the pier at which we are to embark and that we reach it alive is thanks to no one's talent or precaution but our own, for we are obliged to crowd our way between horses' hoofs, great barrels, bales of merchandise, moving wagons, and swearing drivers, with no one to direct our steps—we find a great crowd gathered. It is interesting to listen to the remarks made as the Nelly White puffs along toward us from her up-town stations. "Get us seats abaft the wheel, Charlie," says one of a group. "Oh, why, papa?" queries a graceful daughter, "we'll lose all the view there." "And we shan't get a breath of airy either," adds mamma. "Well, I don't care," returns the elder man positively; "it's safer there. If you have to jump into the water you don't get sucked under the wheel." A bystander comments on these remarks to his own party, "But in case of fire you're safer for'ard than aft," he says; "the wind blows the flames back." In the midst of this cheerful strain of discourse the frail construction pulls up at the pier-head, and, to the tuneless scraping of some violins gathered on the upper deck, we board the bark which may ferry us across the Styx. Of a verity, it is not Sara Bernhardt alone who sits and lies down in her coffin. Hundreds have done the same this summer here on the waters which encircle New York, and no one has spoken of the circumstance as an amusing eccentricity of genius, either.

But, by every star in Neptune's diamond crown, it is a shame, a bitter shame, a hanging crime, that the craft which people these great bays and rivers should be such vitiainous tubs. Why, the truth is that during the present African weather the whole population of this essentially maritime town should be able to sail when it liked, at any price, and always in safety. It must be that God bestowed these magnificent water-works on the inhabitants of this heat-tortured island in a moment of pity for their prospective sufferings. What a contempt the Almighty must feel for the dastardly pigmies whose greed of gain causes them to build boats that are mere death-traps, and for those other, too, who pollute the fair waters with the unnamable refuse engendered among a population of millions!

Cast all these thoughts aside, however, and enjoy the lovely sail to Coney Island. The verdure of the shores is too parched just now to be at its fullest beauty; nevertheless, the panorama is magnificent. The great black hulks of the ocean steamers; the swarms of light crafts darting about in the water-like butterflies in a garden of roses; the imposing proportions of the various men-of-war now in port; the romantic suggestion of old world baronial life given by the picturesque brown castle belonging to the Stevens family, and perched on the Hoboken Heights; the various forts, in one of which is installed the man who, until the feats of November will ask himself the unceasing question, "To be or not to be;" all these are details which keep the mind alert, the eye busy. At length the Iron Pier heaves in sight, and shiver my timbers, here we are! Safe and sound; not burnt up, nor sunk, by all that's wonderful!

And shall I depict to you the real charm of Brighton Beach? It is beyond everything else the sense of security and order which the authorities of the place, whoever they may be, have succeeded in imparting to it. From the moment one arrives at the Iron Pier until one leaves this Centennial-like Aladdin's growth of a city, one feels at peace. The atmosphere of odor and decency is like balm to the lungs. For years I have not beheld so majestic a sight as that of these thousands of people enjoying the various diversions without fear of disturbance, or desire to create it. The "roughs" are a minor element in American communities. They could easily be suppressed anywhere, if the better classes would resolutely demand it. At no place had they ever firmer foothold than at Coney Island. Now they have vanished, and from their easy downfall here, rough-ridden communities elsewhere should take heart of grace.

Nevertheless, this is not a resort I should recommend to invalids. It is far too exciting. It is Donnybrook Fair without the shillelah. Everything is in the nature of a sensation, even to so simple a thing as imbibing a glass of milk. The pretty milk-maids are dressed like merry Swiss girls, and the sign of their calling is a real cow's hide stuffed, as natural as nature, except for the seams which show the straw, and the tail, which has a flag tied to it. Tra-la-li-e-too!

Then there are the merry-go-rounds. Not content with placing at the disposition of the little public all the animals which grown men ride—namely, horses, donkeys, camels, zebras, and oxen, the obliging Tattersall of the beach has secured to himself a heavy supply of giraffes, ostriches, swans, ducks, cats, dogs, pigeons—nay, everything that lived with Noah—and Young America rides a cock horse to Banbury Cross. There are two stories full of these whirligigs, and the manager of the pasteboard menagerie drives a thriving trade. Circuses abound. There is the one the King of Spain reluctantly gave his consent to its departure from Madrid; there is the other, old Jack Thingumbob's, the loss of which to the inhabitants of the West this season is as great a disaster as the army worm. The facilities for beer-imbibing are boundless. The ice-cream of the Beach, if accumulated, would certainly outtip Mount Blanc. Beside the monster hotel is the great race-track, where monster crowds gather, and fleet horses fly toward the winning string. At all hours racing is going on, and the larder must be constantly replenished, for Gargantuan mouths are ceaselessly feeding. But why enumerate the diversions of life on the Beach? Save for the steam elevator which lifts the observer to a lookout three hundred feet above the level of the earth, the various amusements are commonplace and ordinary enough; what constitutes their peculiar feature here is that they are all huddled together, so that on your way to the milk-tent you run over a circus, and starting out to go to the Iron Pier you make your first landing stage at a Matthews soda fountain. If you can imagine a greatly extended church fair with a large variety of pious raffles, you can get a good idea of the orderly whirl of this kaleidoscope on a Jersey sand-bank.

The poetry of it is to be read when the night star shines. When the angry sun has had his welcome dose of chloroform and ceased torturing the world, and the lapping waves run shoreward, bringing cool breaths from their brothers, who are rocking the icebergs far out at sea, then is the time to be at Brighton. There is grandeur in the mere sight of so many thousand people sitting down in peace *together* by the sad sea waves; but the picturesqueness of the scene is immensely enhanced by the marvelous illuminations of the Beach, which consists of hundreds of gas lamps, and at least a score of the electric lights.

In addition to this, on the finest and most crowded evenings there are fireworks; not startling, exciting battle-pieces, fronts of cathedrals, whirling comets, or Chinese serpents, but exquisite groups of gems which are scattered in the sky, and then softly fall to the earth. Rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes emerge, as it were, from nothing, and stream across the infinite during a gorgeous moment, when they slowly die, to the murmur of an admiring and from the hushed mass of spectators. The indispensable charm of music fills the measure of captivation, and there is especial fitness, as a peculiarly lovely sheaf of pyrotechnics explodes, in the melodious *valse* tune of "*Tres Jolie!*"—*Olive Logan, in Cin. Enquirer.*

Olive Revels in High-Flown Adjectives in Describing the Beauty of Washington and Its Charming Belles.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1880.

I believe it is conceded that among the other and quite numberless faults and mistakes of mankind must be classed the habit it has of always going to the wrong places at the wrong time. The London fashionable season begins at Easter and ends at Lammas-tide, just when the country is at its sweetest, its most enticing epoch. Fashion swarms at the seaside when the sun is beating pitilessly on sand and shingle, and what the wild waves are saying for the most part is that it is uncommonly hot. I will not assert that it is a mistake to come to Washington when the Senate is in session and the brain of the country is at work to indicate what members of the body are to do; but I will say that even in the most torrid weather Washington is fuller of charm and comfort than any American city I know. The residential architecture is of a character to resist the attacks of heat. Hot weather is expected here, as cold weather is in Russia, and provision is made. Window awnings, fans, marble floors, plenty of bathing facilities—these are part of the ammunition used against the sun-god. The watering of streets is admirably performed; there is no festering vileness in the shape of the *disjecta membra* of the kitchen, such as shocks the olfactories in New York; above all, there is the lovely tree-growth of the unbrageous shelter of the wide, smooth walks, the dryadic beauty of the countless parks. And in the night-time, when the silver moon sails in the star-gemmed sky, I know of no vision more entrancing than that of the exquisite Capitol, sitting in all her purity and splendor, a sovereign in architecture, crowning the summit of a fairy hill.

But reversing the winter order of events, the stirring action of the nation's giants, is now away from Washington. They are assembled at New York, the great men of the time, and Washington has naught of them but their memory and the hope of their return. Naturally social reunions are almost utterly lacking. A feature of the streets is the attendance of express wagons at the doors of the houses of fashion. Black men clad in rajment almost Adamite in its airy nothingness, bring forward huge chests, strapped, rope-lashed, ticketed; it is the fighting armor of Flora, en route to the battle-ground of flirtation at the watering-places, provided with the proverbial nothing to wear. And since Venus arose from the waters, array in the liquid garment of Undinian sea foam, there has been no lovelier goddess than a Washington beauty swathed in her cobwebs on a summer's night. Yonder goes one, flitting past my window, as the crepusculous shades warn her the day is dead, and the pall of mourning will soon enshroud this orange-tinted sky. A gentle breeze is stirring, and this, with her rapid step, causes her fleecy drapery to float backward, disclosing tiny slippered feet, from which the pink-silk clad ankle springs, delicate, thoroughbred, a model for a study of a Nubian dancing girl. From the tip of the toe to the golden curl that flutters on her brow, she is nothing short of a painter's dream; nay, seen in this light, she is too intangible even for painting, she seems but a figment of the optic like a mirage, like a rainbow. Of a verity, I sometimes wonder that men are not afraid to clasp within gross earthy arms such frail and fine beings as this, with never a suspicion that beauty so exquisite may perchance vanish with attrition, as the butterfly's wings loses its glories under the red fingers of a truant boy.

The physical standard in both sexes is high in Washington. To be aware of this, one has only to watch the straggling phalanx of departmental clericals, who wend their way to the palaces where they do duty, at about nine in the morning, returning at four. Outside of the Piccadilly pavement and the Row at Hyde Park, I know of no other man-exhibit so fine as this. The intellectual altitude is even more remarkable; but remember that the great bulk of the inhabitants of the Capital are persons engaged in scientific, artistic, legal, or mathematical pursuits. Even the negroes are far above the average status of those of their race in other cities. These black men read, write, and express themselves like gentlemen and men of education. The traditional darkey who uses the jargon of the explanation as it was "befo' de wah" is almost an extinct type here, though no doubt thousands of his kindey are close at hand in the great outlying Southern States. The reading-and-writing, pen-and-ink-demanding proclivities of the populace are recognized by the hotel and lodging-house proprietors, and Washington is the only city ever visited where a proper writing-desk forms an indispensable adjunct to the equipment of every apartment.

A learned writer in that very interesting weekly newspaper called the *Republic*, issued at Washington, corrects, with great courtesy, the statement which I have made in your columns, to the effect that the English law recognizes the Duchess of Newcastle as still a Duchess, though now the wife of the commoner, Tom Hohler. Against so great an array of legal lore as that displayed by this correspondent in proof of his point, assisted by his own lucid explanation relating to peers and commoners, I have not a murmur of counter-statement to make, but am quite willing to be instructed that it is only by courtesy the Duchess dares still to print her title on her visiting cards, and that she is now the inferior in rank of her eldest son. Doubtless it was the sting connected with her disennoblement which caused her exGrace to hesitate so long about the marriage. The wicked wags of London and Paris said the Duchess was very well satisfied as it was: "but Tommy," explained the naughty ones, "it is not half a bad sort. He insisted on being made an honest man at last."—*Olive Logan S. F. Morning Call.*

How a Little Boy Faced Death.

A ten-years-old, whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars in this city, was too plucky to make any fuss over the incident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. But the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side took plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor had dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters, and brothers to his bedside. Almost one and all fainted and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her neck and said: "Mother, I am going to die. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the little fellow fell back, and as the mother said, "Yes, my angel," and took another look at his face she found him dead and beyond all pain and suffering.—*Dubuque Times.*

A Big Row in Congressman Acklen's District.

NEW ORLEANS, July 24.—A despatch from Vermilionville says: A mass meeting was held here to-day, called relative to Congressional district matters. Hon. R. S. Perry, of Iberia, in addressing the meeting, argued in favor of the regularity of the late convention. During his remarks he was frequently interrupted by the Hon. J. H. Ackles, who finally characterized some remarks of the speaker as unqualifiedly false. Perry replied in still severer terms, when Acklen rushed forward and attempted strike him. A regular stampede ensued, a motion to adjourn being declared carried. Acklen rallied his followers and they proceeded to elect delegates to the district nominating convention. Acklen claims that the action of the delegates from Third Congressional District to the late State Convention, in nominating Ralea as the Democratic candidate for Congress, was irregular. The contest in this district promises to be lively.

Kalloch Arraigned for DeYoung's Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—In the Superior Court this afternoon J. M. Kalloch, Jr., was arraigned for the murder of Charles DeYoung. The accused was allowed until Thursday next to plead. A motion to set aside the indictment will be made, and argument upon the motion set down for a week from there.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Rest for Hatch's Weary Soldiers—Camp Gossip and News.

FORT CUMMINGS, N. M., July 9.

This place, which is at present the headquarters of the troops in the field, is possibly the most pleasant to be at, not for its surroundings, but because the number of officers here make it so. It is situated at the entrance to Cook's Cañon, which not only during the present Indian troubles, but previous ones, has well earned its title of bloody, and the remains of two of Victoria's band (one his son) unburied, which now lie near the road running by, attest the fact that our side has done some killing too. The Indians mentioned and one other were killed by Lieut. Maney, Fifteenth Infantry, and his scouts, and belonged to a small party—probably the last—who were on their way to join the great Apache chief in old Mexico.

There are at present in camp here three companies of the Fourth Cavalry and three of the Ninth Cavalry, Maj. Henry Noyes, Fourth Cavalry, commanding. Some of the officers occupy rooms in the agency building; others not so fortunate are under canvas, which during the day is hardly endurable, for the weather has been the hottest ever known here.

Jim Maney, of the Fifteenth Infantry, is here with his San Carlos scouts, as is also Schaeffer, of the Ninth Horse, who, next to Maj. Morrow, has seen the hottest service of any officer of his regiment, if I might except Hughes, who was with Maj. Dodge when he joined Payne's command. Where all officers have done their duty so well as have the officers stationed in New Mexico during the Indian troubles it is difficult to select who has done best; opportunities for distinction have been eagerly sought after, and duty well and cheerfully performed, but the palm of well-doing and gallantry is by common consent given to Maj. Morrow, Ninth Cavalry.

Suppose you roam around with me for a few moments and see if there are any old friends among the fellows here. In this room we find Maj. Noyes and Dr. Hall sitting on the bed playing piquet to while away the hour, while at the table writing is Capt. Parker, of the Fourth, a little brown, but looking the same as he did ten years ago; on another bed in the same room is Mason, of the Fourth, reading a paper a month old, while Lockett, of the class of '79, having been on guard last night, is enjoying a sleep on another, apparently untroubled by the hundreds of flies humming around him, for flies in this country do hum, and bite, too. In another room—there are but two in use by the officers—we find a jolly party: Mauney, Dr. Kane, Schaeffer, Gale, and the hands one ranking second lieutenant of cavalry, McDonald, who is adjutant, A. A. C. S., and A. A. Q. M., and Budd, of the Fourth Cavalry, who is the life of the party, and talks Indian like a native, and a pure American. He has just said, "Gintlemen, the sarvace is going to the devil. The first surgant knocked down by a recruit, becase there was no matta-ces in ther soup."

One question which agitates every one is, "where is Victoria; when will he return?" As close a watch as is possible is being kept, scouting parties are out in the Florida mountains and toward the river to cut trails, and when he returns, if he does, he will enter such a cordon of troops that escape will be impossible. Gen. Buell, colonel of the Fifteenth Infantry, has been assigned to command a line of troops in the field, and is anxiously looked for, as he will shake things up and make it lively. He is most eminently fitted for just the command that has been given him; he allows no sluggards under him, and is always in the front himself. Gen. Hatch has been paid the high compliment of having his command increased by the addition of a portion of Colorado to his district, and will have a general supervision over all troops in the district. His march after Victoria through the Mogollon mountains was productive of an excellent result; he broke the Indians down and forced them out of the Territory, thus giving the troops a chance to rest, and in the meantime he has obtained the needed reinforcements in the Thirteenth Infantry, three companies of the Sixteenth, and three of the Fourth Cavalry, which makes his command larger than that of any district commander. The hounding the General has received from some of the local papers has not detracted one iota from the confidence his superiors have in him, as, for example, the large addition they have made to his command. This is very gratifying to his friends, who have felt incensed at the senseless charges made against him.

Five companies of the Fifteenth Infantry are on their way here from Fort Wingate, and Gen. Dudley, Ninth Cavalry, and Maj. Osborn, Fifteenth Infantry, are expected. The companies of the Fifteenth are to be replaced by companies of the Thirteenth. Capt. Bean, Fifteenth Infantry, has been ordered to the command of Fort Craig.

Officers of the Army serving in different departments rarely know what goes on out of their own, and when gallant acts of bravery or endurance are performed the hero or heroes gain only the credit for them conferred by the approbation of their superiors and the congratulations of their comrades. One asks, "What more were a soldier need?" Nothing, perhaps; but it is not what any particular soldier needs; it is what the Army needs, and it needs that its Indian fights, its marches through snow and over ice, its marches through hot sand without water, (Maj. Morrow, Ninth Cavalry, and command without water seventy-two hours,) shoeless and ragged, should be made public. This country is no play-ground, and our soldiers' recesses have been, during the last year, none. New Mexico, so beautiful in New York or Washington, when seen has naught to recommend her as a military station save her climate, and she is losing that. She is full of mineral wealth, but lacks water; as an agricultural country she is almost worthless, and this species of her industries will vanish before the iron tracks being now laid so rapidly. As a fruit and grape-growing country she will be a success, and the valley of the Rio Grande in a few years will, I believe, be able to supply wine for the world, while her mines will give work to thousands.

To show what some companies of the Fifteenth Infantry have done—for my pen slipped off in a rambling way above—the following by a soldier who served under Gen. Buell will prove:

"Genl. Buell's first command in New Mexico consisted of Companies D and K, Fifteenth Infantry, and I, Ninth Cavalry, and were held for awhile at the junction of the Animas and San Juan rivers, New Mexico. Gen. Hatch being called away for duty on the Ute Commission, Gen. Buell proceeded to Animas City, Col., sixty miles north of his first camp, and joined forces, assuming command of all. The troops encamped near that town consisted of Companies D, H, and K, and detachments of the Fifteenth Infantry; D, E, F, and K, Twenty-second Infantry; G, Nineteenth Infantry, mounted, and I and K, Ninth Cavalry. They were divided into three battalions, the first under Maj. A. E. Hough, Twenty-second Infantry, second under Capt. Horace Jewell, Fifteenth Infantry, and third, Capt. J. H. Bradford, Nineteenth Infantry. The weather was very cold (it was in October) and comfort of the 'unskeddit' order, until the arrival of winter equipments in the middle of December, when the fur goods and sibley tents were gladly welcomed. Forage growing scarce, the mounted battalion was moved to a camp on the lower Animas river, near Farmington just below the northern line of New Mexico; the heavy snows and extreme cold experienced at times did not render our campaign pleasant, yet we managed to create some excitement by an occasional ball, while every advantage was taken to hunt deer, many of which graced our mess every day. On the 6th of January the Twenty-second Infantry battalion pulled out for Texas via Lower Animas and Santa Fe, and on the 13th Company H and detachments Band I, Fifteenth Infantry, were sent to Fort Lewis, sixty miles east of Animas City, train for supplies was also started about this time for Wingate under Capt. Hartz, Fifteenth Infantry, and on the 26th the remainder of the camp set out for a new location at Farmington. The roads traversed by the battalion were heavy with snow, while the cold was intense, yet excellent time was made by the troops. On the 30th of January Companies I and K, Ninth Cavalry, were ordered to Fort Craig, N. M., the Apache racket finally attracting the attention it deserved, and their services being needed. Gen. Hatch also returned from the Uncompahgre Agency and immediately took hold of affairs south, where he has since been. Under authority, Gen. Buell came into Wingate with a detachment February 13, 1880, but returned in a month and moved his battalion to Fort Lewis. The difficulty of marching over such roads as these roads were again felt, and the command went into camp near that post. There they remained until the late indications of trouble with the powerful Navajoes and probable incursion of Apaches required the presence of troops here, when the entire garrison of Fort Lewis, consisting of Companies B, D, I, and K, Fifteenth Infantry, and G, Nineteenth Infantry, mounted, numbering in all 250 men, moved rapidly back over their well-known route and arrived here June 5 and 7. The order indeed simply commands their excellent marching qualities, and it was exceedingly creditable, as many of the troops were recruits but lately joined. This is the first time that Companies D and K have been back here since October 8, 1879, and all hands have learned how uncertain campaigning against the Utes, when the conclusions of tedious deliberations of commissions, etc., must be awaited patiently, while changes and counter-changes of camps and toiling with supply trains over rugged mountain roads in the deep snows of winter, or rounding in the Navajoes and Utes to prevent collisions with the cattle men, have hardened the soldiers so that they are now inured to the country and climate of Southwestern Colorado. Though no actions have taken place between the battalion Fifteenth Infantry and companies attached with the Utes and Navajoes, the command has done hard service since last October, and much good has been accomplished by the energetic manner of Gen. Buell in his dealings with the Indians. His last achievement has been the breaking up of the whisky traffic between certain parties and the Navajoes in this vicinity, which has caused much of the late trouble, and obtaining from the chiefs in council a promise to surrender the murderer of the white men on the road to the San Juan about two months ago. The knowledge of this killing was supposed to be a secret among the Indians, but was adroitly sprung on them by the General, and they had to acknowledge it. The last murder reported occurred above the agency at Fort Defiance, about the first autumn. One man was killed and one wounded, both prospectors en route to the San Juan country or north. The General expects to have the murderers surrendered as they are known. The only fear is that they may escape to the Utes and remain with that tribe. Even then, however, we hope to catch them."

I think the above makes a good showing. I leave for Alcman tonight; it is in the "Hornade del Muerto," about the centre of it. Will write from there. SLEEPING FRIAR.

PETER PETERKIN.

He Visits Fauquier White Sulphur Springs.

Last season the foul fiend betrayed me, in an unguarded moment I fell. He proposed that I should write an article on "Summer Bachelors." I did so and wrecked self and friends. I wrote of the brotherhood, gave the object of the organization, the nature of its business during the absence of families. Our better halves read the article and the net result is complete ruin to a set of jolly old boys, self included. Last week, unconscious of danger, I began skirmishing for position. I brought on a general engagement and was defeated. I remarked at the breakfast table that I thought the first born needed country air. Mrs. Peterkin answered in the affirmative, adding, "So do you."

"But, my dear," I replied, "I can not leave home. The breezes of the mountains and the roar of the surf are not for me. I must rest content, knowing that you and the darlings are away from the dusty city and happy amid the bright blooms of nature's bouquet."

"Then," answered Mrs. Peterkin, and her upper lip flung out a danger signal, "the pleasures of the plashing Potomac or the moonlit ride to Cabin John Bridge are also not for you. You go to the country with me and the darlings, or we remain at home! I am determined," (here the danger signal ran up higher,) "that you shall no longer suffer the discomforts of a summer in the city all alone."

The general engagement came off, and it was a Waterloo for me. On the street I met Dobson. Dobson was Grand Senior Bachelor of the club, and inaugurated some very pleasant and innocent amusements. Dobson passed me coldly. I halted him.

"Don't stop me, asking what is wrong," he savagely growled. "You have created a nice state of things by your infernal scribbling. My wife read that article of yours on 'Summer Bachelors,' and swears she won't budge from town without me; that my summers have been unbroken periods of villainy, and that she is going to break it up or break me. A nice state of things produced by your fool of a pen, I say!" and Dobson left me in anger.

I walked on sadly. I reached Jackson's office. Jackson was another active member of the club. I went in. Jackson was at his desk, his back to the door, elbows on the desk, and his head on his hands. His cars seemed to have lost their stiffness and reclined on his hands. An old black office-coat hung limp upon him, an emblem of woe. Now and then he would grit his teeth, then swear and kick the table. Jackson was either a maniac or had the hydrophobia. I turned to creep down stairs, but he heard me, and, springing from his seat, with a yell, made at me. "Peterkin, you miserable critter, are you at the bottom of this trouble. My wife has that 'Summer Bachelor' article of yours in a frame, and when I mentioned that it was time for her to go to the country, drew it on me, and said she would die first. She has been crying at home for a week, and has got all of the children down on me. I tell you I am mad. If I thought you had any brains in that bulb on your shoulders I would break it," and here Jackson executed a war dance around me. I tried to get in a word; it was useless. As I backed down the stairs I could only distinguish in Jackson's frantic ravings that Brown had loaded a pistol, was secreted somewhere in ambush, and was on sight. This last information decided me. Reaching home by back streets to avoid Brown, I told Mrs. Peterkin that we would leave town in the morning, and here I am at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. Dobson is tied to the wharf at Old Point Comfort, Jackson has been taken to the coast of Maine, and Brown is at a farmhouse in Montgomery county, expecting to empty his revolver into a Quaker before frost. The rest of the boys are scattered and all miserable.

The Fauquier White Sulphur Springs is a beautiful place. Had I not been brought here in bondage I should be happy. The new brick hotel is calmed, with justice, to be the finest structure west of the South, and has every modern convenience. It stands on an elevation that gives a view from each point of the compass of surpassing beauty. An undulating landscape of woodland and cultivated fields extends to the foot of the mountains, which form a background to the lovely picture. As I write the rugged old sentinels send whispered greetings, which creep in over the window sill and rustle among my papers. The Sulphur Springs, which, if we may judge from its action, is guarded by the devil, is located in a beautiful grove of elms and surrounded by neat brick cottages. The place is under the management of Maj. Gen. F. Tenney & Co. I have known Gen. Tenney intimately for the last century, but confess that I am slightly mixed regarding the Co., but believe it represents a jolly old bachelor, not a summer one, but a regular named Crosby, who stays in Washington and sends us all of our good things. Gen. Tenney has in his staff Brig. Gen. Brittan, Lieut. Col. James Foster Joyce, L. D. C., and about one thousand retainers and men-at-arms of all colors and conditions. Gen. Tenney is a warrior of great renown; he has been fighting the appetite of the inner man for many years. His most notable achievement was the repulsion of about a half million of hungry visitors, who made an attack upon Washington during the centennial, and the opening of this the most attractive summer resort of the South. But, sad to relate, misfortune has placed its chilling hand upon this great warrior. Not knowing his strength in a new field, he fell a victim to the seductive wiles of Commodore Samuel Bacon, who persuaded him to lead the German. The Commodore's excuse for not leading in person was that he still had his sea-legs and could not dance on land. At last he succeeded in getting the tenderfoot on the floor, and then the poetry of motion was for the first time seen. It is believed that the Commodore thought the General could not dance, and tried to humiliate him because he had been more successful at whist. If so his disappointment was great. The General started the German in the barroom; in a few minutes he was through a window, and on the veranda. By this time the ladies saw he was a leader, and they rushed after him with their favors. Keeping a little in advance, he whirled along the porch, skipped across the lawn, made the circuit of the spring, and back to the hotel. Here a widow caught him and succeeded in fastening a cupid to his left shoulder. At this he became a little demoralized, and flitted into the billiard-room, with forty-three of the belles of the place after him. From the billiard-room he passed into the kitchen, and was there lost. An unavailing search was made. The oven was raked out and some ashes gathered, but the source was uncertain. There was weeping and wailing, but high above it could be heard Commodore Bacon, singing in in exultant tones, "I am a pirate king." I could write pages of the attractions of this lovely place and its two hundred guests. At night, when the ladies of the hotel and Warrenton unite in the sub-room, we can show more beauty to the square foot than I have ever before seen at a like resort. Jenkins promised to give me the descriptions of five hundred beautiful dresses, but unfortunately he yesterday started a four-hours race, drink as you please, between the Sulphur Spring and the bar, and the bar came in ahead.

We had thirty new arrivals yesterday, and if they continue to come Gen. Tenney will have to hang out a placard of standing room only. Jenkins has just come in with his descriptions of dresses, but as he starts off with a young lady who wore garter-snake colored stockings I think his head is out of plumb and will not use his copy. Yours in prosperity,

PETER PETERKIN.

Malpractice Resulting in Death.

In the issue of the *Star* of the 15th inst. appeared the death notice of Mrs. G. S. Thompson, residing at the Bayard House. Mrs. Thompson was formerly well known as Miss Camelia A. Mills, and was, at the time of her death, the wife of a prominent clerk in the Pension Office. Since her funeral Mr. De Alton, who was formerly connected with the Government in Alaska, has circulated reports that she died from the effects of an abortion, performed by a well-known doctor from Baltimore. Doctors Hamer and Ball (who attended Mrs. Thompson at her death, and gave a certificate that deceased died from pneumonia and exhaustion) and Mr. Ellis, who became aware of the facts in the case, went to police headquarters and made known his suspicions, and insisted that an investigation should be instituted. Lieut. Eckloff took the case in hand, and, with Officer Hazelton, set to work to get at the bottom facts, from which it appears that Mrs. Thompson, while enciente, used to go out every day to visit a certain doctor, who is supposed to be a man named Roberts, from Baltimore, and by whom the operation must have been performed. These are the facts in the case as far as are known, and it is understood that District Attorney Corkhill has notified Coroner Patterson that unless he makes a rigid examination he will submit the case to the grand jury.

A Singular Accident.

The well-known and esteemed librarian of the Treasury Department, Mrs. Gen. E. A. Kimball, while getting out of a hammock swung on the porch of her residence, 1017 Vermont avenue, last evening, fell and fractured her shoulder and collar-bone in several places. Drs. Johnson and McLean dressed the injury, and at a late hour last night Mrs. Kimball was resting quietly.

Bleeding Kansas Coming Up.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS, July 24.—The official census of the Second District of this State, comprising fifty western counties, gives a population of over 35,000, an increase of 25,000 since 1870. The census of the entire State will probably show a population of 1,000,000. All the counties in this district, so far west as Pawnee, have gained from one hundred to two thousand inhabitants each since the State census of last March.

France and the Continental Powers.

PARIS, July 24.—The *Temps* says: Though the powers are to a certain extent agreed there is at the bottom a rivalry between England, backed by Russia, and Austria if necessary, by Germany. It is the duty of France to participate in the European concert so long as it lasts, but to revert to absolute neutrality when the concert gives place to a conflict of interests which are not those of France.

SOCIETY CHAT.

The marriage Wednesday evening last at the residence of ex-Mayor M. G. Emery, No. 267 I street northwest, of Gen. S. S. Henkle, one of the leading members of the District Bar, to Miss Clara K. Emery, was a brilliant affair, many of the society people delaying their departure for the various summer resorts in order to be present. The large parlors of the mansion were brilliantly lighted, while fragrant flowers were everywhere. At the north end of the room the emblematic horseshoe was suspended, under which the marriage vows were pledged, Rev. Dr. Baer, of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, performing the ceremony which made them man and wife. The bride is quite pretty, highly cultured, and accomplished, and inherits all these rare qualities of head and heart which so distinguished her late mother, whom many will remember with pleasure. The happy bride was attired in an exquisite toilet of pure white satin and pearls, which was in striking contrast with her bright laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, and presented a rare picture of beauty and happiness. The groom looked his best in the conventional black suit. After receiving the hearty congratulations of the large company of friends present, Mr. and Mrs. Henkle left on the ten-o'clock train for a tour of the summer resorts to spend the balance of the season. Among those present were Representative Henkle, of Md.; Mr. John Emery and Mr. Applegarth, of the Baltimore Bar; District Commissioner Twining, Lieut. Hoxie, Judge Shellabarger, Drs. Poole and Clark, Samuel Norment, E. C. Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, of Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Fassett, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Boteler, Mrs. and Miss McFalls, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hay, Mrs. S. P. Brown, and many others.

The announcement of the death last Monday in Beverly, Mass., of Count Louis Francois de Pourtales will bring to the mind of Washingtonians a family better known in society for the remarkable beauty of its daughters than for the high attainments of the father, who led an unobtrusive and intellectual life. Count Pourtales was a native of Neufchatel, a friend and a pupil of Agassiz, and came to this country about the same time with that eminent scientist. He was for a number of years employed in the United States Coast Survey in this city, and upon the death of Agassiz was appointed keeper of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy and removed to Boston. On the death of his father he succeeded to the title and inherited a considerable fortune. Of two handsome daughters well remembered here, one married a German baron, and the younger, Bertha, Mr. S. B. Schlesinger, a wealthy merchant and German Consul at Boston. It was at Mr. Schlesinger's residence that Count Pourtales passed his last days.

Gen. Geronimo Trevino, commanding the northern division of the Mexican army, and Miss Roberta Augusta, eldest daughter of Gen. E. O. C. Ord, commanding Department of Texas, were married at San Antonio on Tuesday evening, in St. Mark's Episcopal Church. Bishop Elliott officiated. Upward of 2,000 persons thronged the church, and vast numbers were congregated outside. Intense interest had been felt in the affair, as it was supposed the bridal party proceeded to the residence of Gen. Ord, where a reception was held. The yard and premises were brilliantly illuminated and the scene was very gay. The presents are numerous, costly, and elegant. A banquet was tendered Gen. Trevino yesterday, after which he left with his bride for their future home, at San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

The family of Senator Windom, Commodore and Mrs. McNair, Mrs. and the Misses McCeney, Miss Fannie Barchell, Mrs. D. W. Voorhees and Miss Voorhees, Mrs. Manly and family, Miss Mary Blake Jones, Miss Nicholson, and Miss Snyder, W. B. Webb and family, Mr. and Miss Woodbull, Capt. Franklin, of the Navy, and Mrs. Franklin, Commodore A. T. Mahan and family, Miss Worden, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. McKee, Lanier Dunn, G. S. Lovett and family are among the Washington visitors at Mount Desert, Me., and the Bar Harbor *Tourist* announces that Messrs. John Chew and Sexton Monroe are expected soon.

On Wednesday evening the bank messengers gave a delightful and highly enjoyable excursion to Glymont on board the steamer W. W. Corcoran, Capt. Blake. The attendance was flattering, being made up by nearly all the stay-at-home society folks. The steamer was decorated for the occasion. The grounds were handsomely lighted, while the dancing on the pavilion was greatly enjoyed. Each lady was presented with a neat little fan, with the dancing programme thereon. Everything passed off pleasantly, as it could be wished. Owing to the weather on the homeward trip no one had a dry time. May this trip soon be repeated.

The New York *Herald* is giving by telegraph an interesting chronicle of London society. Yesterday it had the following: "The grandest private entertainment of recent years was given last night at Kensington House—the mansion built by Mr. Albert Grant—by Sir Polydore Plunkett, whose invitations were issued 'to have the honor of meeting the Princess of Wales at a bachelors' ball.' About fifteen hundred guests of the highest distinction in London society were present. The grounds were splendidly illuminated. The fireworks and the floral decorations were lavish and tasteful."

Among the people well known here who were present at the entertainment given at Newport Monday by Mr. L. P. Morton, which was to have been in honor of Prince Leopold, had not his health interfered with his visit to the United States, were Gen. and Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mr. Fish, General, Mrs., and Miss Potter, Mr. Peddrick, Miss Frelinghuysen, Secretary Evarts, and Messrs. Drummond, De Bildt, and Polo, of the Diplomatic Corps. The entertainment began with a lawn tennis party in the morning, and comprised a dinner, reception, and dancing party.

The New York *Sun* says: "The marriage of Mr. Louis Neilson to Miss Anne Rodgers, the daughter of Rear Admiral Rodgers, which was to have taken place in October, is again postponed on account of the absence of Admiral Rodgers, who is in command of the Pacific Squadron. It is hoped that the gallant sailor will be has served his country so long and faithfully, and who is now on his last cruise, will get leave of absence later in the year, when the wedding will take place."

A Metropolitan journal says: "Mrs. Wilson Eyre, the author of a charming article in the June *Scribner*, entitled "Life in Florence by L. L. L.," is now at her home in Newport. Mrs. Eyre is a daughter of Col. Leaf, of Philadelphia, and granddaughter of Tobias Lear, who was Gen. Washington's private secretary. Mrs. Eyre wrote some time ago a capital sketch of Liszt, who was frequently at her house in Florence; and now she has made for herself by her talent in private theatricals, which is as noteworthy as her grace and ease with her pen."

Boston *Gazette*: "Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague has grown quite stout with her years, but retains much of her early