Opening of the Third Camp Meeting for the Season of the Sea Cliff Grove Association and the Land Improvement Society.

A Voyage Up Long Island Sound in the Methodmboat Arrowsmith-What a Herald Reporter Knows About "Getting a Cup of Tea" n Board-The Brethren as Chewers and Smokers-Singing the Songs of Zion on the Voyage-Brother Boole's Sermon on the Higher Life-Effect of an English Methodist Preacher's Sermon on the Congregation-The Camp Meeting Played Out-A List of Godly Brethren Who Are Summer Residents.

SEA CLIFF GROVE CAMP GROUND,

"The Methodist Farm," as the Sea Cliff camp grove has been somewhat irreverently named by the sconers, is again on view, under the inspiring effect of religious influences and the early days of the autumnal season. Camp meetings have been held here this year already, during the enervating of real estate bargaining and the cultivation of the Christian virtues have gone on during that time somewhat discordantly. Brethren and sisters, who are supposed to dwell together in these sylvan retreats in Christian unity, have been comelled to make the acquaintance of the lawyersprofession that is popularly supposed to have more by the present meeting to try the softening ences of the early autumn days, which Tennyson escribes as the season in which

Sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juce! apple, waxing over meliow,
Drops in a slient autumn might.
How far the season will be favorable to the growth those graces that will smooth down to the smoothness of a well kept croquet lawn those tangled weeds of temper that have caused the antly clasped in the fair hands of a widow and a id, and held menacingly over the heads of men whose righteousness has been as current and as

A DOLLAR BILL

I had an opportunity of judging yesterday. Early in the morning I found my way on board the Camp Meeting Association's own boat, Arrowsmith, bound for the camp ground. There was a very heavy cargo of Methodists, mainly "sisters," both fore and aft. Modesty mien and moderation in dress were, am bound to say, the outward adornments of the ladies, but at this early hour of the day I was content to take a general survey of the company, deferring a more particular acquaintance to a more tion was traceable to the fact that I had "a call" in another direction. I am sorry to say it was in the wented me vocalizing my desires and so I went from stem to stern in quest of what I thought might I was upon a Methodist boat. I was not quite cer-lain that the deckhands had not burned the bridges bar" on board would not be to arouse within them a flery indignation that might wither my purpose concealed stairway, and to one of these deckhands who was balancing his legs on a cask near by, I He put on the smile of the Celestial and said. "I guess there is." I went down the stairway strong

Setting my foot upon the lowest rung of the adder there burst upon my astonished gaze a bar—so palpably "a bar" that it might have been taken out of a Bowery basement and put aboard. went up and surveyed the "layout;" there was a arge plate with a small pile of sandwiches in the lie of it, and in front of me a variety of glassware in the form of bottles, with carnal and spiritwith tin-foiled packets of chewing tobacco. This booked very much like the fiesh pots of Egypt, but ed to have charge thereof. I looked around: meant to look as if I had never seen a "bar" bemg were not there, and said with a half-averted , "I couldn't get a cup of tea here, could I?" I thall never forget that bartender's look; he dian't

mail never forget that bartender's look; he didn't hay anything, but instinctively I read in his face, is clearly as Beishazzar did the writing on the wail, "You can't play that on me, my friend." I has med immediately the air of "NJUARO INNOSNES, and said, "By the merest chance in the world I was unable to get breakrast before I leit home, and I don't feel well; I think a cup of tea would revive me." The bartender's impenitent heart relented. He became a believer on the instant, and said he bould give me a cup of tea in five minutes; but the bld Adam asserted itself in him, and when I expressed my desire to wait that short time he haked, with a carnal meaning in the tone of the inquiry, "If I liked it strong." I meekly said, "Not too strong; just a pleasant flavor." He dived into atili further recesses of the boat, and for five minutes he was hidden from view. At that time he returned with a cup of tea, that was not too strong and had a very pleasant flavor. I drank and was refreshed. I bought some cigars, and over the purchase I ventured to inquire whether the boat ran on temperance principles. "Strictly temperance, sir." I remarked that some of the bottles were marked with "Whiskey" and "Old Tom." "No liquor in them?" "No, sir," and then he took a bottle from the rack, took the cork out and desired me to

should be the there was whiskey there. I don't pretend to be a judge of whiskey, but if my nose was in its normal condition then I should pertainly say there was not. I expressed myself to that effect. The bartender triumphantiy returned the bottle to its place and said, "No, sir; all that is in that bottle is senna and saits." I wondered how that became the lavorite tipple of our Methodist friends, but as I had not finished my interview I let the liquids go and turned my attention to the tobacco. I lit my clgar, and as I was aloing so I said, "The brethren smoke, don't they?" "Oh, yes; and chew, too." "Morning Glory, Solace and Havanas are your great trade, then?" I inquired. "That is where I do the business. I smoke as many as fifteen cigars a day myself, sometimes." I ventured to remonstrate against excessive smoking, and delivered myself of a short lecture, which was very good naturedly accepted.

After this I bent my steps heavenward and stopped short at a little heaven below, outside the aft saloon, where there was a goodly number of wingless, but panniered and

PURRELOWED ANGELS,
In the shape of godly women, looking very good and talking very confidentially. Among these was "Sister Skidmore," dressed in what the undertakers would call "the habiliments of woe," who had left the "Old Brewery" in the Five Points to obtain a large supply of health for the body and grace for the soul at the camp. "Sister Bottome," the "better hair" of the Rev. Mr. Bottome, looking a little worn, with the air and manner of a tired put prima donns, whose vocal triumphs had run

grace for the soul at the camp. "Sister Bottome, looking a little worn, with the air and manner of a tired out prima donna, whose vocal triumphs had run into the seed of satiety. There were other mothers and maidens in Israel, whose praise is in all the churches, but whose names are not quite so prominent. There were but few notable brethren there. Here and there a minister and one or twe distinguished laymen were to be seen; but the general company were working Methodists unknown to fame. One of the ministers suggested—when the boat was two or three miles from the camp—that we should sing to the praise and to the glory of God, not merely in the anthem and solo business that Sister Bottome and a quartet of Methodist ladies, to whom singing is "a specialty" had just indulged in, but in those bongs of Wesley and Watts whose words and whose music have girdled half the earth. The RESPONSIVE CHORD

Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
was sung by us to a tune that has not lost its
sharm since the days when it was first sung by the
sarly Methodists. This was followed by There is a fountain-filled with blood,

sung to a very old "revival tune." By this time

The crisping ripples on the beach, and tender curving lines of creamy spray And tender curving lines of creamy spray that were gliding piayfully to and from the shore. On our debarkation Brother Truslow, one of the Board of Trustees, announced that if we took the turn to the right and went straight to the tabernacie we should be in time for the sermon, and that Brother Boole would preach. A word to the wise and the godly was enough. A plank road brought us to a flight of stairs that had broad platforms at frequent integraps, and thus the wearl-

THE METHODIST FARM."

| ness of ascent was considerably modified. The summit obtained, and there was stretched before our wonder-lifted eyes the round of sea, of sky and field. I did not linger, but passed the cottages, the hotel and the

summit obtained, and there was stretched before our wonder-lifted eyes the round of sea, of sky and field. I did not linger, but passed the cottages, the hotel and the

DINING HALL,
pursuing the narrow way that led to the tabernacle. It was easily distinguishable, for over its cupola was the "Star-Spangled Banner," duttering in the breeze. It is indeed a simple roof where prayer is made; for, though it is a wooden structure, decorated with the neutral timts of modern art and emblazoned glass, it is open on all sides, has a turf floor and for the Gothic groin and colonade is substituted the overhanging joilage of the umbrageous trees. There was a congregation that more than half illed this capacious place of worship. Brother Roole preached, of course, about "The Higher Life." He selected for his text, St. John, xvii., 15—"I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest take them out of the world, as understood in the text. He said in the introduction of his sermon that the world had a necessary influence upon us. That as the serpent had to cat of

THE DUST OF THE EARTH,
so man must necessarily be subject by his nature to the influences of the world. All that religion was to do was to save men from the evil of the world. This was to be done by the power that transforms and renews the heart of man. It was done by putting two opposing forces together, and the power of the religion of Jesus Christ was more powerful than the force that opposed it. Christianity not only cast out a devil, but is put in a new force. A reference was then made to the future of inebriate asylums, reformatory criminal institutions, which did not regenerate the nature of men, but only put them in circumstances where they could not exercise the evil that was with them. If anybody came out of Sing Sing reformed he might thank God that there were achapian and prayer meetings there. What was the Church now doing in view of these facts? It did not sufficiently

would be a mighty power in the world and God would reign in the hearts of all mankind. The religion that cannot stand the fiery ASSALIMS OF EVIL is not worth having. Rutherford once said that the Church had been burned in the fire of persecution, but it was like the burning bush that Moses saw—no man had yet seen any ashes in it; it went on burning all the time. How, then, was this religion to be presented to the world? The Christian was to be panoplied in righteousness. He must march through Emmanuel's land and be more than conqueror. Too many Christians are willing to write about it, to talk about it, and they will even die for it. They will do everything but live for it. This is the outline of what was a good common sense sermon on the old-fashioned doctrine of sanctification. After the service I stroiled to the "Old Ladies' Home," a frame building, in a shettered nook, very near to the tabernacle. It is not yet finished, but several of the "old ladies" are there, and they will soon have a very cool and pleasant retreat, with an almost boundless view of beautiful scenery. The pretty cottages that nestie in the dales and which are perched along the wooded with friends who had recently arrived on the grounds. About one o'clock provision for the flesh was made by an adjournment to the dining nall, where luncheon can be obtained on the European plan. There was the arrival of a steamboat excursion party from Bridgeport about this time, but the caterers were equal to the occasion, and they had evidently taken the hint of the Herald and provided better food at more moderate prices, the dining nall now connects with the hotel, and the latter is, by its new carpets and new furniture, gradually assuming a more attractive appearance, and acknowledging, with more decided emphasis than it formerly did, the onward march of civilization. There is, however, a large margin for improvement leit yet, as is shown by the miserably unrished bedroems which lack even the ordinary

and acknowledging, with more decided emphasis than it formerly did, the onward march of civilization. There is, however, a large margin for improvement leit yet, as is shown by the miserably furnished bedrooms, which lack even the ordinary protection of privacy, and which leave the occupants exposed to the gaze of every sojourner. It is manifest to the most impartial observer that the "camp meeting" here, as camp meetings have always been understood, is

PLAYED OUT.

Nobody seems to regard to therwise than as the accident of the place, and there is an implied indication about many of the cottage residents and the transient visitors, though it is not openly expressed, that the religious services are a "much ado about nothing." This was not quite so manifest in the alternoon, when the Rev. Mr. Penrose, a minister from England, belonging to the Primitive Methodist connection, preached a good old fashioned, present salvation sermon; but the hold that it took of the congregation and the prayer meeting that was spontaneously commenced after the sermon showed that the latter was out of the ordinary routine and had aroused a hidden fire. Among the prominent Methodists present were the Presiding Elder J. B. Merwin, E. H. Stokes, S. H. Gilder, J. H. Saunders, Chris. Williams (Birmingham, Conn.), Professor Wells, (Union College), Father Reynolds, J. B. Hill, Dr. Woodraff, John Middleton (Methodist Bookroom) and W. C. Steel. The camp meetings will continue for about

but even after that the cottages will be occupied by their respective owners, and these include good Christians like Alderman Fauconer Charles Ander equally shining lights in the firmament of grace so that visitors may be assured that, even after the camp meeting privileges have passed away for the year, a short communing with men so good and great as those we have named will amply repay the voyage up the Sound in the good old Methodist Arrowsmith.

# VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

Let Railroad and Steambost Companies Have the Means at Hand for Assisting the Passengers They Burn and Maim.

NEW YORK, August 22, 1873.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
Having travelled by railroad over the greater portion of the United States and Canadas, and by river and coastwise steamers, during the past six the care exercised by the various transportation companies in providing suitable means to protect the lives of their passengers and to relieve the sufferings of those injured by accidents.

Nearly all the companies enact salutary rules

which, if obeyed, would largely diminish the number of casualties; but the desire to make large

Mearly ail the companies enact saintary rules, which, if obeyed, would largely diminish the number of casualities; but the desire to make large profits causes them to select many incompetent men, and then we have the inevitable results—maining, scalding, burning and deaths. With the exception of a medicine chest on some of the steamboats, I know of no company, either steamboat or railroad, which has the materials at hand to enable the surgeon, who may by chance be on the spot at the time of disaster, to afford relief. Hence hours of agony are endured by the wounded and many lives lost by delay in applying appropriate treatment in each case. It cannot be expected that a physician who is travelling shall carry all the medical and surgical appliances of his profession. All needed articles should be part of the equipment of the train. I once attended a case of laudanum poisoning on the Erie Railroad, and, for lack of an emetic, the man died, although at the next station—some twenty miles from the point where his condition was first noticed—physicians were ready to employ the necessary treatment for such cases but their services were of no avail—the poison had accomplished its work.

I have been present at collisions, burnings, and wreckings, and have fortunately been of some service, as I always carry a pocket case of instruments and some anoughe; but I have been obliged to see much avoidable suffering when my scanty supply of medical stores has been exhausted. It is seldom that liquor in some form cannot be found on the train among the passengers. In one case where it was absolutely necessary to administer stimulants to a wounded man, I scarched tae train through and found one fiask of brandy with a lew ounces only remaining, which the owner sent to the sufferer after he and his friend had taken a "parting drink!" Had the railroad company made suitable provision for accidents this man might have been alive to-day, I would suggest, in view of the apparently unavoidable accidents, that each passenger train be suppli

# UNKNOWN DEAD.

The body of a man, about thirty-five years of age whose name is unknown, shortly before six o'clock resterday morning was found lying dead in the yesterday morning was found fring dead in hallway of premises No. 100 Sheriff street, marks of visience were perceptible on the boand death is supposed to have resulted from integerance. The deceased was five feet seven incident, with dark hair, sandy mustaches goates. He were agreen coat, dark pantaion white shirt, gaiter shoes, but no stockings. On per Herrman was notuced.

# ROGER TICHBORNE.

Veterinary Surgeon Crowley on the "Real" Man.

Why He Wanted to See Mr. Whalley.

ROGER'S IRISH RECORD.

His Habit of Going After the Tipperary Hounds, Followed by Crowley.

Names of Military Men and Civilians Who Also Knew the "Heir."

"I Last Saw Him at Euston Square, London, in 1854."

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., August 25, 1878. It is somewhat singular to see the interest taken out here in the developments of the famous Tichorne claimant's case in England. Renewed in terest was recently excited by the publication of a private letter from John Crowley, a well known veterinary surgeon of this city, to a newspaper friend, in which the statement is made that he (the writer of the letter) was personally acquainted with Roger Tichborne early in life, and served him in the capacity of riding master. Agreeably to instructions your correspondent called upon Mr. Crowley last evening with a view of eliciting from him more detailed information concerning his knowledge of Roger than he has heretofore made public. Mr. Crowley was found at his office at the livery stable of the St. Nicholas Hotel, and after he had attended to a caller who was present to secure his veterinary services for the morrow, welcomed your correspondent.

MR. CROWLEY
is a gentleman of the old school, who, while rigidly maintaining an old time dignity, occasionally brightens up and becomes quite loquacious, and witty, also, after the manner of his countrymen. He is medium sized, dark in complexion, with hair liberally sprinkled gray, and walks as erectly and with as much precision as though all his life a sol-dier. After your correspondent had seated himself and produced the inevitable note book the following conversation ensued :-

the NEW YORK HERALD, I have called upon you to learn such facts connected with your knowledge of Roger Tichborne as you may feel willing to com-

Mr. CROWLEY-Well, I had not originally inended to make public anything concerning the matter; but inasmuch as it appears to have been made public, at least partially, I may as well tell the whole story, and the NEW YORK HERALD WILL probably make it more fully known in this country and in England than any other paper.

about the matter some time ago, in the expectation that it would be published?

Mr. CROWLEY-I did write a letter to a personal friend in Chicago; but it was merely a letter of inquiry, as I thought he, being a reporter, might was, in case he had arrived in this country, and might bring about a meeting between Mr. Whalley and myself. The letter was not intended for pub lication, and a wrong impression seems to have been drawn from it. I would like to CORRECT THAT PIRST IF YOU PLEASE.

CORESPONDENT-In what particular is this er-

Mr. CROWLEY-Well, I see that it is stated by some of the newspapers that Sir Roger Tichborne boarded with my mother, who is stated to have kent a hotel in "Clogher," Tipperary county, Ireland, where it is stated that Sir Roger's regiment was stationed. This is wrong. My mother died in 1849, before I knew Roger. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Reating, kept a hotel in Wellington, St. Cahir, when the regiment was stationed in that town, and the officers sometimes called at the place, and I have met Roger there; but I usually met him in the hunting field.

CORRESPONDENT—When did you first become ac-

quainted with Roger Tichborne,
Mr. Crowley—in 1851, in the town of Cahir, Tip-perary county, Ireland,
Correspondent.—How long was the acquaint-

ance?
Mr. Crowley.—Well, I knew Sir Roger well, and

Mr. Crowley.—Well, I knew Sir Roger well, and may say that I was intimately acquainted with him up to 1864. I hunted with him about three times a week with the garrison hounds.

Correspondent.—His regiment was stationed there then, was it?

Mr. Crowley.—Yes, it was in garrison there. He was a lieutenant in the Sixth dragoon carbineers. I met all the officers of the regiment frequently and knew Lieutenant Colonel Hay, who was in command, and Majer Jones, now Colonel, also Captain Morton, who I think commanded the company Sir Roger was in, and Captain Manders, then paymaster of the regiment, and I believe yet attached to it. I knew Sir Roger better than the others, though, and saw him oftener, in fact nearly every day.

day. CORRESPONDENT-You were his riding master, were you not?

Mr. Crowlery—All the instruction he received from me in riding was in the hunting field. He was in the habit of riding with long stirrups and I made him shorten them because he could so ride more advantageously about the country.

CORRESPONDENT—Can you describe Sir Roger as you remember him?

CORRESPONDENT—Can you describe Sir Roger as you remember him?

Mr. CROWLEY—I can; stand up. He was a little tailer than you—perhaps about five feet nine inches—and weighed about ten stone (140 pounds) I think. He was quiet and unassuming and a perfect gentleman in every respect.

CORRESPONDENT—Your description does not exactly represent that of the claimant, as I remember to nave read it.

Mr. CROWLEY (forcibly)—I was speaking of Sir Roger.

Mr. CROWLEY (forcibly)—I was speaking of Sir Roger.

Corkespondent—Then you do not think the claimant is Sir Roger?

Mr. CROWLEY—I don't say anything about that; I never saw the man; if I could see him it wouldn't take me but a minute to say if he is Sir Roger.

Correspondent—We will refer to that point again if you please. After he left Cahir did you over see Sir Roger?

Mr. CROWLEY—Yes, I met him in Dublid and in London several times.

Correspondent—And where did you see him last?

Mr. CROWLEY—The last place I saw him was at Enston square station, in London; that was in February, 1854.

Correspondent—You knew of his leaving the country?

country?

Mr. Crowley—Oh, yes! I didn't leave the old country until October, 1856.

Correspondent—Had you heard any rumor of his probable loss previous to leaving?

Mr. Crowley—No, I never heard of it until the legal proceedings began.

Correspondent—have you ever been invited to testify in the case, either for the Crown or the claimant?

laimant?

Mr. CROWLEY—Never.

CORRESPONDENT—How do you account for it?

Mr. CROWLEY—Well, perhaps they didn't know
where I was, or may be they didn't need my testi-

Mr. CROWLEY—Well, perhaps they didn't know where I was, or may be they didn't need my testimony.

Correspondent—But from what you say I should think you would be able to say whether the chaimant is really Sir Roger; hence your testimeny would be very important.

Mr. Crowley—If any man can tell that I can. Why, a sight of the claimant would be enough for me; then
I COULD TELL IN A MINUTE WHETHER HE IS SIR ROGER.

CORRESPONDENT—You would have no trouble, I suppose, in establishing your own identity as an instructor in riding to Sir Roger?

Mr. Chowley—Not a bit. There are plenty of gentiemen yet living in the old country who know me, and for that matter knew Sir Roger Tichborne as well as I did. There are George Gough, of Chomel, Tipperary County, at that time master of the Tipperary Club hounds, and Mr. William Going, Justice of the Peace, at Bailyphillip, in the same county; also his brother John, of the same place, and, in fact, I was known by all the gentlemen riding with the county Tipperary Club hounds at that time, and many of them are still living.

Correspondent—These parties you have mentioned, you say, knew Sir Roger also?

Mr. Crowley—They did.

Correspondent—That appears strange. Have any of Sir Roger's brother officers that you referred to been called upon as witnesses?

Mr. Crowley—I saw by the Hebald and other papers that some of them have.
Correspondent—Well, did they recognize the claimant as Sir Roger?
Mr. Crowley—I believe that they didn't think he was Sir Roger at all.
Correspondent—And you are certain that you could identify the claimant if he is Sir Roger?
Mr. Crowley (very forcibly)—If he is Sir Roger I can identify him in two minutes, and he can identify me.
Correspondent—Have you ever written to the old country about the matter of your ability to identify Sir Roger, if the claimant is really he?
Mr. Crowley—Never; my old neighbors know that I know all about Sir Roger, but I have not corresponded with either side and don't know whether they know I am here.
Corresponded with either side and don't know whether they know I am here.
Mr. Crowley—Not a line. I wrote, as I told you, to a friend to inquire about Mr. Whalley when he was here?
Mr. Crowley—Not a line. I wrote, as I told you, to a friend to inquire about Mr. Whalley, and wanted to invite him out here and show him the country, and in order that we might talk over the matter. I would like, too, to say, through the Herald, as I notice that some of the papers are limiting that I want to go home only and want this matter to help me. I never said I wanted to go home to give testimony, though I taink my testimony would be very important so far as identification as concerned. I do not care to go home any way.
Correspondent—Well, what do you think of the

I taink my testimony would be very important so go home any way.

CORRESPONDENT—Well, what do you think of the claimant's chances, Mr. Crowley. He has made a long fight. Do you think he is Sir Roger?

Mr. CROWLEY—I don't know; I never saw the man and perhaps he don't care to see me. He's made a plucky fight, at all events.

CORRESPONDENT—But don't you think that if he was really Sir Roger he would be desirous to have you and others whom you say knew Sir Roger when you did, as witnesses?

Mr. CROWLEY—I think so, and our testimony would settle the matter of identity.

CORRESPONDENT—But in failing to call upon you and others who in his early life knew Sir Roger don't you think the claimant gives evidence that he is not Sir Roger?

Mr. CROWLEY—I don't know. Without seeing the man, of course, I can't say whether or no he is Sir Roger.

CORRESPONDENT—Is there anything else of interest you can think of?

Mr. CROWLEY—O SIY: I have told about all.

CORRESPONDENT—IS there anything else of inter-est you can think of?

Mr. CROWLEY—NO, sir; I have told about all.
CORRESPONDENT—One more question, if you please, Mr. Crowley. Can you give the HERALD any information as to the private life of Sir Roger; as to his morality say, which appears to be a point to the trial?

Mr. CROWLEY—Sir Roger was a gentleman, sir, in over way.

Mr. Crowley—Sir Roger was a gentleman, sir, in every way.

Corresponderst—Not one who would be likely to tarnish his name by any excess or misconduct?

Mr. Crowley—No, sir, he was a gentleman, I always found, and, knowing him so well, I would have known if he was otherwise.

Thus ended our interview, and bidding Mr. Crowley good night your correspondent left.

It appears evident, though he will not admit it directly, that Mr. Crowley does not take much stock in the claims of the ciaimant. He appears well informed as to Sir Roger's career while in Ireland, and has closely watched the claimant's case in its several stages throughout its course thus far. To but few has he recorded any knowledge of Sir Roger until recently, but his friends assert that they have been advised of it for two or three years.

Dr. Kenealy's Life's Work-Close of the Longest Speech on Record. [London correspondence Dundee Advertiser,

August 16.]
145 FLEET STREET, London, Friday Evening. Dr. Kenealy closed his address this afternoon in the Tichborne case without giving the slightest indication that he was drawing his terrible oration to a termination. His junior, however, assures us to a termination. His junior, however, assures us that "somehow or other" there will be an end of the speech on Monday, and then the witnesses who are to prove the defendant is not Arthur Orton will be called. Pending the arrival of the interesting Wappingites, it is painful to observe that the defendant himself is not acting up to the character for gentlemanly behavior which his counsel has been giving him. To-day an unitucky artist was in the Court making a sketch. The judges had left the bench for lunch, and the jury had left the Court presumably for the same purpose, so the coast was clear, and the defendant assailed the young artist, remarking, as he passed near him, "Why, man, I could beat that mysolf. Are you the artist of the Folice News?" Returning to the Court the defendant again attacked the artists, who was making a few simple sketches of "character," and in a defendant again attacked the artist, who was making a few stimple sketches of "character," and in a manner and tone of no very elevating description endeavored to attract the attention of a crowded assembly to the poor artist, It was a very contemptible exhibition, but it was child's play itself to the irequency of the quarrels, conducted in audible tones, between the defendant and Dr. Kenealy, since Dr. Kenealy announced that his speech is not to go on lorever, the affection of the defendant for his eloquent advocate appears to have declined rapidly, and to-day he appeared quite feroclous because Dr. Kenealy said it was the lancy of a madman to suppose—as the defendant had suppose—as the defendant had suppose—that the family solicitor had offered £1,000 to some one to do away with him.

# EXCURSION OF THE CHILDREN.

The Sick and Destitute Little Ones En joying the Scenery and Breezes of the River and Bay.

Yesterday morning the sick and destitute children of the tenement houses were taken on the river and bay in the second excursion under the auspices of the Society of St. John's Guild, which has come to be known best in connection with these poor unfortunates. At an early hour the barge Republic-whose departure had been an nounced in the HERALD-left her wharf at the loot picking up the poor people from different portions

of the city.

It was nearly ten o'clock before the Republic left her last landing at Thirty-fourth street for

THE SAIL UP THE HUDSON. The arrangements made by the President, Mr Wiswall, were of the most complete character. Drs. Thomas, Crampton, Kennedy and Styles con-

Wiswall, were of the most complete character.

Drs. Thomas, Crampton, Kennedy and Styles constituted the medical staff, and (as it proved) an unnecessary precaution for the preservation of order existed in the presence of Roundsman Meade and Fatrolmen O'Connor, Fisher and McPherson, from the Twenty-sixth precinct.

Before the barge had lairly left the dock

BREAKFAST WAS SERVED,
and a count showed that over 700 women and children were on board.

Aside from the general assemblage were a few young ladies, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Magnusson, Miss Bendal, Miss Minnie Rollins, Miss Netthe Burby, Miss Featherson and Miss McCormick.

Sister Rebecca and others who have been ardent workers in the cause of the poor and miserable, and several distinguished gentlemen, were also on board, including Mr. Henry S. Digby, at one time the reputed author of "Ginx's Baby." who figured largely at Saratoga last year, and is well known as a member of one of the first families in England; the well known souptor, Mr. O'Donovan; Mr. Deacon, the artist, and others. But the great feature, never-faling in its influence, was that which brought all together, and for a moment we will look upon

con, the artist, and others. But the great feature, never-failing in its influence, was that which brought all together, and for a moment we will look upon

THE FACES OF THE POOR.

On every hand one saw them, pallid and shrivelled, but with eyes more lustrous than of late, beaming with a new light, catching glimpses of something higherto unknown, something beyond the promise of the dim, tear-washed record of their past.

There was one poor lad with a face such as once seen will haunt one in one's dreams. A face so pale and wan, and with eyes reflecting a sad light, full of poetry, yet full of resignation to the suffering that had come, and seemed to be all that could come, though the dark future unveiled its blackest depths—a face that mirrored misfortune and prefaced peace.

And there was a little baby there, a baby whose mother had died at its birth, and all around it gathered these children of want, gazing upon it as a thing from wonderland. Poor, paind thing: It seemed a shadow, forecasting the shrinking skeleton that unlocks the door of life; in old age a miniature octogenarian, that lived for a few hours only to show men the infinite possibilities of the absolute. And there were consumptive. There were consumptive. And there were consumptive. There were consumptive to the shores of eternity. And these poor souls, wasted in a wrecked infant, and the shores of eternity. And these poor souls, wasted in a wrecked infant in this world—who to-night will be sighing on the shores of eternity. And these poor souls, wasted in a wrecked infant in this world—who to-night will be sighing on the shores of eternity. And these poor souls, wasted in a wrecked in the sould be impossible here to mention all those who contributed to the success of this last excursion. Among them, however, we will give praise where praise is due, to the band from the Marine for the leadership of Signor Occa, formerly leader on the Franklin, flagship of Admiral Farragut. (God bless him forever!)

The superintendents of the various districts we

ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED.

William C. Johnson, a lad nearly eight years of age, whose parents live at No. 343 East Eighth street, was accidentally drowned on Wednesday atternoon by lailing into the dock while at play on the pier. The body was recovered and Coroner herman notified to sold an inquest CUBA.

Spanish Canard Concerning Cespedes' Offer of Surrender.

Bulletin of Spanish Defeat and the Death of General Burriel-Men Who Have Been Thrown to the Surface in Troublesome Times-Colonel Lamela, Governor of the City of Manzanillo-His Bearing, Character, Administration and Fortune-Agriculturist Ruin - Severe Fighting and Disaster to the Foreigners.

The Voz de Cuba yesterday took upon itself to set an immense canard affoat, to the effect that Presirender under the conditions of an unlimited pardon and the return of their sequestered property. other journals of this city, nor has the story found any believers. If such offers had been in reality made it is more likely that La Legalidad, the Cartain General's reputed organ, would have had something to say on the subject. Your correspondent mentions the matter on account of the many rumors without foundation telegraphed to the press of the United States, and probably this is the principal reason that the conservative press occa-

REPORTED DEFEAT OF THE SPANIARDS.
Since yesterday it has been whispered among Cuban sympathizers that near Santingo de Cuba a Spanish column had suffered a tremendous defeat, losing eighty killed, macheteados, among them Brigadier General Burriel, Governor of Santingo de Cuba and commanding general of that district. I can only give you the foregoing as the laborantes have it. Such news, as a matter of course, the censor, who rules the political destinies of the International Ocean Telegraph from Havana, will not allow to be wired. REPORTED DEFEAT OF THE SPANIARDS.

allow to be wired.

La Republica Española vesterday denounced the celebration of "sabversive!" reunions, or juntas de purificacion as they are called, in which several persons have been insulted on account of having manniested their determination of standing by the actual government.

Spanish Governors and Their System of Provincial Sway-The Ruler of the City of Manzanillo, His Rule and For-MANZANILLO, August 9, 1873.

To continue the sketches of the public characters which the insurrection has brought into prominence, officers who have made names and fortunes by reason of the brief authority in which they are clothed, who otherwise would never have been heard of, your correspondent will take for the subject of this week's letter the Governor of this city, Colonel Lamela, who has continued the same line of conduct adopted by his predecessors in office, Ampudia and Santalis, but with the advantage of being naturally a despot and of such a calihre that he does not even deign to raise his eyes or nod his head in sign of attention to those who come to see him on business. Many think he desires to obtain a certain reputation by means of his ugly face and evil manners, as he is unable to win any laurels in the field, for in a recent sortie he attempted against the insurgents he made a most lamentable failure.

As proof of the assertion that he is keeping up the same line of conduct as his pre decessors, o tyranny and oppression to the weak and helpless, he imprisoned on the 3d inst., on mere suspicion family, even to grandchildren; and Don Gregorio Yero and family, both comprising women and inoffensive children, and who have been crowded into the stinking ceils of the jail of this city, and now form part of that human mass of misery which has existed from the time of Don Juan Ampudia. What end is gained by the imprisonment on suspicion of helpless women and children? What a poor idea is formed of that government which occupies itself in oppressing the weak because it finds itself unable to stem the current which precipitates it to ruin.

Don Pelix Lelvia, a man of eighty years, was also imprisoned because, it is said, he received wax from the insurgents and bartered food and clothing in exchange. This has not been proved, but meanwhile leiva, almost blind and feeble enough to be carried, was led through the streets of this town, tied like the most dangerous criminal, a piteous spectacle of horror and age, and mattreated to such an extreme, on a bare assertion and suspicion of trade with the rebels.

Marcus Annius Eurus Dentatos rejected the immense sum of gold with which the Sammite emissares endeavored to buy him off, saying "Depart." family, even to grandchildren; and Don Gregorio

mense sum of gold with which the Samnite emis-saries endeavored to buy him off, saying "Depart, and know that the Romans do not covet gold but dominion over those who possess it." But here the reverse is the case, and it is necessary to rule those who do not possess a dollar; and such is the abandoned state of agriculture that that end is

those who do not possess a dollar; and such is the abandoned state of agriculture that that end is rapidly approaching.

THE ESTATES AND PLANTATIONS which were not burned by the Cubans, are being abandoned by their owners, obliged thereto by the swarm of guerila soldiers, whose only aim, instead of protecting property, seems to be to destroy it. Don Silverio Valerio has recently, on this account, dismantied his sugar plantation—only about a league from the city—and removed therefrom all his cattle and laborers, for it has been daily the scene of depredations by the bands of theves, who lay waste and rob under the cloak of "defenders of national integrity." Among the lesser class of farmers the panic is on the increase, and they choose either to go into the insurrection or to take refuge in the towns, where they prefer to drag out a miserable existence rather than remain on their farms, exposed to being arrested and maitreated upon the slightest suspicion. In this manner agricultural production is exhausted and consequently sapped—the basis of all other elements which constitute the prosperity of the country. Will the Spanish government continue its course, mounted upon so squalid a nag that when it falls—which is not long to be waited for—its rider will be dashed to pieces?

GOVERNOR LAMELA,

the worthy successor of Governor Santalls, whom O'Keily so graphically pictured, has the intention to reconstruct the ruined theatre of this city (while all the neighboring farms are being destroyed, and, shame to justice, the laborers assigned to it are the inofensive countrymen who perhaps unjustly suffer the imprisonment and sentences imposed on them!), and by imposing large fines upon the citizens upon every and any pretext he obtains the necessary funds for the materials. Unjust, do you say? What then? If Colonel Lameia cannot pluck laurels by fighting the enomy something for his advancement, changing the Peabody plummet for that of the mason, although to do so he may have to cement his tame with the sweat of the poor

do so he may have to cement his lame with the sweat of the poor and money wrung from dire necessity.

THE DAYS OF BATTLE.

Meantime I have been just informed by a person fresh from the theatre of operations—but not the theatre of which Lamels pretends to be the prompter—that the Bueyetto contra-guerilla had been dispersed and almost destroyed by an insurgent force. I shall communicate details further on. The rumor is widely circulated around here and receives considerable credence, that the volunteers of Havana, if affairs in Spain continue as they are at present, intend to proclaim themselves the independence of cuba and secession from Spain, judging this measure as the best to be adopted for their interests.

The Peninsuars, to a certain degree educated, residents in this island, foresee as inevitable the fall of Spanish domination in this last cerner of its ancient empire, and knowing the wide divisions which this cruel war, which has lasted already for five years, has made between them and the native born, it undoubtedly enters into their calculations that by proclaiming the independence of Cuba, and thus destroying the sacred cause for which the latter have so bravely fought, to heal up open wounds and acquire certain rights, natural and inherent to all who contribute to the termination of a work. But there is another side to this project. Probably "National integrity" has only been a catch-word, and fearing reforms, the emancipation of slavery and a government more in consonance with democratic locas, these volunteers, forgetting their weakness and building upon their strength, pretend to separate from their native land and keep up the reforme to which they are so addicted in this island.

Referring again to the Bueyeto contra-guerilla, I learn that they were about fity-eight men strong

up the régime to which they are so addicted in this island.

Referring again to the Bueycito contra-guerilla, I learn that they were about fity-eight men strong and commanded by a certain Tejeda, and were attacked on the brow of the lacabama mountains, about two leagues and a haif from Bayamo, and only thirteen men made good their escape into the last named city.

Undoubtedly serious events are in preparation for this jurisdiction. The skirmishers of a numerous insurgent force came close up last night to the round towers which guard the suburbs of the city and exchanged shots with the sentinels. The government is in need of forces in order to take the offensive, and consequently remains inactive behind the trenches of its fortifications, while the enemy devastates the country and seizes everything. But the most positive signs of the government impotence are the advantages gained for some time past over the "brave and invincible Spaniards."

I am well informed that

spaniards."

I am well informed that
THE ATTACK ON THE BERNEJA CAMP
was a terrible digaster to the Spaniards.

two whole companies of infantry, macheleados by the insurgents, were lost there, all on account of the surprising indecision of Colonel Montaner and Major Vicente Rios. The latter must have noticed the difference between fighting insurgents and lifting their cattle. Strong recriminations have already passed between these two officers, each throwing the blame upon the occasion. However, each will probably get another brevet, thanks to some pompous despatch. Montaner also suffered a lew days ago another disaster, which has kept him shut up and surly in his encampment at Veguita. He went out to reconnoitre, and between Barrancas and the Humiladero fell in with an insurgent band dressed exactly like the Spanish troops in campaign. A few shots were fired between the vanguards of each body, but the Cubans cried out, "Stop firing! We belong to San Quintin" (one of the Spanish battalions operating in this district). The few mements of time that followed gave them time to come up and fall upon their enemies with the machete, in the surprise killing and wounding many, and among the wounded several officers. However, the particulars will be given in some lying despatch, which will shower all the glory and advantage upon the Spaniards. The galantry shown by the Cubans in all their recent attacks and their disregard to that burbear of new soldiers, close quarters, proves them tobe, as a high Spanish officer lately remarked, "the veterans."

### MUNICIPAL CURIOSITIES.

One Furnished with a Travelling Passport and Another Dying an Early Death-How Kent Got Up Too Soon for Banta-Boubling Fees-The "City Record" "Nigger" Coaxed Out of the Fence-His Unconstitutional Weakness.

In the good old time, last spring, when everybody wanted a nomination and crowds hung about the doors of the Mayor's Office looking for a reform riends who swore he was one of the finest men in the city, and the Mayor, on their recommendation, Inspector of Weights and Measures. Among the others was a man named Thomas S. Kent, and assigned to duty as inspectors for the First district of the city. Banta plumed himself slightly on his good fortune, and laid himself out for a good official time and a proper share of emolu-ments. He knocked around with commensurate dignity and told all whom he knew that he was, going to inspect things in style; he was going to have a horse and buggy and look after things in a business like way. The compensation for the duties of the office is derived from fees. The glory of the official honor and title of inspector seems to have lasted some time with Banta, for he

COULDN'T GET DOWN TO HIS WORK during the warm months of June and July, but he tackled business some weeks ago. He found to his horror that there was comparatively little work to be done. Kent, who didn't want a buggy to go around with and who is evidently an energetic sort of man, had inspected the whole district within a few weeks after his appointment, and as he had done the work he of course had collected the proper fees therefor. Banta wanted some fees, too, so he rigged himself properly and went the rounds of the district inspecting things again and taking fees, too. When people said they had already had their weights and measures inspected Banta said they had been imposed upon and that the Inspector whom they had seen was a fraud. Then the real Simon Pure, Banta himself, would inspect, and to convince the people that he was the legal Inspector, he charged in some cases double or treble the fee which the "irand" Inspector had charged. Moreover, he went to the Mayor's Office once or twice and denounced the other Inspector as being a delusion, and a numbug in his way of doing business. Then somebody went and complained to the Mayor about Banta, and the Mayor invited Banta to COME AND SEE HIM, and Banta, anticipating much consolation, went, and the Mayor spoke to him yesterday inorning in this wise: and as he had done the work he of course

"Good morning, Mr. Banta! What is this trouble? What do these charges against you imply?"

Banta didn't understand the allusion, and the

Mayor explained.

"They are trumped up charges to injure me.
This whole affair is a but-up job," was the reply.

"Who put up this job on paper?" asked the
Mayor, and he handed to Banta for examination Mayor, and he handed to Banta for examination hall a dozen formal receipts on printed slips, with Banta's own signature for the receipt of fees. Banta weakened instantaneously, and then said something about courting a full investigation. There is no appropriation, however, with which to organize a court. The Mayor thought he was court enough, and, after a little further conversation, he awarded Banta the following DIPLOMA TO TRAVEL ON:-

CITY HALL, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT NEW YORK, August 28, 1873.

Nr. Jacob J. Banta:

Nr. Jacob

district of the city of New York, and your office is hereby declared vacant.

M. F. HAVEMEYER, Mayor.

In the course of the interview His Honor gave Banta to understand that, as an official, he had proved hinself to be "a standing nuisance," and he didn't want any more truck with him. Banta will probably abandon the reform party this fall and pronounce it a fraud.

THE "CITY RECORD."

A meeting of the City Record Board was held yesterday in the Mayor's Office; present, the Mayor, the Corporation Counsel and the Commissioner of Public Works. Commissioner Van Nort brought before the Board the question of the stationery contract and supply, which was the subject of his letter to the Mayor, aiready published a lew days ago. He stated that he had addressed three several communications to the Comptroller upon the subject, with a view of ascertaining the amount unexpended of the appropriation of \$25,000, upon which he might draw. The resolution originally adopted permitted the Departments of Law, Finance and Public Works to draw for themselves upon the appropriation, and all other departments drew for their supplies upon the latter department. He had received no reply, however, to his communications, and the consequence was that there was

drew for their supplies upon the latter department. He had received no reply, however, to his communications, and the consequence was that there was

GREAT EMBARRASSMENT.

The resolution after some discussion was repealed, and the rule requiring all departments, including Law and Finance, to draw upon Commissioner Van Nort was declared to be in full force. A communication was received from Colonel Pinckney, Clerk of the Common Council, setting forth substantially that there was no appropriation for the printing required to be done for the Council, and stating that a little over \$5,000 had been already expended, or had become due for work done when the appropriation of that sum was made. He therefore desired that some provision be made for the printing for the balance of the year.

The communication was referred to the Mayor as a member of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, with power.

THE HIDDEN 'NIGGER' UNEARTHED.

It will be remembered that there was considerable surprise expressed when the contract for printing the City Record was awarded, that the contractor, P. W. Rhodes, should have stipulated to do the work at less than ordinary rates. The reason became apparent yesterday, when Mr. Rhodes appeared before the Board and asked its authorization permitting him to publish in the Record such advertisements as Surrogate's notices, Sherid's sales, orders and notices, legal notices, summonses, &c. He based his claim on the provision of section 3 of chapter 365, Laws of 1873, shall prevent the publication of any advertisement required by law; provided, however, that no such publication shall be made unless the same is authorized by a concurrent vote of the Mayor, Corporation Counsel and Commissioner of Public Works." Mr. Rhodes stated that he had met with

Mayor, Corporation Counsel and Commissioner of Public Works," Mr. Rhodes stated that he had met with

Much opposition

from Supervisor Disbecker in this matter, and he presumed there had been an arrangement of some sort made on behalf of some other party. Commissioner Van Nort said that that insinuation implied that this Board desired to act unfairly. Mr. Rhodes denied intending to make any such insinuation. Supervisor Disbecker then cited sections of the charter and showed that such publication could not be made under the law, and that these sections were so modified and harmonized originally to deleas just such a plan as this proposed. He said he was present at Albany when these various measures were discussed and framed, and knew the intent of the framers as well as the meaning of the letter of the law. He closed by stating that such advertisements as the printer wished to publish were not "efficial" in the sense contemplated or expressed by the law, and claimed that it was manifestly improper that the city should place itself in competition with the regular advertising mediums and publish other, matters than its own official proceedings and receive pay therefor. The Mayor said that even if these advertisements were received and inserted he did not understand how Rhodes, who is the printer and not the publisher of the paper, could receive more than the contract price per thousand "ems" for his actual printing. To receive the full rates of these "ads" as he proposed would make him publisher of the paper, so far as they were concerned.

The matter was finally referred to the Corporation Counsel for his opinion, which means that although Mr. Rhodes' little negro has been coaxed out of the fence he will die a natural death from the consequent exposure.