

THE NEW SUMMER RESORT

slept in large, airy rooms, furnished in the Queen Anne style, and looking out upon the ocean, for from \$2 to \$4 per night.

A GREAT OPENING DAY AT LONG BEACH.

FINE HOTEL GROUNDS, AN EXCELLENT BEACH, AND GOOD BATHING FACILITIES—A RESTAURANT WITH A RICH BILL OF FARE AND RICHER PRICES.

There is only one thing that Mr. W. McKay Laffan, President Sharp, and the other enterprising gentlemen who have created the magnificent new sea-side resort at Long Beach need to do to make it complete, and that is to build a new railway track around Long Island City, to avoid its horrible smells. That done, and the splendid beach they have discovered, and the elegant hotel they have erected and equipped with every variety of convenience and comfort, will be as near perfect as human ingenuity and the demands of the most exacting pleasure-seeker can make it. It only needs the three or four miles of additional railway track to make this hitherto unknown beach the grandest and most attractive of all the sea-side watering-places which have sprung up about the Metropolis.

Yesterday was the opening day at Long Beach, and crowds gathered at the Long Island depot at Hunter's Point to take the trains thither. The cars were light, airy, and open, like those of the Brighton line, only smaller. They were quickly filled, and the trains moved off into the region of villainous and concentrated smells that intervene between Long Island City and the green woods and breezy fields of the interior. For five minutes the passengers suffered the pangs of three distinct and separate suffocations. The smells lay in strata. First there was the bone-boiling establishments, the breeze from which made women gasp and strong men turn pale. Then came the sludge acid, lying in thick green layers on the dirty waters of the creek, and last of all was the chemical works, the flavor and pungency of which were indescribable. When it was all over, and the passengers, after rolling over grassy plains and through shaded woods, emerged on the breeze-swept piazzas of Long Beach, in full view of the white sands and magnificent surf, they felt as if they had indeed journeyed through a strip of Purgatory to get to Paradise. The time occupied in making the down trip was a little over an hour, but as soon as the projected improvements are arranged it will be reduced to something like the schedule time, which is 35 minutes.

The piazza of the hotel, like the rest of the building, is finished in the Queen Anne style, with a dark sloping roof, which lends an air of delightful coziness, in strong contrast to the high and open verandahs at Coney Island. The pillars supporting the roof are of light and airy mold, with red borders and circling bands, which add greatly to the artistic effect. Between these are hanging baskets of flowers and trailing plants, which contrast prettily with the dazzling white of the sands and the dark blue of the sea. The breeze, laden with ozone, sweeps over the floor and sways the tall drooping leaves of the great ferns and other exotic plants which stand in the doorways and line the back of the piazza. A broad, triangular field of glittering white sand, lined with closely-driven piles, stretches away from the front of the hotel, narrowing as it approaches the surf. The whole of this, with the exception of the space in the centre for the music-stand, is to be covered with thick green turf, a border of which has already been laid in the form of a grassy trench about the front and sides of the house. Back of the hotel are vast green meadows, as at Coney Island, stretching far away to the woods on the horizon, and intersected with inlets and streams from the ocean.

The beach, which stretches away for more than three miles on either side of the hotel, is confessedly the finest, as well as the grandest, between New-York and Montauk. Not a speck of land is in sight to oceanward. The surf piles up in great foamy masses to a height unknown at Coney Island, or even at Rockaway, and it is a bold swimmer that cares to venture out beyond the life-lines. About 50 persons bathed yesterday, and these clung tightly to the long life-line, dotted with life-preservers, which bobbed up and down amid the immense breakers. Within 100 feet of the shore the waves at times dashed high over the bathers' heads, breaking and piling high in thick foamy masses, with a roar that made conversation inaudible. Surf bathers were delighted with the beach, while for those who preferred still-water bathing, there was a channel, five feet deep, cut in the sands a hundred yards back. The bathing-houses covered several acres, the compartments being all of double size and excellently ventilated, the upper half of each door being in the form of a movable window-frame or shutter. Shower-baths of fresh water are provided to cleanse the bathers from the salt spray, as rapidly as they emerge from the water.

The restaurant is one of the choicest in the country. Saratoga or Newport could not have produced the bills of fare to which the diners at Long Beach sat down yesterday. Mr. Riddell, of the Windsor, was manager, and Eugene Mehl, the chef of the Brevoort, head cook. The *carte de jour*, printed on heavy card-board, elegantly tinted, contained 16 courses, some of 3 and 4 dishes each. It cost a small fortune to wade through this bill of fare and select six or eight average dishes. One from each course amounted to \$7 30 without wine, which ranged from 50 cents to \$2 50 a pint for claret, and in proportion for other wines. For tomato soup, with rice, broiled salmon, mashed potatoes, string beans, vanilla ice cream, cheese, coffee, and a pint of St. Julien, THE TIMES's reporter paid \$3. The wine, which was rated at 75 cents, can be had at any good New-York restaurant for 40 cents, and the other dishes in proportion. The cooking was good, and the quantity served enough for two persons, but the diner could not help remembering that he could get the same dinner, and a good deal more, at Manhattan Beach *table d'hôte* for \$1 50, or just one-half the money. The table served was admirable, the plate, cutlery, and linen were of the finest, and the chairs not of hard wood, as at Coney Island, but of fine white cane, with soft seats and high backs. Among the guests at dinner were Secretary Sherman and a party of friends, who were stopping at Mr. Fletcher Harper's cottage below the hotel, and who drove up to witness the opening. The nine cottages already up have been all rented, and applications have poured in on Mr. Laffan, the Secretary of the company, for more. By next season the company expect to have over 50 cottages on both sides of the hotel, surrounded by lawns of green turf and provided with every requirement for independent housekeeping.

Among the owners who are now occupying their cottages, (not a stick of the timber of which was up 60 days ago,) are Fletcher Harper, Charles W. Folsom, E. L. Frank, banker, of Broad-street; Conrad N. Jordan, Cashier of the Third National Bank; A. A. Marsh, and others. The cottages, like the hotel, are finished and furnished in the Queen Anne style. Each is two stories in height, contains nine large rooms, a parlor and hall extending the whole length of the sea front, with French floors, inlaid in wood, cherry library table, Turkish rugs, Japanese lounges and decorations, &c. Up stairs are five large bedrooms, with bath, closets, &c. In Mr. Harper's cottage is a magnificent tiled mantelpiece, the work of Mr. Laffan and the Tile Club. Applications for rooms at the hotel have poured in, and in a way that has fairly astonished everybody. There were not more than a score of the 329 unlet last night, and the pile of letters and telegrams on the Secretary's table was constantly increasing.

In musical attractions, Long Beach may be fairly said to have equaled if not eclipsed its established rivals of Coney Island. Yesterday afternoon and evening, Kleophas Schreiner's orchestra of 60 performers and soloists from Berlin, headed by Theodore Hoch, the distinguished cornet a piston, gave concerts on the piazza, to which the auditors listened with unconcealed delight. Mr. Hoch's rendering of "I Straussli and Cujus Animam" was most touching, and was encored again and again. At the evening concert a row of massive and highly-colored Japanese lanterns, which had been suspended from the roof of the piazza, was lighted, the effect of which, added to that of the bright moonlight shimmering on the waters, and gilding the edges of the clouds, was magical. Mr. Hoch played arias from "Stabat Mater" amid great applause, and what with the music, moonlight, and the delightful breeze from the open ocean, the crowd lingered until a late hour. Trains run to Hunter's Point and Bushwick-avenue, Brooklyn, as late as 11 o'clock. Those who stand down