

From our New York Correspondent.

Rain, Heat and Cold—Pleasure-seekers—Sea and Mountain—Out of Town—Close the Blinds—Not visible to Naked Eye—Fashion's Edict—Cuban Question—England and the World—Our Friends—Alabama Question—Abortive Expedition—Disappointed Men—Marshal Barlow.

NEW YORK, July 1st., 1869.

Although an enormous quantity of rain fell last week, the atmosphere continued close and sultry. This morning, though, we begin the hottest summer month with a temperature thirty degrees below that of Friday. Indeed, it would pass for a cool April day.

Nevertheless, the main army of pleasure-seekers and health-hunters, who expect to find both these *desiderata* at the seaside or Saratoga, have packed their trunks and taken their departure. The disappearance of any crush at Stewart's, the thinning out of the upper end of Broadway, and the closed blinds in the Fifth Avenue, and parts thereto adjacent, all bespeak the departure of the fashionables, actual or would be. True, the absence from church and promenade, and the closed shutters, do not always tell the truth as to actual departure for a summer retreat, but they are at least the signification of a desire of the party most concerned, to be considered out of town: which after all, is the main point in the case. To be out of town at a certain season of the year, is the edict of fashion, and it must be obeyed, even if the unhappy subject has to live in the back rooms, and subsist on bread and cold ham.

Our British friends here, aided by the *New York World*, have been taking great satisfaction lately in gathering and exaggerating all reports concerning Cuban expeditions, and making use of them as a sort of offset in favor of England's position on the Alabama claims. In the eyes of these gentlemen the administration did nothing, and used every means to favor the getting off of expeditions for Cuba in favor of the insurgents. Col. Ryan's escape, and the departure of 800 men, were their last triumphal announcements.

But now comes the other side of the story. Yesterday afternoon the rumor spread through the city that Marshal Barlow had seized and brought to the city several vessels, schooners, sloops and lighters loaded down with men, arms, munitions of war and provisions. Taking with him a sufficient armed force on two revenue cutters, he captured the entire Cuba-destined expedition in Long Island Sound, and brought his prisoners convoy safely down to the United States Navy Yard, where the men of the expedition were transferred under guard to the United States receiving ship Vermont. There was a very large number of young men among the prisoners. The failure of this expedition is a very heavy blow to the Cuban junta of this city, and to the friends in general of the **Cuban insurrection**. The fitting out of this expedition is said to have cost at least \$250,000—no trifling loss.

Are you acquainted with any city where the people are in the habit of leaving small trunks full of treasure lying loose about the streets? Probably not. But here in New York we are, and this metropolis is the favored spot. About three o'clock yesterday morning, a policeman on Elizabeth street, was accosted by two men (two boys, say some accounts) who called his attention to a small trunk on the sidewalk in front of No. 3. The trunk was about two feet long and a foot high, and bound up with a cord to which was attached a slip of paper addressed to "Capt. Jourdan of the Sixth Ward." On being opened it was found to contain checks, coupons, stocks and bonds to the value of more than \$260,000. Of course they were of a nature not easily convertible, and the calculation made by the thieves and burglars who stole them from the Ocean Bank is a very plain one. The transfer and realization of these values is an uncertain, difficult and dangerous operation. All danger will be avoided by getting clear of them, and their return to the owners will, to the extent of their value, blunt the keenness of pursuit and increase the chances of escape: and so they were placed in the little trunk and disposed of as we have seen.

This Ocean Bank robbery is a very serious affair. Not so much on account of the amount stolen, as the demonstration of the fact that burglars can enter a bank, take up their residence in it for thirty-six hours, live, sleep and eat there, break open iron doors, steel bolts, and stone walls at their leisure, without giving as much alarm to the neighborhood as a frightened cat in a cellar-way.