MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

"The Chimes of Normandy" were rung merrily last night at the Standard Theatre by the Acme Opera Company. The scenery was elaborate and striking, and the costumes of the actors were brilliant. The acting was spirited and for the most part natural. Miss Adelaide Randall was piquant and sprightly as *Mignonette*, and was many times recalled, while Zelda Seguin-Wallace as *Germaine*, Mark Smith as *Marquis of Villeroi*, and Henry C. Peakes as *Gaspard*, the miser, were each frequently applauded and recalled. The especial feature of the presentation of the piece last night was the acting of Mr. Peakes in the part of the miser. *Gaspard* was a realistic and miserly miser. The spectators watched him breathlessly while he gloated over his gold, and when, finally, he went mad, with the green light turned full upon him, and shrieked and threw himself upon the floor regardless of bruises, the people wildly applauded and called him before the curtain twice.

THE MASCOT AT THE GERMANIA.

Audran's merry opera has been sung so much in this city that the public might well be thought weary of it, but as given by the Norcross Opera Comique Company at the Germania Theatre it is drawing large houses. W. T. Carleton's excellent singing and acting in the part of *Pippo* count for a good deal, while the *Bettina* (Miss Dora Wiley) is "a plump and pleasing person" of some vocal ability. Miss Pauline Hall, the *Fiammetta*, fills the eye very agreeably when in repose, but with the ear is far less successful. There is a small ballet corps of somewhat unusual merit, the leader, Mlle. Cernalba, being a really admirable dancer, and the large chorus fills the stage with a sufficiently attractive spectacle of curves and colors.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

A new drama entitled "A Chequered Life," by Mr. A. Z. Chipman, will be produced to-morrow evening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The Odeon, in Paris, lately celebrated its hundredth anniversary. It is now officially styled the Second Theatre Francais.

The "Electric Boy," now on exhibition at Bunnell's Museum, attracts the attention of visitors, and shocks them with his vigorous vitality.

Mr. James O'Neill will appear at the Windsor Theatre, to-morrow evening, in "A Celebrated Case." Later "The Professor" will be offered there.

Mr. W. Edouin and his theatrical company, in "Sparks," will appear at the Grand Opera House, May 22, and this engagement will close the season at this theatre.

Mr. Tony Pastor and his company may be seen this week, at the Grand Opera House, in varieties. Mr. Poole, the present manager of the Grand Opera House, goes to Niblo's next season.

The engagement of Miss Eugenie Legrand, at the Union Square Theatre, will last two weeks longer. Mr. Rock will succeed that lady, May 29, producing a melodrama entitled "The Living Age."

Mr. Maze Edwards, recently the business associate of Mr. H. E. Abbey, manager of the Park Theatre, has been engaged by Messrs. Brooks & Dickson, as superintendent of their numerous theatrical enterprises.

Miss Genevieve Ward sailed aboard the Gallia, on Wednesday, for London. Many friends assembled on the ship to bid her farewell, and her room was filled with flowers. For several days Miss Ward had been at Newport, R. I.

"The Widow" had a short and melancholy life at the Standard Theatre. She expired on Wednesday night. "The Mascot" was then revived there for the rest of the week, with the exception of last evening, when the "Chimes of Normandy" was sung.

Edwin Booth, who, as already made known, will sail hence for England on May 31, is to appear in London, at the Adelphi, June 26, and will act there for six weeks. The first piece, probably, will be "Richelieu." Mr. W. E. Miller, manager for Mr. Booth, is already in London.

This is a very true remark, made with reference to a recent sentimental play, by *The London Daily News*: "Elaborate falsehood on the stage has long been regarded as not only pardonable, but absolutely meritorious, provided it is the offspring of generous sentiment."

We hear of a musical prodigy in Toronto—a girl, only fourteen years old, whose playing of the violin is regarded as wonderful, even by so accomplished a judge as Remenyi. Her name is Norah Clench, and she is the child of a violin-maker.

Mr. Raymond appears at Niblo's, to-morrow night, as *Fresh, the American*, and will thus close his present season. The return of this comedian—so full of genial humor and so vigorous and elastic in its manifestation that he puts everybody in good spirits who beholds him—is surely a matter for the public to rejoice in.

Lawrence Barrett will act, this week, at the Tabor Opera House, Denver, Colorado, and will close his season on the 20th of May. He has met with continuous good fortune in the West, and his dramatic year, now closing, is the most successful of his professional life. Mr. Barrett will sail for England, aboard the Servia, June 21, designing to return in August.

"Camille," at the Union Square Theatre, is acted with the following cast:

Armand Duval	Lewis Morrison
Mons. Duval	H. A. Weaver
Count de Varville	R. T. Ringgold
Gaston	H. W. Montgomery
Gustave	Herbert Ayling
Messenger	Matthew Johns
Arthur	James Johnson
Olympe	Netta Guion
Nichette	Mrs. D'Arcy
Madame Prudence	Mary Madden
Nanine	Eliza Long
Camille	Eugenie Legrand

The store of curiosities at Bunnell's Museum increases, week by week, in number and variety. There is a Chinese giant named "Choung," and his diminutive wife ("the form of Hercules affects the sylph"), a tattooed woman, an elastic and seemingly boneless man, and a "galvanic boy," whose electricity is peculiarly shocking, so that he makes more disturbance than boys in general can easily occasion. These are among the fresh features to be seen in this popular resort.

A German tragedy on the subject of "Harold," King of the Saxons—so nobly treated in Bulwer's beautiful romance—was lately produced at the Schauspielhaus, Berlin, and met with a cordial reception. The piece is the work of Herr von Wildenbruch, and has long been in print, though never before acted. The Meiningen Company recently appeared at the Friedrich Wilhelm Stadt Theatre in "Wallenstein's Camp" and the "Piccolomini" of Schiller. The scenery and dresses used in these revivals were, it is said, careful, accurate and beautiful.

Mr. Boucicault's old and well-worn comedy of "London Assurance,"—a piece that is really phenomenal, in its almost total lack of genuine worth of character or charm of tone and of human feeling—was lately revived at the London Vaudeville Theatre, where it met with a favorable reception. The glitter and dash of the piece explain this result. Besides, it is well acted. Miss Ada Cavendish is the *Lady Gay Spanker*, Mr. Neville the *Dazzle*, Mr. Thorne the *Mark Meddle*, Mr. Farren the *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, and Mr. Righton the *Dolly Spanker*. Miss Alma Murray played *Grace Harkaway*. Miss Cavendish, although exceedingly nervous, played brilliantly as *Lady Gay Spanker*.

A melodrama, named "Humanity, or Passages in the Life of Grace Darling," has been brought out at the London Standard, and is thus described by *The London Echo*: "There are two stupendous villains, and one small ditto, who plot to become possessed of an estate which belongs to the heroine, *Grace Darling*. This lady's lover goes abroad, to gain proofs of the villany of the schemers, and, on reaching the English coast, is wrecked in a dreadful storm, but is rescued by *Grace*, who takes the boat alone in a heavy sea. This is capitally worked, and roused the audience to enthusiasm. But the most thrilling part of the play is a death struggle between the two chief villains, who, while professing to work together to secure the property, have been endeavoring to outwit each other. They fire pistols, clutch each other's throats, and, when the firearms fail, seize the firelrons and beat each other about the head, while blood besmears their faces. At last one rushes up an old staircase, pursued by the other; they again wrestle, when the staircase gives way with a sudden crash, and precipitates them below, and then, of course, the honest people get their own. This struggle is founded upon a similar one that occurred many years ago in Northumberland-st., Strand."

The play of "Fogg's Ferry," in which Miss Minnie Maddern will come forward at the Park Theatre, to-morrow evening—making her first appearance here as a star—is the work of Mr. Charles E. Callahan, of Cincinnati, and is said to tell an interesting story of Western life. The outlines of this tale have been made known. The central person is a girl named *Chip*, the daughter of a certain *Judge Norwood*. She has, however, been reared as the daughter of an Ohio River ferryman, named *Fogg*—while a spurious daughter has been imposed upon the Judge. This imposition is known to *Bruce Rawdon*, a bad man, who seeks to wed *Chip*,—with a view to profit by his knowledge of her paternity,—but he is repulsed. It is also known to *Gerald White*, whom *Chip* loves, and who reciprocates her affection; and these lovers thwart their enemies, and, ultimately, *Chip* is restored to the embraces of her judicial father. This is not altogether startling as a novelty in plots; but the dramatic development of it may reveal fresh beauties. Miss Maddern will personate *Chip*, and Mr. Atkins Lawrence, Mr. A. H. Hastings, Mr. William Cullington, Mr. Robert S. Wilson, Mr. F. Blake, Miss M. Loduski Young, Miss Alice Brooks, and Madame Michette will cooperate in the performance.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT AGAIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—Ferris, alias Sir Roger Tichborne, the Californian claimant, is in this city. His attorney says that recently he has been put in communication with three persons, residents of this State, who were formerly in the employ of the Tichborne family. One of these persons, Charles Burden, was page to Sir Edward Doughty, Tichborne's uncle, and recently a public administrator of Tuolumne County; another, a woman living in Alameda County, was in the employ of the Tichborne family for twelve years and was married in 1855 in Tichborne's private chapel, and the third, a man, was formerly employed as gardener for Henry Tichborne. These three met Ferris on Saturday night, and after a conversation recognized and acknowledged him as Roger Tichborne. Arrangements are now being made for Tichborne to visit Father Lefebvre, his former spiritual adviser, now living in Paris.

COLUMBIA AS A UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: A few months since, public attention was called to the organization of a school of languages and literature in connection with Columbia College; now the perfected scheme for the ensuing year is open to examination. I confess that I regard it somewhat askance. It is a query whether or no a college gains by enlarging indefinitely its curriculum. The old American college course was and is well suited to our social conditions and needs, and any scheme which should entirely subvert it, I, at least, could not regard with a favorable eye. But there is another field of scholastic work little tilled thus far among us, where the widest facilities of research in every direction should be ready at hand, namely, the university or post-graduation curriculum. If now, as is apparently the case, Columbia means to offer to college-bred men superior facilities in the higher departments of literature and philology, I, for one, hail this step as a decided advance.

The intellectual tide is setting ever more strongly toward New-York, and here, more than anywhere else, we shall, in the immediate future, need institutions affording opportunities for the highest culture. The right place for our American college is, as it has always been, the country, with its fresh air and healthful moral influences; but, as the poet says, "a character is formed in the stream of the world." It is in cities, in those centres of stirring life, that the character of men should be developed, their higher courses of study pursued; in other words, a city is the place for a university. As a university, I see no limit to the possibilities of Columbia's power and influence, if she keep her face turned unflinchingly in the direction of progress. NEW-YORKER.

New-York, May 12, 1882.

SHOT BY HER STEPSON.

A PROBABLE MURDER IN JAMES-ST.

THE SOLE MOTIVE ROBBERY—THE MURDERER FOUND IN A BOWERY SHOOTING-GALLERY WITH A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

Mrs. Wholey, who lives at No. 26 James-st., is in the habit of using the clothes-line of her neighbor, Mrs. Katherine McCabe, who lives on the first floor next door, at No. 24 James-st. Yesterday afternoon, just before dark, Mrs. Wholey started to get some of her clothes from the line, but she found that the door of No. 24 was locked. Listening at the keyhole, she heard someone within moaning as if in great pain. The woman found the key to the door near by and, unlocking it, she went into the house. In the middle room of the three apartments that were occupied by Patrick McCabe, his wife and his son Thomas, she found Mrs. McCabe sitting on the floor, propped up against the bed, with a stream of blood running down her dress from a pistol-shot wound in the left side of her neck. The wounded woman was moaning: "Help! Help! Bring me water! Bring me water!" Mrs. Wholey ran out of the house and speedily brought assistance. Mrs. McCabe was laid on the bed, and the police, who had been summoned, called an ambulance and sent word to Coroner Knox and Patrick McCabe, the woman's husband, who is a truckman.

Mrs. McCabe, when questioned as to the occurrence, said that she had been shot by her stepson Thomas, a lad of sixteen, who had then robbed her and left the house. Detective Fitzpatrick, having learned from the father the usual haunts of his son, after a search of an hour found him in a shooting-gallery on the Bowery. He had on a new suit of clothes, and when the officer arrested him he laughed and said: "I know what you want me for." He was taken back to No. 24, and in the room where he did the shooting he heard Coroner Knox take the the ante-mortem statement of his victim. It was as follows:

A little while after 5 o'clock I came from the kitchen into front room, and after putting oil into my lamp I started to go back into the kitchen. When I was in the second room this boy, Thomas McCabe, came up behind me and fired a pistol at me. I fell on my hands and knees. He said: 'I done it, I done it.' I said: 'Why, Tom, why did you do it?' He made no reply, but stooped over me and took the contents of my pockets. It was the money of the Land League, of which my husband is an officer. He also took my watch and an opera chain. I then said: 'O Tom! O Tom! don't take my watch and chain.' He said: 'I will take it. I want money to leave the city.' I said: 'O Tom! don't leave me and I never will mention your name. I will say I fell, if you will only lift me up.' He said: 'I am not able.' Then he left me. I called for help, but was paralyzed and could not get up. After a long time Mrs. Wholey came in. My stepson threw the pistol into his uncle's bed. I saw him do it. When he went out he locked the door. I know of no reason except robbery. I never had an angry word with him of late.

The pistol was found where young McCabe had thrown it. A large crowd was in the room while the Coroner was taking Mrs. McCabe's statement, and seemingly the coolest person present was the youthful prisoner. He was taken to the Oak Street Station and locked up. Mrs. McCabe was removed to the Chambers Street Hospital, where the doctor stated there was only slight hope of her recovery. The location of the ball had not been determined, but as her left side and arm were partly paralyzed it was feared that the ball had struck some of the vertebræ.

A further investigation by Detective Fitzgerald last night showed that after the shooting the boy had gone to a clothier's in the Bowery, where he purchased a suit; he next went to a photograph gallery and had his picture taken, and then he took a room at the Northern Hotel in the Bowery, near Fourth-st. After engaging the room he strolled into the shooting-gallery, where he was arrested. In the room at the hotel were found the gold watch and chain and $26. There were found upon the prisoner at the station a pistol of 22 calibre and $8. A TRIBUNE reporter conversed with him in his cell last night. He was smoking a cigarette at the time, and in his new suit seemed like a good-looking schoolboy. A realization of his situation was evidently just beginning to dawn upon him, for it was with difficulty that he could keep from crying. He said:

"I did not mean to kill her—I only wanted the money; and so she gets well I don't care what they do with me. I purchased the pistol two weeks ago. I had already one small pistol. I stayed in the house all day thinking over it. I wanted the money to get out of the city. I can read and write; have been in this country nearly four years. Until about a month ago I was a messenger boy for the American District Telegraph Company. I never had any quarrel with my stepmother; she was good to me. After the shooting I tried to help her up on the bed, but I was not strong enough. I paid $9 for my suit. When I was changing my clothes I saw blood stains on my shirt; it was the first blood I had seen, and then I began to think about what I had done."

DINNER OF THE THIRTEEN CLUB.

Thirteen members of the Thirteen Club dined last evening, yesterday being the thirteenth day of the month, in Room No. 13 of the Knickerbocker Cottage in Sixth-ave. The table was ornamented by a miniature mountain of tongue, on which were twelve figures beckoning to a thirteenth companion at the foot of a ladder with thirteen rounds. The latter, seeing a skull and crossbones at the head of the ladder, seemed unwilling to ascend. Daniel Wolff presided. Speeches were made by Messrs. Reed, Lee, Roome and others. Letters of sympathy were read from Governor Hobart B. Bigelow, of Connecticut, Nelson Tappan, and others. H. H. Chalmers, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, wrote as follows: "There was recently convicted, in the court of which I have the honor to be a member, a poor negro who had slain another because he believed that the murdered man had 'voodooed' him by placing in his cornfield the head of a snake. What essential difference in principle is there between this poor, ignorant negro and the farmer who must plant his potatoes in the "dark of the moon," the business man who will not begin a new enterprise on Friday, or the woman of the world who will not sit at table with thirteen persons?"

ITEMS OF SOCIAL NEWS.

Mrs. A. Alexander and Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens gave an afternoon tea at Castle Point, Hoboken, yesterday. A large company were present.

Mrs. J. Owen Crane gave a lunch party in honor of Mrs. John Bigelow and Mrs M. T. Fortescue.

A fair in aid of the Fresh Air Fund, gotten up by the Cosey Club, of which Miss Amy C. Denney is president, was held between 2 and 10 p. m., at the house of Mrs. Curtis, No. 27 Washington-place.

THE BOILERMAKERS TO STRIKE.

The Boilermakers' and Helpers' Union of this city held a meeting last night and resolved to demand an increase of wages of twenty-five cents a day, the present rates being from $2 65 to $3 25. It was stated that there was more activity in the trade now than there had been for twenty years.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF BELGIAN PICTURES.

An exhibition of paintings by living Belgian artists selected by a Royal Commission and sent here by the Belgian Government is now open to the public in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. It is not easy to understand the motive which led the Belgian Government to send us these pictures. Six years ago, at the Centennial Exhibition, we saw Belgian art well represented: for although there are nearly a hundred more names in the present catalogue than were in that of the Centennial, yet the names were more distinguished, better examples were selected and there was a wider range in the subjects. Since that time no new current has disturbed the placidly flowing stream of Belgian art, no great name has arisen to direct it into new channels. The patriotic era at whose birth Baron Leys and his followers presided has long since died out, and to-day the artists of Belgium are as hard-pushed for subjects as their neighbors of France or Germany. We confess that after a long morning spent in these well-filled galleries, we were able to find but little that made the visit worth while. It was not possible to discover anything that savored of genius, and even such talent as there is is of a middling sort. Our own Academy Exhibition, dull as it is this year, is interesting compared with this, and as for the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists the two portraits there by Mr. Wyatt Eaton are alone—we weigh our words—better worth going ninety miles to see than all these three hundred featureless, academic Belgian pictures put together.

The sculpture sent over is so trivial in its motives, and so inartistic in its execution, as to be hardly worthy of notice. Mr. C. A. Fraikin, who once promised something, sends a "Mother and Child," the mother, a lady of our own time, most ungracefully posed with the left ankle resting on the right knee, thus rudely exposing the right leg, beside making very ugly lines, while the naked baby in her lap, just dropped off asleep from the bared breast, is shut off from our view and virtually lost to the composition behind this horizontal leg. Mr. Fraikin's other contribution, "Little Grandfather," is a child putting spectacles on a poodle. This seems a long descent from the work that some years ago first made us acquainted with this artist, a "Cupid borne along on a Dolphin." In the "Easter Daisy" of Mr. J. Francois Bolinckx, a young girl seems to be trying to look at a butterfly that has lighted on her head, and certainly the creature would be worth seeing if she accomplish it, since it is furnished with a pair of realistic antennæ made of hogs' bristles. Mr. Louis Samain's "Imprudent" is a naked child who has seized a parrot as big as himself, and hugs it closely to his body, while the same artist's "Blundering Love" is a Cupid with an absurdly long body and very short legs made of rolls of fat—an effort to translate Rubens into marble—his face distorted with blubbering, ramming his fist into his eye because he has shot his mother's doves. Alphonse Peeters has a bust called "Insulted"—a modern lady of pleasure with all her gear flying to the four winds of heaven—streaming feather, inflated hat scarf, neckerchief blown aside and hair, dishevelled—a very torrent, tempest, and as we may say whirlwind of millinery, and yet her face is set to a merely conventional expression of scorn. Then we have the nursery rhymes of the Italian sculpture in the Centennial recalled by F. J. Joris's "Innocence and Perfidy," where the innocent cat in pursuit of its legitimate prey tries to get at the little girls' canary; or by L. P. Van Biesbroeck's "Infantine Preference," a story of a child who neglects its coral and bells to play with a butter-pat and a roll of butter. Armand Cattier's "Young Spartan"—a bronze figure—stands up quite naked in a studio attitude, with the fox the story says he concealed in his mantle here in plain sight, and gnawing le surely at the youth's flank, who speaks his little piece and says: "See, what a brave boy am I!" And here, too, are P. Van Linden's "Good Shepherd," where the usual feeble Christ is carrying a suitably small lamb, and J. J. Halkins's "Study," a child drawing a pattern from one of Froebel's books—copy and pattern both realistically traced in lead pencil on the marble! It is mortifying to find that a Royal Commission could discover no sculpture in Belgium more serious than this—and all here is of this quality—to send so far.

The sculpture being so futile, we are not surprised to light upon a case of bronze medals by Mr. C. H. Wurden, in which spirit and invention are sacrificed to a mechanical niceness of execution.

Coming to the pictures, we find the end of the long gallery nearly filled with Mr. Herman's "Masked Ball." Such a subject must always be a difficult one for a painter, because, every masker dressing to suit himself, there can be no harmony of effect in the reality and the artist has to make a harmony for himself out of all this discord. Then, the crowd is so great that grouping is almost impossible. And as the only conceivable motive for the crowd is amusement of a not very refined character, there can be little elevation in the human types. This latter objection, however, would be of little consequence, if the artist knew how to get from the subject a good study of human nature. But Mr. Herman does not allow any of these considerations to trouble him. He makes no effort to compose his crowd into interesting groups, and the coloring is simply a torment to the healthy eye.

The weakness of the Belgian artists seems to be for "subjects"—for story-telling pictures, and such abound here of all sizes, domestic, historic, and religious, and all so bad that even tolerant and good-natured visitors are moved to remonstrance. And how is it possible to look with anything but derision at such pictures as Mr. E. Sacre's "Death of a Pitman," or Mr. A. Robert's "Death of Charles V.," or M. Mellery's "The Mother of the Gracchi," or Mr. Stallaert's "St. Almaque" and "Medea," or Mr. A. Struy's "Dishonored," or M. A. Thomas's "The Two Marys with the Dead Body of Christ"? These are all very large canvases, and they are of the same type as the empty ambitious pictures of an older time, seen through the arches in the opposite galleries—the big Weeks and Alistons, Bouguereau's absurd "Orestes" and Jannsen's "Peter Denying Christ," and the various Wittkamp's and Gastoldis, and Faruffinis on which so much good money has been wasted. Looking from one of these galleries to the other, how little we seem to have learned!

Among the landscape painters, perhaps Mr. J. Rosseels, remembered by his pictures at the Centennial, is the most pleasing. His large landscape, No. 175, seen at a proper distance, has much air and light, if wanting in contrasts. We find the same qualities in his a smaller picture. Another artist whose work was seen at the Centennial, M. Alphonse Asselberg, has several quiet landscapes, of which the best is his "Autumn in Campine," No. 5. This artist's "Sunrise in Campine," No. 4, belongs to a class of subjects which would seem to be favorites with the Belgian landscapists, the moon and sun setting or rising in damp mists over marshy places—themes very unpictorial in effect, and almost chilling one to the bone to look at long. The general gloomy character of the landscapes here makes Mr. Rossel's cheerful pictures seem better, perhaps, than they really are.

Other landscapes which we can at least find tolerable, are Mr. T'Scharner's "Close of the day at Campine," a rather thin treatment of a composition which Daubigny made so much of more than once; M. Le Mayeur's "Marines," of which No. 125, "The Scheidt," is spoken well of in our note-book; Mr. A. Bouvier's "The Coming Storm," a full water, with sloop in the foreground; and M. E. Van Damme-Sylva's "Lowlands near the Scheidt," a wide meadow prospect, with cattle standing or lying, or strolling down to drink. There are also some strikingly painted architectural subjects by M. Francois Bossuet. This artist deals with strong effects of light and shadow, but not exaggerated, and he selects for depicting, places we like to have brought before memory's or anticipation's eye. Such work as this, however, takes its distinct place as mere topographical record and neither has, nor claims, we suppose, artistic rank. Its merit is that of a good guide book; it states the facts dispassionately, and leaves us to supply sentiment at will.

Mr. Everiste Carpentier's "The Refugees," and "A Temptation," are cleverly painted studies and costume pieces, where everything material is well selected, and good of its kind, and the whole put together with consummate skill, but without a trace of feeling, and with no result in which the mind has any share. "The Refugees" shows us a dozen men and women of the aristocratic type of French Revolution times, who have taken refuge in a chateau and have been tracked by the soldiery. They are crowded round the outer door of the chateau, and we see the cocked hat and red neckerchief of a soldier over the garden wall. All the dresses are well painted, with the mechanic perfection now so common, and all the attitudes are the correct thing, the emotions also are selected with taste, but we know that in a minute the curtain will go down on this parlor tableau and the clapping of kid-gloved hands will begin.

And this, in some cases better, in some worse, is the character of all the genre painting here. The only pictures in the whole exhibition that look as if they were painted by an artist from his own independent impression, and that show a real artistic feeling, are some still-life pieces by M. Hubert Bellis—and not all his work is equally good—but Nos. 17 and 18 are really worth having. The former, "Oysters and a Lemon," the latter, "Oysters, Prawns, a Lemon and a Hock Glass," have much of the largeness and pictorial treatment that we see in Vollon's works of a similar character. Some one said "The sublime is in a grain of sand." Vollon, Velasquez can make a Dresden punchinello or a stone jug as sublime as a mountain, and this M. Bellis seems to be half-brother at least to Vollon. Before closing we will praise Mr. Slingeneyer's "Infant of Dordrecht," a baby in its painted Flemish cradle, washed off in an inundation, sleeping sweetly and watched by the house-cat. This is a pretty picture, but we are sceptical as to the cat. Would a cat ever be content to sit saintly on its haunches and float off to sea in this fashion? A dog, now—!

SHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR.

On account of the bad weather at Creedmoor yesterday, only three men shot in the "off-hand" match, which began at 11 o'clock and continued all day. The conditions were seven shots on each score at 200 yards, in a standing position. The record of J. W. Mangam, seven shots, made May 3 (33 points), was not equalled, the best shooting being as follows:

J. H. Brown	33	30	29—92
W. A. Robinson	29	27	27—83
B. P. Valentine	27	26	26—79

On Wednesday next the match will be continued, and an effort will be made to shoot and complete the "Remington Match," which has been running four years.

BRINGING CATTLE EAST.

SUFFERINGS FROM BRUTAL TREATMENT.

GROWTH AND EXTENT OF THE CATTLE TRAFFIC—CRUELTY AT THE STOCK YARDS—HOW THE WRETCHED ANIMALS ARE TORTURED ON THE TRAINS.

Few persons comprehend the magnitude which the live stock trade of this country has attained during the last fifteen years. Fewer persons realize the condition of the fresh meat as it is offered for sale to the public. Something has been said by the humane societies about the cruelty that is practiced upon the animals before they are slaughtered and the danger arising from the consumption of meat from feverish and otherwise unhealthy creatures. And the effort to prevent abuses has gone so far as to secure the passage of a law by Congress prohibiting the continuous confinement of cattle, sheep, swine and other animals for more than twenty-eight hours without food and water. But this law has remained a dead letter, notwithstanding the ease with which its daily violation can be proved at any time, and the other abuses to which live stock in transit is subjected are permitted to pass unnoticed.

The number of cattle received in Chicago in 1866 was 393,000, as shown by the report of the Union Stock Yards Company. The number has steadily increased from year to year, until in 1881 the receipts were 1,498,550. During the last sixteen years the receipts were 13,046,483 cattle, and also 60,517,161 hogs, 5,160,033 sheep and 135,922 horses. The total value of all this live stock is given at $1,488,816,830. The shipments to the Eastern markets during the same period rose from 263,693 cattle in 1866 to 938,712 in 1881, the number for the sixteen years mentioned being 8,927,745. The remainder represents the local consumption and cattle slaughtered for canning and shipment in refrigerator cars, etc. Of live sheep for the same time the shipments were 2,329,971, and of hogs, 21,107,984. Of the million and a half cattle which reached Chicago last year only 5,000 were driven into the yards, the remainder coming from all parts of the West and Southwest as far as Texas and Colorado by railroad.

LOSSES FROM CRUELTY AND NEGLECT.

A gentleman of this city, who has paid much attention to the subject of the transportation of live stock, spent several days in the Chicago cattle yards recently, and made a trip on a cattle train from Chicago to New-York, in order to make himself familiar by personal observation with the abuses that prevail. He gives the following account of his experience:

"Some idea of the condition of the animals on arriving at Chicago may be formed when it is known that the dead hogs average fully one to a car load, and this when the weather and other conditions are favorable, while a careful inspection of the books of the railroads shows that the dead cattle, including those which are so badly crippled as to have no greater commercial value than if dead, average about five per day. These dead animals include only those which have died since leaving the last preceeding feeding station, where the dead and badly wounded were not reloaded. If by a supreme effort, induced by extreme torture and a desire to accompany its companions, the animal can rise to its feet and leave the car, the animal is classed as sound. I saw a poor creature, after repeated and most desperate efforts, succeed in rising to its feet, after it had been dragged from the car, and, trembling violently in every part of its body, it was finally able to follow its companions. The shouts and thrusts of the attendants in another car that had just arrived at the yards had no effect upon a steer which had been forced down and trampled upon by its comrades until it was severely wounded, but a dexterous twist of the tail, giving a violent shock to the spinal column, startled the animal, and it made a last desperate effort to rise, but in vain, and further twisting of the tail and kicks and shouting were of no avail. Unable to hold its head up longer, it submitted quietly to all the cruelty that was practiced upon it. It was dying. The records show that the number of those that reach the Chicago yards in this condition is greater than that of the actually dead. Broken horns with the blood dripping from them, and other evidences of injury, are seen on almost every train. On arriving in Chicago the cattle are driven into small pens, where they are compelled to remain until sold, in mud and rain, when the weather is bad, without shelter.

"It is admitted by dealers that it is the common practice of shippers to give the cattle great quantities of salt and of food intended to produce thirst, and yet on coming to the yards they are not allowed to have water. The troughs in the Chicago Stock Yards are generally dry, and I have seen the attendants drawing the water from the troughs when the animals were so thirsty as to make it dangerous to remain in the pens and they would lick the muddy ground as the water ran over it. When a sale is made, however, they are given all the water they can drink, immediately after which they are weighed. This is a universal practice, and it is upheld even by the most conscientious shippers and dealers. 'We are obliged to do all we can for our customers' was the plea in extenuation of the practice made by the senior member of a commission house noted for its honesty and upright dealing.

MAKING UP A TRAIN FOR THE EAST.

"A train of thirty-seven carloads, thirty-one of which were of cattle and the rest of sheep and hogs, was made up in Chicago on Thursday, April 27. Of these cattle, fourteen carloads left the feeding pens at 7 o'clock on the morning of that day, and the others were bought up during the forenoon and driven to the chutes of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, where they were all loaded before 3 o'clock, at which time the train left for Buffalo with two men in charge of the stock. The process of loading is one of great cruelty. By shouting and prodding the cattle are frightened and forced through the chute into the car until it is full. As the car fills up the unfortunate animals that happen to be among the last are compelled by thrusts of a sharp iron pike or prod, as it is called, to force their way into the car that, at least at the door, has not an inch of space left. The legs of one or more of the animals get caught between the car and the platform of the chute, and from that position they have to extricate themselves, and at the same time force their way into the car, a work that is effected only after earnest prodding and vigorous twisting of the tail. Thus frightened and crowded, and almost thrown from their feet by the bumping and jerking in the making up of the train, they start.

"As we pulled out of Chicago the first task of the cattle men, who were seated in the caboose at the end of the train, was to sharpen their prods. These prods consist of a pole four to six feet long with a sharpened nail in the end about an inch in length.

"'Pat, do you think that is sharp enough?' inquired a burly, fat New-York German, who had been carefully filing his prod for some time.

"'Make it sharp, Pete,' replied Pat. 'I've always found that the sharper your prod is, the better. They mind it the more, you know. You can't make it too sharp,' and Pete continued to file his prod.

"These cattle men were characteristic specimens of their class. Pat was an ex-seaman, who found in the motion of the train, as it wound its way over the country, some likeness of the life in earlier days on the ocean. He was quiet and less abusive than his companion Pete, who was everywhere known as 'Dutchy,' and who was well known at every station at which stock trains are in the habit of stopping on the road. Some idea of his character may be formed from the statement made to me by Pat during the trip, that Pete was arrested some time ago for placing a bunch of ignited hay under the nose of a poor animal that was lying down in the car and could not get up, or at least refused to respond to the prod. The poor animal might have died had it not been for Pete, was all that Pat had to say in regard to the matter, as he narrated the circumstance. Referring, however, to the sufferings of cattle, he continued: 'I tell you, it makes me sorry when I punch a poor steer's eyes out with a prod. Oh, yes, it often happens. You see, we can't tell where we may hit the poor creatures, but I can tell you I never do it on purpose, as some men do. No, indeed, the poor things suffer enough, any way.' And he went on to moralize on the abuses of the animals, and how little is generally known about their suffering.

"After a run of three and a half hours Pat had the first opportunity of witnessing the use of the prod as applied on the road. It was our first stop for more than a moment, and 'Dutchy' went forth to inspect the cattle. Several were already down, and as we went back and forth the length of the train, others were found disposed to override the weaker ones, and, by a free use of their horns, to crowd them against the ends of the cars, where a steer was at times found defending himself with his horns, and really in a desperate situation. During his inspection of the train the prod was very freely used by 'Dutchy.' As he passed, if a steer should happen to look in a way to make 'Dutchy' imagine it felt cross, a violent thrust of the prod into its nose drove it transitorily back. For the first two days 'Dutchy' seemed to take special delight in seeing the cattle writhe under the pain inflicted by his prod thrusts.

"The trip from Chicago to New-York, except our stoppage at Buffalo, may be described as little more than a repetition of this abuse of the cattle, whenever the train stopped long enough for coal or water (for the engine, not for the cattle) or to change locomotives. A greater or less number of cattle were always found down, and, at times, in such positions as to cause great suffering, in which they were held as in a vice by other cattle standing over them. In such positions there is danger of strangulation, which frequently occurs, as it requires only a short time for the foot of an animal that is standing on the throat of one that is down to produce death. In the use of the prod the favorite places are the nose and head, neck and shoulders and the rump of the animals, and, when applied by 'Dutchy,' it was turned with all the force that a strong man weighing nearly 200 pounds could give it. It seemed as if, when there was no occasion for its use, it was applied for amusement. It requires a desperate effort on the part of a steer already weak and on a wet and slippery floor to recover its feet while two or three other steers are standing over it, but, as long as any considerable amount of vitality is left, the prod does not fail to bring the animal to its feet. When this method does fail, however, other means, as previously described, are resorted to. The almost constant 'morning' day and night in positions where the weaker animals are wholly unable to resist, is also very injurious to the flesh, keeps up the feverish and restless condition of the animals and causes much suffering. The sheep and hogs of our train received no attention whatever between Chicago and Buffalo.

HOW THE LAW IS VIOLATED.

"We arrived at Buffalo a few minutes before 8 o'clock Saturday morning, having been on the road forty hours. There was no stopping to feed or water the stock between Chicago and Buffalo, and it was fifty hours from the time the cattle were driven from the pens in Chicago, where they could obtain either food or water, before they received hay and water in Buffalo. When we reached Buffalo orders were given "to let them have a little hay, but no water at present." Later, however, the water was let into the troughs. Twenty-seven carloads of this train of cattle were to be slaughtered in New-York for the European market, and they were allowed to remain in Buffalo until Sunday morning for food and rest. The other four carloads, after about two hours' rest, were again reloaded and sent to Albany.

"The act of Congress passed in 1878, and designed to prevent such long confinement as here described, contains the following:

"No railroad company within the United States whose road forms any part of a line of road over which cattle, sheep, swine or other animals are conveyed from one State to another, or the owners or masters of steam, sailing or other vessels carrying or transporting cattle, sheep, swine or other animals from one state to another, shall confine the same in cars, boats or vessels of any description for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours, without unloading the same for rest, water and feeding, for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented from so unloading by storm or other accidental causes. In estimating such confinement the time during which the animals have been confined without such rest on connecting roads from which they are received shall be included, it being the intent of this section to prohibit their continuous confinement beyond the period of twenty-eight hours, except upon contingencies hereinbefore stated. Animals so unloaded shall be properly fed and watered during such rest by the owner or person having the custody thereof, or, in case of his default in so doing, then by the railroad company or owners or masters of boats or vessels transporting the same at the expense of the owner of person in custody thereof; and such company, owners, or masters shall in such case have a lien upon such animals for food, care, and custody furnished, and shall not be liable for any detention of such animals. But when animals are carried in cars, boats, or other vessels in which they can and do have proper food, water, space, and opportunity to rest, the provisions in regard to their being unloaded shall not apply.'

HOW THE TORTURED ANIMALS SHOWED THEIR SUFFERINGS.

"The trip from Buffalo to the stock-pens of the New-York Central Road, at the foot of Sixteenth-st., which was made without noteworthy incident, occupied thirty-six hours, and the cattle were without food or water, this time, for thirty-eight hours. Neither on the Erie, over which we travelled from Buffalo, nor the Lake Shore, was the time prolonged by the train being behind time; on the contrary, we reached New-York about two hours ahead of the schedule time for that train. During the first day out from Buffalo the rest which the cattle had received there seemed to be of great benefit in enabling them to retain their standing positions, but the journey from the western plains had been so long, and they had received so little food and water, that they soon became dired again, and the 'morning' of the stronger ones and the jarring of the train—which was more frequent than on the Lake Shore Road—caused the weaker cattle to be down frequently, only to be forced up again, if possible, by the prod whenever opportunity offered. I have stood by the prod whenever a strong steer, with his feet braced, for hours watching a strong steer, with his feet braced, for hours watching a strong steer, with his feet braced, for hours watching a strong steer, with his feet braced, for hours watching a strong steer, with his feet braced, for hours watching