THE DRAMA.

MR. BARRETT'S FAREWELL.

Mr. Barrett ended his engagement at the Star Theatre Saturday night, impersonating as a farewell *Lord Tresham* and *Gringoire*. It is significant of his faith in the new bill that he should thus have chosen it for a closing performance. Yet in his entire and extensive repertory he could not have found a more gracious image than that of the wayward, vagabond French poet, which he has been the first to present upon the American stage. He had a numerous audience, notwithstanding the tempest of wind and snow that suddenly fell upon the city, and the assemblage included many distinguished persons. All who came were well rewarded. To see such a tragedy as Robert Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon" is a privilege. It has, to be sure, grave defects; but it has great merits. It means something; it presents noble examples of human nature, and displays dramatic and significant conduct, under the pressure of tragic and touching experience. It is a work of noble eloquence, and several of its situations are deeply and sweetly pathetic. The experience of its heroine is one that every true-hearted man must view with peculiar charity and tenderness, and one that appeals to all that is noblest and most generous in woman. The situation, in act second, in which *Gwendoline* comforts the unhappy *Mildred*, is one of the finest in dramatic literature, and Miss Wainwright and Miss Viola Allen made it very impressive and touching in the performance. The brilliance and the fine aristocratical bearing of Miss Wainwright make her entirely suitable to this character, and Miss Viola Allen, as *Mildred*, has shown remarkable repose and the skill to make suffering dramatic. The peril in such a part is that of affected simplicity. Mr. Barrett was recalled with great enthusiasm after the second act. His performance of *Lord Tresham* has intense passion and rare spiritual nobility. The delivery of the lines about a brother's love will long be remembered for the great tenderness of the actor's manner and voice and for the suggestiveness in his treatment of them, of innate personal worth and sweetness, and the long background of a noble character and honorable, exemplary life. Mr. Ben Rogers has made a marked hit as the old servant *Gerard*—blending in a performance of rare symmetry the formal condition of ancient service and fealty, with the natural tenderness of an honest, affectionate heart. Mr. F. C. Mosley—whose chief hit this season has been made as *Antony*—carries the graceful, ardent, but somewhat colorless, character of *Mertoun* easily and with a delicate perception of its perplexity and feverish trouble. "The King's Pleasure" was again followed with interest and received with delight. Mr. Barrett was easier in *Gringoire* than at first, and he filled the reverie scene with a sweet and fluent grace, most natural and also most poetic. Louis James as *Louis XI* had again a success and an enthusiastic recall, and Marie Wainwright portrayed a demure, simple girl, strong in the might and right of her beauty, so as to explain her poet's devotion. This is an ideal work, and it is appropriately records and concludes one of the most successful engagements that Mr. Barrett has played.

EDWIN BOOTH'S EXIT.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre Saturday night, Edwin Booth acted *Bertuccio* in "The Fool's Revenge," and so ended an engagement of four weeks, which has been one of remarkable brilliance and steady prosperity. The house was filled, despite the storm, and Mr. Booth's thrilling performance of the hunchback jester aroused it to a remarkable pitch of excitement, so that he was many times called out and long and loudly cheered. It is not necessary here to describe what has so often been depicted already in this place. The acting of Edwin Booth is that of a man of genius, and it is therefore irradiated with an irresistible charm. During this engagement Mr. Booth has acted in thirteen of his most admired characters, and he has exerted his brilliant powers with great force, earnestness and effect. The public response has been eager and almost affectionate. Crowds have attended. Several times it has been found impossible to accommodate the applicants for admission. Several times the band has been taken from its usual place, in order to provide additional room for spectators. Mr. Booth's great popularity has thus again been proved. It is the popularity of a true actor, of one whose natural endowments are extraordinary, and whose use of them has been marked by many a brilliant artistic victory and by noble ambition throughout a long, industrious, beneficent career. The success of Edwin Booth in this city, at this time, has of course a peculiar significance, for it shows that while our public appreciates and honors the foreign actors who come here, it does not forget its own accepted leaders in dramatic art. The spectacle is a pleasant one, and the record of it should be made with some emphasis. Mr. Booth has had a great engagement here, but this is only what he deserved, and the result is equally a credit to the community and a tribute to the actor.

THEATRICAL MISCELLANY.

Mr. Carleton's play of "Victor Durand" was withdrawn at Wallack's Theatre Saturday night. It has had a career of two months, and in point of receipts it has been more prosperous than any other play produced there this season. The production of "Impulse" and the re-entrance of Mr. Wallack are assigned for Monday evening, and the announcement seems well calculated to arouse a lively public interest. "Impulse," by Mr. B. C. Stevenson, is an English comedy based on a French original. The Kendalls acted it in London, at the St. James's Theatre, and it was presented some time ago in Boston.

Mr. Jefferson will begin his spring season on April 20, at Richmond, Va.

Steele Mackaye will open his new theatre, The Lyceum, with a new drama written by himself. The scene is laid on the sea-coast of Brittany, in the present time. It is a four-act play, and an elaborate scene will be set for each act. The exteriors have been painted by Mr. Richard Marston; the interiors by Mr. Hutchison Hawley. Mr. Mackaye's new theatre will be opened toward the end of March.

The 150th consecutive performance of "The Private Secretary" will occur at the Madison Square Theatre next Friday, and the occasion will be duly commemorated. Souvenirs are to be distributed to the audience. An extra afternoon performance will be given at the Madison Square, on February 23.

Miss Maggie Mitchell's re-entrance upon the New-York stage, to occur on Monday evening, at the Grand Opera House, will be made in the character of *Fanchon*. On Thursday Miss Mitchell will present *Little Barefoot*. Eight performances are to be given during the week.

Mr. Frank Lincoln and Mrs. Charles Watson will again co-operate in an entertainment to be given next Friday evening, February 20. Mr. Lincoln will present a new and original monologue entitled "The Society Octopus." Mr. N. Sarony will give specimens of his skill in rapid drawing.

At Daly's Theatre Mr. John L. Stoddard will shortly begin a series of Morning Illustrated Lectures. These pictorial discourses are to illustrate the history of the French Revolution and the England of Dickens. The exhibition will be given at 11 o'clock a. m. on February 26th, March 2, 5, 9 and 12.

DION BOUCICAULT REFUSES TO PLAY.

Dion Boucicault on Thursday night with his son and daughter and dramatic company began an engagement of three nights in the Park Theatre at Newark. On Thursday and Friday nights he played the "Colleen Bawn," and the play of "The Shaughran" was announced for Saturday night. Some hundred people went to the theatre before 8 o'clock, and were informed that there would be no performance. To a reporter of THE TRIBUNE, Manager Leonard Gray of the theatre stated that the trouble arose after the matinee performance on Saturday. He had given a certain number of tickets to the press, and when the settlement came to be made Mr. Boucicault and his agent objected to the number declaring that it was more than was customary. Mr. Boucicault then refused to play in the evening and announced his intention of removing the scenery from the theatre. The manager sought advice of legal counsel and was informed that as no contract had been broken he could not restrain Mr. Boucicault until midnight. The scenery was removed about six o'clock. A different statement was made by D. G. Boucicault, business manager of Mr. Boucicault. He said that Mr. Gray had given out in addition to the press tickets, eighteen free cards of admission to his personal friends and Mr. Boucicault had demanded that these tickets be paid for by Mr. Gray. Upon the refusal of the latter, Mr. Boucicault said that the contract was broken and could no longer be held to be binding. Mr. Gray asserts that he will bring an action against Mr. Boucicault.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUBS COMING TOGETHER.

The advisability of bringing the different amateur dramatic clubs in the city and its vicinity into closer relationship has been discussed for some time. Saturday evening delegates from the following clubs met at No. 16 Abingdon Square and discussed the propriety of organizing a central committee: Bulwer, Forrest, Greenwich, Hawthorne, Yorick, Holly Branch, Rivals, Amateur League, Garrick and Jersey City. T. J. Burton was elected temporary chairman and H. J. Anderson secretary.

IRVING AND MISS TERRY IN TOWN AN HOUR.

Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry spent an hour in this city yesterday afternoon. They were on their way to Boston and stopped at the Brevoort House for dinner. Mr. Irving said that they would remain a fortnight in Boston, and would then return to New-York, where their season is to be closed. Their audiences through the West had been large and appreciative. Miss Terry said that she had enjoyed every day of her American tour, and appealed to her dog for verification. Both Mr. Irving and Miss Terry seemed to be in perfect health.

WEDDING OF EX-MAYOR PRINCE'S SON.

SALEM, Mass., Feb. 15 (*Special*).—The Prince-Payson wedding took place at St. Peter's Church yesterday afternoon. Dr. Morton Prince, the groom, is a son of ex-Mayor F. O. Prince, of Boston, and the bride was Miss Fanny L. Payson, of this city, a grandniece of George Peabody. The church was filled with friends of the parties, among others being Judge Devens, of the Supreme Court; ex-Justice Endicott, Chief-Justice Brigham, of the Superior Court; F. O. Prince, Mayor Huntington, of Salem; T. Jefferson Coolidge, S. Endicott Peabody. The church was festooned with flowers, and Howard L. Dow, of Boston, played the wedding march. The bride was dressed in white satin, and wore a bridal veil trimmed with point lace. She was given away by George Peabody, and Dr. Bullard, of Boston, was best man to the groom. The Rev. Dr. Arey performed the ceremony. A wedding lunch followed at Mr. Peabody's. The bridal party left at 6:20 p. m. for Boston, to go thence to the South.

GOSSIP FROM OVER THE SEA.

ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS OF NOTE.

From Mr. Labouchere's Truth (London).

PREMIER FERRY'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE.

I overheard a conversation the other evening at the Elysée between M. Jules Ferry and another guest of M. Grévy. The subject was started by the Premier; it was his wife's dress, and then the beauty of her figure. After this who can deny that Frenchmen are not capable of being as good husbands as Englishmen, or that the domestic virtues cannot take root in Paris? Said M. Ferry: "Don't you think my wife beautifully dressed, this evening?" The person so interrogated answered, "I entirely agree with you. What astonishes me is that, Mme. Ferry being a blonde, a toilette of such a bright and warm tone becomes her. Most fair beauties would be effaced by it." "It's true," answered the Prime Minister, whose eye rested with unmistakable pleasure on the tall and elegant figure of the lady. "Notwithstanding her blonde hair and delicate complexion," observed his interlocutor, "Madame Ferry triomphe." Certainly she was triumphant. The dress—that is to say, corsage—and a tunic raised at the side almost to the waist, showing a lining of yellowish brocade, with flowers in the Pompador style, and falling in a train in long, deep folds—was of bright crimson. The petticoat matched the rich lining. No lace trimming of any sort broke the sharp contrast between the body, which fitted with the ease and neatness of a Jouvin glove, and the white neck. Madame Ferry's neck and bust have ceased to be slender without becoming too matronly. She had the finest shoulders in the room, and held herself gracefully erect. Her husband had cause to be proud of her beauty, and was not alone in admiring it.

THE PEER AND THE POET.

Victor Hugo is not so deaf as he pretends. I often suspected this; but now I know it. A few evenings ago, a nobleman and his wife (should one designate a being so exalted as merely a wife?) were dining at his house. The Peeress sat next the poet, and doubtless thought she was observing the laws of good manners in keeping up what she deemed a running fire of small, light chit-chat in the best French she could muster. The poet should have been allowed to talk for both—and, indeed, for the rest of the company. Several times he repeated the last word of a phrase that had dropped from the lady's mouth, to show he had paid attention to what she said; kissed her hand, a poetic way of signifying that he did not wish to make a further effort to listen; and threw himself back for a few minutes in his chair. A person of quick tact would have felt that he made a heavy sacrifice of his ease in pretending to listen so long, and accordingly have allowed him to hold forth. But the poor Peeress ran on. Every one else kept silence. The *comble* took place immediately after dinner, when the Peer (whom I am dying to name, but must not) took out his watch, and came up with it in his hand to the poet, to whom he begged to apologize for running away so soon. It was long past nine, and he had arranged to see the Viennese *escrimeuses* at ten; his wife was going to a soiree to hear Judic sing. These were truths under the circumstances not *bonnes à dire*. Victor Hugo perfectly well heard them. He also showed subsequently he was aware of the degree to which the French tongue had been ill-used by the guest at his right hand at dinner.

VICTORIA'S ASTONISHING VISIT.

I extract the following from an article in *The Times of Egypt*, an Arab newspaper:

Do not be astonished, intelligent readers, when your eyes fall on this article, and do not imagine that I am relating a dream to you, such as appeared recently in a French newspaper, for, in truth, I am only stating a fact—viz., that the Queen of England has resolved to pay a visit to our country—Egypt.

O Egypt, do not be astonished by the news of the approaching arrival of Victoria, for you have been accustomed to the visits of Kings and Queens since the remote ages.

You have been visited by the Persian, Cambyses; by the Greek, Alexander; by the Romans, Gallus and Marc Antony; and by the Frenchman, Napoleon.

After this, there is no reason to be astonished by the news of the approaching arrival of the Queen of England in Cairo.

We are informed by the latest intelligence that the English Houses of Parliament have already discussed the matter in a financial point of view; the one disapproving of the projected visit, the other approving of it, for a number of reasons, and it is now certain that the visit is about to take place.

In a short time Queen Victoria will embark on her royal yacht and, crossing the seas, will enter Egypt in pomp and majesty.

Perhaps the Egyptians will be anxious to see her Majesty, and will assemble in thousands to see her splendid reception.

We must warn them against being disappointed, when they see a lady already well advanced in years and bowed down with the cares of Empire, and would tell them that they must not prognosticate from this any ill-augury to the future of Egypt.

We further learn that the English Government has written to its representative in Cairo, informing him of her Majesty's coming visit, and desiring that all necessary preparations may be made for H. M.'s reception. Arrangements are also being made, by direction of the Queen Consort, in the Seraglio of H. H. the Khedive for the reception of her Majesty with all the "empressement" that the occasion calls for. It is further stated that H. M. will inspect the chief Ministries and Departments, and the various heads of these are also preparing for the honor of receiving a visit from the Queen.

It appears, from the London papers, that the British public are delighted with this step, which proves the interest and solicitude of the Queen in all matters tending to the advancement of her Kingdom and the well-being of her foreign possessions.

From Life (London).

HIGHLY IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

The President-elect of America is very busy forming his Cabinet and defining the future policy of the Democratic party. The Secretary of the Treasury will doubtless be Mr. Alexander Del Mar, who is now paying a visit to this country before settling down in office for a term of years. Mr. Alexander Del Mar held a post corresponding to that of the Secretary of the Board of Trade under the last Democratic government, and has since represented the United States at various monetary Congresses. He is considered the ablest financier in America, and the best mining expert in the world. Mr. Del Mar is the person who organized the movement some years ago against the Tammany ring, which resulted in the downfall of "Boss" Tweed.

BEATRICE'S WEDDING-PRESENT.

A subscription has been started in the diocese of Winchester to provide a fund for the purchase of a wedding present for H. R. H. Princess Beatrice. It is proposed to present her Royal Highness with a carved oak bookcase, designed by a first-rate artist, and containing a selection of the works of our best English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, the number of volumes to depend on the amount subscribed. The subscription is for women only, and as it is wished that all classes may have the opportunity of contributing, donations range only from a penny to five shillings. The lists close on March 3, when all the sums collected are to be sent to Mr. James Knight.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS FIDDLER.

At the very height of the Budapest carnival, Racz Pali, *primus* among Hungarian gypsy fiddlers, has gone to his eternal rest. Born in April, 1813, the veteran musician leaves a rather numerous offspring of no less than thirty-four living children, of whom twenty-nine were born to him by his four legitimate wives, while the remaining five were born out of wedlock. His funeral was one of the grandest ever witnessed at Budapest. As a soldier for twenty-four years of his life, his hearse was preceded by military as well as numerous gypsy bands. The first piece of music was a funeral march composed by Racz himself for his own burial, and the gypsies, alternating with the military musicians, gave his favorite nota, to the tune of which he was lowered into his grave. Among relics left by the dead musician is a diamond ring given to him by the Prince of Wales, and which is valued at several thousand florins. His favorite violin has been bequeathed by him to his son Racz Pali, jr., who henceforth becomes conductor of the famous band.

HUMANITARIAN A GOOD WORD.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Be kind enough to tell me whether in the editorial in Thursday's issue, "The Sentry at Khartoum," the word "humanitarian" was used in the dictionary sense? Rather is there any recognized authority for the use of the word in the sense you use it? It would seem that there ought to be; but I fail to find it. Don't suppose that this is an original discovery on my part. I was once tripped up on the word, and ever since I have taken vicious delight in upsetting others.

Brooklyn, Feb. 13, 1885. ALGERNON S. HIGGINS.

[The correspondent is right so far as Webster and Worcester go. The word is defined by them only in its strict theological sense as "one who denies the divinity of Christ and believes him to be a mere man." But the new Imperial Dictionary by Dr. John Ogilvie, sanctions the use which we made of the word by defining it as "one who has a great regard or love for humanity; a philanthropist." The word is now in general use in this sense both in England and America, and as there is the highest dictionary authority for it, our correspondent can adopt it hereafter without reserve.—*Ed.*]

REFUSING TO GO TO HER HOME.

Mary Wheeler, the woman who applied to Superintendent Walling on Saturday night for aid, and whose husband in Manitoba was telegraphed to for money, spent Saturday night in care of Matron Webb at Police Headquarters. She was shown a telegram from her husband yesterday morning offering to send her money if she would return home. She refused to accept it on those terms, saying that she would not live with her husband nor would she return home. The husband was informed of her determination. The woman said that she had left home several times before, and this time had determined to get for enough away so that she could not be found. Since her arrival here two or three months ago she had supported herself by doing house work, but she lost her position and was forced to apply to the police for aid. Matron Webb says that the woman is constantly talking to herself. From her actions and conversation Matron Webb thinks she is a crank and that her associations have not been of the most refined character.

A QUARREL OVER A WAITING GIRL.

While at supper last evening at No. 8 Grand-st., Brooklyn, Frederic Schlithing, aged twenty-two, and Conrad Echtes, age twenty-three, fell to quarrelling by reason of the jealousy each had of the other on account of attentions paid to Josephine Wien, the servant waiting on the table. When Echeter spoke to the girl Schlitting threw a fork at him. Echeter dodged it and ran out of the room, pursued by the other. The latter drew a pocketknife and when he caught up with Echeter plunged it into his left side, just above the hip. A serious wound was inflicted, and the injured man was taken to St. Catherine Hospital. His assailant was arrested.

A THEATRE FOR MR. BARRETT.

TO HAVE A BIG NEW HOUSE OF HIS OWN.

HIS IDEAS AS TO ITS MANAGEMENT—COMEDY AND TRAGEDY TO ALTERNATE.

In the graceful and thoughtful little speech with which Lawrence Barrett took leave of the New-York public for a time on Saturday night he hinted that before long he should have a theatre of his own in this city, wherein his ideas of management might be more fully developed. It has been for some time an open secret in theatrical circles that Mr. Barrett's ambition has for years lain in this direction, and lately the project has assumed a concrete form. A syndicate of capitalists is said to have made proposals to Mr. Barrett, which if accepted, will result in the erection of a theatre which will hold the same relation to the amusement world of New-York as the Lyceum does to that of London. Some weeks ago Mr. Barrett in talking over the affair said:

"I have certain ideas both about the actual building of a theatre and also about its subsequent management which I have long waited for an opportunity to carry out. I think that now I have every prospect of seeing my wishes gratified. Certain people have signified to me their desire to build a theatre in accordance with my suggestions. The situation has been decided upon, and it is in the very heart of the most desirable part of the city. That is the first essential. I believe that situation plays an important part in the success or non-success of any theatre. The site is of the right size, too—about 200x100 feet—which affords sufficient room for carrying out another of my ideas, which is that a theatre, to be successful, must not be hampered by too great a rent, and that therefore the interest on the capital invested must be paid by the utilization of the property in other ways besides the theatre proper. Thus on a site of the dimensions I have referred to there will be ample room for a magnificent apartment house, which will occupy the major portion of the front. As long as there is a large and noble entrance to a theatre one needs no more. The want of attention to this point was, I think, the cardinal error in Mr. Booth's theatre which, had it been flanked with stores or something of the sort, might be in existence to-day. As to the auditorium, I believe it should be grandly decorated, but without an excess of ornamentation to distract the eye from the stage. That should be the focus of interest for you know after all 'the play's the thing.' Structurally, I need hardly say the theatre should be entirely fireproof and I see no reason why the stage itself should not be laid on a fireproof floor which would decrease to a great extent the chief danger of the modern theatre. As a rule you will find that the majority of theatre fires start behind the curtain, and it is this region which should be as far as possible be rendered fire proof. The canvas on which scenes are painted is distemper is, you know, non-combustible; it will char, but it will not flame, and I see no reason why the framework of scenes itself should not be formed of light steel rods, which would put the scenery entirely out of the category of inflammable material. The rigging-loft, also a favorite point of attack for fire, might be of metal. All the upper rigging of the stage, too, might be so constructed that, by cutting one rope in some secure portion of the theatre, it would fall as a body to the stage, where the fire could easily be controlled.

"Now, as to the management, I am convinced that a manager who will take a high ground in his views of art has every prospect of success in New-York at the present time, but in order to be successful he must set his face sternly against several serious evils which have of late years crept into theatrical management. In the first place, I believe there is more harm than good done by sending out travelling companies. Let the people of other cities know that if they want to see your company and your play they must come to New-York, and they will wait until the opportunity offers, instead of seeing it at second hand in their own city. I should like to have a change of programme during the week, so that tragedy and comedy might each have a chance of representation, one portion of the week being devoted to the former and the other to the latter. Another innovation I should like to see made would be the raising of the price of admission. Why should every grade and every variety of dramatic wares be sold at the same price? If a manager presents an entertainment avowedly superior to that of the manager a block away, why should he not charge more for it? That I should try to interest our best known artists in my schemes and gain from them suggestions from their ripe artistic experience, I need hardly say."

OUT WITH THE SUNDAY SLEIGHS.

THE LIVELIEST DAY OF THE SEASON.

CROWDED SHEDS AT THE ROAD HOUSES—SOME OF THE TURNOUTS.

The usual quiet and sanctity of Sunday morning was broken at an early hour yesterday by the merry tinkling of sleigh bells. As dawn grew into day the tinkling waxed louder, and the solitary drivers were reinforced, until at noon-day there was a never-ending procession of sleighs crowding the uptown drives. The hills and dales of Central Park echoed and re-echoed with the ceaseless rattle of the bells. The snow storms of Friday and Saturday had covered the roads and park ways sufficiently to make sleighing possible, and it seemed as if every one who owned, could hire, borrow or steal a horse and cutter, was out making the most of what promised to be a transitory sleighing carnival.

Before many hours had elapsed "Old Sol" in all his glory came out, and with his warm glance sought to woo the bright and sparkling snow, as it lay in all its virgin purity, from mother earth. To a certain extent he was successful, but he did not succeed in stopping all the sleighing, though in the middle of the day he succeeded in making things a trifle sloppy. The gay and gallant youth of fashion slipped along in his three-horse droshy. If not contented with the world he appeared to be at least contented with himself. The man of family, with a host of little ones, was stalidly drawn along by the family team of mammoth build and plodding motion, while nodding plumes and jingling bells kept time with the childish prattle of the little ones. The clerk, with his best girl, sat contented in the sleigh drawn by a livery hack and tried to beguile himself with the notion that he was having a good time, but from the occasional woebegone expression of his face one would judge he was fruitlessly trying to drive away the phantoms of approaching storm when his landlady should present her board bill. Sleighs of indescribable pattern and make, drawn by horses whose only day of rest is Sunday, driven by tradesmen of all kinds, and with loads about equally mixed as to adults and children, helped to swell the crowd. Swift footed coursers, harnessed to skeleton-like, Portland cutters, threaded their way in and out among the crowd, steered by skilled reinsmen and dashed by with lightning-like speed that blended the jingle of the bells into one continuous sound and made the slower-going ones hold their breaths as they watched the wake of flying snow with pangs of envy.

The roadsides were lined with people who, not having the opportunity to ride themselves, enjoyed watching the pleasure of more fortunate ones, and seemed never to tire of the ever-shifting panorama. The exhilaration brought the bright color to the cheeks of the fair ones, and the weather was not cold enough to add disfiguring red noses. Bright eyes flashed back the sparkle of the snow drifts and the ring of happy voices added melody to the ring of the bells. At Claywood's, Barry's Romantic, Gabe Case's, and at Judge Smith's and all the smaller road houses the sheds were packed, and more money was taken in than on any whole week this season. Gabe Case sailed some time ago in company with John Murphy, the driver of trotters, for Sunny Florida, having given up all hopes of there being any more sleighing here this season and having lost all faith in specific prayer. He had tired of watching blizzards unaccompanied with snow, thought that a change of climate would restore his old-time blithesness and return to him the lightness that had made his double shuffle the envy of all amateur clog-dancers. In his absence, Joe, the fat boy, did the honors, and, because of the great crowd, was able to keep awake between meals.

Among the horsemen who were whirled along the road behind trotters were the veteran Frank Work, with his chestnut gelding Edward, one of his famous team, and Adjutant George W. Rand, of the 7th Regiment, with his high hat covered with snow from the busy hoofs of his gray gelding St. Cloud. Six foot three John Jackson Quinn drove his brown gelding Harry. Quinn says, "You can gamble on it; the horse can trot in 2:23." Quinn passed as the giant of the road until Commissioner Thomas Brennan, six feet six and three-quarters inches, drove up with Katie B., and deposed him. Gray-haired Edward Stokes dashed along behind his team Lyman and Bell Flower; Myndert Starin drove the chestnut gelding John H. Starin; ex-Senator John Fox smiled contentedly behind his team, Jack and Prince; Sam Devere, the minstrel, cracked his whip over his team; J. C. Smith, accompanied by H. M. Bradstreet, went the length of the road behind his bay mare Katie Brewster; ex-Alderman Sayles rushed along with his team, Sol and Jake; ex-Alderman McCabe was whirled along by his bay gelding; N. Garo Dunn drove a team, Pluto and Black Chase; W. E. Van Wyck drove the bay mare Lady Weymouth; Thomas Canary sat behind his bay gelding Harry Miner; Nicholas Houseman pulled the lines over his trotter Tony T.; J. D. Brown chirruped to his team Lambert and Kate; Colonel Mooney made the snow fly with his bay gelding Mountain Boy; Captain F. W. Vosburg slashed along with his bay gelding; Captain Humfreyville drove Joe Stickney, formerly Dan Bryant, and George Morgan drove the bay gelding Eugene Case.

ALLEGED FRAUD IN BEHALF OF CREDITORS.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, Feb 15. (*Special*).—Attachments were issued yesterday against the extensive plant of the Arms, Bell & Co.'s nut and bolt works on a suit for $10,000, brought by the Commercial National Bank of this city. The petition alleges fraud on the part of the directors, who issued a mortgage to secure certain creditors on February 5, when the petitioner's claim was due on January 27. The petition asks for the appointment of a receiver and the setting aside of the mortgage.

DECISION AS TO THE PATTERSON NOTES.

FREEHOLD, Feb. 15.—The suit brought by the First National Bank, of Manasquan, against Judge Samuel T. Hendrickson and William W. Conover, both of Red Bank, to recover $4,500 upon five notes has been decided in favor of the bank. The notes were cashed by the bank for Frank Patterson, the alleged forger. They had the indorsements of Judge Hendrickson and Mr Conover. It was claimed that the indorsements were forgeries and Messrs. Hendrickson and Conover refused to pay the notes. The case lasted three weeks and was hotly contested. It will be carried to the Supreme Court.

NOTES FROM LONDON.

EDMOND ABOUT—MR. BRIGHT AND JONATHAN DYMOND—MR. STILLMAN—MR. YATES.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Jan. 20.

M. Edmond About's death brings out an amount of eulogy on him in the English press which at first sight is surprising. *The Times* alone devotes nearly four columns to him. About was, however, one of the few living Frenchmen who had a public in England. Possibly his reputation was, in proportion to its extent, higher here than in France. People used to praise his novels as moral; presumably without having read them, or all of them. "Madelon," for example, is a curiously faithful study of certain forms of life which About knew well. But I should hesitate to recommend it to the library of Vassar College. Two or three of his lesser tales are on unmentionable themes. They have been much praised as *tours de force*, which perhaps they are, but they are tiresome books and they lie far outside the domain of literature. His book on Greece was an elaborate lampoon; undeniably clever and perfidious. The overpraised "Roi des Montagnes," another result of his residence in Greece, is farcical. It was probably "La Question Romaine" which more than anything made About known and liked in England. Never was there a more brilliant political pamphlet. All his life long he made war and jokes on the Papacy. Monks and miracles were to him irresistibly comic and he made them irresistibly comic to his readers.

About expected Napoleon Third, in whose commission this Roman pamphlet was written, to bring him on in politics; just as after he had turned Republican he expected Thiers and then Gambetta to do the same thing. But he never succeeded in convincing any one of them that he was a safe or useful man. Neither his tongue nor pen was under control. He was a journalist during the greater part of his life, and finally founded the *XIXeme Siecle*, of which he remained editor to his death. But he got his own and other papers into serious scrapes, and he never, or never save during one period, had an influence in the least proportionate to his intellectual gifts. He wanted balance, steadiness and resolution to suppress a brilliant and untimely sarcasm. His friends came in for more than their share of clever taunts and pitiless abuse. Yet he had delightful qualities, literary and personal alike. I used to see him occasionally in Paris. Once I met him here in London, some years ago. He was already grizzled, though he could not then have been fifty. He was a short, stout, compact little man who gave you an impression of solidity and petulance. In the slang of the period, he was "all there"; alert, irrepressible, with more energy than he knew what to do with. His eyes twinkled rather than sparkled, and were too near together. His outlet head and round red face with round features on a thick neck fitted well with his body. He was not always too well dressed, nor so scrupulously clean as wholly to disabuse the average Englishman of his fixed belief that the average Frenchman objects to too frequent baths. He had a critical, sceptical manner, much too self-conscious. It was not till he talked that you got an impression of intellectual vivacity. Then his whimsical humor and gift of paradox and flashing ingenuities of mind came out quite as brilliantly as in his books. Few men talked more rapidly, with a greater proportion of good things to the mile. Some of his books will live. "Madelon," "Germaine," "Trente et Quarante," and perhaps others. His name will live certainly. The hatred of the priests would keep it alive, if nothing else, just as the abuse of the priestly journals of France serves to-day as his best eulogy. No doubt he changed his politics, and his enemies called him a trimmer; as most Frenchmen of his generation have been in just the same sense that About was. But there was one thing in which he never wavered, and that was his hostility to the impostures and shams and intolerance and tyranny which to him were only so many manifestations of the spirit which ruled in his time at Rome.

A certain portion of Mr. Bright's political leisure is now spent in letter-writing. His letters soon find their way into print. They are fine examples of simple and forcible English, and they often contain interesting little bits of autobiography. Glimpses of Mr. Bright's opinions on subjects that have little to do with politics are to be had in this way. Sometimes he lets us know what books he likes;—this, too, he has repeatedly done in his speeches. In a letter this morning to Mr. Northy of Newquay, he advises him to read Dymond's "Essays on the Principles of Morality." Says Mr. Bright: "I know no better book in our language dealing with morals as applied to nations. If you have not got the book I will send it to you. There is much in it that would give you pleasure. As the world becomes more Christian his book will be more read and his name more received."

Perhaps it would be safe to say that nine people out of ten who read Mr. Bright's letter had never before heard of Mr. Jonathan Dymond or of his Essays. You may look into several biographical dictionaries without finding so much as the name of the worthy Dymond. Allibone has him, however, and the first line of Allibone's account explains Mr. Bright's partiality for him. Dymond was a member of the Society of Friends. Naturally, he was a peace man;—peace-at-any-price man, perhaps. He published in 1823 an "Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity," and no doubt found that War and the Principles of Christianity, as interpreted by a peaceful linen-draper of Exeter belonging to the Society of Friends, do not accord at all. Five years later, while preparing his Essay on the Principles of Morality for publication, he died, poor man, of consumption, and his book seems to have helped kill him. He worked hard at it, rising early, says the ingenuous Allibone, to his pleasing task. The work appeared in 2 vols. 8vo. in 1829, in London. By 1852 the peace public had consumed five editions of it in England and "several" in America. "Several" is characteristic of Allibone, who, moreover, with that comic verbosity which is also characteristic of him, remarks that Dymond had become deeply persuaded of the great influence for good which could be effected by a comprehensive exhibition of the true principles of morality as based upon the only infallible standard, the Word of God. And he desires to record his conviction that Dymond's essay is one of the most valuable works in the language. The American edition or editions were enriched with a Preface by Professor George Bush, who praises his author for nearly all the virtues in the calendar. Professor Cleveland ("English Literature Compendium, Cleveland") praises him not less; but I do not wish to detract from Mr. Bright's eulogy. Dymond's book will rise in value on the stalls as a consequence of his mention, and some enterprising publisher may even bring out a new edition of it. Nay, it may even be read.

Mr. Stillman has explained to Mr. Capper, through the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, that those American experiences of which the Englishman lately gave such a melancholy narrative were a series of practical jokes. There is, I suppose, no other way of accounting for Mr. Capper's amazing adventures and discoveries in America. An Englishman—and a civil engineer withal—who gravely assures his countrymen that Broadway through its whole length is a labyrinth of horse-car tracks, and that Central Park is not half the size of St. James's Park in London, can only have been hoaxed. Mr. Stillman is probably right in suggesting that the credulous Capper was taken to the Bowery and told it was Broadway, and to Union Square instead of Central Park. These and other explanations appeared a week ago, but Mr. Capper has not yet found time to comment on them or to give us any further views of the United States as seen by a victimized Englishman.

I looked into *The World* this morning in the hope of finding a full account of its editor's experiences in Holloway Gaol. But there is nothing. This is the more disappointing because Mr. Yates raised the expectations of the public by the jaunty and cheerful way in which he faced his fate. He made up his mind before the final argument, or during it, that there was no escape for him. Thereupon he made a journey to Holloway, saw the Governor, inspected the rooms, chose the least dismal, drove to a furnishing shop, ordered what he thought necessary to make his new lodging comfortable, and so last Friday morning went stoutly to the court-room with the conviction that he should only leave it in custody of the tipstaff, as he did. The only mistake he made at the time was in the smartness of his speech to the judges. Antithesis and epigram are good things in their place, but simplicity would have served him better at the moment.

This little error, however, scarcely impaired the good impression which his demeanor made on the public. It is no joke at Mr. Yates's age—he is, I think, fifty-three—to be locked up for four months, even as a first-class misdemeanant with privileges in the matter of food, drink, clothing, furniture, books, papers, letters and friends. He is used to an active life and to regular exercise in the open air. Rotten Row used to know him and his liver-colored, white-stockinged cob well of a morning, until he forsook London for Brighton. Many of those who think his offence inexcusable and his punishment just would none the less be glad to hear he was doing as well as could be expected. His paper comes out with the usual signature, "Atlas," to the columns of gossip under the familiar heading "What the World Says." But elsewhere an Acting Editor makes his appearance, and the Annals of Holloway have yet to be begun. In place of them we are treated to a not very clever skit on the scene in court, and two or three savage paragraphs on *The Times* and its present editor. The temperate article which that paper published on Saturday offered little provocation for such a retort. It is idle to talk about malignity, and about what Mr. Yates's friends will permit or not permit. He and they have no choice but to accept the undoubted fact that public opinion, on the merits of this Lonsdale libel business, is dead against him. Now that he is enduring manfully and courageously the penalty of his mistake, nobody wishes to say a word against Mr. Yates personally. But he will lose the benefit of the situation if he cannot manage to prevent such outbreaks of abuse as disfigure the present number of his paper. It may be that the rules of Holloway Prison don't allow him to read proofs; if not, he can only pray to be saved from the friends whose friendship impels them into vindictive personalities.

G. W. S.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

GOVERNMENT INDICATIONS.

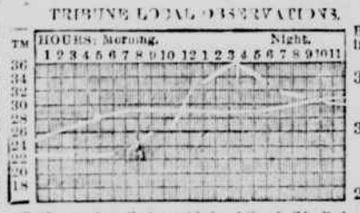
WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—For New-England, increasing cloudiness and snow, winds shifting to east and south, a slight rise in temperature, lower barometer, followed Monday night by colder westerly winds.

For the Middle Atlantic States, threatening weather and rain or snow, winds shifting to east and south and afterward to westerly, lower barometer, rising temperature followed on Monday evening by falling temperature.

For the Ohio Valley and Tennessee, rain and snow, colder partly cloudy weather, winds shifting to west and north, higher barometer.

For the Lower Lake region, light snows, winds shifting to west and northwest, falling followed by rising barometer and colder weather by Monday afternoon.

TRIBUNE LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.



The diagram shows the barometrical variations in this city by tenths of inches. The perpendicular lines are elevations of time for the 24 hours preceding midnight. The irregular white line represents the oscillation by the mercury during those hours. The broken or dotted line represents the variations in temperature, as indicated by the thermometer at Hoeg's pharmacy, 818 Broadway.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, Feb. 16—1 a. m.—The movement in the barometer yesterday was upward. A light fall of snow, which when melted measured .03 of an inch, was followed by clear and threatening weather. The temperature ranged between 23° and 36°, the average (29½°) being 6½° higher than on Saturday.

Partly cloudy weather with chances of rain or snow may be expected to-day in this city and vicinity.

FOR THE EDUCATION OF COLORED YOUTH.

NEW-ORLEANS, Feb. 15.—The Educational Conference of the colored commissioners held sessions every evening. Professor H. E. Brown, from Oberlin College, addressed the conference on Friday ev