OCTOBER.

Soft days whose silver moments keep
The constant promise of the morn,
When tired equinoctials sleep
And wintry winds are yet unborn:
What one of all the twelve more dear—
Thou truce and Sabbath of the year!

More restful art thou than the May,
And if less hope be in thy hand,
Some cares 'twere grief to understand
Thou hid'st, as is the mother's way,
With mists and lights of fairyland
Set on the borders of the day.

And best of all thou dost beguile
With color,—friendliest thought of God!
Than thine hath Heaven itself a smile
More rich? Are feet of angels shod
With peace more fair? Do heavenlier woods
There minister to lonely moods?

[ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

AT THE WARD-ROOM TABLE.

STRANGE ADVENTURES BY LAND AND SEA.

HOW THE HOURS ARE PASSED AFTER CIGARS ARE ALIGHT.

Another day had passed on the old receiving-ship and again the lights of the ward-room shone over a group of officers drinking their after-dinner coffee and smoking their cigars and cigarettes. It was the period of relaxation from the official dignity and routine cares of the day. A good dinner with a good cigar makes one meditative and retrospective, and usually the officers' minds reverted to their "strange ventures happed by land and sea."

The Doctor, who had been with the Greely Relief Expedition, was speaking of poor Ellison, whose hands and feet were frozen off amid the horrors of Cape Sabine and who died afterward on board the Bear. He said:

"The night poor Ellison died I sat by his bunk all night. He was delirious and rolled his head incessantly to and fro on his pillow. He muttered constantly, sometimes in German and sometimes in English. By listening carefully I could get the drift of what was passing through his mind. Sometimes he thought he was in Germany and saw the warm sunlight fall on the cottages of his native village. It was touching to hear this man, who every minute drew nearer to his death, converse in his delirium with the friends of his boyhood. But quickly always his mind reverted to the suffering, the horrors and the glorious achievements of those who had struggled with him under the midnight sun amid the eternal ice and snow. It seemed that he and Henry had been friends, and that when he learned that Henry had stolen the food of his starving companions it unmanned him more than all his sufferings. Henry's stern execution when he was shot to death on the barren crags of Sabine seemed to have been an additional shock to him. He would say: 'Henry—impossible—no, no—dead, dead—I am lucky and unlucky forever and ever—Captain Nares—Lieutenant Greely—North Pole—South Pole—impossible—impossible forever and ever. I am happy and unhappy forever and ever.' And with these words on his lips he died. I closed the sightless eyes of that poor handless and footless body that had endured and suffered so much, and went on deck. We were sailing along the Greenland coast and the morning was breaking over the icy cliffs of a stern and barren shore. The ghastly ghost of a dead world seemed to be there, and as I gazed at our black and solemn fleet, and thought that the ships bore the dead and those who hung between life and death back from that horrible Cape Sabine, I felt as if all Nature sang the *De Profundis*."

The solemn story of the Doctor cast a gloom over the company for a while, until one said: "Ah, well! It is a soldier's business to die, as it is ours. I doubt if many civilians comprehend how we men in the service feel about such matters. The early training at the naval and military academies has a great deal to do with it. Have you never seen with what fervor a party of cadets sing that song of 'Death and of honor that cannot die'—

"'Here's a health to the dead already,
And hurran for the next that dies.'"

A BANDMASTER'S FATE.

"Yes," said another Lieutenant, "and there is not a land from the Arctic to the Antarctic that does not contain the grave of some poor fellow, either an officer or sailor of the Navy, who died there. A curious case of the presentiment of death came under my notice last winter in Rio de Janeiro. I was attached to the Lancaster, the flagship of the South Atlantic Squadron. We were on the coast of Africa and were ordered over to Rio. The bandmaster, when he heard that the ship was going to Rio, begged for his discharge, saying that if he went to Brazil he should die of yellow fever. This was, of course, looked upon as a foolish idea of his, and his discharge was refused. Two days after our arrival in Rio the bandmaster was taken sick with yellow fever. We sent him to the hospital on shore, and as he was being taken over the side one of his ship mates bent over him and kissed him. He died in the hospital the next day and the same day the man who had kissed him was taken with the fever and also died. There was no yellow fever that we could learn of in Rio at the time, and these two cases were the only ones we had aboard our ship."

AMERICAN MARINES AT ALEXANDRIA.

"Speaking of the Lancaster," said another officer, "reminds me that the last time I saw her was at the bombardment of Alexandria. That was an exciting day. When Admiral Seymour signalled that he should open fire at a certain hour the fleets of the other nations in the harbor went outside in short order, but we took more time about it and did not go so far outside as the other fleets. A British officer said to one afterward: 'You fellows did seem awfully reluctant to get away from a place where fighting was going on.' It was a splendid sight to see, when the bombardment began, how 'Charlie' Beresford took the little Condor close up to the Egyptian forts and with his machine guns mounted in the tops drove the gunners from their guns. No wonder our men shouted 'Well done, Condor!' as she came by us. The work of the American marines in the city that night made a great impression on the English. Captain Hope, who now commands the gunboat Pelican, of the British Pacific Squadron, was attached to one of the English ships at Alexandria. A year ago last spring, when I was with the American expedition to the Isthmus, Captain Hope was lying in Panama Bay with the Pelican. The day we entered Panama Captain Hope stood on his deck and saw those steady columns of marines and blue-jackets march into the city. 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'I know those American marines. I saw them at Alexandria.'"

"IT'S YOUR BIRD."

These remarks woke a vein of thought in a member of the mess, who said: "Speaking of the Pelican reminds me of the albatross and an experience I had on my last cruise. One day when we were homeward bound a large albatross, either sick or exhausted, lit on our awning. I called to one of the men to climb up and get the bird. He did so and brought it to me. I am something of an amateur taxidermist; so I killed the bird and stuffed it. It was a beautiful specimen and I made up my mind to present it to the Smithsonian Institution when we arrived in the States. But the next day a messenger came and said that the sailor who had secured the bird for me wanted to see me at the mast. I went to the mast and the man said:

"'I understand you are going to give away my bird.'

"'Your bird!'

"'Yes, sir, that is my bird and I want it.'

"I saw at once that some of the ward-room boys had overheard me speaking of my intentions regarding the disposition of the albatross, and the man had got it into his head that the bird was valuable. He was going to take advantage of his position as an enlisted man to make me give it up, for he knew that it would be *infra dig* for an officer to have a contest with a sailor over a stuffed bir .

"'All right,' said I, 'when you want the bird you shall have it.'

"He went off happy, and I soon after saw him relating to his messmates with much glee the manner in which he had outwitted me. I went on as officer of the deck soon after and the first thing I did was to order that man aloft with instructions to keep a sharp lookout for land. We were then about 500 miles from shore. I kept him there until I was relieved. The next day when it came my turn of duty I sent him aloft again and kept him there four hours. The third day when I went on watch I sent him aloft again. He went up rather reluctantly this time, and when he had been aloft about half an hour I saw him coming down.

"'What is the matter?' I called out.

"'I want to speak to you, sir.'

"'Very well, go to the mast.'

"When I met him at the mast he touched his hat and said: 'It's your bird, sir.'

"'Very good,' I replied. 'I don't think we will make land to-day. You need not go aloft again.'

"The story got all through the ship, and thereafter when one sailor got the best of another in any way the worsted man would exclaim: 'It's your bird.'"

THE BURNING OF THE DEAD.

STEADY PROGRESS OF CREMATION.

SIXTY-EIGHT BODIES BURNED AT FRESH POND IN TEN MONTHS.

The crematory at Fresh Pond is no longer a novelty. Three or four bodies are now burned there almost every week and the fact attracts no more attention than the burial of hundreds in Mt. Olivet, the Evergreens and the other cemeteries in the neighborhood. Indeed, it may be fairly said that cremation as a means of disposing of the dead has already passed beyond the experimental stage, at least in this part of the country, and become an established institution. It is not yet ten months since the crematory was opened, but already sixty-eight incinerations have taken place, and the cremation company is upon a firm if not paying basis. The first body, that of Eugene Lievre, was burned on December 4, and since then nearly every month has witnessed an increased number of incinerations.

Naturally there is a good deal of curiosity felt as to who are the people that prefer this method, which met with such a storm of indignation when it was first proposed here a few years ago. An examination of the list shows that fifteen out of the sixty-eight cremated were women, whose bodies were burned at their own request. One lady was the daughter and granddaughter of Protestant clergymen, and her brother, also a clergyman, was present at the incineration. Only two of the list were Catholics, cremation being condemned by the Holy See, but a number were Protestants, and the rest represented every shade of religious belief. The oldest person cremated was eighty-eight years, the youngest nine weeks. Among the professions the medical, civil engineering, journalism, the military and the dramatic were represented, likewise banking and mercantile pursuits, besides a number of the trades.

ESPECIALLY POPULAR WITH GERMANS.

Although the advocates of cremation are not confined to any particular class in this country, yet it is more popular with Germans than with any other nationality, as out of the sixty-eight thirty-three were Germans. Of the others twenty two were born in the United States, five in France, two in England, while Scotland, Ireland, India, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland produced one each. Among the prominent names on the list are those of Dr. Dio Lewis; George P. Beschor, ex-consul of the Hanseatic League at Guatemala; Edward M. Roberts, the theatrical manager; Charles Cohn, of the *Staats-Zeitung*; Colonel Joseph Meredith; Harry Dodge, of Clark, Dodge & Co., brokers; Leopold Van Schenck, of *Puck*, and Carl T. H. Bretthauser, a German nobleman.

CHANGES IN THE COMPANY.

Several changes have taken place in the company since the building was formally opened. Dr. Bengless resigned the presidency some time ago, having been ordered to resume his duties as chaplain on the Brooklyn, and Augustus G. Cobb, of Tarrytown, a retired lawyer and an enthusiast on the subject of cremation, took his place. A meeting of the stockholders was held last spring to reduce the capital stock from $50,000 to $25,000, but there was not a sufficient number of shares represented to make the vote taken legal. Since then a bill has passed and become a law allowing limited liability companies, like the cremation organization, six months more than formerly within which to dispose of their stock. The company still has unsold about $9,000 of its stock, divided into shares of $25 each, and subscriptions are now being received for these at its office, No. 140 Nassau-st.

With the money obtained for this stock the company intends completing its building and beautifying the surrounding grounds. The expenses of the company are confined to the cost of conducting the crematory, office rents and the pay of employes. The officers of the company give their services gratuitously, finding sufficient recompense for their labors in the success that has attended the introduction of what they believe to be a great reform. Most of them are wealthy or in comfortable circumstances.

THE COMPANY AND THE SOCIETY.

A great many people still confound the cremation company with the New-York Cremation Society, despite the fact that they are two separate organizations. The society, which was organized and incorporated in 1881, had for its object the dissemination of cremation knowledge and literature. It was the outgrowth of the popular discussion of the subject, which began about a dozen years ago, and enlisted the co-operation of such men as Courtlandt Palmer, Felix Adler, James B. Brown and Chaplain John D. Bengless, of the United States Navy. The company was formed three years later for the purpose of building a crematory, which it succeeded in doing after a great deal of labor and difficulty. But while the two are separate, the society gives the crematory financial support and has done much to insure its welfare. The members pay regular dues, some of which are used for current expenses, the rest passing into the incineration fund. Any member dying with his dues paid is entitled to the benefit of this fund, and the society pays the expenses of his incineration. Several incinerations have been paid for in this way.

THE COST OF CREMATION.

The charge for cremating a body at Fresh Pond is still the same as at first, $25. At Lancaster it is $35, and at Washington, Penn., $40. When the custom becomes more general it will be possible to reduce these prices, for to incinerate two bodies in succession requires only about one-third more expense than to dispose of one. The expenses of conducting the crematory here are heavy; far greater, in fact, than is incurred by the establishments at Buffalo, Lancaster or Washington. Nearly all the bodies brought to these three crematories come from a distance and the preliminary arrangements are made by letter or telegraph. This allows ample time to fire the furnaces and engage men temporarily, rendering unnecessary the retention of regular salaried attendants, as has to be done by the managers of the Fresh Pond institution. It is situated five miles from the city; it has to be watched and cared for all the time, and its necessary supplies, such as fuel, are brought from a distance.

Nearly all applications for incineration come from within a radius of ten miles, and more than twenty-four hours' notice prior to the time of incineration is seldom given. Several days may pass without an application and then several may come together. All this requires the maintenance of a regular force to be ready for all emergencies. Four bodies can easily be burned in one day and even six in case of necessity.

GROWTH OF THE CREMATION IDEA.

The growth of the cremation movement continues, despite the opposition shown toward it. When the society was started here five years ago, there were only four crematories in existence, the one at Washington, Penn. and three in Europe, and the total number of incinerations at the four did not then exceed 200. In Europe to-day there are over a dozen crematories, London, Paris, Rome, Brussels, Dresden, Florence, Copenhagen and other smaller cities having societies which have put the theory into practice. In this country there are active cremation societies in nearly all the large cities. Four crematories have been built and others are about to be erected in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Detroit, Cincinnati and Louisville.

The health authorities and the medical profession generally are becoming more pronounced in their views in regard to the adoption of cremation, at least to a certain extent. The committee on the subject appointed by the Society of Medical Jurisprudence in their annual report declared cremation to be "a sanitary necessity," and recommended the passage of a bill by the Legislature requiring that all persons dying of contagious diseases should be cremated under direction of the medical authorities.

PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN.

Stockholm Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prince Carl has an apartment beautified with the same kind of things, but confined rather to the Turkish and Egyptian traps that he picked up on his more restricted travels. Prince Carl is the beauty and favorite of the royal family, a six-footed youth of twenty-three or more, with broad shoulders and a face of the ideal classic type. You find his photograph in every shop window, on bottles of cologne, boxes of face powder, packages of candy, and everything else that will catch the eye of the women of Stockholm, who adore the handsome young prince. Prince Carl is democratic in his notions, too, which takes with the people, and our party was surprised to breathlessness one day in the restaurant of the Rydberg to find a handsome young man at the table next to us looking more and more like the photographs of the prince, and having his identity dawn upon us before one of the flurried waiters could come to us and mysteriously whisper: "*Prins Karl!*" The beautiful prince, who would really do for fairy stories and novels, was as composed as any one, had a nice chatty time with his adjutant who accompanied him, ordered the four-kroner dinner, and ate it with a good appetite. The adjutant settled the earthly matter of the bill and fee, the Prince slipped into his satin-lined overcoat, lighted a cigar and the two struck across the Gustaf Adolf Torg in a bee line for the palace door at a gait that defied pursuit. Prince Carl enjoys some popularity for his name, and he recalls to the Swedes his uncle, Carl XV., the last King, whom the populace adored.

GLIMPSES OF THE THEATRES.

STAGE IMPRESSIONS, EXPERIENCES AND GOSSIP.

Shakespeare has indeed taken possession of the Union Square Theatre. Miss Davenport fills the stage with him at night, and Madame Modjeska occupies it with rehearsals of "As you Like It" through the day. On Friday afternoon she was there dressed in the peculiarly picturesque garb she has given to "Rosalind," and alternately directing her company, playing her own part and talking with her usual vivacity to a visitor, who looked on and marvelled at her adeptness. "I have, I hope," said she, "brought a benison on my season by devoting its earlier weeks to Shakespeare. 'As You Like It' will be succeeded by 'Twelfth Night' and then we shall take up our new repertory. Do you know I am in love with 'Rosalind,' and if you were to ask me when I should drop the character I should answer, as did Mr. Jefferson when asked the same question about 'Rip,' 'When the character drops me.' If you remember it is just about four years ago since I first played it here at Booth's Theatre, and though I have played it constantly since then I have never wearied of it. I now produce it with the novelty of a new company and new setting and I hope it will prove acceptable to you all." Madame Modjeska then chatted of the various theatres she has lately been to. "It is so seldom I see any one else act," she said, "that I have run to the theatre lately like a girl just out of the convent. I saw for the first time Miss Clara Morris and was thoroughly delighted. Had she appeared in Europe she would have gained a world-wide fame. Her acting is realism of the artistic and not the offensive description. She is indeed a wonderful woman. Wilson Barrett's 'Claudian' I have also seen and was impressed first with the naturalness and simplicity as well as sympathetic quality of his methods, and secondly with his consummate stage management. I don't think this has been properly dwelt upon by his critics. His management of his crowds reminded me strongly of the Meiningen company. Scenery and costumes were also perfect. Miss Davenport too has delighted me much. 'Theodora' I did not like. It is, I think, and always have thought, the weakest of Sardou's plays. The mechanism even is not nearly so perfect as in his other works, for he is a master of stage-craft. Take for instance the stabbing scene when 'Theodora' kills the wretch with every one kindly and conveniently turning their backs so as not to see it. With plenty of other plays and players too I have been charmed, but I suppose you hardly care to hear so much about my individual impressions and I will be merciful and spare you."

It is not often that Lester Wallack has time to spare nowadays for a quiet chat, but the other afternoon he was found taking a brief rest in his little office. Rehearsal of "Sophia" was just over and the "Gov'nor" was chewing the cud of what seemed to be sweet reflection. "I give you my word, my dear fellow," said he, "that it is a positive pleasure to rehearse a company such as that I have just left. I do not think that a stronger one has been seen in New-York for many years, and I mean between you and me to revive 'The School for Scandal' shortly, just to show what they can do. Now just think of a company with Kyrle Bellew, Harry Edwards, Kelcey, Groves, Miss Robe and Mr. Gilbert, with which to cast an old comedy! By the way, have you ever thought that 'Sophia' as an adaptation of 'Tom Jones' must be simply 'The School for Scandal' read anew? 'Tom Jones' and 'Bilal' were the actual progenitors of 'Charles' and 'Joseph Surface.' Indeed, Mr. Buchanan's play is in its essence a modern old comedy as it were. We have cast it with Bellew as 'Tom,' Edwards as 'Squire Weston' and Annie Robe as 'Sophia.' I am sure it will be interesting. Later on we shall produce 'Sister Mary,' which I think is a good play. It certainly contains some remarkably strong situations and the war scene is an integral part of it and not brought in for spectacular effect. The story may be rather painful, but there is quite enough brightness and comedy element to prevent the play being too mournful. It will afford as good a chance for scenic effect as 'Harvest,' which I think is one of the most successful scenic productions we have had at this theatre."

Last night William Gillette's play of "Held by the Enemy" said farewell for a season to New-York. To-morrow night it will be seen at the Providence Theatre, the manager of which, knowing a good thing when he saw it having refused to cancel Mr. Gillette's date. Had it not been for this the run at the Madison Square would have been continued during this week. Mr. Rockwood, Mr. Gillette's manager, said yesterday: "There is always something interesting to me in looking backward and seeing how curiously often the prophecies of the men who know it all are falsified. Before we produced this play here in the height of a hot summer season, hands were held up and heads wagged as failure dire and complete was prognosticated. Well from the first week we have played to a profitable business and Mr. Gill's profits have ranged from $800 to $1,150 a week while Mr. Palmer's were about the same. I assured by every country manager who has given us time that we may expect large business, so that the play even now may be called a most valuable property. My only doubt is about its reception in the South. I am told by one that the Southerners will take it in the right spirit, by another that the sight of a blue uniform on the stage is sufficient to kill any piece. I am inclined to think myself that the former opinion is the more correct, as Mr. Gillette has handled the subject deftly and with caution. I need hardly mention that the ubiquitous pirate is already at work. A piece called 'Held by the Foe' is being played at 10-cent houses, and we are going to take proceedings promptly so as to scare off others. We have received offers from England which I am considering. Though all of the English actors who have seen the piece, from Wilson Barrett down, are loud in their praise, I doubt whether the English public would accept so thoroughly American a play. Actors judge too much from their own point of view to make safe guides." Mr Rockwood added that the play would go on the road with the entire Madison Square cast, despite some false and malicious statements to the contrary.

On Friday morning a good-looking and slightly portly person appeared in the places where the lines of theatrical people are laid and spent the greater part of the day in shaking hands with every one he met. It was "Al" Hayman, the San Francisco manager, who having left his two theatres, the Baldwin and the California, in the safe hands of his local manager, has come East to spend the winter and look after his interests here. Mr. Hayman, who seemed exceedingly rejoiced to greet New-York once more, remarked: "As perhaps you know, I have cancelled all my dates for Osmond Tearle in his new melodrama. The night of its production two weeks ago at the Baldwin I made up my mind that it would not do. It is not a bad play, but it is of too commonplace a description to suit the audiences before whom Mr. Tearle would have played it. In cheap houses there may be money in it, but for my purposes it was clearly useless. I determined, therefore, to do at once what any sensible business man would do. To cancel my dates at once meant a loss of about $10,000. To continue the season and bolster the play up meant a season of hard work and the loss of almost as much money on the bare possibility of recovering it next year. I chose the former course, cancelled all my dates and made up my mind that I had lost my money. The company I had engaged I shall keep for six weeks so as to enable them to look around. I could of course have given them two weeks' notice, but I did not think this a kindly course to pursue. Mr. Tearle I shall place somewhere, but where I cannot say just at present. With this exception my season has been most prosperous. Mr. Palmer's engagement was phenomenal. The receipts ranged from $800 (the lowest) to $1,200 and $1,400 a night. I think 'Jim the Penman' is going to be the success of the season here for it is an extraordinarily good play it well acted. J. C. Duff played a good engagement, though the second weeks of 'The Mikado' and 'Iolanthe' respectively showed rather a falling off in receipts. I am delighted with the reception of Miss Fortescue, and expect to have a most prosperous season with her both in and out of New-York. Finally, I am glad to be back in New-York, where I feel as much at home as in San Francisco."

Leigh Lynch, who for years was a familiar figure in the box office of the Union Square Theatre, is now acting as manager for E. G. Gilmore at Niblo's. In the intervals of several veracious fish-stories he was relating with much zest the other day he talked about the theatre and Mr. Gilmore's plans for the future. "We drop," said he, "on Monday night from the level of Sardou to that of negro minstrelsy, but one will be as artistic in its way as the other. Thatcher, Primrose and West, who begin on Monday a two weeks' engagement with us, have I believe a strong company. They are going to give us 'Theodora' in black, so we shall still keep it on our bills. For lions they have constructed some ferocious looking creatures out of the ordinary or domestic Newfoundland dog, the lionizing process consisting chiefly of an extensive application of the razor. When 'Theodora' leaves here it is possible that Mr. Gilmore will possess an important interest in it, though as yet this is not definitely settled. If so, some changes will take place in the staging of the play and 'Ben' Teale, whom everybody knows as a particularly clever stage director, will doubtless take hold of it. At the Fourteenth Street Theatre, Mrs. Bowers is to be succeeded by M. B. Curtis in his new Hebrew play, and then Denman Thompson will come in for a run. I think he will have a long one, for I hear his new play is remarkably funny, and pathetic as well. Of Mrs. Langtry there is nothing but cheerful news to tell. 'The Lady of Lyons' (as in current phrase 'caught on') so decidedly that it will probably be allowed to finish out the engagement. The houses got larger and larger as the week went on, and last night there was not a seat to be had after 8 o'clock."

"Though our theatre will be closed next week," said A. M. Palmer, yesterday, "we shall not be, by any means, idle. 'Jim the Penman' will be rehearsed carefully every day, though we have already played it on the road. Several of the characters have been recast, Mrs. Agnes Booth and H. M. Pitt, the latter of whom I have just engaged, being among the newcomers. As I have told you before, too, the interior of the house will receive also a thorough overhauling and on our opening night I hope everything will be spick and span both off and on the stage. I have been much pleased with the evident interest taken by the public in our opening. I gave notice that application for tickets sent by mail would receive attention before the regular opening of the box-office on Monday. Two or three days ago the whole of the orchestra seats were gone in response to requests, and now we are offering our friends balcony seats, and even these are likely to be almost gone before the box-office opens. I cannot say that over-confidence in the fate of new plays is one of my besetting sins, for as a rule I look only on the darker side of such matters, but now I do feel that I have a play that is interesting and worthy in every way to set before the public and I look forward to a long and prosperous run of 'Jim the Penman.' However, that is to be proved by time alone. In the course of conversation Mr. Palmer referred to the large sums which during his career had been paid by him as royalties to authors. "I have always paid," said he, "for the use of an author's property, though at times not legally obliged so to do. I do not doubt that first and last I have paid upward of $500,000 to authors. For one play alone I paid through Mr. French more than $70,000 to the author, so there is a rich prize awaiting the long-looked for American author and his successful play."

Dion Boucicault has plunged at once into work since his return and is now busy gathering together with Marcus Mayer's assistance a company to support him in his projected tour. "I have brought with me," said he, "three of the more important members of the cast which played with me in London and then there are of course Mrs. Boucicault and myself in addition. Mr. Lethcourt, who will arrive here in a day or two, you will remember as a member of Mr. Wallack's company here some years ago. Miss Bannister, who will play 'Phyllis,' is a charming young actress of rare beauty and intelligence. Then I shall have Mrs. Barker, who played with me here last season. We open our season on Saturday, October 30, at the Standard Theatre, where we shall play for two weeks only, going from there to Boston for a five or six weeks' run. The Jilt' is of course my opening piece, but during the season, which will include a return engagement in New-York, I shall produce two new plays. One of them is an Irish play with a sort of Shaughraun-like character—an Irish boy—which I shall play myself. The other is more of the 'Octoroon' order though adapted to the taste of the day. I am at work too on a book for which I am making arrangements with a New-York publisher. It will consist of selections from my plays arranged in chronological order and tied together by a string of reminiscence concerning the first productions and the actors who created the principal parts. I think this cannot fail to be most interesting."

Miss Genevieve Ward since her short season at the Star Theatre closed has been meeting, so her manager, Mr. Rial, says, with most gratifying success. To-morrow evening she begins a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House and already the advance sale of seats is large. Miss Ward will play "Forget-Me-Not" at every performance except that of Friday night, when she will give "The Queen's Favorite." This is in deference to the requests of a number of her admirers who regard her characterization of the "Duchess" in Mr. Grundy's play as one of her happiest efforts.

Franklin H. Sargent, who has by this time become well known in New-York as a conscientious and able teacher of acting, has just returned from a professional visit to Chicago. He has moved from his old quarters on Fourteenth-st. to the Lyceum Theatre and Mr. Frohman and he will probably find the change one for their mutual benefit. To-morrow the winter's work at the school will begin and Mr. Sargent says that he already has on his books enough applications almost to fill the vacancies in his classes. "While in Chicago," said he, "I was struck by one thing most forcibly. It is generally stated by those who profess to show at the work of myself and other instructors that our pupils never are heard of after leaving the school. In my case at any rate this is a complete error. I teach my pupils how to act if they can act, and if they cannot I have nothing to do with them. Now in Chicago there were nearly a dozen travelling companies, some of them of great repute, playing during the course of my visit. In each and every one of these companies I found an old pupil, in some instances occupying an important position in the cast. I think this is proof rather positive that our teaching is of practical value."

On Thursday last the first orchestral rehearsal of the American Opera Company was held at the Academy of Music. In obedience to Mr Thomas's strict rules no one was admitted to the auditorium during the rehearsal but Mr. Locke, the manager. He said afterward: "I was in some respects agreeably surprised, for several of our new leading singers had been heard by me only at a disadvantage before this rehearsal. I am not inclined to encourage vainglory and so shall not individualize anyone, but I think when you hear them you will admit that in our principals the improvement over last season is most marked. The chorus and ballet too are in much better shape and altogether I enter the lists next month with a light heart."

"Erminie" appears to be as successful "on the road" as it was in New-York, and it is not improbable that Mr. Aronson would have acted the wiser part had he kept it in its original home. At the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, last week the houses overflowed at every performance. This week the company continue in Philadelphia, then play a week in Brooklyn and then come home to the Casino, where "Erminie" will once more be seen.

The fiftieth performance of "Little Jack Sheppard" will take place a week from to-morrow night at the Bijou Opera House. During the run of this successful burlesque Mr. Goodwin has continually embroidered as it were his part until now there is but little of the original fabric visible. During the past week the interior of the house has been somewhat changed in aspect. It has been entirely repeated with handsome cushioned chairs and the smoking-room and lobbies have been refurnished and hung with new curtains. The change of seating was desirable and will add to the comfort of the audiences.

The usual change of bill will take place at Docksta der's to-morrow night, though the business fully warrants the continuance of that which delighted last week's audiences. The changes include new features, ballads and songs in the first part and a new specialty by Mr. Docksta der. A new sketch entitled "The Bartholdi Statue" will make its timely appearance and in the course of it a realistic view of the Bay and the Statue of Liberty will be introduced. The children's matinee yesterday was well attended and will be repeated next Saturday.

BETSY PATTERSON BONAPARTE.

From The St. Louis Republican.

In an aristocratic portion of Baltimore stood an old mansion which seemed to frown down upon its shoddy neighbors, and whose walls sheltered one of the most remarkable women of the age—a woman whose history was intimately interwoven with that of the most wonderful man of modern times—Napoleon Bonaparte. Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte had fallen from her high estate, and the widow of a king was living like any ordinary mortal in a boarding house. Here she passed an uneventful existence in one room, without an attendant, without a friend and almost estranged from her own relatives, wrapped in the mantle of egotism and selfishness she lived alone and died unwept.

In the dim summer twilight, seated at one end of the old-fashioned salon, she was indeed a quaint figure. Her wizened and wrinkled face and small, bent form looked as if it had stepped out of a Dutch genre picture, so foreign was it to all her surroundings. Here she lived and here she died; encompassed by a bevy of garrulous old women whose fulsome compliments gratified her insatiable craving for admiration. Here she sat in the midst of her court, her throne an ancient wicker rocking-chair with a faded red cushion, and in lieu of a sceptre she wielded a turkey-tail fan, so dear to old-fashioned Southern ladies. Often with skeleton fingers she would beckon me into the charmed circle, but I always felt as if in the presence of the weird sisters, and could almost fancy in the half-light I could see them flying away astride of broomsticks to hold unholy revel on the summit of the Brocken; Mme. B. always posed as a martyr, but if the noble army of martyrs is composed of such as she, then all mention of them should be expunged from the prayer-book. She loved absolutely no one, and was loved by no one; her sole god was ambition, and Mammon also came in for a large share of adoration. Her vanity was insufferable, and she never conversed about anything but herself or what pertained to herself; her tongue was as venomous as that of the forked adder, and its sting as painful. Her dearest friend or her dearest foe alike suffered, for she spared no one, not even her own family. She was that infrequent anomaly—a woman without a heart. By defaming others, she sought to exalt herself on a pedestal high above common mortals, and all feared but none esteemed her. The atmosphere of false friendship was congenial to her temperament; but even among her cronies her tongue got the better of her, and at times her court would retire, routed and discomfited, under the sharp shower of invectives that stung like scorpions as they fell from her pitiless lips.

Her complexion bore a likeness to one of the mummies in the British Museum, and her false white teeth gleamed between her parched lips with unearthly whiteness. An undoubtable and disreputable-looking brown wig crowned her blanched locks, and was, for better security, bound to her forehead by a piece of rusty black velvet, in the centre of which shone a cameo ornament which she dignified by the name of a "ferroniere."

I have occasionally seen such in old pictures. It somewhat reminded me of the fabled jewel in the toad's head. "Looking on this picture and then on that" I could fancy that a sorcerer's hand had transformed her into the hag she was. Her hands and feet were disfigured by rheumatism and appeared like knots on a gnarled oak tree. Her figure was spare almost to attenuation, and hanging loosely on her shrunken limbs was a gray de beige dress made with a gathered waist and plain round skirt, and this was fashioned in a skimpy style so as to avoid all waste of material; her feet were encased in white stockings, such as can be bought for about 15 cents a pair, and her slippers were of old-fashioned prunella without heels.

Once she made this epigrammatic remark, which was so apropos that it could not fail to make an impression. She said in her declining years: "Once I had everything but money, now I have nothing but money."

In travelling she even treasured up the half-consumed candle ends, and hoarded in her reticule the superfluous lumps of sugar that were left over from the coffee, and even utilized the backs of old letters in carrying on her correspondence.

In her old age, when rolling in wealth, she dressed like a pauper, and made the closest bargain possible for her food and lodging. Occasionally, on pleasant days, she would order me to put on my tiara and accompany her on a shopping expedition. I entertained a holy horror of these jaunts, but dared not refuse, and meekly allowed her to take my arm to save her from falling as she walked. On these occasions she would array herself in a black silk that looked like the cast-off garment of a past age. This was supplemented by a rusty black shawl, and on her head she wore a black velvet bonnet of obsolete fashion. I was always convinced that it was one of the twenty that she brought over from her last European trip, and which she declared should last the remainder of her life. So meanly clad was she that a passing stranger would almost have felt inclined to drop a few pennies in her withered hand. She was the dread and despair of the Baltimore shopkeepers, and she forced them to pull down everything from their shelves and never purchased anything but the very cheapest articles. She was reckless enough on one occasion to spend a dollar for a calico wrapper, in which she appeared at breakfast the next morning, wearing on her head a cotton bandanna handkerchief in the guise of a turban. She seemed to think I was lost to all sense of the useful and beautiful when I refused to invest in a similar garment, and descanted freely on the extravagance of the age. She really must have possessed an elegant wardrobe, but she had not appeared in any of these toilets since the memory of man. Why she hid them away no one ever knew.

Among her relics was the gown she appeared in on her wedding night, when, in all the pride of her youth and beauty, she stood by the side of a future king and the words were pronounced that made them one for a brief period and two for almost a century.

A looker-on thus describes her marriage garments, which she preserved intact to the day of her death: A short skirt of the sheerest India mull covered with rare old lace as fine as a cobweb; it was very narrow and short-waisted and the corsage was extremely decollete, according to the fashion of the day. Her sole ornament was a string of oriental pearls. Under this do not blush, ye modern belles—she wore a single garment, and as our historian has not designated it, we will leave it to the imagination of our readers. The observing guest furthermore emphasizes the scantiness of her bridal costume by declaring that he could have put it all in his pocket. She kept most of her belongings under her eye, trusting in no one, and many of her valuables were tied up in bundles and piled indiscriminately on the floor.

ACTORS OUTSIDE THE CALLING.

BROOKLYN'S AMATEUR SOCIETIES.

THE AMARANTH, GILBERT, AMATEUR OPERA AND OTHERS—THEIR GIFTS TO THE "PROFESSIONAL" STAGE.

Not only has Brooklyn for years had a greater number of amateur dramatic organizations than any sister city, but they have as a rule reached a success and maintained a social and moral tone not surpassed if rivalled elsewhere. Amateur dramatics, indeed, have not been a temporary "craze," but rather a permanent and general feature of Brooklyn social life. Most people of good social standing are interested in them, and no more representative collection of 2,000 Brooklynites can easily be found than in one of the audiences gathered almost every week in the Academy of Music to enjoy a performance by one of the four leading societies. The amateur season is pre-eminently the social season of Brooklyn. Everything else is dated from it and by it.

There are four large associations in Brooklyn which give their performances in the Academy of Music, mustering to each an audience of between 2,000 and 3,000 persons. Unlike most amateur societies in other cities, the members give these entertainments to their friends outright. All tickets are purely complimentary, and there are no assessments for reserved seats, "hat checks," or anything of the kind. Superior orchestral music is provided, and the costumes and stage settings rival those seen at any of the regular theatres. All this expense is borne by the hundred or more subscribing members of each society, who also devote much time and work to the cause of providing their friends with free entertainment.

THE AMARANTH.

The oldest and best known of the Brooklyn amateur organizations is the Amaranth, upon which falls the honor of opening the season of 1886-'87. It was established sixteen years ago upon the ruins of the old Entre Nous. The Hon. John Oakey was chief among the original members. For many seasons he was a star actor, for three years he was president, and for eleven years he edited the society's programme. He alone of all the founders retained his active connection with the Amaranth unbroken up to the beginning of the present season, when he retired because of family bereavement. But memberships in the Amaranth are always eagerly sought, and there are seldom any vacancies in the roll of 150. The officers of the society this year are E. G. Williams, president; T. A. Quinlan, vice-president; C. H. Bliven, secretary; H. A. Kessel, financial secretary; J. W. Macully, treasurer; W. F. Johnson, editor of programme; E. S. Bunker, Thomas Adams, jr., F. M. Lawrence, C. T. Jones, R. W. Buttle, M. Chauncey and E. H. Carlton, trustees; Percy G. Williams, chairman of dramatic committee; Charles Bellows, jr., stage manager.

Miss Edith Kingdon, Miss Minna Gale and other professional artistes, went out from the Amaranth Dramatic Corps. Among the prominent players who remain are Mrs. Charles Bellows, jr., Miss Ada Woodruff, Miss Helen Dayton, Miss M. Sloat, Miss E. O. Greene, Miss M. Longstreet, Mrs. Ada Austin, Mrs. Harriet Webb, Percy G. Williams, Charles Bellows, jr., Charles Heckman, John C. Costello, Wallace Grant, H. T. Hill, W. B. Vernam, A. P. Vredenburg and R. B. Throckmorton. A picked company of these will open the Brooklyn amateur dramatic season of 1886-'87, the Amaranth's sixteenth year, next Wednesday evening, at the Academy of Music. The play will be Burnstone's "Married Life," a light comedy, and the society this winter will confine itself to works of that order.

THE GILBERT.

The Gilbert is probably the strongest and one of the most popular of the amateur societies. It was named after Mr. John Gilbert, of Wallack's company, but it is said that that veteran comedian has never yet had an opportunity to witness one of its performances. The society has distinguished itself by now and then bringing out original plays, written by one of its own members. It also has a habit of producing plays imported from London, which have never before been seen on the American stage; that being the case with the piece selected for opening the coming season. Mr. Robert Hilliard, now known as a professional manager and actor, was one of the founders of the Gilbert and a favorite actor on its stage. Mrs. Nellie Yale Nelson, known far outside of Brooklyn as a clever amateur actress, remains a leading member of the dramatic corps together with Mrs. Alice Ferris, Miss Hattie Neellen, Miss Pauline Willard, Miss Grace Clark, and Messrs. C. Canfield, Adam Dove, W. T. Harris, C. T. Catlin, J. W. Noble, John Billings and W. B. Vernam. "Not Guilty," an English four-act drama by Watts Phillips, never yet played in this country, will be the opening piece of the season, at the Academy of Music November 2 (election night). The cast will include Mi