OUR ENGLISH KIN.

A DECIDED COOLING OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP TOWARD AMERICA.

THE EXCLUSION OF LOWELL FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY—LITERARY JEALOUSY—THE PRESS—POITICAL INFLUENCES.

[BY CABLE TO THE TRIBUNE.]

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London, April 23.—In view of what has been said here and elsewhere touching Dean Bradley's exclusion of the Lowell memorial from Westminster Abbey, one point ought to be made clear. The proposed memorial was entirely English in its origin. It was Lowell's English friends who projected it, Mr. Leslie Stephen at the head of them and many respectable and respected Englishmen in company with him. No American, so far as I know, had any share in the proceedings, or attended the meeting called by Mr. Stephen, though some were invited. No American name was signed to the application addressed to the Dean. I must say that I think Mr. Stephen and his friends might have so managed matters as to avoid the public rebuff they have endured from Dean Bradley. Possibly they did not imagine that such an affront to Lowell's memory was to be expected.

It would be interesting to know how it came to be made public. The first account of the matter appeared as a piece of literary scandal in a weekly literary paper notoriously inimical to Americans and American literature, "The Athenæum." Perhaps Mr. Stephen would tell us who sent this statement. I do not think he sent it. His friendship to Lowell was perfectly sincere. Not much has been said here about the refusal. It is regretted by the best Englishmen. It is applauded by those who are not the best, by purveyors of that cheap gossip to cheap papers. So far as there exists here anything like jealousy of American writers, that sentiment also is gratified.

There is undoubtedly in England a half uneasy feeling that the best period of modern English literature is past, and that American literature, so far from decaying, is steadily advancing. Three great writers are left to this country, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Ruskin. They are all past seventy. Mr. Ruskin is almost silent, and Lord Tennyson is a spent force. Of the middle-aged writers who can be named, who is even second rate? Of the younger men there is Mr. Stevenson, who is forty-two; but Mr. Stevenson has given us his measure long since, and admirable as he is, he has yet to produce a masterpiece. Mr. Kipling? He can write short stories. Whether he can do more, no one yet knows.

This is not a state of things which the English critic can survey with pride. Some of the men who in other days would have written books have found that it pays better to write for the press. Men like Mr. Andrew Lang, who has culture, do both. But in his case it is hard to say where journalism ends and literature begins. He belongs, too, not to the younger, but to the elder brigade. Where is the coming poet? Where is Matthew Arnold's successor? Who is the great novelist of the immediate future?

More than one branch of letters could be named in which American writers are admittedly superior to English. Lowell himself had not his equal in England in his knowledge of English literature, or in his many-sidedness. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has not his equal. There is not among living English writers of fiction more than one writer of genius, and she is a woman. Neither Mr. Bret Harte, nor Mr. Henry James, nor Mr. Howells has an English counterpart. No English critic has done for the Victorian era of literature what the American critic and poet, Mr. Stedman, has done. This is no place to pursue the comparison in detail, nor need one wish to do more than indicate the grounds of the jealous dislike toward America which so often shows itself among men of letters in England.

Those who yield to this sentiment are not always conscious of it, but it exists, and the most emphatic expression of it is the exclusion of Lowell from Westminster Abbey. Dean Bradley certainly did not take his decision without consulting others. He is a retired schoolmaster. He was in many respects a very good schoolmaster. His appointment to be Dean of Westminster was a surprise to everybody. He has done many things since to justify the surprise. The place was in the gift of Mr. Gladstone. He is responsible for Dean Bradley. The Dean's intentions are excellent. His acts are what we see in his treatment of Arnold and Lowell.

It is to be said in his excuse that many Englishmen think the Abbey ought to be reserved for Englishmen. I think they are right. If Lowell is not good enough for the Abbey, no American writer is good enough, and the number of living English writers whose friends are likely to clamor for their admission is not large enough to be an embarrassment to Dean Bradley. Of any future application in behalf of any American there surely can be no danger. Let the door which has been shut remain shut. "Have you no Westminster Abbey of your own?" asked an Englishman, with that delicacy in handling delicate questions which distinguishes some of our cousins. Our ancestors and his builded the Church of St. Peter, which is now closed to us, but we can afford to assign to them any share in it to which America might have thought herself entitled.

I dwell on this incident because it is a striking illustration of a feeling which seems to me in great part new and altogether deplorable. The feeling here toward America is not quite what it was. The English themselves might be surprised to hear it said that their good-will to their American kin beyond the sea has cooled off. But I fear that it has. A chill is not necessarily a fatal disorder, and this is probably not fatal, not permanent, only a passing phase; but it is a phase, and one that has to be considered. A good many things have combined to produce it—literary, political, social, and some others. The English press is one cause, and the worst of it is that the best English papers are unaware of the mischief they are doing, and the best of them never meant to do it, and do not now mean it. They have thought they were fair to us, and they have been extremely unfair.

If we are to look at political events, a change of tone and attitude may be traced to the McKinley tariff. We need not blame them too much for that. The McKinley tariff hit the English manufacturer hard; or he thinks it did, which comes to the same thing. The press wrote of us at the time of its passage as if we were the vilest of mankind and the most ignorant. Public men spoke in a more guarded but equally damaging tone. Read what Mr. Gladstone said. Do you suppose that added anything to the stock of good will? They upbraided us for our selfishness; as if any nation legislated on fiscal or any other subjects for the benefit of its neighbors. They have been all powerful commercially in South America, and they resent Mr. Blaine's far-seeing policy of commercial reciprocity and political amity.

Then came the International Copyright act. You know how grudgingly that was received. The English publisher and printer had always hoped that the American market was to be long open without restriction to books of British manufacture, that American printers and paper makers, and all the allied trades, were to go to the wall. They were angry because we chose to look after the interests of our own people. They resented what they called the protection clauses in the Copyright act. If there was any gratitude for our recognition of the rights of the British author, it came from the author; and the author is not the greatest force in this country, nor the most direct.

Among those influences by which public opinion is governed, then, since politics cannot be kept out of such an inquiry, the Irish in America are a standing grievance with the English. They have not forgotten that less than ten years ago we allowed them to plan and to some extent to carry out in America a dynamite campaign against England. They thought then, and large and powerful classes have ever since continued to think, that America was the Irish base, and that by our connivance or consent all sorts of hostilities were set on foot. The Fenian raid on Canada is not forgotten. Nor have the English forgiven the appointment of a man whom they consider as a refugee from English justice to be American Minister to Chili. They thought it an insult. The American money poured into Ireland to be used for the purposes of disorder, that is not forgotten either.

Then we quarrelled about the Canadian fisheries, and hard things were said. We quarrelled again about Behring Sea. Each time the same thing was alleged, that we were catspaws of the Irish. The English papers have never left off saying it. They imputed—I quote chapter and verse to you week after week—the basest motives to President Harrison, to Mr. Blaine, and to the Senate, in the Behring Sea dispute. Such attacks on a friendly country cannot be made day after day and week after week without producing an effect. Of course they produce an effect on us. But I refer now to the change they have wrought on the minds and feelings of the English themselves. Calumny is a contemptible thing, but sometimes does its work. Some of the complaints I have cited are calumnies. Some may not be. In so far as any of them are true, the influence of them is the more injurious.

True or false, these English invectives, which do mischief enough on the other side of the Atlantic, do even more at this side. They are at any rate more than enough to account for the present state of English feeling toward America. It is not necessarily, I repeat, a permanent alienation. It is not universal. Perhaps it is not even general. But it exists for the moment, and exists to an extent which makes it a misfortune for both countries.

G. W. S.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD SOMERVILLE JAFFRAY.

The death of Edward Somerville Jaffray yesterday afternoon removed from the commercial world of New-York a man who for half a century had been one of its prominent figures. Mr. Jaffray was attacked by the grip last January, and although he recovered so far as to be able to attend to his daily duties, he never fully regained his health. A few days ago he was again taken sick and on Friday his condition became dangerous. He died at No. 615 Fifth-ave. yesterday afternoon at a few minutes before 5 o'clock, surrounded by his children and grandchildren.

The name of Jaffray has been known in New-York from the beginning of the present century. It was Robert Jaffray who in 1809 came to New-York and started a branch house of the London drygoods firm of J. R. Jaffray & Co. Edward Somerville Jaffrty was born in London, England, on March 23, 1816. He was of Scotch and English parentage. His father was John R. Jaffray, the London drygoods merchant. On May 17, 1833, young Mr. Jaffray landed in New-York and identified himself with the house of Robert Jaffray, then managed by his uncle. He showed such an aptitude for business that he soon had a share in the management of the firm's affairs, and upon the death of his uncle Robert, he reorganized the branch house under the name of J. R. Jaffray & Sons. The members of the firm were Edward S. Jaffray and his two brothers, Richmond and Arthur Jaffray. Richmond Jaffray died about twenty-five years ago, and Arthur Jaffray, who spent most of his time in England, died a number of years later.

Shortly after the close of the war the firm name was changed to E. S. Jaffray & Co.

The surviving partners of Mr. Jaffray are his son, Howard S. Jaffray, J. P. R. Woodruff and Sylvester A. Haver. Under the conditions of the late Mr. Jaffray's will, the business of the firm will be continued as at present. The house was first located in Pearl-st., and was afterward moved to Park Place. Mr. Jaffray purchased parcels of land in Broadway near the close of the War, and built the building which now stands at Broadway and Leonard-st. When the Rebellion was on the eve of breaking out, spies were sent to New-York, who secured the names of all the merchants who were opposed to the Southern cause, for the purpose of establishing a boycott. Mr. Jaffray was a warm champion of the Union, and although he well knew that financial losses would follow, he announced his sympathy with the North. When the War broke out he contributed liberally to the Government funds. The loss of his Southern connections afterward proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the merchants who sold goods to the Southern merchants were unable to collect their bills, and many of them became bankrupt.

Mr. Jaffray was married in 1842 to Miss Anna Phillips, daughter of the Rev. William W. Phillips, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth-ave. and Twelfth-st. His wife died five years ago. He had six children, four of whom survive him. His oldest daughter, who married F. W. J. Hurst, died several years ago, as did also his son, William Jaffray, who was married to Miss Nellie Smythe, a daughter of Collector Henry A. Smythe. The surviving children are Howard S. Jaffray, Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, Mrs. James McVickar and Mrs. J. R. P. Woodruff. With the exception of Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, the children were at their father's bedside yesterday. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell are Mr. Jaffray's married granddaughters. Mr. Jaffray was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Union League Club and the New-York Yacht Club. He was also a director of the Commercial Union Insurance Company. He was a public-spirited man and was always ready to assist worthy enterprises. He annually gave large sums to churches and public institutions and was considered one of the most generous men in the city. He was much attached to home life. He had a handsome residence, at No. 615 Fifth-ave., which he recently sold, and a country place at Irvington, where his son, Howard S. Jaffray, now lives.

Mr. Jaffray was not, in the accepted term, a man of society, though he never denied his family any of the pleasures of social life. Indeed, he rather discouraged them. His wife, whom he survived a number of years, was decidedly averse to display. Mr. Jaffray had a few intimate friends of long-standing, who often dined with him and then tarried for the evening. His daily life was methodical to a degree. In the summer he came to town daily for business on his yacht from his country place at Irvington, and during the winter he regularly came uptown at 3:30 or 4 o'clock, and always took, on arriving at his house, a cup of tea and a biscuit. His house has been of late years principally the scene of family gatherings, and the recent weddings there were those of his daughter, Miss Edith Jaffray, to Poultney Bigelow, about seven years ago, and more recently those of his granddaughters, Miss Florence Hurst to J. Borden Harriman, and Miss Maud Jaffray to Hollis Hunnewell.

Three years ago a large reception was given at the house to introduce the two granddaughters, Miss Hurst and Miss Jaffray, who soon after were married. A year ago this last winter he gave a large reception to introduce the other granddaughters, Miss May Jaffray, the only daughters of William Jaffray, and Miss Ethel Hurst, a daughter of F. W. J. Hurst.

For some years past Mr. Jaffray has celebrated his birthday by giving a family dinner party, when his children, grandchildren and a few old and intimate friends gathered about his hospitable board. The last family gathering was on his seventy-sixth birthday, on March 23. Mr. Jaffray was then too ill to come to the table. On the morning of that day Mr. and Mrs. Poultney Bigelow sailed for England.

IRVING A. DOUGLAS.

Irving A. Douglas, of The Tribune staff, died yesterday morning from peritonitis at his home, No. 952A Greene-ave., Brooklyn. He was born in Naples, N. Y., in 1865. His father was the Rev. S. J. Douglas, a Baptist clergyman, who now lives in Berlin, N. Y. Irving A. Douglas was educated at Madison (now Colgate) University, and was graduated with honor from that institution in 1888. He took the Lewis prize and delivered the Latin salutatory oration at commencement. During his senior year he was the editor-in-chief of "The Madisonensis," the college magazine.

From boyhood Mr. Douglas took an interest in newspaper work, and before his graduation from college he was employed on "The Utica Morning Herald" and "The Troy Daily Times." He became a reporter for The Tribune in August, 1888, and a copy editor in January, 1889. He was attacked by peritonitis about a week ago, and was apparently on the road to recovery when his condition changed for the worse on Friday.

He was a man of attractive qualities, with extreme modesty and quiet demeanor. He was regarded by his associates on The Tribune as an unusually lovable man, and one whose abilities gave promise of winning for him an honorable and enviable position as a newspaper worker. Never robust or active, he was most faithful in his work and attentive to his duties, and by his superior ability and industry advanced steadily in his work and in the estimation and friendship of his associates.

Mr. Douglas was married in 1890 to Miss Hattie F. Saunders. George W. Douglas, of Brooklyn, Albany correspondent of "The Brooklyn Eagle," and C. H. Douglas, of Keene, N. H., are his brothers. The funeral will be held at Mr. Douglas's home in Brooklyn this afternoon at 4 o'clock. The Rev. S. G. Nelson, pastor of the First Baptist Church, which Mr. Douglas attended, will officiate. The body will be taken to Cincinnati, N. Y., for burial there to-morrow. Brief services will be held there by the Rev. C. C. Pierce, a former classmate of the dead man.

One of the great achievements of this century is the Empire State Express of the New-York Central.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

The Easter brides have been favored by sunshine, save those of Thursday, when the rain fell relentlessly. There have been many church ceremonies and some interesting home weddings. Tuesday was one of the busiest days of the week, there being nearly a dozen weddings of note in and about town. The marriage of Miss Marie Coudert and Lieutenant John Bellinger, of the 5th Cavalry, was out of the ordinary. This was a home wedding, and the men of the bridal party all wore uniforms, except F. R. Coudert, jr., the bride's brother, who was the best man. After the ceremony, at which Archbishop Corrigan officiated, there was a small reception. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic R. Coudert have sent out during the week many announcements of their daughter's marriage to the hundreds of friends whom they could not bid to the ceremony. Society was well represented at the marriage of Miss Jean Van Nest to Girand Foster at St. Bartholomew's Church, and that of Miss Harriet Bogert, a niece of Mrs. D. Jackson Steward, to Francis D. Gallatin, at Calvary Church. Both weddings were at the same hour, and the guests went from one reception to the other. An interesting incident out of town on Tuesday was the wedding at Yonkers of Miss Florence Scribner to D. McNeeley Stauffer, Editor of "The Engineering News." Their first meeting was romantic. Both were passengers on the steamship Aguan, which was wrecked a year ago on Roncador Reef, Caribbean Sea, where the party was forced to remain for a week, cut off from the world. The acquaintance resulted in an engagement, which was announced last fall. The ceremony took place in St. Paul's Church, Yonkers, on Tuesday evening. A large party went from New-York to attend both the ceremony and the reception at Inglehurst, the Scribner country place. The bride's father, G. Hilton Scribner, was Secretary of State for New-York under Governors Dix and Hoffman. Mr. Stauffer is an ex-officer of the United States Navy. He sailed with his bride yesterday on La Bretagne. They will travel in France, Spain and Italy for the next six months.

On Wednesday Miss Alys Greenough, one of the debutantes last winter, was married to E. M. Townsend, jr., at Grace Church. The wedding was a pretty one, the younger element of society being largely represented. The members of the bridal party were all prominent in the fashionable dancing classes of the winter. There was a large home wedding on that day when Miss Anna Duncan, a daughter of John Duncan, became Mrs. Walter Watson, jr., at her father's house, No. 9 East Sixty-fourth-st. Nearly 1,000 people were present at the reception which followed the ceremony.

There was a gathering of people prominent in church circles on Thursday at noon in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, when Bishop Worthington, of Nebraska, was married to Miss Anna Tibault Milton, of Boston. Bishop Phillips Brooks, of the Diocese of of Massachusetts, came here to unite the pair in marriage. There were present at the ceremony many of the Protestant Episcopal clergymen of New-York and Boston. Bishop Worthington's bride is possessed of a comfortable fortune. The wedding breakfast followed at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. John Kohlsaat, No. 20 East Fifty-fourth-st. The bride wore a handsome costume of plum-colored velvet relieved with old gold satin and trimmed with point lace. She wore a bonnet to correspond. After passing a week in Washington Bishop and Mrs. Worthington will start for Nebraska.

The marriage of Mme. de Barrios to Senor de Roda proved a fruitful source of comment. It has already been fully described, and much more than was necessary has been said in many quarters. It was a beautiful ceremonial, but conducted with every desire to avoid notoriety. The few people asked to be present, outside of the family circle, were either official representatives of Spain, the home of Senor de Roda; of Guatemala, the bride's native land, or a few families in whose circles Mme. de Barrios had been most intimately received since her coming to this country. To all it was a rare sight, affording a fund of pleasurable comment. The floral decorations were restricted to the bay-window of the drawing-room, before which was placed a prie dieu, at which the pair knelt to receive the benediction of the Archbishop, who united them in marriage. The brilliant uniforms of the Spanish diplomats and consuls blazing with jewelled orders, the rich gowns of the ladies assembled, and the beauty of the bride, who wore some marvellous emeralds and diamonds, as well as the Archbishop in his pontifical robes, all tended to make a picture which will linger long in the memory. Early in the day Mme. de Barrios and Senor de Roda received from the Pope, through Cardinal Rampolla, the apostolic benediction. On Saturday, May 7, Senor de Roda will sail with his bride for Spain. It is their intention to pass the summer at Biarritz. They will probably visit New-York next winter.

Among the incidents of the coming week will be the wedding of Miss May Knowlton, of Brooklyn, to Count Johannes von Francken Sierstorpff, of Berlin. The German Legation will be well represented at the nuptials by the recently appointed German Minister and his secretaries. Mr. Von Mumm, who has been acting as Charge d'Affaires since the death of Count Arco, will be present at the wedding, but will said the following day, having been recalled by the German Emperor for promotion. Count Sierstorpff will give his farewell bachelor dinner to-morrow night.

An incident of interest to juveniles in society was the fancy dress party given by Mrs. Joseph Drexel on Tuesday for her daughter, Miss Josephine Drexel, who is just entering her teens. The little people were bidden for 7 o'clock, and before 11 o'clock they had all gone. There was a pretty collection of Cinderellas, Red Riding Hoods and miniature courtiers with powdered hair. Little Miss Drexel was dressed as a Highland lassie in the Gordon plaid. For the entertainment of the guests, the Misses Wehling, some precocious English children, were engaged, who gave songs and recitations.

The disagreeable weather of Thursday made it impossible to hold the tea at the Claremont restaurant. This tea makes a pleasant break in the daily drive, and without fair weather there can be no driving. Better weather is hoped for on the coming Thursday. There will also be teas on May 5 and 12.

Ward McAllister entertained at dinner on Thursday night at his house, 16 West Thirty-sixth-st., Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Witherbee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hude Beekman, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Welles, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, Miss Louise McAllister and H. H. Anderson. The dinner was given in honor of Julius Pringle, of Savannah, Ga.

The concert for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening of this week is certain to be an admirable and delightful entertainment. Mr. Seidl will direct. The programme will consist entirely of compositions by Wagner, and the soloists will be Mesdames Mielke and Ritter-Goetze, and Messrs. Dippel and Fischer. The managers have enlisted the interest and assistance of many benevolent women, and their efforts in behalf of an excellent institution will probably be rewarded by the attendance of a large audience. The patronesses include Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. A. P. Stokes, Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Callender, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. William Seward Webb, Miss De Forest, Mrs. Louise Lee Stanton, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. H. McK. Twombly and Mrs. William M. Evarts. Applications for boxes or seats should be sent to Miss Cunningham, No. 109 East Thirty-sixth-st.

Mr. and Mrs. Brander Matthews gave on Easter Sunday night an egg-cracking party at their house in East Eighteenth-st. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Isabelle Irving, Miss Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Buell, the Misses Butler, Miss Amy Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles De Kay, Miss Bell, W. J. Henderson, P. T. Barlow and Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Howells. A handsome prize was given to the one who succeeded in keeping a whole egg.

Mrs. John Sherwood will give the first of two readings at the Windsor Hotel, on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. S. V. R. Crager, Mrs. E. F. Shepard, Mrs. Adelon Iselin, Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Mrs. Spencer Trask, Mrs. S. P. Nash, Mrs. Charles F. Roe and many others of prominence are patronesses. Mrs. Sherwood read a most entertaining paper entitled "Royal Girls," at the house of Mrs. Charles Roe, on Friday afternoon, to aid the St. Luke's Home for Aged Women. About $500 was added to the treasury of the Home by this reading.

A Venetian festival was given yesterday afternoon and evening in the ballroom at Sherry's to aid the endowment fund of the Babies' Hospital, under the auspices of several young women who constitute the Cribside Committee. A number of booths in the shape of Venetian gondolas were arranged about the room. At these were Miss Harriet Warden, Miss Juliana Cutting, Miss Amy Milton Kohlsaat, Miss Maria Banks, Miss Manice, Miss Judge Draper, Miss Dorothy Van Schaick, Miss Curtiss, Miss Higginson, Miss Martha Brown, Miss Helen Harry, Miss Hoffman and others, who sold flowers, confections and trifles. At 4:30 o'clock and at 9 o'clock a Venetian dance was given, Martin de Garmendia leading. Those in the dance were Miss E. L. Motley, Miss Harriet Sedgwick, Miss Perkins Draper, E. Floyd-Jones, Morris Ferris, J. Lee Tailer, E. Safford, and J. Van Rensselaer. The dancers wore handsome Venetian costumes. Among the patronesses present were Mrs. William Amory, Mrs. George A. Adee, Mrs. Chauncey Anderson, Mrs. Joseph Brown, Mrs. James A. Benedict, Mrs. William Beekman, Mrs. Henry Burr Barnes, Mrs. Le Grand L. Benedict, Mrs. James Lenox Banks, Mrs. Frederick T. Brown, Mrs. Horace Barnard, Mrs. G. Bruce Brown, Mrs. Frederick Cromwell, Mrs. Henry W. Curtiss, Mrs. Ernest Leon Carter, Mrs. Henry Mills Day, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, Mrs. William H. Draper, Mrs. William P. Dixon, Mrs. William B. Dinsmore, Mrs. George De Witt, jr., Mrs. W. Perkins Draper, Mrs. Newbold Leroy Edgar, Mrs. John Erving, Mrs. William C. Gulliver, Mrs. Bryce Gray, jr., Mrs. James Harriman, Mrs. John Hone, Mrs. Richard Hoffman, Mrs. James J. Higginson, Mrs. J. Henry Holden, Mrs. L. Emmett Holt, Mrs. Brayton Ives, Mrs. Richard Irwin, Mrs. Edward N. Lambert, Mrs. Joseph Low, Mrs. Daniel Lord, jr., Mrs. William Manice, Mrs. Leon Marie, Mrs. Lawrence Miller, Mrs. George Nicholas, Mrs. Robert Olyphant, Mrs. Hudson E. Ogden, Mrs. W. Barclay Parsons, Mrs. Newton Perkins, Mrs. John E. Parsons, Mrs. N. Pendleton Rogers, Mrs. William Robinson, Mrs. William H. Rockwell, Mrs. Horace W. Robbins, Mrs. J. Lawrence Riker, Mrs. George W. Smith, Mrs. Thomas C. Sloane, Mrs. Samuel Sloane, jr., Mrs. Edward Lyman Short, Mrs. Andrew H. Smith, Mrs. W. Edgar Shepherd, Mrs. John Sedgwick, Mrs. John Scott, Mrs. Granville B. Smith, Mrs. Thomas Satterthwaite, Mrs. J. Rodman Townsend, Mrs. Frederick R. Townsend, Mrs. Henry C. Valentine, Mrs. Harwood P. Vernon, Mrs. John Westervelt and Mrs. Alexander S. Webb.

Miss Julia Watson Southgate, daughter of R. H. Southgate, of the Hotel Brunswick, was married to J. Warren Manning, of Albany, yesterday, at noon, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in West Forty-fifth-st., near Broadway. The Rev. McKee Brown, rector of the church, officiated. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a rich white satin gown sent from Paris, and made very plain. A tulle veil with orange blossoms completed the toilet. Miss Mary Manning, sister of the bridegroom, was the maid of honor. She wore a handsome costume of white brocade made walking length, and a large white hat trimmed with pink roses. William Manning, brother of the bridegroom, was his best man. The ushers were J. A. Manning, jr., W. S. Shepard, of Washington; Walter Deane, of San Francisco; Frederick Hilton and Joseph A. Wells. A wedding breakfast followed in the banquet hall of the Hotel Brunswick. There were present about seventy-five people, nearly all relatives of the pair. Owing to the recent death of the bride's sister, there was not a reception.

The wedding of Mrs. Livermore and Baron Seilliere was an absolute surprise to the friends of the bride and even the most intimate ones. About half a dozen were bidden to the ceremony, and those by a hurriedly pencilled note, written by Mrs. Livermore, and sent out almost at the last moment. The only persons present at the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop, the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, Dr. Henry Millard, the bride's family physician; H. R. Lummis, a nephew of the bride's stepfather; John O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, her mother. Mr. O'Brien has for months been an invalid and was unable to leave his room. The people present at the ceremony accompanied Baron and Baroness Seilliere to the Cambridge, where dinner was served. The bridal pair sailed early yesterday morning for France.

A pretty Quaker wedding took place at the Friends' Meetinghouse, in Chappaqua, on Thursday afternoon last, when Miss Florence E. Beebe, the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Purdy, of Pleasantville, was united in marriage to John M. Haviland, of Chappaqua, by the simple Quaker ceremony. The ushers were William Lane, of Portchester, N. Y., and William Haviland, of Yonkers, N. Y. Miss Martine, of New-York, a niece of Judge Martine, and Miss Sutton, of Chappaqua, were the bridesmaids. Among those present from New-York were Mr. and Mrs. Martine, Auburn M. Birdsall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sands, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mathews.

An enjoyable theatre party last week was that given by Mrs. William Gilbert Davis. The guests returned to her home, No. 22 East Forty-fifth-st., for a supper and dance. Among them were Miss Annie McVickar, Miss Leland, Miss Baldwin, Miss Pierson, Miss Davies-Coxe, Miss Beckwith, Miss Wotherspoon, Miss Davies, T. J. Oakley Rhinelander and C. C. Baldwin.

THE DRAMA—MUSIC.

DALY'S THEATRE—FAREWELL NIGHT.

It was an act of right and wise judgment on the part of Mr. Daly to close his theatrical season in New-York with one of the great comedies of Shakespeare. This theatre is the leading comedy theatre of America, and the Shakespeare comedy, at its best, stands at the summit of achievement in that field. To present "As You Like It" was to show the perfect flower of the art; and since the time was Shakespeare's birthday, the presentation of that most exquisite of all the roses of English dramatic poetry was all the more appropriate and significant. A great company of the most cultivated and refined people of the city was present to enjoy this festival, and all things happened well, to enhance its interest and make it memorable.

Upon the manner in which "As You Like It" has been seen upon Daly's stage there is no need of particular comment. The peculiar attributes of the presentation are well known and they are not likely to be forgotten. The stage custom had always been to cast over this comedy a tinge of melancholy. Mr. Daly departed from that custom and invested it with all the green tints and flower-spangled radiance and breezy joy of spring. Even the time of Dr. Arne's delicious music was quickened a little, lest it might sadden what was meant to cheer. The stage custom of acting Rosalind had always been to strive after some vague, indefinable ideal of angelic condition, that never yet was attained and that everybody agreed was unattainable. Ada Rehan departed from that custom and made Rosalind an enchanting woman, royal and exultant in her humor and frolic and wild-wood freedom, as well as in her love and her prince-like birth; and so, almost for the first time, it became possible to see every moment of the performance without being wearied. All the rest of the representation followed in the same groove; and the total result was a moving picture of vital and brilliant loveliness. Mr. Daly's production of "As You Like It," with Ada Rehan as Rosalind, John Drew as Orlando, and George Clarke as Jaques, was accomplished on December 17, 1889, and this community has ever since known it for one of the best achievements of dramatic art in our time. Its recurrence last night was a pleasure, not a novelty; it needs only the greeting that we give to an old and dear friend. It was most heartily welcomed.

The season that closed here last night will be continued in other cities, and before it finally closes Mr. Daly's company will have acted in Washington, Boston and Chicago, and will have crossed the continent to San Francisco. But even to the present date it has been one of extraordinary interest and variety. It began in Paris, at the Vaudeville Theatre, on August 31, 1891; its scene was shifted to the London Lyceum on September 8; it included a London engagement lasting till November 13; it was then diversified with the Atlantic ferry; its activity was resumed in New-York on November 25; and from that date onward it has been marked by a series of sparkling incidents, each worthy and all successful. The "Taming of the Shrew" was given on November 25; "The School for Scandal" on December 2; "The Last Word" on December 9; and "As You Like It" on December 22. With the new year came "The Cabinet Minister," on January 13, 1892, and "Nancy & Co.," on January 19. A new and bright comedy, called "Love in Tandem," was performed on February 9, and that drew crowds till March 17, when Mr. Daly produced Lord Tennyson's comedy of "The Foresters"—a piece so popular, as the event proved, that it might have been kept before this public for many prosperous weeks. It had its last performance yesterday afternoon, and last night the great English poet of the nineteenth century gave place to the great English poet of all time.

This occasion, marked by many joys, was touched with one regret. Mr. John Drew, who has been for so many years associated with Daly's Theatre, gave, as Orlando, his last performance upon this stage. He does not part from the company at present, but he leaves it later, and in this theatre and this association he will be seen no more. From comforts and pleasures to which we are accustomed we do not like to part. The votaries of Daly's Theatre will miss Mr. Drew and will long regret him. It is not unlikely, on the other hand, that he will miss them. The place that he leaves vacant will, of course, in time be filled. It is the way of the world. But much will have to be done before Mr. Drew again finds himself suitably and adequately surrounded. He is a light comedian—and a light comedy company is not built in a day. Mr. Drew purposes, later in the year, to shine before this public as a star. He has excellent talents, delightful qualities, enthusiasm, serious purposes and prestige. All the good wishes of all the public will attend him. Nevertheless there is a hint of the everlasting doom of mutability in the disruption of old theatrical relations, long happy and long cherished; and the farewell exit of John Drew from Daly's stage certainly cast a shadow on the mirth.

THE PHILHARMONIC FESTIVAL.

The semi-centennial celebration of the Philharmonic Society came to a close at the Metropolitan Opera House with a concert of most extraordinary dimensions and merits. To complete the record of the festival by a mention of the features of the last two concerts is all that is practicable under the circumstances of the present writing; it would indeed be unjust to the performance of last night to attempt to do more for it was beyond peradventure one of the most daring and successful concerts ever undertaken in New-York and imperatively demands careful and intelligent description and discussion. The concert on Friday afternoon was vastly inferior in interest, its most brilliant feature being Mr. Rummel's performance of Tschaikowsky's second concerto for pianoforte—a striking work, full of stupendous difficulties which Mr. Rummel overcame in a manner as creditable to his skill as a virtuoso as to his insight and fancy as an interpreter. It was reassuring to observe that the judgment and taste of the audience were open to such essentially manly yet profoundly poetical pianoforte playing; Mr. Rummel achieved a brilliant success though compelled to dispense with the help which comes from the choice of a familiar composition. The concerto had not been played here before for nearly twelve years. Then it was brought forward by Madeleine Schiller at a Philharmonic concert if we are not mistaken. The other numbers on the programme were one of Bach's Concerti Grossi for strings, Eglantine; air and a duet from Weber's "Euryanthe," sung by Madame Mielke and Emil Fischer, and Liszt's Symphony on Dante's "Divine Comedy."

Last night the programme embraced the overture to "The Magic Flute," the Canon quartet from "Fidelio," sung by Miss De Vere, Madame Mielke, Andreas Dippel and Emil Fischer, the death song of Siegfried, the death march and the finale from "Die Goetterdaemmerung" (Siegfried, Andreas Dippel Bruenhilde, Madame Mielke), and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In this last work the solo parts were sung by Miss De Vere, Mrs. Carl Alves, Mr. Deppel and Mr. Fischer, and the choruses by a choir of about 150 voices organized and trained by Mr. George F. Bristow, a member of the Philharmonic Society since its second season, that is, for forty-nine years. The festival has not been a financial success, but there was a brilliant and numerous audience in attendance last night.

A DINNER TO HARRY FURNISS.

ENTERTAINED AT THE LOTOS CLUB—THOSE PRESENT.

Harry Furniss, the eminent artist of "Punch," was entertained at dinner by the Lotos Club last evening. A number of well-known American illustrators and caricaturists were invited to meet their brother from London, and the fellow-feeling between them made the affair one of unusual delight. Mr. Furniss, as an artist, a member of the Savage Club and a good fellow, was a thrice welcome guest of honor.

Frank R. Lawrence, president of the club, proposed a toast to Mr. Furniss when the bottom of the menu had been reached, saying many kind things about him and wishing him long life, prosperity and success. The honored guest responded in a speech of wit and geniality. He had some kind things to say about America and her institutions, and some that were appreciated as good jokes. The superiority of American magazines he frankly admitted. He said in closing: "I was told that I would find the worst streets in the world here—and I have found them. (Laughter.) I was told that I would find unsightly telegraph poles disfiguring the city—and I have found them. I was told that I would find high-priced cabs—and I wasn't disappointed. (Laughter.) I was told that I would be interviewed. Well, I was. Eight reporters asked me my impressions of America just as I landed. In fact, one enterprising representative of an American journal put the question to me just before the steamer left Liverpool. (Laughter.) I was told that I would be well-treated, and I have been overwhelmed with a blizzard of kindness. I came here an Englishman, and I return an American in sympathy." (Applause.)

Other speakers were Thomas W. Wood, president of the Academy of Design; Moncure D. Conway, J. G. Brown, Richard Harding Davis, Colonel E. C. James, A. C. Gunter, R. Swain Gifford and W. C. K. Wilde. Others present were John Elderkin, Henry W. Cannon, Robert Edwin Bonner, E. J. Glave, Chester S. Lord, Montgomery Schuyler, C. D. Gibson, Louis Windmuller, John Stanton, T. F. Mason, W. Hart Smith, Dr. Charles Inslee Pardee, T. Henry Mason, W. C. Davis, F. L. Montague, C. F. Deane, T. H. Wood, Norman W. Kingsley, John W. Vrooman, F. P. Morris, R. J. Moses, jr., Carson Lake, S. A. Robinson, the Rev. Willard Parsons, C. H. Coffin, F. F. Murray, A. E. J. Tovey, A. Trumble, Julius Chambers, A. F. Richardson, George F. Postlethwaite, J. W. Bracher, J. E. Fay, J. S. Beecher, George Breck, Major J. B. Pond, E. F. Hoyt, Stanley A. Cohen, S. Fiske, W. L. Frazer, J. H. Johnston, F. Hasbrouck, B. B. Valentine, W. E. Webb, C. A. Gerlach, Uriah Welch, G. Evans, A. S. Luria, Edward Moran, W. S. Logan, S. S. McClure, J. William de Jonge, R. P. Rothwell and S. S. Pratt.

ILLNESS OF SECRETARY TRACY.

Washington, April 23.—Secretary Tracy is suffering from an obstinate cold and has been advised by his physician to make a short visit to the South, but he does not wish to go just at present.

Constable Brothers, Architects and Engineers, have removed to 22 East Sixteenth-st. (west side Union Square.)

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