DR. NANSEN'S LECTURE.

THE EXPLORER'S VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE JOURNEY IN THE FRAM.

DELIVERED TWICE IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE BEFORE AUDIENCES WHICH FILLED THE GREAT HOUSE AND LISTENED WITH RAPT ATTENTION TO THE STORY OF UNPARALLELED HARDSHIPS IN "FARTHEST NORTH."

To an audience that almost filled the big auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House Nansen, the Arctic explorer, described yesterday afternoon the drift of the Fram for three years through the ice-covered polar seas, and his own famous dash, with Lieutenant Johansen, for the North Pole. He repeated the lecture in the evening.

All the world has read of and has taken interest in that expedition into the silent regions of the North undertaken by the courageous Norwegian, but the opportunity to hear from his own lips the story of his marvellous journeyings was taken advantage of by a more representative audience than has gathered together in this city in a long while. Batches of students grouped together in different parts of the theatre; men and women who are well known in New-York's social and professional circles, men and women whose names are prominently associated with the scientific and educational development of the city, were included among the large number of people who for two hours listened with the deepest attention to Dr. Nansen's descriptions of his experiences in penetrating to the highest point yet reached by Arctic explorers. Dr. Nansen illustrated his lecture with stereopticon views, reproduced from photographs taken by himself and comrades, and now and again, when a particularly striking picture would be thrown upon the screen, or when he spoke of the happy ending of some seemingly insurmountable difficulty, there would be a burst of applause from his auditors, but for the most part Dr. Nansen was heard with a quiet intentness that manifested a greater degree of interest and appreciation than louder demonstrations could have done.

APPEARANCE OF THE MAN.

As Nansen emerged from the wings of the stage, at the very minute appointed for the beginning of his lecture, he impressed one immediately as being worthy of all that has been written of his commanding personality. Standing for a moment in front of the footlights, while he acknowledged the cordial and enthusiastic reception given to him, the man's indomitable character was at once apparent. Considerably more than six feet in height, lithe and slender, yet firmly knit and broad shouldered, he seemed as muscular and as physically strong as any of the old-famed Vikings of his race. The blue eyes, the light hair, the sharply cut and long features that have typified the Norse sea kings for ages belong to him.

Nansen speaks with very little foreign accent. His command of English is almost astonishing, and his voice is deep and resonant—such a voice as one would expect such a man to have. There was not one word that he uttered yesterday that could not be instantly understood and heard by his audience in all parts of the great house.

Despite the admiration his exploits have earned for him, and the adulation he has received, one of the foremost of Nansen's characteristics is his natural, unaffected modesty. Through the whole course of his lecture this trait was noticeably displayed. His own part in the expedition, and in the hardships that were endured when, with Johansen, he set out to reach points more Northern than the Fram could ever attain, was consistently subordinated to the achievements of his companions. Never once did Nansen speak of himself as one to whom the credit of the success of the expedition was due. Always and with the most affectionate references to his fellow-explorers, he alluded to himself as a unit of a band of men who had accomplished and suffered much.

ALWAYS PERFECTLY AT EASE.

From the moment that he stepped upon the stage Dr. Nansen was perfectly at ease, and while introducing himself, as it were, to the audience, he stood with his hands clasped behind his back, and spoke in a clear and musical voice that was pleasant to every ear.

"It seems to me strange," he began, "that so many people should come here to listen to a man who has been in regions where there was so little to be seen but ice and snow. It is like a man who lives in a valley, and who is anxious to mount the peaks, see what is beyond and get a glimpse of the rest of the world. That is the beginning of an explorer. I wish to give you a glimpse of the Northern part of the world. It has always been the desire of men to penetrate into the Northern regions, possibly because there were met the greatest difficulties in the way of success. It has been believed that ships would be crushed in the ice, and to the first voyagers in the Northern regions this actually happened, and they were forced to leave their boats and travel on the ice. By reading the history of Arctic discovery I came to the conclusion that, in order to make a successful tour in the Northern regions, we ought to find some other means of penetrating into that unknown land. I must confess that my first idea of how to accomplish an extensive trip there was gained from an American expedition—that of the Jeanette. It would be possible, I discovered, to use the forces of nature, against which the first explorers had fought, and gain from them an actual advantage. I gained the idea that the floes of ice drifted toward the North from Behring Strait and the northern Siberian coast. The drift of the Jeanette, as well as some of the relics from her, which were found on the southwestern coast of Greenland, proved my theory to be correct. I reasoned that they could have only followed the drift of the ice. Now, my idea was to build a ship sufficiently strong to sustain the pressure of the ice and drift with it. It was not the main object, at least, to reach the North Pole; that is, the mathematical point where the axis of the earth has its northern extremity. In my opinion, that is of small consequence. The real object was the exploration fo the polar regions, and from them to carry back scientific operations and observations for the aid of humanity and the scientific world. The principal thing was the building of a ship strong enough to withstand the pressure, and it may be said here that it had always been contended that this was impossible. Explorers said a ship might withstand the pressure of the summer season, when the ice was soft and yielding, but it could never withstand the terrible grinding of the ice pressure in winter, when the ice was as hard as marble."

AIDED BY PICTURES.

Having thus far entered into explanation, Dr. Nansen proceeded with his lecture proper, which, as has been said, was illustrated by stereopticon pictures, which were thrown from the lower circle on to a huge screen, that almost hid the drop curtain. How thoroughly Nansen is a leader of men was demonstrated once or twice in the afternoon, when it was necessary to give instructions for the lowering or turning on the lights of the theatre. His orders, while by no means given harshly, were yet conveyed in a tone of forcible command that elicited comment from those in the theatre.

Dr. Nansen began his story with a description of the Fram, and then, by rapidly successive illustrations, he glided over the scenes of the departure from Norway, until the stout little ship was imbedded in the pack ice, with which it was destined to drift for three long years, the lonesome monotony of which journey was feelingly dwelt upon by the lecturer. He displayed also at the outset a map, upon which was shown by means of deep lines the course of the drift he had worked out in theory, and the actual line taken by the Fram. The close proximity of the two lines, proving how well founded were Nansen's calculations, was immediately appreciated by the audience. Then he began his history of the daily life on board the Fram, and the work of the men until that day when, finding that drifting so slowly was out of keeping with his energies and ambitions, he left the vessel with Johansen upon that venturesome over-ice dash that was only ended when a latitude of 86 degrees 40 minutes had been reached—the furthest point north ever reached by civilized man.

As Nansen spoke the words, "furthest north," deafening applause broke forth from the great house—an applause which lasted several minutes, a tribute which must have been appreciated by him for whom it was given.

HOW THEY PASSED THE TIME.

Though the monotony of the voyage of the Fram through the silent fields of ice and snow was excessive, Nansen showed by means of photographs he had taken upon the spot that his men contrived to make existence bearable by amusing themselves with cards, chess, checkers and occasional smoking concerts. There was a good library of books, too, on board, and, according to Nansen, many of his men learned more in those three years than they had in all their previous lifetime. The explorer's companions, as depicted in a photographed group, were a sturdy, healthy-looking set of men, as according to Nansen they might well be, seeing that there were no disease germs in the clear, keen air in the regions they were then in. So free from ailments, in fact, were the men that the doctor who was attached to the ship had in his despair to turn his attention to the dogs.

But that it was not all recreation and sleep on that dreary journey was seen by the views Dr. Nansen presented on the screen. Frequently in the course of every day meteorological and astronomical observations would be taken, as well as soundings of the polar sea. Working at a temperature of from 40 degrees to 60 degrees below zero, with bare fingers, because of the care with which the observation instruments had to be handled, it often happened that the fingers—and also the noses—of the men were frozen. The opinion has prevailed that the Northern seas were comparatively shallow, but the soundings taken by Dr. Nansen went to show that frequently a depth of 2,000 fathoms would be reached, and a discovery that was even more surprising was that the temperature of the water at some distance below the surface was warmer than the Atlantic Ocean at a corresponding depth.

Then at some length, in particularly attractive language, Dr. Nansen went on to describe the arctic scenes; the twilight that intervenes between the close of the long daylight and the beginning of the five months' night, and, above all, the weird and constantly changing Northern Lights, that constantly illuminate the polar skies. The extended course of daylight and of darkness, Dr. Nansen pointed out, grew extremely tiring. When one prevailed the other would be eagerly awaited; yet the more evenly divided length of day and night is not altogether satisfying to the explorer, to judge from his own words: "Often when we look back upon those silent, silvery icefield seas, gleaming under the radiance of a beautiful, dreamy moon, we cannot help in the rush of this modern life sometimes wishing that we were back in those regions where there are no advertisements, no party strifes, no letters, no newspapers and no autograph-hunters."

Realistic pictures of the terrible ice pressures, caused sometimes by wind and sometimes by tide, that have crushed like paper many a stout vessel that has ventured within the ice fields, were next shown by Nansen. The stillness of the surroundings was never broken, he explained, except by the thunderous sounds of these ice pressures.

STURDINESS OF THE SHIP.

Despite the predictions of many people that the Fram would not withstand these crushing strains, she fought them for three years without hurt. "She went through the worst pressures," Nansen continued, "that a ship was ever exposed to, yet came out whole. In the New Year of 1895 she was exposed to the heaviest of all. The ice was as hard as marble, and the thunder of its breaking up was so tremendous that we could not hear ourselves speak. The floe in which lay the Fram had been overridden by another floe, and this came crushing against her broadside. Every man on board that day believed that the moment had come when even our sturdy ship could not withstand that terrible pressure. We made ready to leave her, and provisions and equipment were prepared and laid upon the ice, that we might continue to live on the floe and start for a journey toward home. No man was allowed to sleep on board, except fully dressed. For the first time I heard the timbers and beams of the dear ship beginning to creak. I was forced to give the order for every man to leave the ship, but she was even stronger than our faith in her. She was suddenly broken out of her bed and slowly raised out of her icy berth. It was a triumph. After this experience we were no longer anxious about the Fram. The wonderful ice pressures that had for a time been so intensely interesting to us were now monotonous, and we played cards while the ice crushed and cracked with a thunder that drowned our voices. It was a fact that sometimes we would go upon the deck in the morning and find that the ship had been lifted ten or twelve feet without our knowing it."

In referring to the momentous day when he decided that an expedition should leave the ship and explore with dogs and sledges the regions further to the north of the ship, he said: "I believed that that should be done in the furtherance of our researches, but I knew that the party which went on that journey would have to leave the Fram never to return to her, inasmuch as the ship, drifting with the floe, could never be found. As there was some considerable risk for that party, I could not take the responsibility of sending another, and, consequently, I had to go myself. (Prolonged applause.) I chose for my companion Lieutenant Johansen. (Picture of Johansen and applause.) I trusted in this big, strong man, but I left behind me Captain Sverdrup, who was well able to take care of the ship in our absence."

PROVISIONS FOR THREE MONTHS.

With provisions for only a hundred days, three sledges and kyaks and thirty dogs, Nansen described how he set off on his perilous journey with Johansen, which was only ended when the unbroken expanses of high ridge ice compelled them to turn back after reaching, on April 7, 86 degrees 40 minutes. The terrible return journey to Franz Joseph Land, which occupied about fifteen months; the killing of the dogs, one after another, to provide sustenance for the survivors; the dreary existence of the two men in a snow-covered cabin through the long winter, with only bear and walrus meat to keep them alive; the dramatic meeting with Jackson after so many hardships and miseries and the final return to Norway, where news was received of the safety of the Fram almost at the moment of their own arrival—all these things, of which people in every country have read, were vividly pictured by Dr. Nansen again. But he was so modest and matter-of-fact in the telling of them that it was hard for the audience to appreciate the fact that the man who has undergone such privations and miseries was he who was standing before them.

Dr. Nansen's evening lecture was given before an audience greater even than that of the afternoon. It is certain that few occasions have brought such gatherings to the Metropolitan twice within a day.

The story of the Fram was told as in the afternoon, simply, but in a charming style, that again completely held the interest of the several thousand listeners. At the close of the lecture Dr. Nansen was called before the curtain, and received a bunch of flowers.

PLATT HELD RESPONSIBLE.

SENATOR PLATT, EXPLAIN.

From The Watertown Times.

Senator Platt owes it to the Republican party in this State to explain why he created Greater New-York and then handed it over to a greater Tammany for despoilment.

PLATT'S PERSONAL POLITICS.

From The Rochester Herald.

The fact is, the Hon. Thomas C. Platt frittered away the most magnificent majority in the history of American politics, and converted it into a Democratic plurality, because he was foolish enough to play personal politics.

PLATT TO BLAME.

From The Utica Press.

It is a misfortune which has overtaken Greater New-York, and the people know where to fix the responsibility. Had Senator Platt been willing to permit it, Tracy's strength added to Low's would have defeated the Democrats of both the Jeffersonian and Tammany variety.

FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY ON PLATT.

From The Buffalo Express.

The truth is, and every man who will honestly examine the returns must see it, that there never was a chance to defeat Tammany except by the plan of union on a citizens' candidate. The Republican masses in New-York knew it all the time, and were eager to give Low a regular Republican nomination. They would have done so under a system of free and fair primaries. Platt prevented it by his system of fraudulent, close-corporation primaries. Is Platt to be allowed to sacrifice the Republican party again next year when the Governorship and a United States Senatorship will be at stake?

PLATT AS CROKER'S LIEUTENANT.

From The Philadelphia Times.

The battle in New-York was won by Tammany with Senator Platt as Croker's lieutenant.

A DEAD COCK IN THE PIT.

From The Denver Post.

Platt is a dead cock in the pit. Yesterday he was Boss Platt; to-day he is Thomas C. Platt, the ex-boss, a reminiscence and a has-been.

PLATT MUST GO.

From The Worcester Spy.

It is a very reasonable report that there are signs of rebellion against Platt in the New-York Republican organization. Mayor Strong's dictum that "Platt must go, and if he won't go, he must be thrown out," seems to have awakened a sympathetic response.

CENSURE FROM CONNECTICUT.

From The Hartford Courant.

Platt insisted on running his own candidate, his son's partner; an estimable gentleman, whom the mule of public opinion has just instructed but not adorned. General Tracy made the mistake of his life, as good men do when they put themselves in the hands of the other kind. In spite of the many Republicans who voted for Van Wyck, through fear that Low, a Republican, would be elected, the figures show that, if the party machine vote had been given to Low, as everybody supposed in the beginning it would be, then Low would have been Mayor.

BETRAYED HIS OWN PARTY.

From The Boston Herald.

Acting as a partisan Republican, Platt has betrayed the Republican party. The blindest Republican cannot fail to see this now. Platt has reduced that party in the vote it cast to not more than half its real strength, and has given the Democrats an overwhelming majority. Is it not a serious question for Republicans to contemplate how long they can afford to submit to such sway?

A BOSS WHO FAILED.

From The Cleveland Leader.

Plattism is responsible for the downfall of Republicanism in New-York City. Thomas C. Platt ought to follow Cox into the ranks, and once there he should stay there.

SHOULD BE THOROUGHLY DISCREDITED.

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

After the bad mess that Senator Platt has made of it in New-York, he ought to be thoroughly discredited as a Republican leader. In order to serve his own selfish ends he has hopelessly split the party in his State, and has given the Tammany organization a foothold that will make it a power in National as well as in State politics for years. The betrayal of the people from purely selfish motives will never meet the approbation and indorsement of Republican voters.

IN THE TIGER'S CLAWS.

From The New-Orleans Picayune.

Greater New-York is now launched upon a sea of corruption and political prostitution, and it will not be surprising if there was not some sinister bargain between Tammany and the Republican boss, Platt, to combine against the independent movement. Ring politics is the stronghold of the political boss. Without it he would be utterly disabled. Anything is preferable, in their estimation, to a successful independent movement. The metropolis is in the claws of the Tammany Tiger.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

The Symphony Society entered upon its twentieth season last week with the two concerts it gave on Friday afternoon and last evening. They were largely devoted to commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, which fell on Thursday. This circumstance led to the performance of his Scotch symphony; of the chorus "Thanks Be to God" from "Elijah," by the Oratorio Society, which was present to assist in the celebration, and the singing of the air "Hear Ye, Israel" from the same oratorio. The orchestral works of the master are heard with increasing infrequency nowadays. More of them have been performed in the few days since the opening of the present musical season, it is safe to say, than in the year preceding, on account of this anniversary—a circumstance that is not to be regretted, for it is good to hear sometimes the sane, self-contained, lucid works of a master whose artistic creed carried him in a direction away from the current of modern art, but who has still something to say through the voice of the orchestra that music-lovers of to-day may heed from time to time with pleasure and profit. Of this category is his Scotch symphony—a melodious and elegant work, not reeking with haggis and Scotch dialect, but yet justifying its title, and, still more, justifying its existence as music by its artistic quality.

But it needs a nicer and more finished performance than it received last evening. Its polished and transparent orchestration, its fine adjustment of detail, need treatment refined as well as vigorous; they were at times sadly muddled, as it seemed, from lack of sufficient and strict drill. It may be hoped that this lack will be remedied before the season is much older, for the orchestra is made up of men of excellent ability; it has never been composed of better material, and such material can do better work than was done last evening.

The other orchestral numbers were Lalo's rich-colored, sometimes turgid, but often splendidly dramatic, overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," the andante from Tschaikowsky's string quartet, op. 11, and a new piece by Mr. Novacek, formerly a member of the orchestra, but now resident in Europe, a "Perpetuum Mobile," that seemed scarcely of sufficient value to justify its performance.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli made her first appearance in New-York on Friday afternoon. She is a daughter of Zélie Trebelli, a once-noted contralto singer, but is herself a soprano. She has a voice of considerable power, range and clarity, and an evident musical intelligence and insight into the significance of what she is singing. It is not, however, an altogether pleasing voice, being somewhat lacking in color, and having in certain portions of its register an acid quality. The recitative and air "Crudele," from "Don Giovanni," showed her to smaller advantage than the air "Hear Ye, Israel" from "Elijah." She is not wholly at her ease in the Mozart style, and in the ornamental passages her voice was somewhat heavy. She delivered the warning of the Hebrew prophet, however, in a manner that fairly realized its impressive significance, and showed the field wherein her best powers are evidently to be found. The chorus sang "Thanks Be to God" with great vigor.

RETURN OF MAJOR HANDY.

HE GOT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SQUARE FEET FOR AMERICAN EXHIBITORS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Major Moses P. Handy, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1900, returned to this country yesterday on the American liner Paris from an official visit to Paris, where he has been looking over the ground for the American exhibits. He was accompanied by his wife and Lieutenant A. C. Baker, United States Navy, who was identified with Major Handy in his work for the World's Columbian Exposition. The Major left here on August 20 with special instructions from President McKinley to acquire as much space as possible for American exhibits. He finished his work several weeks ago, but was taken ill from overexertion and had to delay his return. He was met at the pier by Colonel M. O'Brien, and immediately drove to the Waldorf. Lieutenant Baker went to Princeton.

Special instructions had been issued by the Treasury Department in regard to their baggage, and they were not delayed by an inspection.

Before leaving the pier the Major said: "I succeeded beyond expectation in securing space. I was somewhat handicapped by the delay of the United States Government in accepting the invitation of France to participate in the exposition, but I succeeded in making up for lost time. I secured about two hundred thousand square feet of space, after the commissioners of other nations had been at work upon the ground for a year. The exposition will eclipse anything of its kind ever held. Everybody is enthusiastic over it. It will be impossible to secure privileges for all the American industries which will be anxious for representation at the exposition, but we shall do the best we can. I shall make my official report some time next week."

THE FUNERAL OF MISS GUIMARAES.

IT WILL BE HELD AT HER HOME IN EAST ORANGE TO-DAY.

Orange, Nov. 6.—The body of Cecile Guimaraes, the sixteen-year-old girl who committed suicide, now lies at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Guimaraes, at No. 586 Springdale-ave., East Orange. It will be buried to-morrow afternoon in Calvary Cemetery, Long Island City. As the family are Roman Catholics, the body cannot be buried with the rites of the Church, nor can it be buried in consecrated ground.

The dead girl left a letter of three pages, and this is in the possession of County Physician Washington, of Newark, who positively refuses to give out any part of it for publication other than the few lines which were published in The Tribune this morning. Neither Mr. Guimaraes nor his wife could be seen to-day.

Because of the untimely death of Miss Guimaraes a postponement of the settlement of the will of her grandfather, Charles H. Birking, by which she would receive the major part of his estate of $175,000, was asked for in the Chancery Chambers before Vice-Chancellor Reed to-day. Joseph P. Osborne, of New-York, attorney for the trustees of Birking's estate—Augustus Brombacher and M. Porter Tuttle—made the application, but the Vice-Chancellor said that he did not think that the case, which some time ago had been set down for to-day, would go over.

The action is brought by the trustees against Max Birking and others, and the bill is filed for the construction of the intents of the will. Mr. Birking died in 1888. His will was probated in the Essex County Surrogate's office, the provisions giving to the executors the estate in trust, the income to be paid to his wife and children in proportions named in the instrument, during his wife's life, and on her death to the grandchildren when they should arrive at certain ages.

In this Cecile Guimaraes would have had a share, and, as she was the eldest grandchild, it would have been a large one. Her mother was Miss Pauline Birking before she was married to Henry Guimaraes. Mrs. Birking died in Brooklyn in 1896, and on the probate of her will these letters of administration were issued in this county, where some of the property Mrs. Birking left is located. Since her death a controversy has arisen between the children of Birking and the trustees as to the disposition of the income.

The trustees appeal to Chancery for directions as to the future administration. Augustus Brombacher was the only witness examined by Mr. Osborne, and then the Vice-Chancellor took the papers and reserved decision.

H. O. HAVEMEYER'S CONDITION.

Advices received yesterday at the office of the American Sugar Refining Company (Sugar Trust) were that Henry O. Havemeyer, the president of the company, who on Monday was operated on for appendicitis, was making rapid progress toward complete recovery.

MR. WOLCOTT PREPARING HIS REPORT.

Senator E. O. Wolcott, who went abroad as a special commissioner of the United States to try to arrange for an international monetary conference, and got back on Friday, is still at the Waldorf. The Senator received a number of callers yesterday at his hotel, but to all he studiously declined to discuss the result of his mission until after he has seen and talked with the President. Mr. Wolcott admits that he was kindly received by the representatives of the various countries with whom he conferred, but makes no comment on the failure to secure a conference. The Senator is busy working on his report, and expects to complete it within a few days. He will go to Washington some time this week and see President McKinley.

The Senator would not discuss politics, but in an offhand way he did say in conversation that he believed the sentiment in favor of bimetallism was growing in the country, and that while the recent elections may have been fought almost solely upon local conditions, nevertheless he thought they indicated a growing interest in the cause of the double standard, and that it might be the main issue in the next Presidential election. The Senator said he was not well enough informed on the Cuban situation to speak intelligently about it, but that he found a division of opinion in Europe about the relations between Spain and America, some favoring Spain and some the United States.

MR. CROKER GOES SOUTH.

FOR A REST AFTER HIS HARD WORK IN THE CAMPAIGN.

Richard Croker has gone away to get a rest after the trying work of the recent campaign. He left the city at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Richmond is said to be his immediate destination. Mr. Croker was accompanied by his wife, Randolph Guggenheimer, Asa Bird Gardiner and William Astor Chanler. The reports about Mr. Croker's illness were doubtless greatly exaggerated. He looked quite well when he came downstairs in the Murray Hill Hotel yesterday. He ate a hearty breakfast, and passed the most of the forenoon seated in the rotunda of the hotel chatting with friends. A number of Tammany politicians came in, and they were all warmly greeted by Mr. Croker. John C. Sheehan was about the first caller. He congratulated Mr. Croker on his regained strength, and then talked with him for over an hour about the situation. Other callers were Michael T. Daly, Thomas F. Grady, Andrew Freedman, ex-Commissioner Sheehy, Nathan Straus, William R. Hearst, Judge Dugro, Elliot Danforth, Lawrence Delmour and others.

Mr. Croker left the Murray Hill Hotel at 3:30 o'clock in a carriage. Andrew Freedman and John C. Sheehan saw him safely in his seat with his wife. They were driven to the Desbrosses-st. station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where they were joined by Colonel Gardiner, Mr. Guggenheimer and Mr. Chanler. The first stop will be Richmond, and from there the party will go on to Asheville, and then to Belle Meade Farm, in which Mr. Croker owns a half interest. The length of the stay in the South has not been determined, but it is probable that they will be gone for two weeks.

Mayor-elect Van Wyck was not of the party. It was his original intention to go along, but something detained him. It was said at his home yesterday that he had gone out of the city to stay over Sunday. It is possible that Mr. Van Wyck will go South later and join the party before Mr. Croker comes home.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN.

Ex-Mayor William Chamberlain of Rahway, N. J., died at 6 o'clock yesterday morning at his home, Milton and Jaques aves., after a lingering illness. He had been ill for a year. Mr. Chamberlain was born in this city on December 12, 1835, and when he reached manhood he went into the storage wareroom business. He made a success and moved to Monmouth County, and then to Rahway in 1865.

Mr. Chamberlain was elected in 1867 as a Democrat to the Board of Education, and later surprised his party by announcing his intention to vote for General Grant for President. He left the Democratic party and was afterward elected a member of the Board of Freeholders by the Republicans. In 1886 he was chosen an Assemblyman and afterwards re-elected. Next he was chosen Mayor of Rahway, after an exciting election. He was nominated for County Clerk in 1892 by the Republicans, and was defeated. He leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter. Mr. Chamberlain was wealthy and gave much toward charity.

JOHN G. SMITH.

The funeral of John G. Smith will be held at his home, No. 62 Hudson-ave., Peekskill, to-morrow afternoon, and will be attended by all the firemen of Peekskill and many fraternal organizations. Mr. Smith died in Peekskill on Friday, from cirrhosis of the liver, after an illness of some months. He was a native of Buffalo, and was born there on December 16, 1846. Twenty-seven years ago he went to Peekskill. At the time of his death he was the proprietor of the Hudson Avenue House. He was a member of Harmony Lodge No. 138, K. of P.; European Council No. 80, O. of U. F., and Dunderberg Lodge No. 156, A. O. U. W., all of which lodges will attend the funeral on Monday. He was a pioneer member of Centennial Hose Company No. 4, and before its organization, in 1876, was a member of the old Lady Washington Hose Company No. 2, now disbanded.

He married Miss Helene Pierson, of Peekskill, in 1872. She and a daughter, Marguerite, and a son, Frank H., survive him.

MRS. THEODORE B. STARR.

Mrs. Caroline M. Starr, the wife of Theodore B. Starr, the well-known jeweler, of this city, died at Santa Barbara, Cal., on Friday. Her husband and her two sons were with her. Mrs. Starr was the eldest daughter of the late Lewis H. Morris, of this city. She had been ill for a long time. Her daughter died about four years ago. The family lives at No. 3 West Fifty-third-st., and has a summer home in Connecticut. The body will be brought to this city for burial.

THE REV. A. ACKERLY.

Kingston, N. Y., Nov. 6 (Special).—The Rev. A. Ackerly, a widely known Methodist preacher, died at the home of his daughter here to-day. He was the father of the Rev. J. W. Ackerly, of Matteawan, and the Rev. H. W. Ackerly, of Lake Mahopac. He was born in Middletown, Delaware County, nearly eighty-seven years ago, and he joined the New-York Conference in 1839.

OBITUARY NOTES.

Oxford, Ga., Nov. 6.—Mrs. Georgia Fickler Callaway, wife of D. Morgan Callaway, vice-president of Emory College, died this morning at 11 o'clock, after a month's illness. Mrs. Callaway was one of the best-known women in the State.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 6.—Wood J. Benbow, manager and president of the Otis Steel Company, Limited, died yesterday from injuries sustained by being struck by a train on the Lake Shore Railroad, near his home in Glenville, last Wednesday. Four years ago he came from England to take charge of the company's works when they were bought by an English syndicate.

Jackson, Mich., Nov. 6.—James C. Wood, a well-known lawyer and politician, died last night, aged eighty-four. Mr. Wood was Jackson's first Mayor, and afterward a member of the Legislature for several terms. He was active as a war Democrat during the Rebellion.

FIVE FREE TRAVELLERS ON THE PARIS.

THEY CAME IN THE COAL BUNKERS AND INCLUDED A STRANDED BICYCLIST.

There arrived here on the American liner Paris yesterday five stowaways of various nationalities, occupations, ages and characters, the only thing they had in common being their hard luck. They brought that to this country in large quantities, in order, if possible, to dispose of it. None of the stowaways knew any one of the others before they concealed themselves in the coal hole of the Paris at Southampton, but as the environments in such a place, while tossed about on the Atlantic, are conducive to the formation of close and abiding friendships, the five parted at the Barge Office yesterday, where they had been taken for inspection and investigation, with mutual expressions of esteem and goodwill.

The most interesting of the quintet was Charles Goebel. He claims attention first, not on account of being a more expert stowaway than his companions, but because his case presents certain rather intricate peculiarities. He is twenty years old, and is said to live at No. 31 West One-hundred-and-thirtieth-st., where he has a father reputed to have a comfortable income. Goebel went abroad in the summer well furnished with funds for a bicycle tour. His capacity for spending money proved greater than for scorching, and he went through his money faster than he did the cities of Europe. The result was that before he ended his tour he found himself penniless.

For some reason he failed to get any more money from home, so he put his wheel in pawn, and, reaching Southampton without a cent, descended to the coal hole of the Paris unobserved and joined to the coal hole of the Paris unobserved and joined to the four other stranded travellers who were all ready there. They were William H. Robinson, of No. 315 Bedford-ave., Brooklyn; Emil Bruscher, a German butcher; Walter Clark, an English watchmaker, and Thomas McCloud, a Scotchman.

Two days out from port the hungry band was discovered and hailed before Captain Watkins. Realizing that their immolation in the ship's bunkers had imbued them, as it were, with a fine discrimination in coal, he put them to stoking the furnaces for the rest of the voyage. They had nothing to complain of, as they thus paid their way. On being taken before the Immigration Commissioners yesterday Goebel, Robinson and Bruscher, being Americans, were allowed to go, but Clark and McCloud, being foreigners, were held for deportation.

KANGAROO TAIL SOUP.

From The London Chronicle.

A correspondent writes: Reading that a consignment of kangaroo tails had reached this country from Australia, I hastened to John S. Fitter & Son, the great purveyors, of Leadenhall Market, and procured a big one for a couple of shillings. I handed it in its canvas wrapper to my cook, simply saying, "We will have this at dinner to-morrow." Her surprise when she opened the package and after much consideration pronounced it to be a "seal's tail," was great, but she treated it as one does ox-tail, and I can assure your readers that a more delicious and nourishing soup does not exist than that which resulted. For the benefit of invalids in particular I think this fact should be known. But how, I should like to know, do so many kangaroos come to be robbed of their great caudal appendages?

THE STAGE OF LONDON.

London, Nov. 6.—Neither the "Cat and the Cherub," at the Lyric Theatre, nor "The First Born," at the Globe Theatre, is successful, and as cabled to the Associated Press yesterday, "The First Born" will be withdrawn from the Globe today, and the whole company, after six performances, will return to America. The comparisons which the critics have drawn are decidedly in favor of the Lyric's version of the Chinese play. Charles Frohman was quick to recognize this, and "like a wise general, who, after having done his utmost to achieve victory, accepts defeat in the spirit of graceful acquiescence," as "The St. James's Gazette" says, closes his season to-night. Clement Scott, as well at the London critics generally, has been unstinted in his praise of May Buckley. Scott says in "The Daily Telegraph":

We have not hesitated to proclaim the cosmopolitanism of dramatic art, to the injury, perhaps, of our people; but, briefly, "The Cat and the Cherub" is worth a music-hall turn, and "The First Born" is not worth an evening's entertainment. America is very welcome in England, but she must give us better than we can produce, and "The First Born" is not that.

Much feeling seems to have been aroused by Beerbohm Tree's offer to Ada Rehan of the part of Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," with which Tree opened the season at Her Majesty's Theatre on Monday. Augustin Daly says:

"I could not have considered it possible that Mr. Tree would send me such an unmanagerial, coolly insulting proposition as to separate Miss Rehan from her companions and ask her to descend to play in an emasculated version of Shakespeare's play, after she has established her renown in the production with which she is distinguished."

"Never Again" seems to have settled down into a financial success at the Vaudeville Theatre, and now seems likely to have a long run.

Mrs. James Brown Potter does not speak in the most complimentary terms of the Australian managers under whose direction she was introduced to London as a star. The season of eight weeks at the Duke of York's Theatre, for which Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew were engaged, closed tonight, and the American actress will rest in London for the winter, after years of hard work in several continents. While "Francillon," which was the only play in which Mrs. Potter appeared here, has not attracted great houses, the quality of the audiences has been of the best, the Prince of Wales being included among the auditors, and the tone of the critical comments has been generally flattering. But Mrs. Potter does not hesitate to say that the English company which the management provided for her support was not up to the American standard, and that, with her old American supporters, the season would have proved more successful.

"I did not expect to set the Thames on fire when I came to London," Mrs. Potter said; "but I am greatly gratified by my success. In my ten years on the stage I have earned enough for living in comfort the rest of my life, and I do not fancy risking any of my money on new theatrical ventures. Offers have been made me for a tour of the provinces, but I have declined them for the present, though I may make a provincial tour in the spring. I am glad to be one of the few American actresses who have gained a position on the London stage. I believe Mary Anderson, Miss Rehan and myself are the only ones. Ten years ago, when I entered the profession, I determined to achieve a reputation overreaching the borders of the United States, and I think I may say without boasting that I have in some measure succeeded."

Speaking of the audiences of different nationalities, Mrs. Potter said:

"London playgoers are the least cosmopolitan and the least appreciative of any in the world. In the United States we have contingents of Germans, of French, of Italians and of English, so that all phases of life are understood and appreciated. In England there are only the British, and they are slow to understand any life except their own, so that a play like 'Francillon,' dealing with French conditions, fails to be understood as it would be in other countries.

"All things considered, I am satisfied with my London success. As for the theatrical profession, my only regret is that I did not adopt it twenty years ago, instead of ten. I might prefer to be a painter or a writer, but for a woman to do some sort of work, make some sort of a career, is better than dawdling in society. And the temptations of this life are less than those of a society woman, for we work too hard and there is no time to think of other things. And when letters come to me, like one I had to-day, written on a drumhead at Fort Lockhart, where they are fighting the Indians, thanking me for the pleasure my work has given the writer, and when I think of the many friends worth knowing I have met throughout the world, whom I would not have known under other circumstances, I am sure that the compensations of the profession outweigh its trials."

"The Little Minister," with Cyril Maude as the minister and Miss Winifred Emery as the Lady Babbie, was introduced to a most enthusiastic audience at the Haymarket this evening. The piece was excellently mounted, and Brandon Thomas and Sydney Valentine as the elders, and W. G. Elliot as the Earl of Rintoul, did praiseworthy work. At the conclusion of the performance calls were made for J. M. Barrie, the author, but that gentleman had retreated from the theatre, and in his stead Frederick Harrison, one of the managers, addressed the audience.

Sir Edwin Arnold and his bride, who was attired in a blue décolleté gown, occupied front seats.

TO IMPEACH CHIEF ISHPARHECHER.

HE IS ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN THE ISSUE OF FRAUDULENT INDIAN WARRANTS.

Muskogee, I. T., Nov. 6.—The House of Warriors has voted to file articles of impeachment against Principal Chief Ishparhecher. He is charged with being in complicity with the Warrant Committee which approved $89,000 in fraudulent warrants. There are several other charges against him, among which are that he paid N. B. Moore $1,000 without an appropriation being made by the Council, that he misapplied $5,000 which was appropriated and placed in his hands to be used in removing intruders from the Nation, that he refused to authorize the second chief to take his place in the executive office during his absence in Washington, and that he appointed and commissioned two delegates to Washington in violation of the law.

A committee has also been appointed to examine the accounts of Treasurer Childers.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

YESTERDAY'S RECORD AND TO-DAY'S FORECAST.

Washington, Nov. 6.—The storm central Friday evening near Lake Huron has moved eastward to New-Brunswick. Showers have occurred in New-England and the lower lake region, and highly westerly winds have prevailed on the lakes. The weather has been generally fair in other districts. Fair weather is indicated in all districts Sunday except the middle Mississippi Valley, where showers are likely to occur. An area of high pressure covers the entire Gulf States, the Ohio Valley and the upper lake region. The barometer has fallen in New-England and on the Southern Rocky Mountain slope; it has risen throughout the lake region and southward to the East Gulf States. The temperature is lower in the lake regions and the Middle Atlantic States, and it is higher in the Mississippi Valley and on the Southern Rocky Mountain slope. The temperature will be higher Sunday in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys and remain nearly stationary in the other districts.

DETAILED FORECAST FOR TO-DAY.

For Maine, New-Hampshire and Vermont, generally fair; cooler; westerly winds.

For Eastern New-York, fair; westerly winds.

For Eastern Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, fair; westerly winds, becoming variable.

TRIBUNE LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.

In this diagram a continuous white line shows the changes in pressure as indicated by The Tribune's self-recording barometer. The dotted line shows the temperature as recorded at Perry's Pharmacy.