THEATRICAL INCIDENTS AND NEWS NOTES.

"BABETTE" AND "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER" THIS WEEK, AND BARRIE'S "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

"The Admirable Crichton" has been presented over three hundred times in London, and has been talked and written about so much that advance words are scarcely necessary. J. M. Barrie is J. M. Barrie—usually; and this fantastic play is said to be one of the times. It is, if you care to brand it, a satire on English society, showing the preponderance of skill, resource and character in favor of the butler, Crichton, when life on a desert island makes these qualities necessary to salvation. It also shows, in the last act, the butler going back to his proper place in the social scale when England is reached again. That is like Mr. Barrie. There is much comedy throughout the four acts, and a chance for tasteful scenery. The leading part, that of the admirable butler, will be played by William Gillette, who abandoned "Hamlet" (for the what time?) to appear in this character. Carter Pickford, Miss Beatrice Irwin, Miss Rosalind Coghlan, and others will support him, but in the nature of the play seems to reside the supposition that Mr. Gillette will have most of the honors.

Miss Fay Davis, seen here last season in "Imprudence," and who created in London the part of Iris in Pinero's drama of that name, will appear

MRS. CARTER.
In "Zaza," at the Belasco Theatre to-morrow.

at the Garrick Theatre on Monday night at the head of the Empire Theatre company, presenting a dramatization of Mrs. Ward's recent and widely read novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter." "George Fleming" made the dramatization. The story of the play differs somewhat from that of the book, but it is promised, probably not without truth, that the part of Julie is no less important. Guy Standing, William Courtleigh, W. H. Crompton, Miss Louise Drew, Miss Maggie Fisher and Miss Ida Waterman are among the members of the cast.

Mme. Fritzi Scheff, late the "baby" of the Grau opera company, will appear at the Broadway Theatre to-morrow evening as a star in comic opera. She will be heard in a new piece by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, called "Babette." The period of this opera is that of Louis XIV; the scene, France. Eugene Cowles will be a prominent member of the cast, which also includes William Castleman, E. J. Connelly, Miss Ida Hawley, Louis Harrison and a score of others. Richie Ling is the tenor. The costumes and scenery are said to be on an elaborate scale.

Mrs. Leslie Carter comes to the Belasco Theatre to-morrow night for an engagement of three weeks. The first week will be devoted entirely to a re-

FRITZI SCHEFF.
She makes her debut in comic opera at the Broadway Theatre to-morrow.

vival of "Zaza." The second week "Du Barry" will be given, and the third week will be divided between the two plays. The name of Charles A. Stevenson, Miss Marie Bates, Miss Maria Davis and others of the original cast of "Zaza" will again be on the programme. Of course, the original production will be followed, and Mr. Belasco looks for a revival of public interest in his adaptation from the French and in his star's interpretation.

The charming English musical comedy, "Three Little Maids," will be transferred from Daly's Theatre to the Garden to-morrow night.

To-morrow night at the West End Theatre Miss Isabel Irving will be seen in "The Crisis," under the management of James K. Hackett. Miss Irving will be supported by Wilfrid North, who plays Mr. Hackett's part, and by Joseph Brennan and

ISABEL IRVING.
In "The Crisis" at the West End Theatre this week.

Thomas Hall in their original characters. Mr. Hackett has himself staged the production.

The last two weeks of Edward Harrigan's engagement in "Under Cover" at the Murray Hill Theatre are announced. Miss Vesta Tilley will remain with him, singing between the acts, during the remainder of his engagement.

The Majestic Theatre production of "The Wizard of Oz," with Montgomery and Stone, will be seen for one week at the Harlem Opera House, beginning to-morrow night. There will be a midweek matinee at popular prices.

This is the last week of Charles Hawtrey's engagement in "The Man from Blankley's" at the Criterion. Next week Faversham appears at that house.

Mme. Wiehe continues to present her little plays in French at the Vaudeville Theatre.

To-morrow night James K. Hackett begins the last week of his engagement at the Manhattan Theatre in "John Ermine of the Yellowstone." Next week "Captain Barrington," the Colonial drama by Victor Mapes, which was once presented by the Empire Theatre Dramatic School without much success, but which with Charles Richman as the star has been the talk of Boston for more than a month past, will follow.

At the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, to-morrow night, Miss Virginia Earl will appear in a new musical comedy by R. H. Burnside and A. Baldwin Sloan, called "Sergeant Kitty." Well known players are in the supporting cast, and the whole company numbers eighty.

"A Human Slave" will be he play at the Third Avenue Theatre this coming week.

To-night, at the Majestic Theatre, Pryor's Band will give its first New-York concert. Arthur Pryor was for many years identified with Mr. Sousa's organization. He himself will play a trombone solo to-night, and his new two step, "Mr. Black Man," will be given. Miss Blanche Duffield and Miss Dorothy Hoyle, soprano and violinist, will be additional soloists.

George Riddle's lecture on "The Decadence of English Speech," first delivered last February at Harvard University, will be given for the first time in New-York next Wednesday afternoon at the Carnegie Lyceum, under the auspices of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Mr. Riddle has long been before the public as a dramatic reader.

"Im Bunten Rock" has been so well received at the Irving Place Theatre that no change of bill will be made this week.

"Red Feather," magnificently mounted and starring Miss Grace Van Studdiford, who can sing, continues at the Lyric. Charles Emerson Cook, author of the lyrics, has published in a neat pamphlet his part of the work, supplementing the musical score.

PLAYS THAT REMAIN.

EMPIRE—Miss Maude Adams in "The Pretty Sister of José."
SAVOY—"Major André," with Arthur Byron.
CRITERION—Charles Hawtrey in "The Man from Blankley's." Last week.
MURRAY HILL—Edward Harrigan in "Under Cover" and Miss Vesta Tilley in songs.
ACADEMY—"The Best of Friends."
HUDSON—Miss Barrymore in "Cousin Kate."
PRINCESS—Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles."
MADISON SQUARE—Miss Jessie Millward in "A Clean Slate."
MANHATTAN—James K. Hackett in "John Ermine of the Yellowstone." Last week.
FOURTEENTH STREET—"Lights of Home."

MUSICAL PIECES STILL HERE.

WALLACK'S—George Ade's "Peggy from Paris." Last week.
WEBER & FIELDS—"Whoop-Dee-Doo."
MAJESTIC—"Babes in Toyland."
CASINO—Francis Wilson in "Erminie."
HERALD SQUARE—"The Girl from Kay's."
VICTORIA—Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy."
LYRIC—"Red Feather."

The Great Thurston tops the bill at Percy G. Williams's Circle Theatre this week. His sleight-of-hand work has won for him the title of "master magician." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are the extra attraction in their new sketch, "The Yellow Dragon." The Drews have just returned from the Oxford Music Hall, at London. Papinta and her electric dances hold over for another week. She introduces many new effects. Of the specialties are Raymond and Caverly, German comedians from Weberfields' San Francisco revivals; Julius Tannen, a mimic; the Yankee Comedy Four, singing comedians; Nellie Florida, singer; Toreat, French comedian; Deltorelli and Glissando, musical comedians, and the Vitagraph. Children's bargain matinees are given every day at this theatre.

Barring the one sketch to be presented by Hal Davis and Inez McCauley, "The Unexpected," the bill at Keith's will be a straight out and out variety show. One of the most striking acts on the bill is the Hoosier Zouaves. These men are perfectly drilled, do everything with a snap, going through the most intricate of military manœuvres, and winding up with an excellent exhibition of wall scaling. Davis and McCauley will present a new sketch. The singing of the Grand Opera Trio will be heard. For the first time in four years, Everhart, the originator of the hoop rolling, will be seen in an American theatre. Murphy and Willard, in conversational novelties; Charles Kenna, in his monologue specialty, "The Fakir"; Female Drummer Quartette, vocalists and comedians; John Geiger, trick violinist; Norton and Russell, character changes; Valesca; Spaulding, the acrobatic tramp, and the Biograph will all lend their aid to make the entertainment enjoyable.

The "Moorish Soldiers in the Field" is one of the latest features added to the moving pictures in the series "Scenes and Incidents from Europe," at the Eden Musee. The photograper took the pictures of these troops at the risk of his life, as the natives of Morocco have decided objections to the camera. The photographer was concealed behind a stone bridge within a few feet of the soldiers guarding the river's passage. Other interesting pictures are scenes on the elevated road in rush hours. The Sunday concerts by the Leipziger orchestra are crowded regularly.

The bill at Tony Pastor's Theatre for the week contains Crimmins and Gore, assisted by Miss Eva Hoy in a musical comedy sketch; Edwin Latell, musical comedian; Miss Irene Franklin, comedienne; the original Ford Sisters, wooden shoe buck dancers; Orville and Frank, equilibrists and novel postures; the Two Fantas, comedy acrobats, boxers, and trained pig; Tally Ho Duo, operatic vocalists; Ed. B. and Rolla White, scientific and comedy athletes; Leonard and Leonard, the "old magical musicians"; Carroll and Elliston, in rapid fire comedy sketch, Pierce and Maizee, in costumed singing and dancing act; Francis Wood, novelty hoop roller, and others.

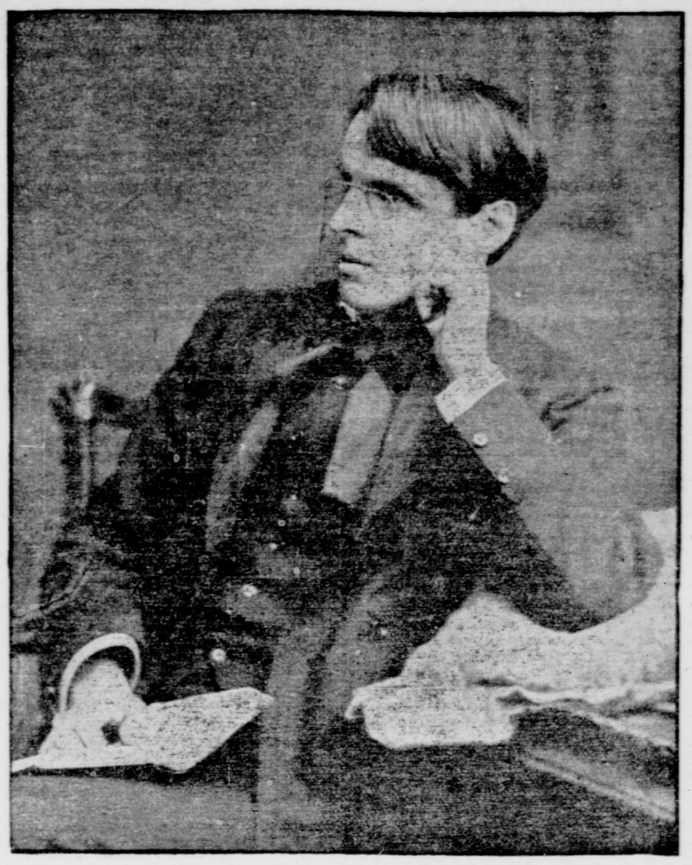
STORY OF INDIAN MAGIC.

Tricks That Defy Detection and Mystify All Who Behold Them.

The following story of Indian magic was told me by the person to whom it was told by the late Lord Lytton. I give it in my own words, for the excellent though humiliating reason that I have mislaid the manuscript. When in India, Lord Lytton often sought out conjurers, but never saw any but the usual feats, such as the mango tree trick and the basket trick. The method in each case is known, or at all events plausible explanations have been given by Mr. Maskelyne and other experts. On one occasion Lord Lytton liked something in the looks of the conjurer who was performing in an open space before his house. After the ordinary exhibition, his lordship asked the magician if he could not do something more out of the common way. The man said he would try, and asked for a ring, which Lord Lytton gave him. He then requested an officer to take in either hand a handful of seeds; one sort was sesame; the name of the other sort my informant did not know. Holding these seeds and having the ring between his finger and thumb, the officer was to go to a well in the corner of the compound. He was to dispose of the seeds in a certain way—I think on the low wall around the well, into the depths of which he was to throw the ring. All this was done, and then the magician asked Lord Lytton where he would like the ring to reappear. He answered, "in his dispatch box," of which the key was attached to his watch chain, or at all events he had it with him on the spot. The dispatch box was brought out. Lord Lytton opened it, and there was the ring.

This trick would be easy if the British officer was a confederate of the juggler's, and if he possessed a duplicate key to the dispatch box. In that case he would not throw the ring into the well, but would take it into the house, open the box and insert the ring. But this explanation involves enormous improbabilities, while it is unlikely, again, that the conjurer managed to insert a duplicate ring into the dispatch box beforehand. Lord Lytton then asked the juggler if he could repeat the trick. He answered in the affirmative, and a woman lent another ring. Another officer took it, with the seeds, as before, and dropped the ring into the well. The countenance of the juggler altered in the pause which followed. Something, he said, had gone wrong, and he seemed agitated. Turning to the second officer, he said, "Did you arrange the seeds as I bade you?" "No," said the officer, "I thought that was all nonsense, and I threw them away." The juggler seemed horrified. "Do you think I do this by myself?" he said, and, packing up, he departed.

The well was carefully dragged, and at last the woman's ring was brought to the surface. That ring at least had been in the water. But had the first ring been as faithfully consigned to the depths? Opinions will be of various opinions as to that, yet the hypothesis of confederacy and of duplicte key to the dispatch box is difficult.—(Longman's Magazine.



W. B. YEATS.

The young Irish dramatist and poet, president of the Irish National Theatre Society, who came here last week, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society of New-York, to lecture.

W. B. YEATS, IRISH POET.

Aims to Educate Irish People by Means of Irish Theatre.

To educate the people of Ireland by means of the Irish theatre is the aim of William Butler Yeats, who arrived in this city last week. Poet, dramatist and lecturer, Mr. Yeats is regarded at home as one of the chief factors in the present national awakening of Ireland, and he comes to this country to obtain the sympathy, if not the financial support, of Americans. Mr. Yeats will make a tour of the country and lecture at such colleges as Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Brown, Stanford and Princeton, as well as before various Irish societies of this country. His lectures will be under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society of New York, of which John Quinn is president.

Gaunt of body, with a classical, finely chiselled face and a heavy shock of black hair, finely sprinkled with silver, the young poet of the Irish Renaissance impresses one at once with his entire earnestness. He listens to one in a dreamy sort of way, but as soon as he himself begins to speak he talks with a stress of voice and a play of expression which show his intensity of feeling.

"I suppose Americans wonder at my mission," said Mr. Yeats yesterday, as he leaned on the brass foot bars of his bed in his apartments at the Plaza Hotel. "As soon as I say that my work is to educate the Irish people with the Irish theatre the American always asks:

"'Has not Ireland had theatres always?'

"You may be surprised when I tell you that until a few years ago Ireland had no stage which was characteristically Irish. In Dublin there were music halls and theatres, to be sure, but the productions that one found there were not Irish. The actors were Englishmen who had crossed the Irish Sea from London, and the performance was that conglomerate mass of nothingness which is advertised as the comic opera. Such productions filled London theatres year in and year out, and their managers thought, accordingly, that they must be good enough for Ireland. They have finally found out that they were mistaken.

"These comic operas, as we all know, are not intended to educate. I have only seen one in all my life, but that was sufficient. Many of my people objected to their frivolous character, but the great majority came to regard them intimically, because of their politics. Some cockney in the show would always get off something about his majesty the King, and the audience would begin to boil."

The thin face of the poet began to relax into a smile.

"I remember on one occasion," he said, "that a comic opera company was playing at a large Dublin theatre, and the ballet had just marched on the stage for the 'tout ensemble,' when the leading lady uttered the line:

"'Hail to Britannia, Queen of the Ocean!'

"At once there was a riot. The ballet beat a retreat, which was especially humiliating after such an announcement, and the scenery, I understand, looked much like a Kansas farm after a cyclone. There were twelve arrests, and one young rioter was sentenced to an especially long term of imprisonment. Just before the judge pronounced this young man's sentence the prisoner said:

"'Oi'll till wy I boosted oop the show. Oi deedn't loike its marals.'"

As if to explain better how he himself first began his work as a dramatist, Mr. Yeats told of the political questions which had kept the Irish people in a ferment until about ten years ago. The Fenian movement and the land question had aroused such passionate interest, he said, that they had had no time to think of other things. At the present time, however, the masses were coming to the conclusion, Mr. Yeats said, that their leaders would take care of their political controversies, and consequently they were craving education as they never did before.

This birth of new ideas and ideals, he said, had had a profound effect upon Irish literature and national life. Associations were organized to carry on the educational movement along various lines, and thus there came into existence the Irish Literary Society of London, the National Literary Society of Dublin, the Irish Literary Theatre, the Feis Ceoil Committee, in Dublin, at whose annual concerts of Irish music singers and pipers from all parts of Ireland compete; the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, under the leadership of Horace Plunkitt, and the Gael's League, which, under the presidency of Dr. Douglas Hyde, has worked for the revival of the native language of Ireland.

It was at this time that Mr. Yeats conceived the idea that the stage could be made a most potent instrument in the education of his fellow countrymen.

"Instead of the frivolous comic opera," he said to his associates, "let us put before the people plays of their own life and history, so that they may learn more fully about their present problems, as well as the rich heroic and lyric literature of the past. Let us not attempt too much. Let us not try to fill a great music hall or stage it with sumptuous scenery. Let us rather appeal to the hearts of the common people with homely themes."

With such an inspiration the Irish Literary Theatre was established in 1899. Mr. Yeats was its organizer and its head. It undertook to do for Irish drama what Antoine, with the Théâtre Libre, did for the French drama. The young poet had written several plays based on the peasant life of the present time and also the heroic legends of olden days. The first actors were Englishmen.

"We had to get English actors in the beginning," said Mr. Yeats, "because there were few Irishmen who knew how to act. We raised sufficient capital and brought over a company from London. We rented a hall of small proportions, which seemed obscurely modest compared with the great music halls where comic operas were performed. Our audiences were large and enthusiastic, but not what we wanted. In spite of prolonged training, those Englishmen could not disguise their nationality. I remember on one occasion that a cockney who had taken the part of the ancient Irish King Brian Boroimbe, the mighty conqueror of the Scandinavians, dropped his 'h's' in a battle hymn. It caused almost a panic.

"We soon saw that without Irish actors these Irish plays were doomed to failure. We realized that we must take some of our own countrymen and educate them for the stage. This at first seemed impossible, because in Ireland there are extremely few who have the leisure for such an experiment. After all, our project at that time was only an experiment.

"'Let us go to the clerks and the shop girls,' one of us said, 'and train them for the stage after their work hours. Let us try.'

"We found the task far easier than we expected. It was only another evidence of the spirit of intellectual unrest which pervaded all classes. We formed a company, and rehearsed at night. Our first plays were chiefly one act productions, and only required a half dozen performers, yet I am sure we put more time on these productions than many Broadway managers on long plays. We were not working for money or fame. We were working for the love of country."

The dramatist became so enthusiastic over his subject that he had half climbed the chair on which he first rested his foot. He now sat on the brass bar of the bed, and was apparently entirely oblivious of any uncomfortableness. With his right hand he emphasized each sentence with a grace which showed him to be as much an actor as a playwright.

"The English actor, and perhaps the American, too, in learning a play, spends the first twenty days on the positions and poses and eight days on the speech. Our actors were accustomed to spend a month on the speech and a week on the poses. An actor would rehearse and rehearse a line until he spoke it unconsciously and with unfettered fervor. Then it was that we founded the Irish National Theatre Society, in which Irish plays were played, as well as written, by Irishmen. From that time on our work succeeded. We even went to London and filled the Queen's Gate Hall, which, though not exactly a barn, can boast of few of the glories of the ordinary playhouse. The Londoners gave us good box receipts and the press treated us graciously.

"I suppose you wonder how our actors could be actors and shop people, too. I don't suppose it would be possible in America. Nevertheless, our company often played in villages several hours' ride out of Dublin on an evening, and each performer would be back at work the next day. I remember one instance as an illustration. We were to produce 'Kathleen Ni Houlihan,' a play of Irish peasant life. It is only one act, and has a cast of five. One set of scenery is sufficient, and it is as easily handled as a steamer trunk. Well, we went out to the village of Loughrea, County Galway, three hours out of Dublin. It was a holiday night, so we arrived on time, and had a rehearsal in the village hall before the performance. The whole village was there to see us, and we had their applause throughout. Our company stayed in the village that night, rose at 4 the next morning, and were back at work as if they had remained in Dublin the whole night.

"The plays that we produce are not in Gaelic, but English. Nevertheless, a movement has sprung up, which is due to the Gaelic League as well as to our efforts, to produce Irish plays in the ancient Irish language. Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic League, has written several plays, which have been produced in Dublin with great success. Plays in Gaelic have also been produced in many parishes of Ireland under the auspices of Catholic priests. Most of these dramas have been written by Father Peter O'Leary. Indeed, Dublin was invaded by two Gaelic companies recently, and both drew crowded houses. One play at the Rotunda drew nightly audiences of 3,000 persons. Out of the 4,000,000 inhabitants of Ireland, only 700,000 in the western counties speak Gaelic in their homes. Yet throughout the island the language is now being studied zealously."

The plays of Mr. Yeats are staged with remarkable simplicity. "The King's Threshold," for example, is presented with scenery which is entirely gray. The curtain is gray. The costumes are gray. Even the pitcher on the table is gray.

"For this reason," said the poet, "the thought appeals to the mind so much the more powerfully. The eye does not distract the brain by calling its attention to gaudy claptrap."

Amid such scenery one may easily understand what an unearthly effect such lines as these might have, which are entitled by Mr. Yeats "The Hosting of the Sidhe":

The host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
Caoite tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: Away! come away!
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round.
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand—
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?
Caoite tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: Away! come away!

A "FLY BY NIGHT" PLAY OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

A scene from "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," written by William Butler Yeats, and produced at Irish villages by performers who work in the shops and factories of Dublin in the daytime.

LITTLE OLD NEW-YORK.

Some Odd Phases of Her March to Greatness.

XVII.

Fair Greenwich Village
Slept by Hudson's rural shore,
Two miles out from New-York City,
With its bustle, rush and roar!
Then great Gotham's "eighty thousand"
Filled the New World with amaze,
And the City Hall was building
"Out of town" in those "fast" days!

Well named "fair Greenwich" by the poet is this part of New-York, which, with the exception of the vicinity of the Battery, is said to have been the oldest habitation of white men on the island. Historians vary in opinion as to its origin, but most of them grant to Sir Peter Warren, K. B., the honor of founding it, if the term may be used. However, in a land conveyance of 1721, twenty-three years before the advent of Sir Peter, the name Greenwich is used as an alias, originated by whom the writer cannot say.

Sir Peter Warren was "some pumpkins" in New-York in 1744. He had then returned from Martinique, where he had captured many French and Spanish prizes with his squadron of sixteen sailing craft. These were sold for him by Stephen De Lancey & Co., and netted him a considerable fortune, and it is said he bought his Greenwich farm of three hundred acres with a part of the money. At any rate, the rise of Greenwich is attributed to the wily Sir Peter, who married the daughter of his sales agent, Susannah De Lancey. Abingdon Square, with its little park, is a memento of the Warren farm, the oldest of Sir Peter's three daughters having married the Earl of Abingdon, for whom the square is named. Abijah Hammond became the owner of the farm after the death of the vice-admiral, and in 1819 Mr. Van Ness purchased from him the mansion, with the square bounded by Fourth, Bleecker, Perry and Charles sts. In 1865 the house was torn down, and most of the present houses were erected on its site.

No more bewildering confusion of street formation exists anywhere than in this section of the city, where was once old Greenwich. An example is Fourth-st., which crosses Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth sts. at very nearly right angles. Other streets start all right, run for a block or two with regularity, and then take unreasonable turns, or else bring one up before a brick wall. This condition may be attributed to the fantastic ideas of the owners of land in that section in the early period of the city's growth. When a short cut from one place to another was desired they cut a lane, and perhaps another to some part of the farm land, leaving, with what improved conditions the city has made in street making there, a tangled network of the old and the new that will not assimilate.

Greenwich Road followed the line of the present Greenwich-st., and led to Greenwich Village. While in dry weather most of the route was good ground, in wet weather, especially in the region of the Lispenard salt meadows, which then lay north and south of the present Canal-st., and of the marshy valley of Manetta Creek (about Charlton-st.), it was difficult of access. An inland road was therefore approved in 1768 from the Post Road (the present Bowery) to what is now Astor Place, then to Waverley Place, then to Greenwich-ave. Two sections of this road exist to-day, Astor Place and Greenwich-ave., between Eighth and Fourteenth sts. The rest is obliterated.

The open space at Astor Place is a part of the road to Greenwich known as Monument Lane, or "road to the Obelisk," because at its northern extremity, or where is now Eighth-ave. and Fifteenth-st., a memorial was erected to General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. The lane extended from the Bowery to Washington Square, turned northwest and skirted Greenwich Village. At Jefferson Market, where Greenwich-ave. joins Sixth-ave., the reader will find the last section of the inland road.

A prominent physician told the writer a short time ago that no more healthful location exists in New-York than what was once the site of the village. This was also true in the old days, for the epidemics of virulent diseases that attacked the old city found no lodgement in Greenwich—indeed, they assisted in her development. This healthfulness is due to the fact that the underlying soil of the district to a depth of at least fifty feet is a pure sand, and provides excellent natural drainage.

Bank-st. is reminiscent of the yellow fever epidemic of 1798, in that the Bank of New-York and a branch of the Bank of the United States purchased two plots of eight city lots each in Greenwich Village—far away from the city proper—to which they could remove in case of being placed in danger of quarantine. In 1799 two houses were erected on them, and in September of the same year the banks were removed to the village, and gave the name to the present street, which was then a lane. The year 1822 saw another influx of population to Greenwich Village because of its healthfulness. "The town fairly exploded and went flying beyond its borders as though the pestilence had been a burning mine. The city presented the appearance of a town besieged. From daybreak till night one line of carts, containing boxes, merchandise and effects, were seen moving toward Greenwich Village and the upper parts of the city. Carriages and hacks, wagons and horsemen, were scouring the streets and filling the roads. . . . Temporary stores and offices were erecting. . . . Even on Sunday carts were in motion, and the saw and hammer busily at work. Within a few days thereafter (September) the Custom House, the Postoffice, the bank, the insurance offices and the printers of newspapers located themselves in the village or in the upper part of Broadway, where they were free from the impending danger, and these places almost instantaneously became the seat of the immense business usually carried on in the great metropolis." This epidemic "caused the building up of many streets with numerous wooden buildings, for the uses of the merchants, banks, offices, etc." An old authority says "that he saw corn growing on the present corner of Hammond (West Eleventh) and Fourth sts. on a Saturday morning, and on the following Monday Sykes & Niblo had a house erected capable of accommodating three hundred boarders. Even the Brooklyn ferryboats ran up here daily."

Three remnants of the town when the Greenwich region for the most part was open country, says another authority, are the two old frame dwellings, removed from their former site, a few feet away to their present one, at the southeast corner of Eleventh-st. and Sixth-ave., and the triangular graveyard near the corner, the second place of burial owned by the Jews on the island. In 1830, when Eleventh-st. was opened on the lines of the City Plan, almost the whole of the Jewish burial ground was swept away. The street went directly across it, leaving only the corner on its south side and a still smaller corner on its north side.

A walk through the heart of this interesting locality—the American quarter, from Fourteenth-st. down to Canal, west of Sixth-ave.—will reveal a moral and physical cleanliness not found in any other semi-congested part of New-York; an individuality of the positive sort transmitted from generation to generation; a picturesqueness in its old houses, "standing squarely on their right to be individual" alongside those of modern times, and, above all else, a truly American atmosphere of the pure kind. Please remember, too, that in 1816 Greenwich Village had sufficient individualism to be the terminus of a stage line from Pine-st. and Broadway, the stages "running on the even hours from Greenwich and the uneven hours from Pine-st."

Again we will retrace our steps to the chronology, beginning with 1786, when the annual expenses of the city were £10,308 4s. Mulberry-st. was opened and regulated this year, and a market house was established at Catharine Slip—the present one. On November 15, "Bakers not allowed to carry biscuit or rusk around the streets"—the why or wherefore is beyond the writer's ken. On December 13, "a great fall of snow"—the why or—well, think it out for yourself.

The only Catholic church in the city up to 1815 was St. Peter's, erected this year in Barclay-st. It was a plain brick building, "of the size of 81 by 48 feet." It had a square tower, surmounted with a dome and cross. The interior was ornamented with paintings from sacred subjects, and had an organ and a select choir. The present church is the second structure, the first having been destroyed by fire.

In 1787 "there were 364 tavern (or dram shop) licenses issued, at 30s each, amounting to £546," and "Corporation lots at Peck Slip were leased for twenty-one years, for 35s and 28s per foot." This year is memorable for the establishment of the Humane Society, "an excellent institution formed by a few philanthropic gentlemen," who aimed to ameliorate the sufferings of distressed debtors.

When this society was founded, on January 26, it was named the "Society for the Relief of Distressed Debtors," but in 1803 the name was changed to "Humane Society." In 1806 it extended its original plan so as to include the recovery of persons apparently dead from drowning. On February 4, 1814, the society obtained a charter of incorporation, and at the time the "Collector of the laws of New-York," said: "This is the first institution of the kind in this State which has for its avowed object the relief of imprisoned debtors. A society of a similar title in the city of Albany has been instituted for the resuscitation of drowned persons, &c., but it is not blended with the other humane object of relieving imprisoned debtors." For a considerable period the institution was supported by casual donations, but afterward depended on annual subscriptions. These, with a donation of $600 from the corporation and a lot of ground in Tryon-st., enabled it to erect a souphouse. For several years debtors in jail were supplied not only with soup, but with blankets and fuel. Each person received "three pints of good soup per day, with a due proportion of bread, meat and potatoes." In seasons of public calamity, "by sickness or by the severity of cold in winter, upward of 1,000 quarts of soup per day have been given by the souphouse." "The views of the Humane Society," says the record in 1829, "are now directed to the following branches. 1st. The support and clothing of debtors in prison, and the maintenance of a souphouse. 2d. The liberation of such debtors as are by law entitled to be discharged, and of such as are confined for small sums, and are peculiarly deserving of assistance. 3d. The distribution of soup to the poor in general, especially in cases of general public calamity. 4th. The resuscitation of persons apparently dead from drowning, and the discouraging the practice of street begging."

On April 3 "a monument to Gen. Montgomery, made by order of Congress 25th January, 1776, was ordered to be placed in front of St. Paul's Church." The remains of the hero of Quebec were transferred from their Canadian resting place to the city and deposited with military honors beneath the mural tomb, on July 11, 1818. "As Montgomery, though of Irish parentage, was allied to many of the prominent families of the city through his marriage with the sister of Chancellor Livingston, the transfer of his remains occasioned a lively interest among the people."

Here is a note from the old manuscript that will furnish food for thought: "This State, from its first settlement till this year, presented no instance of divorce, in any case whatever." What a preventive to the revealing of closet cadavers! What cleanliness or patience among the people!

The most exciting event, probably, that ever took place in New-York occurred on April 13, 1788. During the winters of 1787 and 1788 a number of bodies were disinterred from private cemeteries in the city. When the fact became known "a violent excitement arose among the people, which awakened a great prejudice against the medical profession." Absurd reports were circulated regarding the affair, and the New-York Hospital was in the zone of superstition. To increase the excitement, some students of the hospital on April 13 exposed the limb of a body from the window of the dissecting room in sight of a group of boys playing around the grounds. The boys spread the news, and in a short time an immense multitude assembled and besieged the hospital. The doors were burst open, and the terrified physicians, who had attempted to secrete themselves, were dragged out. To save them from the fury of the crowd the magistrates interfered and lodged them in jail for safety. The next morning an attempt was made to search the houses of suspected physicians, but prominent men, such as Clinton, Hamilton and Jay, remonstrated, and for a few hours the mob was quiet. In the afternoon the city was the scene of intense excitement. The infuriated people had gathered about the jail and demanded possession of the students. When refused they assumed a hostile attitude and attacked the building, tearing down the fences and breaking the windows. The Mayor ordered out the militia, and himself led a large party of armed citizens to the relief of the besieged. Eloquence was of no use to allay the tempest surging around the hospital, and a volley of stones and brickbats which felled John Jay and Baron Steuben to the ground caused the Mayor to order the militia to fire on the crowd. At the first volley a number of the rioters fell and the rest dispersed. Five persons were killed and eight wounded. It was some days before quiet was restored and the militia removed from the grounds of the hospital. The offending students were sent away, but "the venerable hospital was henceforth invested by the populace with a sort of horror, and became the scene of many a fearful resurrectionist legend."

THE WRONG JIM.

Two girls once went on a driving trip with a very pleasant livery horse named Jim. The third day out they stopped at an inn, the stable of which was crowded with the horses of the country people who had driven in to a fair that was going on in the village. These various animals a somewhat intoxicated stable boy managed to mix up, and, when asked to harness Jim again, he had to admit that he was uncertain as to which horse belonged to "the young ladies.") "Why, of course," they cried, "we'd know Jim anywhere—a brown horse, with a white nose." Taken to the stable they found themselves confronted with innumerable brown horses, all of whose noses were white. "Horses look terribly alike with their harness on," confessed the girls, "but," brightening up, "our horse knows his name. Jim! Jim!" At the sound, one of the brown beasts stretched out his neck and neighed intelligently. "That's he," cried the girls; "good old Jim knows us, even if we don't know him. Besides, now we look at him closely, we recognize his expression." "Well," said the proprietor, "if you're sure it's your horse"——

The girls drove off, and finished their tour successfully, though once or twice Jim gave evidence of mannerisms that they had not remarked before. "And how did Jim suit you?" remarked the livery stable keeper from whom they had hired their rig, when they finally drove back into his yard. "Nice horse Jim—best I have in the stable. But in the name of mercy," in a voice of consternation, "what's that you have between the shafts?" "Why, isn't that Jim?" faltered the girls. "Jim!" cried the livery keeper, furiously; "that broken down beast Jim? Not by a jugful it isn't." And so it proved, to the detriment of the girls' purses. For Jim was never recovered.—(Everybody's Magazine.