WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

Several very pleasant entertainments of a tranquil character have been given during the last week. The young people of the Small and Early Dancing Class met at Mr. Edward King's on Tuesday evening, and enjoyed a german, with favors and music as usual, but of a subdued and mitigated gayety, as becomes the time and season. Mrs. Van Auken had a circus party, followed by a cotillon and supper, on Thursday, and Mrs. James Waterbury a very lively afternoon tea on the same day. On Saturday evening Mrs. T. B. Musgrave gave her annual *musicale*, at which several of the Italian opera company sang most delightfully before a small and select company. The Lenten Glee Club met at Mrs. Walter Rutherfurd's on Monday, and will meet next Monday at Mrs. Stebbins's in West Fiftieth street. This organization has embraced some of the nicest young girls and young men in society, and its informal gatherings have been productive of much enjoyment to its members.

The Badminton Club is in full swing at the Seventh Regiment Armory twice a week, and is fully and fashionably attended. The game, which is a comparatively new one in this country, is played with battledoor and shuttlecock, over a net, arranged as in lawn tennis. It is more of a lady's game than tennis, makes less demands upon the muscles, and more upon the activity and agility of the players. Among the ladies who belong to the New York Club are Mrs. Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Delancey Kane, Mrs. William Iselin, Mrs. Woodbury Langdon, Mrs. Alexander Stevens, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Miss Grace Parish, Miss McAllister, and Miss Grace Stebbins, who, of course, bring with them a number of the best-known and most desirable society men.

The farewell reception to Admiral and Mrs. Cooper at the Brooklyn Navy Yard was not as brilliant as it would have been if the weather had been more propitious. Elaborate preparations were made, and a Government steamer was sent to the foot of Twenty-third street to convey the New York belles and beaus to the scene of the festivities. But the rain descended, and the floods came with such violence that but few had the courage to brave them, and the entertainment, which was a very pleasant one, was attended by the residents of Brooklyn, with only a sprinkling of New Yorkers.

The past few weeks of retirement and seclusion have blossomed out with a longer list of marriage engagements than is usual even at the close of the Lenten fast. The engagement of Miss Louisa Stephens, daughter of Mr. J. P. Stephens, to Mr. Eugene Thorn Kirkland was announced a few days since. Mr. Kirkland is a grandson of the late Col. Herman Thorn, who was one of the most prominent society men of his day, and who during his long residence in Paris far outshone royalty in the costliness and luxury of his house and equipages. The engagement of Miss Emily Iselin, daughter of the late Mr. John Iselin, to Mr. Gordon McDonald, a gentleman of Scottish descent, now in the office of Messrs. Maitland, Phelps & Co., is also announced. The marriage of Mr. Daniel D. Lord, the eminent lawyer, to Miss Illey is expected to take place very soon. Mr. Lord is a widower, his wife, who was a daughter of the late Benjamin F. Butler, having died abroad a year or two since. Several other engagements will probably be announced at Easter, among others that of Miss Jessie Van Auken to Mr. Bellinger White, which is now reported.

Hymen's torch will burn brightly on Tuesday, April 11, as at least four weddings among well-known people have been appointed for that day. Probably the gayest and most fashionable among them will be that of Miss Ruth Livingston and Mr. Ogden Miles, which will take place in the afternoon at Grace Church. The bridesmaids will be Miss Gertrude Hoyt, Miss Estelle Livingston, Miss Ogden, and Miss Baylis. A small reception at the residence of Mr. Livingston will follow the church ceremony, and the young couple will sail for Europe in the steamer of April 22, and hope to spend a portion of the London season with Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck at her town residence, returning to this country in time for August gayeties at Newport.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Lawrence of Bay Shore, L. I., and Mr. Adee will also take place on Easter Tuesday, on which occasion Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Miss Wilks will officiate in the train of bridesmaids, and at New Brighton, S. I., will occur on the same day the marriage of Miss Chase, daughter of Mr. Edward Chase, to Mr. Albert Foster, youngest son of the late Frederic G. Foster.

On Saturday, April 15, there was to take place at the Church of the Incarnation, in Madison avenue, the marriage of Mr. Victor Drummond, late of the British Legation at Washington, to Miss Elizabeth Marshall Lamson, but new arrangements will have to be made in consequence of the destruction of the building. Mr. Drummond expected to sail for England with his bride almost immediately. The recent changes in the diplomatic corps at Washington are loudly and deeply regretted by the residents there. Most especially will Mr. and Mrs. Outrey and Mr. Drummond be missed from the posts which they have so satisfactorily and charmingly filled for several years past. Mr. Drummond, however, goes to new scenes and duties which probably hold out more allurements than those which he leaves behind, but Mr. Outrey's future is by no means so well assured. The steadily increasing strength of the present French Government is beginning to show itself by a disposition to lay on the shelf officials and diplomats who date from a previous regime, and Mr. Outrey, in spite of his experience and ability, may chance to find himself placed on the retired list. "Ce n'est pas la saison des Bonapartes," as the lively Frenchman remarked when, by order of the Government, he turned to the wall portrait after portrait of dethroned Napoleons, which had long adorned the famous Bonaparte room at the Louvre.

The tragical death of Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, which occurred at the Hotel Brunswick a few days since, will recall to old New Yorkers the personal beauty and social accomplishments of his parents, who thirty or forty years ago were prominent society leaders both here and in Europe. Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, the father of the young man whose untimely end is so much to be deplored, was a most charming and courteous gentleman, of varied talents and acquirements, and of manners modelled after the good old school which even then was passing out of sight. He married, when a very young man, Miss Mary Talmadge, a lady of beauty so striking and unusual that the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, to whom she was presented in the days when Americans were rarely seen at foreign courts, complimented her father on the possession of so fair a daughter, and requested to have her likeness painted for his own private gallery. At the English and French courts she excited the same degree of admiration, and there are many now living who can recall her queenly face and figure. The death of an only daughter, which occurred at Dresden, clouded the latter years of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's life, and caused her to withdraw entirely from the world and to lead a life that was almost eccentric in its rigid seclusion. She survived her husband but a short time, and died at the West several years since.

Tailor-made cloth dresses, with trimmings of furs and military braid, are to be the rage this spring, and a fashionable tailor whose rooms are not far from Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street has more orders than he can fill for Easter gowns. Of course, in a costume of this kind the cut is everything, and female dressmakers have been pronounced absolutely incapable of giving the requisite style to the closely fitting coats and jackets that will be worn. The Newmarket coat, a garment familiar to English sporting men and suggestive of the racecourse and the ring, is declared to be in the highest degree "knowing" for ladies' morning wear, and the above-mentioned tailor is taking orders for them every day. What next?

Marshall's Illustrated Almanac, 1882.
"Free to all" — see the advertisement, 8th page.—*Adv.*

Any lady can make her husband's shirts by using Keep's Patent partly made shirts, size 20. Keep Manufacturing Company, 80 Nassau st., 637 and 1,193 Broadway.—*Adv.*

WHAT IS GOING ON IN EUROPE.

As has been pointed out more than once in this column the fierce utterances of Gen. Skobeleff have had no effect upon the peace of Europe. The birthday of the Emperor William was celebrated on the 22d inst., and gave the Czar an opportunity to express his peaceful feelings. The festivities were almost as great at the Russian as at the German court, and the Czar declared in the most emphatic manner his desire for peace and his hopes of a stronger alliance between the two countries. The *Golos*, the semi-official Russian newspaper, declares that the Emperor William "is revered as much in Russia as in Germany, and no serious cause exists that should kindle war between the two nations, which for nearly a century have been friendly neighbors." The Montenegrin Government organ states that Montenegro will remain neutral between Austria and the insurgents. This is a most important statement, as it was feared that the insurrectionary area was fast extending. At present the area is limited to Herzegovina, a province of about 13,920 square kilometres. The population is 185,000, of whom only 23,000 are adult male orthodox Christians. The others are either Mohammedans or Catholic Slavs, and they hold aloof altogether from the insurrection. Insignificant as this revolutionary attempt must seem, the nature of the country, and the fact that the rebels are commanded by experienced Generals, will make it no easy task to overpower them.

The winter which has just passed was remarkably mild in England. It was curiously in contrast with the severity of last year, when the snow and frost lasted until far on into the spring. This year there has been no snow, and not enough frost to freeze even the surface of a pond. Since the end of last month the trees and shrubs in London have been putting forth buds and blossoms. The window sills are full of yellow and mauve, purple and white crocuses, and the japonicas and almond trees have shot out their blossoms on almost leafless boughs. The markets and shops are full of lovely flowers, and everywhere women with baskets piled up with all the glory of the wild flowers of early spring are to be seen.

It is, of course, possible that Jack Frost may assert himself before the summer sets in. The Derby may be run in a snow storm, or showers of sleet may drive the spectators of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race to seek for shelter; but so far the British public are hugging themselves over the pleasant manner in which they have escaped winter. With the buds and leaves comes also the opening of the London season. Under the imperious behest of fashion, "Society" leaves the country when it is most beautiful, and rushes up to smoky London. The slaves of fashion are already in the very vortex of excitement, and find that a life of pleasure is also a life of hard labor. Perhaps the two hardest worked people in London are the Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister. The Prince is expected never to tire, and his performances during a week seem to be endless. As for Mr. Gladstone, he seems to be wound up to go as long as he likes.

Public opinion in England is much exercised about the proposed payment of the Irish members of Parliament by the Land League. If there is anything on which an Englishman has prided himself more than another, it is upon the eagerness with which his fellow subjects desire to serve the State for nothing. Indeed, they are often willing to pay handsomely for the privilege. Politics is the goal of many a man's life, and the idea of a paid Legislature is thoroughly distasteful to an Englishman. The question of regular salaries has been mooted ere now. It was one of the points of Feargus O'Connor's charter. One member of the House is known at the present moment to be in receipt of a salary paid by his constituents. This is Mr. Burt, member for Morpeth, who is a workingman, and was elected by the workingmen. But the case of the Land League is somewhat different. It seems that the Land League members have not been so constant in their attendance at the House as is desirable, probably because Mr. Parnell is lingering in a British dungeon without even the luxury of a telephone with which to console and counsel his train band. Whether this absence is caused by a close attention to some money-making pursuit or by the festive habits of the Celt is not known, but it is thought that a yearly stipend of $1,500 would force honest Irish members to show every evening. Should such a step be taken, the effect is pretty clear. These men would all be the paid employees of Mr. Parnell, who would cut short their allowance if their voting was not satisfactory, or if they spent too many evenings at the theatre, or

Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair

When the postal card was introduced in England there was a good deal of opposition to it. It was fancied that malicious people would take advantage of the publicity of the mails to send scandalous and impertinent communications. Every one now knows how unfounded these fears were, and, with the exception of a few old fogies, who still seal their letters with wax and a signet ring, every one now uses the postal card. Mr. Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, has introduced a bill, which has passed the House of Commons, authorizing the issue of return postal cards. Exactly how these missives are to be managed is not as yet known, but no doubt the postal authorities have made full arrangements. So many persons are careless about answering letters that the return card will be a boon to their correspondents. "Will you dine with me to-morrow?" demands an answer from the most thoughtless when he has only to write "Yes" or "No" on a card at hand. There seems to be one difficulty in the way. How will it be possible to prevent knavish correspondents from using the return card for some other person than the original sender?

The death of Edwin James in dire poverty has furnished a topic upon which the press of London have moralized to their hearts' content. The bar of England is justly celebrated. A barrister must be above suspicion, and how thoroughly this is inculcated into the minds of young lawyers is shown by the infrequency of scandals. Within the last half century only three have become public. One was the outcome of the famous Tichborne case, in which Dr. Kenealy, the counsel for the claimant, and a man of ungovernable temper, was justly rebuked by the Court, and subsequently disbarred by his Inn. In another case a poor barrister, who was on the brink of starvation, stole a book from the library of his Inn, and was prosecuted with Rhadamanthine severity. But the most famous case was that of Edwin James, who deliberately threw away a magnificent future. It is undestood that Mr. James, who was the son of an officer connected with the Corporation of the City of London, had been for some time upon the stage before he entered the Inner Temple. At all events, it was usual to ascribe his theatrical style of oratory before a jury to that experience. He was called to the bar as long ago as 1836, but it was not until 1858 that he acquired his world-wide renown. In that year Dr. Bernard was formally indicted for having caused the death of one Nicholas Batty. This was merely the peg upon which the case was hung; the real gist of the offence was that he had conspired with Orsini to kill the Emperor Napoleon. Mr. James went outside the case altogether in his speech, and, denouncing the French despot, appealed to the English love of freedom and fair play. The result was an acquittal, and Lord Campbell, who was the presiding Judge on that occasion, afterward summed up the surprise of every one by writing in his autobiography: "All Europe looked on with intense curiosity, and all the world was astonished at hearing a verdict of not guilty pronounced." This was the acme of Mr. James's success. A year after he was made a Queen's Counsel, but the benchers of his Inn did not, as is usual in such cases, admit him as a colleague. Soon afterward rumors began to make themselves heard about unpleasant pecuniary transactions between Mr. James and a young nobleman. In July, 1862, an announcement was made in the *Gazette* that his name had been removed from the list of Queen's Counsel. He was disbarred by his Inn, his name was withdrawn from his clubs, and he came to this country. His career here is too well known to need being recalled to mind, but his death is an opportunity for moralists to "adorn a tale."

The death of the Earl of Wilton also brings up a flood of reminiscences. Born on the last day but one of 1799, he had a prominent part for almost three-quarters of a century in English sporting and social affairs. He was an enthusiastic fox hunter, yachtsman, and turfman, and although he never won the "blue ribbon of the turf," he was the owner of a host of excellent horses. One of the events of the London season was the annual dinner which he gave at his house in Grosvenor square on the eve of the Derby. On the ever-memorable day when the first train left Liverpool, Lord Wilton was one of the passengers with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskisson, and other celebrities. As every one remembers, Mr. Huskisson was knocked down by a locomotive, and it was Lord Wilton, who had a very fair knowledge of surgery, that tied the dying statesman's leg with his pocket handkerchief, using it as a tourniquet, and afterward went with his patient to Eccles on the locomotive Northumbrian, which was driven by George Stephenson himself. Lord Wilton was known by the sobriquet of "The Wicked Earl." Whence he derived this name is not quite clear, but it is generally supposed that it was given to him when he bought the famous yacht Zarifa, which had formerly been a slaver, her evil reputation thus passing to her new owner.

An amusing instance of the credulity of the French public, whenever the suggestion of a "Prussian spy" is made, occurred recently at Lyons. While the baggage of a passenger was being searched at the railway station a number of plans of defensive works and maps were found. Thereupon the suspicious stranger was requested to give his name. He replied that he was a captain in the German army. The *Paris*, the journal which first told this fearful story, expressed the hope "that this impudent spy will be at once sent to the frontier and expelled with all the honors due to the pretty trade which he had come to ply." Whatever this ambiguous sentence may mean, it at all events implies a desire to turn the stranger out of France because he had some maps in his possession. American tourists will do well to avoid taking guide books with them when visiting Lyons, for it is impossible to believe that any Prussian officer had original plans of fortresses in his possession, inasmuch as such a fact would go to show collusion with French officers. The story was no doubt manufactured out of whole cloth, and is another proof, if any were wanting after the events of 1870, of the Frenchman's gullibility whenever the word "spy" is heard. "Spy hunting" was a fashionable amusement in Paris during the siege, and many stories are told of the narrow escapes innocent foreigners had. On one occasion a poor little seamstress, who occupied a garret on the fifth floor of a house on the roof of which was a disused photographic studio, almost lost her life. She was in the habit of eating her breakfast in this studio, and one morning, as she was raising her glass of claret to her lips, a ray of light struck the glass, with the result of sending forth a brilliantly refracted red ray. Some one on the opposite side of the street saw the gleam, and immediately shouted out: "They are signalling the Prussians from that fifth floor room." A mob collected, broke in the door, rushed up the stairs, dragged the little seamstress into the street, and all but murdered her.

The Russian phenomenon, Mlle. Feyghine, from whom so much was expected, has as yet given no exceptional signs of talent at the Théâtre Français. Although a Slav, she speaks French with an Auvergnat accent, and the press has made so much fun at her expense that she lately told M. Perrin, that she thought of abandoning the "Français" for "un théâtre de *moujik*," meaning *musique*.

M. Chabrillat, the manager of the Ambigu, tried to commit suicide by shooting himself through the heart. For some reason or other he missed the place, and unkind people are saying that he only pretended to kill himself, in order to soften the heart of Zola. "Nana" was played for a long time at the Ambigu to half empty benches and well-papered houses, and Chabrillat lost a good deal of money. Besides, he is a great gambler, a slave of the beautiful actress Léontine Massin, and a man of most expensive habits.

It is believed in Paris that Sarah Bernhardt will return to the "Français." She has been told that the hundred thousand francs fine to which she has been condemned will not be exacted in case she comes back. On the other hand, if she keeps her engagement with Sardou at the Vaudeville, she will be compelled to pay the uttermost farthing. N. L. T.

TO BUILD THE UNDERGROUND ROAD.

The Construction Contract Entered Into by Origen Vandenbergh.

By the terms of an agreement entered into by Origen Vandenbergh and the New York Underground Railway Company, of which Gen. McClellan is President, Mr. Vandenbergh has surrendered to the company the franchise owned by him of the New York Central Underground Railway Company, and his controlling interest in the Broadway Connecting Underground Railroad Company. The consideration is $3,000,000 of the $10,000,000 capital stock of the new company. Mr. Vandenbergh also contracts to construct the proposed railway and fully equip it, his functions to be the same as that of a construction company. The road is to run from the Battery to Madison square, where it diverges to the left and right, one branch to run to Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, and the other to Broadway and Forty-ninth street. The aggregate length is about 6½ miles.

Mr. Vandenbergh's remuneration is to be $2,000,000 worth of the company's bonds and $1,000,000 of the capital stock for each mile completed and equipped. To secure the bonds, he and the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company are made trustees. The agreement provides for a change of route—if the route to pass under Broadway is secured—from the route now owned by these corporations, which is east of Broadway, and also provides for possible connections with the Grand Central depot. Two hundred thousand dollars is to be delivered by the corporation to begin the work. The work is to be begun as soon as possible. Vandenbergh is made responsible for all claims for damages by property owners and others, and for the consideration named is also to acquire lands necessary for stations. The specifications for the road call for Stations at the Battery, Wall street, City Hall, Union and Madison squares, and the upper terminus of the road.

Revivified.

To have a fifty-pound pressure removed from the brain, to suddenly experience the lightness and buoyancy of youth, to undergo that complete revivification of the system which brings coolness, clearness, and brilliancy to the intellect, vigor to the body, and brightness to weak and inflamed eyes; to enable mankind to see and appreciate all the beauties of nature, and fill their hearts with thankfulness to their Maker, is what a little, simple, sweet fruit lozenge called Tropic-Fruit Laxative, costing but twenty-five cents a box, will do. Life will prove a continued round of pleasure if the system is cleansed and renovated by this agreeable cathartic medicine. It is wonderful in its effects, and a delicious morsel to lay on the tongue.—N. Y. Correspondence.—*Adv.*

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report got out abroad that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wilson Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take Dr. Wilson Hall's Balsam, and be convinced that consumption can be cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness."—*Adv.*

You have tried Carter's Little Liver Pills, and were pleased with them. If not, remember that they regulate the bowels, and improve the complexion.—*Adv.*

Keep's custom shirts to measure, the very best, $1's for $9. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. 1,193 and 637 Broadway; 80 Nassau st.—*Adv.*

At a very great sacrifice, lot of 18-carat stem winding watches, cost $100 to import, at $40 each. J. H. Johnston, 150 Bowery.—*Adv.*

An exceptionally fine pair diamond earrings, perfect gems, 2 1-10 carats, $250. J. H. Johnston, 150 Bowery.—*Adv.*

A magnificent solid silver salad dish, Tiffany's make, $150; cost $350. J. H. Johnston, 150 Bowery.—*Adv.*

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The fifty-seventh annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened to the public to-morrow. Last Friday was Varnishing Day, and in the afternoon the galleries were filled with artists, people who write about pictures, and secular persons who enjoy special privileges on all such occasions. There were a great many ladies present, there being over seventy female contributors this year, and they sought their productions through the fragrant veil of tobacco smoke in which the place was shrouded. There was a great deal of varnishing, dusting, washing, and retouching done, and one gentleman, with a large sponge charged with a very active kind of soap, succeeded inadvertently in scrubbing the morning out of a large landscape. Some of the pictures upon the sky line looked as if a little varnish would have done them good, but it seemed as if the artists who had painted them felt at the moment a delicacy about identifying themselves too conspicuously with their work. Only the lower parts of the step ladders were used, especially by the ladies, for whom the step ladder is an embarrassing domestic device under any circumstances.

The occasion was, as usual, a very pleasant one. The atmosphere of criticism is always stimulating and lively, and there is nothing of its kind more improving to the mind than to listen to the free, spontaneous, and unrestricted remarks which artists make about other artists' pictures. On Varnishing Day the inmost personal convictions of one man about the work of another man find the most direct of utterance, and the unsophisticated listener learns sadly how little real good there is in the art of any one. Even the men whose pictures have been hung upon the line are not happy, particularly if they happen themselves to have been of the Hanging Committee. They have to listen to disagreeable explanations of their position; their motives, if they had any, are liberally construed for them, and altogether their preferment is not an unmixed joy. The impressionists and those of unacademic sympathies smoke derisively at the works of the immortals, but these in turn, secure in their defences and their privileges, and in their possession of the line are as imperious as they are perennial.

However, there is no serious acrimony about the matter, and on Friday, when the light failed, and the summits of tall Academicians loomed about in the smoke like ostrich eggs, a large proportion of the gathering in the galleries decided to go and dine in a body. This design was carried out successfully at an Italian establishment, where they completely filled an immense room, and ate an astounding quantity of macaroni, alleviated with Chianti and things, at a comparatively inconsiderable expenditure per capita.

Yesterday there was a "private view" of the pictures. During the afternoon the galleries were crowded, and in the evening they were packed with fashionable people to such an extent that locomotion became next to impossible. A number of sales were reported by the indefatigable Mr. Edward Brown, and it was felt that, in a pecuniary sense, the exhibition would not be a disappointment.

The display is neither any better nor any worse than that of last year. It includes some excellent pictures, but to those who cherished a hope that, like the water color exhibition, it would mark a strong and vigorous impulse in American art, it is as discouraging as any that has preceded it. This impression is perhaps in great part produced through the agency of the Hanging Committee. Never before, probably, did that unhappy body make such a spectacle of itself. Its members have been modest enough about their own pictures, and have used up as little of the preferred space as could have been expected of them, but they have presented possibly the most mixed-up, ill-assorted, and unjustly placed collection of pictures that the Academy walls have known.

Of course, as long as the practice is held to of giving a member of the Academy a place on the line for his picture, no matter how execrable it be, it will be impossible to present a really well-balanced and proper exhibition. But even with Academicians in force in their most flagrant aspect, it cannot be but that a little fairness and discretion could have brought about a more honest and pleasing use of the canvases contributed. The very best pictures sent in have, with the most unconscious ingenuity, been hung in the worst places that could possibly have been selected for them. Take Mr. J. Alden Weir's large picture of the "Milkmaid of Poppindrecht" (No. 625), in the corridor, as an example. It is unquestionably one of the most important pictures of the year—a picture of the strongest and most interesting quality, and one that it is gratifying in every way to have from the brush of an American artist. The eminent Hanging Committee has placed it close to the ceiling in the darkest corner of the most poorly esteemed space at its command, a position in which the friendliest eyes cannot discern its merits. It is to be hoped that the fact that Mr. Weir is an officer of the Society of American Artists has had nothing to do with the conspicuous slight which the Academy has thus seen fit to offer him. Probably it has not, because Mr. Boggs's Dieppe picture, "The Return of the Coal Fleet," is similarly treated, and Mr. Boggs is an unoffending student in foreign lands. He is not so badly off as Mr. Weir, inasmuch as his canvas is out in the light, up over the door at the top of the stairs, where it is made to balance a two-thousand-dollar farrier's Inn opposite, whose binder parts have been run over and mutilated by an omnibus, and who is depicted roaring over a stuffed anteloope. This picture by Mr. Boggs is a liberworks of itself as than any before sent to the Academy, and, instead of treating it with contempt, that body should have sought out the best place in the building for it, and then have proceeded to somehow decorate the artist and show its sense of pride in him. It does not seem as if the encouragement of art in any way or degree concerned the Academy. That body prefers to appear as a small and cordial corporation, in blind conceit with itself and recklessly jealous of and hostile to all outside its circle.

Mr. George Inness, Academician though he is, has had his fine winter land cape, perhaps the best picture he has painted, hung comfortably over the steam apparatus in the northwest room. It deserved a revered place, but absurd, just as often the fate of an important canvas by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield, and above that again a most pleasing picture by Mr. Walter L. Palmer, a delicate and charming bit of Venetian color, but almost completely out of sight as at present disposed of. In equal ignominy with it hangs Mr. Quartley's bold and dignified study of the Maine seacoast, a strong and admirably painted picture (No. 520), to which the inscrutable committee preferred the very indifferent waste of snow that hangs below it, and Mr. Bradford's regulation ship and Knickerbocker iceberg on the line beneath. This is hanging with a vengeance, and seemingly out of pure ignorance, because even when certain artists had the best consideration of the committee, their pictures have been badly placed. Mr. Gilbert Gaul's military picture, for instance, an effective and spirited work, and full of bright promise for this young artist, has a canvas like a calcium light hung beneath it, which robs it of half its effect. On the west wall of the same gallery are two more examples of like wisdom and taste.

All of this fine hanging, and the discovery over more doors than one, and in other out of the way places, of works of real and unusual merit, leads to the inference that possibly the exhibition is intrinsically much better than would appear at the first survey to be the case. It is certainly to be hoped that such is the case. It is difficult with the general knowledge that is possessed of our substantial progress in art to believe that the Academy exhibition, with all its drawbacks, should show a falling off.

Handkerchiefs, jewelry, gloves, underwear, neckwear, &c., &c., in all the new spring styles now ready. Keep Manufacturing Company, 80 Nassau st., 637 and 1,193 Broadway.—*Adv.*

A SURE CURE.—A bottle of Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection, with syringe combined. All druggists, $1.—*Adv.*

SORROW FOR THE POET'S DEATH.

The Arrangements for the Funeral—Mourning at Home and Abroad.

CAMBRIDGE, March 25.—The world-wide sorrow at the death of the beloved poet is nowhere so great as among his friends and neighbors of this city. Emblems of grief are seen on every side, and the stranger might well gain the impression that in every house there is one dead. The public and private manifestations are more modest, but hardly less general, than those following the decease of President Garfield. The desire to look once more upon the face of the revered poet is universal, and there is no building large enough to contain those who would come to pay tribute to his memory. The Longfellow family has yielded to this strongly felt public sentiment, and thousands will to-morrow gather at his bier.

There will be no ceremonious obsequies. At 2 o'clock the family and relatives will meet alone with their dead. After a simple service, the remains will be taken to the Appleton Chapel of Harvard College, and the public services will there be held. There will be singing of brief selections, and a short address by the Rev. Prof. C. C. Everett, who will officiate, assisted by the Rev. Dr. P. G. Peabody. Prayer will conclude the service, and the remains will then be borne to the grave in the family lot at Mt. Auburn.

John G. Whittier, the gentle friend of the dead poet, learned the sad news this morning at his home in Danvers. Although the event was not to him altogether unexpected, yet the loss is not less grievous. He speaks in the most tender terms of his relations with Mr. Longfellow. The friendship began in 1845, when the two were brought together at the residence of the late James T. Fields, where the surviving poet was making arrangements for the first publication of his works. It was only one week ago that Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes talked of the separation which must soon come, and wondered who in their ranks would first be called. It is not improbable that something will appear from Mr. Whittier's pen which will be more expressive of his appreciation of his departed friend.

BOSTON, March 25.—Tribute is paid to the memory of Longfellow in many public places to-day, and draped photographs are displayed in many shop windows. Hundreds of people will go to Cambridge and attempt to gain entrance to the funeral services to-morrow.

LONDON, March 25.—The *Times*, referring to the death of Mr. Longfellow, says: "The purity of Mr. Longfellow's thoughts, his affinity with all that is noblest in human nature, his unfailing command of refined, harmonious language, will continue to draw readers, notwithstanding the judgment of critics that he is not a poet of the very first rank. It will seem to many that his death marks the close of a distinct era of American literature. One cannot readily point to worthy successors of the brilliant group to which he belongs."

The *Globe* says: "It is not yielding to the supposed prevailing tendency to indiscriminately extol Americans to say that the death of Mr. Longfellow is a national loss to England. A general and true appreciation was accorded him here, even at a time when America was anything but popular."

The May Musical Festival.

Mme. Etelka Gerster was yesterday engaged to sing at the Music Festival. She had taken passage for Europe, and expected to sail on May 6. Mr. Thomas has induced her to change her plans, and she will sing three times at the festival, the last time being at the Italian matinee on the 6th.

As the first week in May approaches the preparatory work of the Festival is being vigorously pushed. In a few days the armory will be turned over to the contractors, which will at once proceed to make the necessary alterations. The stage will be five feet wide more than four circles of seats block, ninety feet deep, and as the Festival proper will be the amphitheatre for the chorus thirty eight feet high. This stage will seat about 2,000 people, besides the room for the orchestra of 400 members, which number flowers, which will be raised to 300 on Friday evening, 5th of May, for the presentation of "Israel in Egypt." A carpet will cover the Lexington avenue end of the hall in order to prevent the sound from echoing.

Mr. Thomas has detailed to Signor Campanini the "Forging of the Sword," in "Siegfried," and to Signor Galassi "Wotan's Farewell," in the finale of "Die Walküre."

The transportation of the 1,000 singers from other cities, and their accommodation while in New York, has been a problem of no little difficulty. Of the two parties from Massachusetts the committee has solved the main difficulty by chartering one of the large boats of the Stonington line, which will be used as a dormitory while the two parties remain in New York. One of them will leave Stoughton on May 1 and return from New York on the 8th, the other will leave Boston on the 4th and return on the 11th, the 6th being the day.

The treasurer has received $80,000 from the sale of subscription certificates.

The committee acknowledges the courtesy of Col. Clark in facilitating the carrying out of the arrangements at the armory.

Col. Haverly Sails.

As it drew near 10 o'clock yesterday morning the crowd about the afterwing amidships of the steamer Celtic parted to allow a large man with a clean shaven face to pass into the lower cabin. The action was prompted more by sympathy than courtesy, his face had such a mournful and woebegone look. He made his way to the end of the long dining table, and put his hand affectionately on the shoulder of a worn and nervous looking little man, whose sunburnt pale face wore a thin red moustache, and looked something like the inflectingly portrait of Col. J. H. Haverly. The little man, at the tap of the hand, looked up and the big mustachioed man sat down on the chair gently. "Nearly two hundred of the boys are there waiting for you."

"Are you sure, Jim, that I can do the one on which were a number of local gals standing occasionally to look round, could I use or another. On each was a card with the name of a town on it, to keep of our place in the road that they moved to. I reported asked him why he want it used."

"I know, Jim, I know. At least my physicians tell me that I am a real lucky man to be alive. I'm going over to the next door, I think, and keep my enterprises going on the wards, and play minstrels an American in the [illegible]."

"Well, Jim, I've contemplated the fat minstrel," the boys are all waiting outside.

Mr. Haverly turned to the upper deck, where the boys were waiting for him. He had a party of sick excited minstrels to arrive and interest, where faces looked sharp as ever in the morning. The big fellow was in the middle of the group, and called to the occasion by Ed the Comic, who was sitting on a small chair, and moved out into the river and toddled down the bay.

Imprisoned by Lake Okeechobee.

The New York Canoe Club has just received information concerning a Florida adventure of one of its members, Mr. C. E. Murray. Mr. Murray went to Florida with his canoe Pearl, and had a hard time of it. After trying various waters he finally left the canoe in Tohopekaliga creek, and tramped down the creek into Lake Okeechobee. As he passed the sawgrass at the mouth of the lake it closed behind him, and left no footpath to indicate the spot where he had gone in. Calculating as closely as possible the direction of the lake, he attempted to force his way through the sawgrass, but found it too dense to allow the passage of his canoe. Finally he succeeded in forcing a passage, and found the canoe safe. He then had to drag the canoe, and took to the saw grass on foot. He managed to get ashore and reached a settlement about fifteen miles from Fort Basinger, secured a guide, and came back, recovered his canoe, and, gaining the settlement, set sail for Bassinger.

Another Artists' Club.

A score of popular artists have started a new club, to which none may belong but professionals—men who get their living by pencil and brush. It is called the Charcoal Club. Mr. Frank Beihn has been elected its first President, and spacious apartments for its use have been secured in the Sherwood photographic studio building. Once a week on Tuesday evenings the members are to meet for purposes of serious study, and to discuss the work done. Occasionally, and any work is over, relaxation in social enjoyment is contemplated as supplementary to the labors. In spring and summer the club will make excursions in the country for the purpose of sketching from nature.

Over a Century Old.

On Tuesday last Albert C. Bogardus of Paterson celebrated his centennial birthday. He has invited the public to call upon him that day.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises ..... 5 53 Sun sets ..... 6 19 Moon sets 2 10
HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.
Sandy Hook 12 50 Gov. Island ..... 1 28 Hell Gate 3 17

Arrived—SATURDAY, March 25.

Ss State of Pennsylvania, Ritchie, Glasgow March 10, and Lame 12th.
Ss Caribe, Hopkins, Laguayra March 9.
Ss Yucatan, Wilson, Havana March 9.
Ss Josefina, Banks, Cardenas.
Ss Allemania, Malbert, Lagua.
Ss Frederick, Manning, Port Spain.
Ship Hamburg, Jones, Lisbon.
Bark Cora, Bernard, Shields.
Barq Tiber, Swain, Malaga.
Barq Arnhalt, Salvesen, Cardenas.
Barq Freedom, Hopkins, Aspinwall.
Bark Julia H. Pearson, Sparks, Cienfuegos.
Bark Valiant, Jones, Port Antonio.
Bark Active, Jacobsen, Pascagoula.

Two Dollars Covers the Whole Cost.

It has done more for the rheumatic sufferers throughout the land than any remedy ever known. Warner's Safe Cure, the great specific for all kidney, liver, and urinary diseases, is now in its 17th year, and the well-known and honest manufacturer of 447 Broadway, New York, informs the writer that both himself and wife have been entirely cured from the diseases, and that Safe Cure is the only thing that did either of them any good.

"The fact is," said Mr. Tobias, "it has cured us entirely, and we have not taken a dose of it for a year and a half. We have used only a couple of bottles—the whole cost two dollars. Much better to prevent than to long before bill with the apothecary's charge for pills, drugs, and prescription added. Anyone feel diseased or tired, let them try Warner's Safe Cure, and what my wife knows about it. I want everybody with rheumatism to know as much of it as we do, and to feel as good as we do, and when we feeling ourselves as well as ever."—*Adv.*

Angostura Bitters are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists of the World for their extraordinary medicinal qualities. Beware of counterfeits and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—*Adv.*

Shirts to order, nearly fine undershirts, drawers; popular prices. E. & W. collars and cuffs. Unlaundried shirts, 75c., $1. J. W. Johnston, 200 Broadway, 575 4th av.—*Adv.*

Cash paid for duplicate wedding presents. J. H. Johnston, 150 Bowery.—*Adv.*

AMUSEMENTS.

"Aida" at the Academy.

Among operatic performances, the so-called matinées are not usually the most complete or inspiring. That of yesterday afternoon, however, had the point of especial interest that it introduced to the public two well-known artists in important rôles never assumed by them before. After an artistic eclipse of two years or so, Mme. Lablache made her rentrée at the Academy in the part of *Amneris*. Her interpretation, with slight exception, was eminently strong, impressive, and picturesque. If here and there a slight deficiency in strength or sonority of tone, an occasional wavering in attack or intonation, might suggest that artists cannot escape the touch of time, it was plain, too, that the long stage experience which has robbed Mme. Lablache's voice of some of its freshness, has only approved and confirmed her method. She sang the music well throughout, and acted it with a thorough knowledge of her resources and a stately dignity and effect which were altogether enjoyable. In Mme. Lablache the auditor has the satisfaction of listening to an artist who thoroughly understands her art, a pleasure not so commonly to be enjoyed as many might imagine. She had the additional merit yesterday of undertaking the whole arduous impersonation without rehearsal.

Sig. Ravelli makes steady steps onward, from the light lyric tenor he has been to the dramatic singer he aspires to be. It would be too much to assert that in this, his first essay of the role of *Radames*, he is completely at the height of the situation, but he certainly sings with a