WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

The first Delmonico ball of the season took place on Monday evening last under the auspices of Mr. Ward McAllister and the Family Circle Dancing Class. It was one of the most brilliant and beautiful balls ever given in New York. The dancing floor, having been completely renovated, bore no trace of the blemishes and defects that distinguished it last season. There was no attempt at unusual decoration, but the lights were soft and well disposed, the music perfect, and the minor details of supper and attendance almost without a flaw. As is the case at all evening entertainments, however, the company made the ball, and a more striking assemblage of youth, beauty, and grace, set off by every embellishment that art and wealth can supply, has seldom been seen in this or any other city. The débutantes were all present, and were like the sands of the seashore for multitude. The cotillon was danced by them almost exclusively, the married belles of last year having generously folded their wings and retired into the shadow of domestic life for a season. The dowagers also turned out in great force, and with their diamonds and dignity added not a little to the general effect of the ballroom. Among the young girls white was so generally worn that no very striking or original toilets were noticeable. Lady Mandeville looked superbly handsome in a combination of white velvet and satin, her luxuriant blond tresses studded with diamond stars. The darker beauty of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, was admirably set off by a dress of black tulle and satin, with pearl and diamond ornaments. At a fancy ball the two ladies would have admirably represented Night and Morning. Miss Caroline Duer wore a becoming costume of white satin, with trimmings of dark red velvet and roses. Her mother, Mrs. James G. K. Duer, looked almost younger than her daughter, in ivory white crape, with flounces of antique lace. Mrs. David Lydig, who, in consequence of a long period of mourning, has been out of society for several years, was one of the handsomest married women present, and in looks and dancing was as charming as ever. Miss Langdon, Miss Cutting, Miss Lanier, Miss Strong, Miss Chapman, Miss Cunard, Miss Anna Hall, Miss Fanny Perkins, Miss Katharine Waldo, Miss Ada Smith, and Miss Annie Bigelow were among the many fair damsels present whose bloom and freshness, as they stood in groups and clusters in the various figures of the german, were strongly suggestive of the first pinks and roses of spring. Take it for all in all, the first of the F. C. D. C.s was entirely successful and satisfactory, and gave no indication of the decline and fall that have been so liberally predicted of the time-honored club.

On Tuesday evening the little theatre which has been recently erected and decorated in Orange, N. J., was crowded to its utmost possibility for the exhibition of tableaux vivants, which have been in course of preparation for several weeks under the patronage of the Countess de Moltke, the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Hutton. Many Jersey belles, as well as a number of ladies from this city, took part in them, and, with the aid of picturesque scenery and costumes historically and artistically correct, a very successful result was attained. Among so many graceful and beautiful groupings it is difficult to make a selection, but the picture which called forth the most admiration was "The Dead Steered by the Dumb," from Tennyson's Idyls, Elaine, lying lifeless in the boat and covered with water lilies and her long golden hair, being personated by the young daughter of Mr. John C. Wilmerding. The "Clochetta" of Miss Harriet Tillinghast, the scene from Longfellow's "Spanish Student," in which Miss Cotting was most gracefully posed; "Pin Money and Needle Money," and a lovely grouping of children in "Cinderella" were all very effective. At the conclusion of the performance a special train brought many of the audience back to New York, but the performers and their friends, to the number of twenty-four, were entertained by Mme. de Moltke at supper, after which a cotillon was danced. The exhibition netted a handsome sum for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a charity which apparently finds a warm spot for itself in every feminine heart, although it is quite possible to discover members of the human family whose sufferings are as acute and as patiently and silently endured as are those of the four-footed races.

The weddings of the week have been Miss Hargous's and Miss Salisbury's. Both were conducted after the conventional nineteenth century pattern, both were marked by an unlimited display of wealth, dress, and luxury, and both, it is to be hoped, will result in a lifetime of happiness and harmony. Miss Salisbury's six bridesmaids were dressed with unusual taste and richness. Their costumes were of a very delicate shade of rose-colored velvet, with plumes of a slightly darker hue. The effect was extremely pretty.

There have been several dinners during the week, one of which was given by Mrs. George Henry Warren for Miss Georgiana Heckscher, and was distinctly a débutante's affair.

The social event of the week, however, has been Mrs. Pierre Lorillard's ball, on Friday evening. The house, which was built with a view to entertaining, is well adapted to the purpose, as the rooms are lofty and spacious, and the entrance hall and staircase more than usually broad. The new ball room, which was opened for the first time last winter, is a beautiful room, and has a floor of which the polished oaken surface puts Delmonico's to the blush. Hothouse plants and flowers, most judiciously placed, formed the only ornamentation. The ladies, in their shimmering silks, satins, and laces, did all the rest. The young married ladies were more numerous than at the F. C. D. C., and contributed their full share toward the brilliancy of the occasion. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Columbus Iselin, Mrs. Coleman Drayton, Mrs. W. A. Duer, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and Mrs. Robert Goelet were among the youngest and handsomest. The number of black dresses in the room was remarked by many. Of their individual becomingness there can be no doubt, but whether they contribute largely to the appearance of a ballroom is questionable. The cotillion is evidently in disgrace for private balls, and was not danced at Mrs. Lorillard's.

The marriage of Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont and Miss Sarah Whiting, whose engagement was announced only a few days since, will take place in Newport on the Wednesday after Christmas. The young couple, and also Mrs. and Miss Whiting, will sail for Europe very shortly afterward.

The engagement has been announced of Dr. W. B. Crain of Richfield Springs to Miss McAllister of Philadelphia, a granddaughter of the late Mr. John Butler, whose wife was one of the belles and beauties of her day, and whose brother, Pierce Butler, was the husband of Mrs. Fanny Kemble.

An engagement has also been announced between the Rev. Mr. Poyntz of the Church of England and Miss Minor, whose brother was one of the well-known Pierrepont family of Brooklyn Heights.

Mrs. Oscar F. Livingston has issued invitations for an evening reception on Wednesday, Dec. 20, and also for two afternoon teas in January. Cards are also out for the wedding of Miss Hilah Eugénie Humbert and Mr. John Hone Foster, which will take place at Calvary Church on Tuesday, Dec. 19, and be followed by a reception at the bride's parents'.

Afternoon teas will also be given by Mrs. Frederick Gore King on Tuesdays, 13th and 20th of December, for Miss Caroline King Duer, and by Mrs. George W. Campbell on Saturday, Dec. 16, for her daughter, Miss Jane Campbell.

Although Thanksgiving Day is only just passed, yet country parties are already being formed to depopulate the city on New Year's Day. Among many others which will go to Long Island, New Jersey, and up the Hudson, probably none will be pleasanter than Miss Clara Livingston's, which, under the chaperonage of her mother, Mrs. Frank Livingston, will go to the Highland House, at Garrison's, on Saturday, the 30th. The Misses Byrd, Mr. Randolph Morris, and Mr. J. D. Livingston will be among the guests.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN EUROPE.

Ever since the last general election in England when the Liberals returned to power with an enormous majority, both political parties have paid a good deal of attention to public opinion in Scotland. In the early days of 1880, just before the general elections, Mr. Gladstone delivered a series of speeches in Mid-Lothian, which undoubtedly influenced the result of the elections to a remarkable degree. It was there that he described in eloquent terms what he called the alarming story of the follies, errors, and political viciousness of Lord Beaconsfield's administration. The speeches he delivered at that time have given the Conservatives a number of texts from which they are never tired of preaching. Mr. Gladstone has been constantly accused of adopting the policy of the peace-at-any-price party at that time. He has been accused of attacking the Conservatives for their foreign policy, and then, when he got into power, of adopting the very same policy which he before so strenuously opposed. He abused Lord Beaconsfield for occupying Cyprus, and then sent an army of occupation into Egypt. Something similar has taken place in regard to Ireland, and these accusations, in which there is a kernel of truth, form the stock in trade of the Conservative orators of the present moment.

For these reasons a speech delivered by Lord Salisbury before the Scottish Conservative Club, in the Corn Exchange at Liverpool, has attracted general attention. Lord Salisbury is the ablest orator and most effective speaker in the Conservative ranks. His bitter sarcasms used to make even Disraeli flinch in the time before they became political friends. He has a bitterness so intense that it often rises into passion and a conciseness of phraseology which charms his hearers. He seems to have been in excellent form when he spoke at Edinburgh, and even his political opponents could not fail to enjoy his sarcasms and epigrams. His remarks were mostly directed against the Radical party, which he compared to men who in former days used to set fire to houses in order that they might get half crowns for giving information. Radicalism, he said, leads on to socialism, and God alone knows where socialism leads to. The great fault he finds with the Liberal party is that it has, of its very nature, to keep moving on, and that it is bound to rush into socialism. Most people would remark that all parties must keep moving, that movement is absolutely necessary to their existence. Indeed, the true difference between Liberals and Conservatives is that the former move faster than the latter. This was the burden of Lord Salisbury's speech, and his awful forebodings have formed the subject of excited discussion in England.

Americans who have been in London and who shall visit it again in a few years will hardly be able to recognize the town. New streets are being made in every direction, old courts and alleys swept away, thoroughfares widened, and the old rookeries of houses pulled down. A new thoroughfare will prolong Piccadilly to New Oxford street, and Tottenham Court road will be extended to Charing Cross. These changes will make two grand new thoroughfares running east and west and north and south. Several other improvements are also under way, one of the most important being the widening of Fleet street, near where Temple Bar stood, so as to carry off the largely increased traffic which the opening of the new Law Courts will bring. These courts were opened by the Queen last week, and their opening marks an epoch in the history of English law. Until now the common law courts—the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—were held in a small and exceedingly inconvenient building, which was erected alongside of Westminster Hall. For many years Judges, barristers, and suitors alike complained bitterly of the insufficient accommodation. The Chancery courts, on the other hand, were mostly held in Lincoln's Inn and Chancery lane. Long before the Judicature act which amalgamated the proceedings in common law and equity was passed, it was resolved to erect a large building in which there should be plenty of room for all the courts. An excellent site was chosen in the Strand close to the spot where Temple Bar used to stand, and very convenient to barristers' chambers in both the Temple and Lincoln's Inn. A labyrinth of courts, yards, alleys, and narrow streets was cleared away on the north side of the Strand, and about eight acres were thus secured for the new building. George Edmund Street, R. A., was appointed the chief architect, and the Palace of Justice was built after his designs. Unfortunately, Mr. Street did not live to witness the completion of this great work, but a bust in one of the high corbelled windows preserves for future generations the features and fame of the architect.

Mr. Street had acquired his fame as an architect by his judicious restorations of Gothic, and the architecture of the Palace of Justice is, as might be supposed, Gothic. Almost in the centre of the building is a grand hall, the entrance to which from the Strand is by an elaborate arch, supported upon columns of polished red and gray granite. Heads, carved in stone, of the Chief Justices of England and of the famous sages of the common law surmount the arch. High above are statues of Solomon and King Alfred, and above all the figure of the Saviour. The general fault of the whole building is its darkness, but the vestibule is light and lofty, and has a finely groined roof, supported by polished pillars. Four highly decorated arched portals on each side lead out of the grand hall. These entrances are for witnesses; the jurymen enter by other doors, and there are most ingenious contrivances so that they shall not come in contact with the witnesses. The Judges and the general public have also separate entrances.

The courts themselves are of different sizes and proportions. They are all situated between the hall and the outer shell of the building. In this outer shell are the Judges' and officers' rooms. Some of the courts have jury boxes, and each has a gallery above the box for the jurors in waiting. Every court has also a public gallery and commodious seats for the barristers and solicitors. There are rows of shelves for a library, and great care has been taken to place the stenographers so that they shall be within hearing of the witnesses. There are eleven miles of hot water pipes for heating purposes, and in summer the air will be cooled by the evaporation of jets of water. The contract for building the new Law Courts was signed on the 7th of February, 1874, and some years ago a strike of masons threatened to seriously delay the building, but French, German, and other foreign masons were brought over. In order to protect them from violence, arrangements were made with an experienced army purveyor to victual them in the enclosure, where they spent a happy Christmas decorating the vaults in such a picturesque manner that artists came from all directions to view and sketch the curious underground scene. It may be added that the new Law Courts have been built at hardly any expense to the nation, as the enormous sums of unclaimed money in Chancery were freely drawn upon, and most of the stone came from the convict quarries at Portland.

The *Voltaire*, a Gambettist organ in Paris, publishes a sensational article pretending to give an account of a plot to place the Comte de Chambord on the throne of France. It avers that Prince Bismarck, who was strongly opposed to the restoration of the monarchy, has now changed his mind. The Emperors of Germany and Austria, at their recent meeting, discussed the question, and the visit of the Emperor of Austria to Frohsdorf showed what their views were. Since then the Comte de Chambord has addressed a letter to the Comte de Blacas, his right hand man, declaring that the Austrian Emperor had assured him that both the Emperors would give him moral support, and get their agents to use their influence with French statesmen and politicians. For obvious reasons the King of Italy would give his assistance and approve this course. The Orleanists have also promised not to make any opposition, because they dislike the republic. The vexed question of the flag has also been settled. The Comte de Chambord will keep the white flag as the symbol of the royal power, but the tricolor will remain the flag of France. So the white and tricolor flags will hold the same position to each other as the royal standard and Union Jack of England do. The management of everything is in the hands of the Comte de Blacas, and a central committee has been organized in Paris under the Presidency of M. de St. Victor. In the provinces are ten district committees, with which 300 local committees are connected.

A scion of another of the ancient families of France has been dragging his name and fame through the gutter. The story has already been told in all the papers how the young man calling himself Jules Camille de Polignac tried to set fire to the rooms of his putative father, Prince Camille de Polignac; but the base conduct of the latter, which led to the commission of the crime, deserves more than a passing notice. The name of Polignac is one of the most distinguished in France. The Polignacs do not belong to any of the shoddy aristocracy created of late days. A Polignac carried the standard of the Church during the first crusade, and ever since they have taken a leading part in French affairs. Prince Camille de Polignac, when a young man, was engaged to be married to a girl of good family, a Mlle. de la Brétesche. Her father and mother objected to the marriage. An elopement was planned, and the Prince married her in such a way that her scruples were satisfied, but it seems that the bond was not legalized by the ceremony. The Dowager Duchesse de Polignac, who was an English woman by birth, and had been first married to the Marquis de Choiseul, wished to have the young lady's position legalized. Prince Polignac was in the army, and his brother officers took the same view of the matter as the Duchess had done. When they found that the Prince insisted upon reserving to himself the right of casting her off at any time, he was sent to Coventry by them. Two children were born. One of them died young, and the other is the present prisoner in Mazas, accused of setting fire to the apartments of Prince Camille. When this boy was about 9 years old, his father broke altogether with the mother and privately married a Miss Langenberger, daughter of a shoddy contractor here during the war. Then a certain Roumanian diplomatist took pity upon Mlle. de la Brétesche and her sickly boy and married her, but soon afterward died, leaving her in destitution. As long as the Langenberger wife was alive it could hardly be expected that Polignac could take her money to support Mlle. de la Brétesche; but she is now dead, and the Prince has a lucrative position as Managing Director of the Southern Tramways of Paris. He has brutally refused to assist either Mlle. de la Brétesche or her child, both of whom are in abject poverty. Maddened by this neglect, young Polignac, as he calls himself, set fire to his father's apartments. The young man has fallen upon his feet. An old lady has resolved to adopt him, has engaged the best counsel to defend him, and has contracted with a *restaurateur* to supply him with two luxurious meals every day during his stay at Mazas.

Hardly had M. de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, left St. Petersburg on his mission to Germany and Austria before the Czar sent for his chief antagonist, Gen. Ignatieff. It is said that M. de Giers's mission is not of much political importance, and was only undertaken to assure foreign countries that Russia's intentions are pacific. Be this as it may, the presence of Gen. Ignatieff at Gatschina must place the Russian Foreign Minister in a very embarrassing position at the courts where he is visiting. Unfortunately for M. de Giers, he represents no party, and has but few adherents. Gen. Ignatieff, on the other hand, is very popular, and is at the head of the great national movement which has swayed Russia during the last ten years. Of that movement the present Czar, before his accession, was one of the prime movers, and when he was remonstrated with for calling the General to the Ministry of the Interior, he replied that Gen. Ignatieff's position in the country was such as to render his presence in the Cabinet indispensable. So it would seem that the much-vaunted peaceful mission of M. de Giers has but very little significance.

Russian finance is becoming every day more and more chaotic. Part of the cost of the war with Turkey was defrayed by the issue of inconvertible bank notes, the Imperial Bank of Russia being State property. So seriously was the value of the rouble impaired by the issue of these notes, that at the beginning of last year the Minister of Finance was obliged to arrange for the calling of the notes. The Minister was authorized to repay the debt to the bank in eight annual installments of 50,000,000 roubles. The bank was also instructed to call in 50,000,000 rouble notes yearly and to cancel them. It is said that the first annual installment has not been paid; and although the Russian Minister of Finance has gone to the trouble of contradicting this report, the debt still remains uncancelled in the bank's weekly report.

N. L. T.

TROY'S TWO POLICE FORCES.

Clubbing One Another in the Streets and Locking One Another Up.

TROY, Dec. 9.—Citizens residing in the central part of the city this afternoon witnessed a disgraceful street brawl between the rival police forces. Frederick B. Sears, who claimed to be in the employ of the Kendall Manufacturing Company of Providence, R. I., and who had swindled several merchants, was arrested by a member of the new force on a charge of false pretences. When arraigned it was discovered that under the new Penal Code Sears should have been charged with larceny. He was thereupon released on the first warrant and was rearrested on a charge of larceny by Capt. O'Loughlin of the old force, who was given a mittimus to take the prisoner to jail. Sears was forcibly taken from O'Loughlin by members of the new force and lodged in the latter's Headquarters. Warrants were then issued on complaint of Capt. O'Loughlin, charging Capt. Cary, Detective Flynn, and Sergeant McDonough with rescuing a prisoner. When Capt. O'Loughlin and Detective McKenna undertook to arrest Cary and Flynn, the latter resisted, and about half the new force went to their assistance.

A strong detail from the old force then appeared upon the scene, and for about five minutes a lively fight progressed, clubs being freely used and pistols drawn. Detective O'Hearn of the new force was felled with a club, and Capt. O'Connor, who drew a revolver, was grabbed by the throat and taken into the Second Precinct station with Cary and Flynn. The new police left Sears alone during the fight, and he took advantage of the circumstance to escape through a window. He was subsequently recaptured. Sergeant McDonough was afterward arrested in the City Hall, and locked up. The prisoners were taken before Judge Jennyss on a writ of habeas corpus, and admitted to bail. Cary, Flynn, and O'Connor were immediately rearrested on a charge of assaulting an officer. After two hours' incarceration they were again released on bail, to await the action of the Grand Jury. A warrant is out for the arrest of O'Hearn. Several men on each side were injured. Members of the new police have gone to Lansingburgh for warrants, for members of the old force, and another row is probable. The old talk of calling out the militia is revived.

Mr. Bonner's Visit to Kentucky Stock Farms.

A reporter of THE SUN asked Mr. Robert Bonner yesterday if the trip to Kentucky, from which he has just returned, was made with the object of buying horses. Mr. Bonner said:

"Not exactly. I went on a visit, and saw some twelve or fourteen stock farms, but bought one colt only. It was from Major McDowell's farm, a very promising colt by King Rene, a famous stallion out there. Some other purchases may follow from my visit, but none are determined yet. I have seen a report that I went out to see and buy the trotter Jay Eye See, but it was entirely untrue. I had no such purpose."

Body Snatching in Delaware.

WILMINGTON, Dec. 9.—The body of Samuel Mason, a colored man, who was fatally stabbed on Nov. 11 in Milton, has been stolen from the cemetery.

A Gift for Your Friend.

A welcome Reminder of you every week in the year. The *Home Journal*, a newspaper of literature, art, and society. $2 a year; 7 cents a copy. Morris Phillips & Co., 3 Park place, New York.—Adv.

The Morning Journal,

The brightest, largest, newiest paper for one cent ever published. Immense success. For sale everywhere.—Adv.

Five Pounds Pure Tea, $1.

Green, black, or mixed. Sample Tea Co., 203 Pearl and 40 Fulton st.—Adv.

Scarlet wool undershirts, best value in city, $1.50; double-breasted merino, 50c. Cardigan jackets, big bargains. J. W. Johnston, 260 Grand st.; also 579 8th av.—Adv.

Read Shayne's remarks about sealskins in another column.—Adv.

TWO DISTINGUISHED ETCHERS.

The etching needle is to the artist what the violin is to a musician, the most fascinating, exasperating, and difficult, the most expressive and the least controllable of instruments. It answers to the slightest impulse of the will, and writes down a man's moods without his being aware of it. It leaves him free to strengthen and add to and vary his work almost endlessly, yet no process so quickly betrays hesitancy or weakness or incompetency as etching. The beginner is drawn on from line to line, from "state" to state, each in reality more hopeless than the last, but to him full of rich promise. The collector becomes so painfully sensitive to the slightest variation that he can never have too many impressions of the same work, as an admirer of Remenyi or Ole Bull can never hear these old masters play the old familiar airs too often. When a man is taken with the etching fever he is lost to all other employments; and when one acquires a passion for rare etchings, his taste for other forms of art, if he has ever had any, is gone.

We have with us at this moment two professors of this bewitching art, both of more than ordinary fame, and each has opened an exhibition of his works. Practitioners and amateurs have always been numerous here, and for years past they have been growing in numbers at a great rate. It is now almost as easy to pick them out as it was a few days ago to detect an amateur astronomer by the smoked glass in his hand. They are all going to one or other of the two exhibitions, or, having just been there, they are talking of them among themselves. Dr. Francis Seymour Haden was already a surgeon in good practice in London, and had arrived at middle age before he took up the practice of etching as an amusement. His brother-in-law, Mr. Whistler, who is better known for his eccentric paintings than for his wonderful line work, introduced him to this alluring art, and in the course of a tour in Italy, undertaken for the benefit of his health, he made a number of sketches with the needle, the prints from which he did not make public till long after. His first work which attracted much attention was a view out of his study window, with the tops of trees in the foreground, the city, river, and shipping reaching into the distance, and a sky full of masses of cumulus cloud in motion. This sketch, for it is nothing more, has qualities which recall the work of the great French etcher, Meryon, who, like Dr. Haden, late in life, and after having won a respectable position in another profession, gained lasting fame as an etcher. Meryon had been an officer in the French marine, and was retired from active service when the passion for etching seized him. With the good luck that sometimes attends genius, when it is broad and deep, instead of sea and coast, he was attracted by the architecture of old Paris, then being demolished under the orders of Baron Haussmann. He loved to climb up into a church spire or a garret in the quartier Latin, and, through the reek of the city and over the wilderness of roofs and chimneys, see the sun go down discolored and distorted. Under his etching needle the smoke sometimes turned into vague human forms, and the gargoyles on a neighboring tower became charged with more meaning than their mediæval designers had given them.

This imaginative side of Meryon's work has not the least echo in Dr. Haden's; but the French critics found in the "View from a Study Window" somewhat of the same feeling for city landscape which they had not long before become aware of in the case of their countryman, and in the fervor of their new discovery they set Dr. Haden up as an eminence where he does not clearly belong. His after work, however, has been so good as to give his extravagant admirers no peremptory cause to withdraw from their position. Accordingly, his reputation to-day is, perhaps, greater than that of any living etcher, and the exhibition of a large number of his works in this city is felt to be an event of considerable importance.

The occasion is made all the more interesting by the exhibition at the same time, and within a few blocks of another collection, by another English artist, which in almost every respect is as different from Dr. Haden's as it is possible to imagine. Mr. Hubert Herkomer was born in Bavaria, spent a few years of his childhood in this country, and received his art education in England, where he has painted, etched, and engraved so well as to become a member of the Royal Academy at the age of 30. His etchings are all of figure subjects. Dr. Haden's are landscapes. Mr. Herkomer leaves nothing to chance or the printer, and seldom alters a line. Dr. Haden is excessively fond of altering, and depends a good deal on the printing. Their powers as draughtsmen are pretty nearly equal, but while Dr. Haden draws freely and rather loosely, Mr. Herkomer draws carefully and with hard preciseness. This last fact, to the true connoisseur, puts him outside the pale of etching altogether. But among us the great majority of those who are interested in etchings have not proceeded so far, and most of our amateur etchers, though landscapists, are, indeed, as hard and as careful as Mr. Herkomer.

We have intimated that it was a mistake to rank Dr. Haden with Meryon. In the sketch already spoken of—at least in the proof that is shown at Mr. Keppel's—an experiment is resorted to which we do not believe Meryon ever used for so important a purpose. A great mass of clouds in the left of the picture was felt to be too heavy by the artist. It spoiled the balance of composition, and destroyed the effect of distance, or both. Accordingly, after the plate had been inked, before putting it under the press, he took a rag and wiped off the lower part of the offending cloud so that, looking at the impression from a little distance, one would suppose that he had drawn a lighter cloud scudding across the under portion of the darker one. Notwithstanding the complete success of the experiment, it is undeniable that a really strong etcher would not have needed to make it. Besides, one soon finds that Dr. Haden has always continued to make great use of similar alterations, often without necessity, sometimes with lamentable results. In the Greenwich plate, for instance, the group of boats in the lower left-hand corner has been radically changed no less than four times. In the drawing of an old willow, called "Penton Hook," the added work shown in the "second state" spoils what had been done before. In "The Inn Purfleet," the whole construction of the foreground in the later impressions differ so from that shown in the first proofs that a considerable geological change must have taken place while Dr. Haden was at work.

There is no lack of good clear line work in this collection. "Egham Lock," "A Water Meadow," "Whistler's House, Old Chelsea," all have very good point work, the last, especially, a very fine bit of distance with no nonsense of any sort about it. But very often Dr. Haden's lines are desperately careless, and in a few cases, he has seemingly set himself to find out what he could do without them. The much admired "Sunset in Ireland" has not got a line in it which means anything. The plate is covered with methodically disposed scratches, on which the bur has been left, so that they take up and hold a great quantity of printer's ink. The impression becomes a composition of blots, large and small, dark and darker, which "stand for trees, branches, the banks of a river, &c. Dr. Haden is very fond of using this method whenever he wants a dark mass, which is usually somewhere about the centre of his picture. In common with most English artists, he has no true perception of values of dark and light as they are in nature, but he is exceptionally alive to their effect in composition. Hence his black spots may be in the foreground, where they would naturally occur, or a mile away, where in nature no positive black could be seen. Mr. Haden may, then, be set down as a very sensitive amateur of great natural powers who, beginning with a fair knowledge of drawing, has gained in his long practice only too intimate an acquaintance with the many tricks of the art. His genuine feeling for nature and dependence on her seldom allows him to make compositions indoors, and his artistic spirit, on the other hand, will not permit him to accept nature as she comes. He must trim and change and try her in this dress and in that. His best original work has been done in a hurry, when he has had no time to meddle with his first impression. And the one work for which he will probably be remembered is the "Calais Pier." After Turner, on which, not being at liberty to add or alter, his admiration of his original has led him to expend all his strength and resources.

Mr. Herkimer's principal work at Goupil's is not an etching, but a mezzotint, and, like Mr. Haden's best work, is not original. It is a copy of one of Millais's paintings, "Caller Herrin." Mr. Herkimer, in the preface to his catalogue, tells how he first came to practise etching, and how he finally almost abandoned it. He had been a draughtsman on wood, and took up etching as a means of freeing himself from one of the two mediaries who came between him and the public. When he felt himself driven to use something besides the line, however, for the sake of color, he did not turn to the means used by Mr. Haden, which, however apt to mislead, are natural to the art, but attempted to combine with etching an entirely different art, much more mechanical, more laborious, and giving altogether dissimilar results. From the use of the roulette in addition to the needle and burin, he has logically progressed to the point of becoming a very finished mezzotint engraver. His etchings, therefore, all lean toward something else than etching. Curiously, he does not seem to see where the turning point occurs, though the public apparently has noticed it. He refers to one of his plates, "Words of Comfort," as "probably the most popular plate an etcher can boast of," and he adds, "owing, I presume, more to the subject than the treatment." But the subject is a commonplace one, an old woman and a young girl reading to her. The latter is handsome, and there is a sort of Sunday-school appearance about the two which may commend the print to a number of people. But connoisseurs of etchings are not to be led away by such matters, and the fact is that the plate is the most important of the few pure etchings that Mr. Herkimer has done. His use of the line has already been distinguished from Mr. Haden's. He apparently never changes, meddles, or muses; but when one has comprehended his story and admired his figures, one's pleasure is at an end. It is suspicious that he should be driven outside of etching processes for any part of his effects. Most people will probably agree that he never got fairly caught in the siren's toils, else he would not have found it so easy to get out of them. Be that as it may, it is a memorable event to all lovers of etchings in New York—this double exhibition of works by contemporary artists so unlike in feeling, manner, and intention.

MURDER OF ENGLISHMEN BY ARABS.

How the Bedouins Killed Prof. Palmer and his Party.

From the London Times.

The two principal Bedouins on whom the Professor relied for help in his expedition were the Sheik Meter, who actually accompanied him, and Sheik Mushlih Nasir, with whom he had arranged a meeting at Nakl. When Col. Warren undertook the investigation of this matter, he set himself the task of procuring the evidence of these two men. After great difficulty, the Sheik Mushlih Nasir was persuaded to come to Suez to give his evidence, and with him were a certain Ood Zemail and a man called Madakhl. The story of these men was that Ood Zemail had been twice asked by Prof. Palmer to take him into the desert, but he had refused because "it was war time," and he had told Prof. Palmer that it was very wrong of Madakhl to offer to accompany him.

An investigation is being conducted by Col. Warren into the circumstances of the murder of Prof. Palmer, Capt. Gill, and Lieut. Charrington. When the party were attacked they were taken to a precipice, and were told that by the orders of Arabi they must die. They were at liberty to choose whether they would throw themselves over the precipice or be shot. It is now stated that not only Prof. Palmer, but also Capt. Gill, chose the former death, while Lieut. Charrington, the dragoman, and the cook, Mousa, chose the latter. The object in taking the life of the cook, who was a Mohammedan, seems to have been to conceal the facts connected with the attack; for there is reason to believe that those who perpetrated the deed exceeded their orders in killing the party, instead of merely taking them prisoners.

The attack was conducted by two distinct parties. In the first party were three Haweitát and one Terabin; in the second party were one Haweitát, two Terabins, and two Debourr. The latter party secured most of the plunder and all the arms, and also the persons of the Englishmen. Madakhl joined the first party soon after the attack, and was present when a meeting between the two parties occurred. He reports that the following conversation took place. Speaking of him, one of the second party said: "Why do you bring this fellow? If he wants to see the English we will kill him. We have a firman to kill the Christians and also the Towarah." Mousa, Prof. Palmer's cook, who was present, then asked: "Where are the English? They must now be hungry." "Come along," was the terse reply; "you shall go and dine with them."

The Bedouins first fired at the English from the front, and then ran round and surrounded them, wounding the camel on which Capt. Gill was riding. When the English found that they were going to be attacked they made all the dragomans fire in the air. The English fired their revolvers, but without effect. It was dark, and the Bedouins, not knowing what force the English were in, threw a cordon round them and waited until the morning, when, seeing how few they were, they went in and took them prisoners.

Ood Zemail also stated that Ali Showayer, who was one of those who attacked and killed the party, told him that they took the English to a rough place in the mountains and gave them the choice of throwing themselves over a precipice, for being shot. Sheik Abdullah (Prof. Palmer), having ascertained that they had quite decided to kill them, called upon heaven to avenge their death, put his arm over his face, and jumped over. Gill did the same; the others were shot.

The Sheik Meter, the other important witness, was only by the threat that if he did not come men would be sent to bring him induced to surrender himself. He arrived at Suez on Nov. 6. It does not appear from the evidence produced that there is much to implicate him. A certain Hassar Ateiya gave evidence that Meter ran away with the money (a portion of which he has since restored) when the attack was made, and that he subsequently returned on foot and proposed to ransom the English men. However, he was told by the Bedouins: "No; the money is ours by right. Bring us the money and we will decide whether we will let the party or not." Meter replied: "I am the guarantor of the party, and I shall send the money back to its owners."

The spot where the murder occurred is described as being a wild, romantic place, with precipices shelving down into the Wady Sudr, and inaccessible for camels from the road above where the party was attacked. Below the precipice there is a neep and narrow gully 47 feet deep and from 10 feet to 20 feet wide at the bottom. In this gully the remains were found. When Col. Warren first arrived at the place nothing could be seen, but some men went up the wady for several miles and then went down the gully and found a human bone; afterward other remains were discovered. Blood was found on the rocks above. On leaving this place Col. Warren, accompanied by the new Governor of the fort, went to Nakhl. There he interrogated Ali Effendi, the old Governor, who, it is believed, is implicated in the matter. Ali Effendi was away from his post at the time of the murder, and when he returned he had with him the Sheik Meter's camel. Col. Warren procured a letter written by this man to the Governor of Akabal, which showed that he knew Ibn Shedid, had sent orders to seize the party of Christians, but that the orders were to send them alive to Cairo.

DER BENAL GODE.

The Barber Near the Cooper Institute Makes a Few Remarks About Liberty.

"Vood you dempt me to gommit a grime for fifdeen cents—or for den cents, mitout pay rum?" the German barber near the Cooper Institute asked of the reporter last Sunday morning. "Vell, my boverdy bodders me more as my honosdy. I vill do it, but I gannot drust you not to inverm agensd me—pecause it is der rule py der shop not to drust.

"Now my vrend," the barber added, having bolted the door and begun to lather the reporter's face, "you vos porn by America und I peen an American citizen. Ve oughder veel broud of dot. Here ve pe mit der door polted und parred, mit der vinder plinds trawn town, und mit der gas burning py der taylight. Der achent uf der society vich idself works on Sunday to keep der rest der beeple from vorking is shpying at ter door. Der boleesmen are rushing der sdreed along mit parbers, krocers, und puchers py der nape der neck und vill dem all lock up py der chails. Der peedle vos peen peen vrightened oud of deir lifes. Und here ve are drempling like biekbockets vor vear ve peen arrestet. Now led us dry dot pootivul hymn to remember:

My coundry dis ut dee,
Sweet lant of liperty.

"I can get a nutshell insite der whole dings. Der benal gode iheen in der inderest fur golt water. Vell, I peen in vifer ul larker peer; ven laf effer you heert of larker peer doing such damitches vot der water in der Rhine riffer done last veek in Europe?

"Der parber der negst shair py, vich is dot veler vot grazy chokes got vere oughder peen his prains, he got himzelluf off von vunny dings. He zeemed hurtied, he sayt, und vent to heffen; und shtanding der gate arount vos a big growd of beeple. Some of dem his vrends peen. Den gomes St. Beder oud. "So hellup me crashus!" he hat sayt, 'vy how 'vos dees? Here comes effery tay a barber of New Yorgers. I neffer haf some New Yorgers zeen pefore.'

"'I vill choost dell you apoud dot,' von of dem vellers hat sayt; 've used to pe like der rest der vorld, but now ve got to gome here py der law.'

"Py shiminny hooky, dot parber a vool of himself makes mit zuch a chokes like dot."

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises	7 13	Sun sets	4 33
Moon rises	7 20	Moon sets	4 50

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook	7 20	Gov. Island	8 07
Hell Gate	9 56		

Arrived—SATURDAY, Dec. 9.

Ss Lord of the Isles, Felgate, Yokohama Sept. 9.
Ss Foscolo, Roberts, Santos Nov. 2.
Ss Nantes, Coup, Marseilles Oct. 30.
Ss Richmond, Vincent, West Point, Va.
Ss Eleanora, Bragg, Portland.
Ss John Trim, Young, Georgetown, D. C.
Ss Breakwater, Roe, Lewes.
Ss Glaucus, Bearse, Boston.

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Catalonia, from New York, at Queenstown.
Ss Brooklyn, from Portland, at Liverpool.
Ss Erl King, from Montreal, at Bristol.
Ss Le Chatelier, from Baltimore, at Havre.
Ss Mariner, from New Orleans, at Liverpool.
Ss Nil, from Charleston, at Gibraltar.
Ss Thanemore, from Baltimore, at Liverpool.
Ss Italiana, from Baltimore, at Cadiz Dec. 4.
Ss Chateau Leoville, from New York, at Bordeaux Dec. 6.
Ss Dorian, from Boston, at Moville.
Ss Pereire, from New York, passed Scilly.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Cimbria, from Havre for New York.
Ss St. Laurent, from Havre for New York.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Mme. Hauk in "Carmen."

Mr. Mapleson's artists yesterday afternoon gave a representation of Bizet's sparkling opera, which at first seemed to sympathize with the chill temperature of the weather outside, but perceptibly grew better as it drew toward the end.

Mme. Hauk, who made her rentrée in her favorite rôle of *Carmen*, gave her well-known strong and picturesque rendering of the part, but was palpably too much out of condition to sing her best, and was not able to lend to the music its usual warmth and spirit. She deserves credit for having struggled