TOPICS FROM THEATRICALS.

DALY'S COMPANY AT HOME IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Mid-week Notes on the Week's Shifts of Familiar Plays—The Agitated Question of Honest Authorship—Several Actresses Whose Whims Are Bothering Managers.

Daly's Theatre was reopened last evening, and Daly's company performed "The Taming of the Shrew." The theatre presented a newness of aspect, for it had been considerably rejuvenated during the recess, but there were no alterations sufficient to make the auditorium strange to the extremely fashionable audience which crowded it. The revival of the Shakespearean comedy had nothing to render it essentially different from its earlier performances in that house, although the cast was a variation in some respects. There was no deterioration; or, at all events, the small losses were fully compensated by the small gains. The company's recruits, included Tyrone Power, who played *Christopher Sly* skilfully and felicitously; John Craig, whose *Lucentio* was satisfactory, and Herbert Gresham, who will suffer unmeritedly in general estimation because his *Tranio* resembled his previous impersonation in a familiar burlesque. Rated in a sentence—for the careful details, lavish embellishments, and general effectiveness of this production of "The Taming of the Shrew" call for no new discussion—the performance was as good as its predecessors. In its *Katharine* and its *Petruchio* it was improved, although those parts remained with Ada Rehan and John Drew, for it was too manifest to be imaginary that the actress and the actor were competing for the honors. Miss Rehan was bound to hold her supremacy as the goddess of Daly worshippers, and it seemed as though her former brilliance as the admirable shrew was appreciably increased. Mr. Drew, it was much more palpable, had made up his mind to accumulate fresh laurels to carry away on his secession from this theatre. His impersonation of the shrew tamer was bettered by an increase of fluency, a broadening of conception, and an utter freedom from imposed constraint. It was as though he had defiantly unshackled himself, and was using his liberty for a mighty effort to triumph. He was triumphant, too. *Petruchio* not only dominated *Katharine* according to the Shakespearean design, Drew for the first time fairly contested for and gained equal conspicuousness with Miss Rehan before a Daly audience. A full half of the laughter and applause was given to him, and, while the majority of the audience only realized that the actor was outdoing his represented self, the minority observed with amused interest what they knew was a remarkable contest in acting.

Of course the other favorites in the company, James Lewis, George Clarke, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and Charles Wheatleigh, were welcomed heartily by the friendly assemblage. Mr. Daly was called out, too, and the season at this favored theatre had a fine start.

The real basis of the variety farce, "The Hustler," at the Bijou, is recognized as "Furnished Rooms," written some years ago by Scott Marble. He was called in to furnish an entirely new piece to displace the original. "The Hustler," the name being retained because the posters had been ordered and the managers liked the title, but nothing else of Lew Rosen's work was saved. After Marble had finished his contract Frank Dumont of Philadelphia tinkered at the piece, then John McCullough, Harry Pilcer, and some of the Hoyt forces, and between times John Kernell interpolated some of his sayings into the affair. Yet all these clever men have failed to produce an even laughable farce.

Mixed authorship, by the way, has become an issue up in the higher levels of dramatic work. Honesty of declaration is demanded, and the disposition of newspaper critics is to expose and denounce plagiarism on the stage. Time was, and not long ago, when the plays of Germany and France were seized upon commonly in England and America, not only without leave, but by playwrights of American renown and imprudent as to attach their own names as original authors of the stolen matter. THE SUN has been careful to give all the ascertainable particulars of originality whenever a play is put forth here as new, and it did so in the recent cases of "The Lost Paradise" and "Miss Helyett," two very conspicuous pieces. In response to letters from readers THE SUN reiterated the fact that the honors of "The Lost Paradise" were about equally divided between Feuillet, the original German author, and De Mille, the maker of the English text. American dramatic literature ado is now made over the question of authorship involved in "Miss Helyett." To a SUN reporter David Belasco said yesterday: "The author of 'Miss Helyett' is Maxime Boucheron. I adapted the version used at the Star theatre, and the necessary departures from the French original were considerable, but I have not made the slightest claim of authorship. When called out on the opening night I told the audience that the French composer and author had made the piece a distinctly delightful one, and claimed for them all the credit. The playbills give the names of Audran, and in large type, while a small line says that I am the adapter of the American version. No, no, I am not to be even impeached as a pirate or plagiarist, much less convicted. From selfish motives, if for none loftier, I would not like to shake the public's confidence in the honesty of my original works by claiming the authorship of adaptations."

Marie Janson communicates to THE SUN her pertinent and piquant sentiments as follows: I was surprised to read in THE SUN an article quoted from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in which I am represented by an undergraduate of Harvard, a young gentleman of 20 from the blue grass region of Kentucky, whose kinsmen have been heard in the national and state councils, as frolicking with Harvard students. To quote him I drank with them, ate with them, sang with them, and danced with them, and in fact threw around the dwellers of Cambridge such a cloud of temptation that his mother deemed it necessary to move to Boston to protect her boy from my evil influences. Will you do me the justice to deny all that this unworthy young liar has said? I am a native of Boston and have spent a great deal of my time there, yet I'll wager I know less about Harvard College and its students than two-thirds of my fellow townspeople. Indeed, I only know Cambridge as a place through which I have driven several times, and, all I know of Harvard students isn't worth mentioning, though such of them as I have met were of a very different type from the ones he represents. If the Louisville paper has for an editor one of those local creations, a chivalrous son of Kentucky, ever ready to rush to the aid of womankind, I hope he will go and tell that young curled darling's pape that what the youth needs most can best be administered by the paternal side of the house, and while Harvard can teach him a curriculum well enough in its way, there is a fundamental matter that needs correction through the medium of a heavy hand and a well-soled slipper. A strict regard for truth can best be inculcated at the mother's knee, or over the father's."

The Mayor's refusal to relicense Doris's, Huber's, and the Grand Street Museums has resulted in the announcement of an auction sale of the Grand street place. It will be knocked down to the highest bidder on Dec. 1. Of course this implies that the purchaser will get a license, though nobody can tell why. The complaint of the S. P. C. C. against Huber has been dismissed, and as the Mayor's clerk has said that if the Society's cases were put out of the way the licenses would be renewed, Huber would seem to have a ray of hope. The hearing of Doris's case has been postponed.

The range of the entertainments at the town's combination theatres this week has been from minstrelsy to melodrama, with a spice of variety farce besides. Melodrama almost monopolizes the east side boards, for in addition to "Jack Royal" at the People's, there are "The Patrol" and "The Great Metropolis." The latter drama, with its striking realisms of land and water, and its abundance of dramatic situations, is at Jacobs's. The cast is not evenly strong, but it contains two especially meritorious players in Celia Alsberg, who was not long ago an ambitious star, and James F. Tighe, of good training and long service. "The Patrol" is at Niblo's, where the audiences continue to increase as the news spreads that the prices here are as low as those which prevail in the Bowery houses. "The Patrol" is not new in town, but its return visit seems to be welcome; at any rate, Niblo's audiences have shouted a good deal at its exciting situations, its real patrol wagon, and its intricate detective plot. Charles Chappelle, of imposing physique and forceful artistic methods, impersonates the hero, while the heroine is acted by Virginia Nelson. At the Windsor the quiet but effective humor of Thomas E. Murray has found vent in a revival of "Our Irish Visitors," a rampant Irish farce. Murray is an actor of Harrigan's type, and his company contains half a dozen really clever vaudeville performers, among them Petrie and Elise, Frank Davis, and Ed Sanford. Harlem's changes at the Columbus and the Opera House, respectively, have been to "The Fire Patrol" and the German Lilliputians. As to the dwarfs, no additional praise is necessary at this day. The admirable comicality of "The Dwarfs' Wedding" is as potent up-town this week as it was in the Bowery. "The Fire Patrol" is entirely sensational, and not always new in theme or characters; but the Columbus's audiences like plays with plenty of action and wholesome sentiment, and so Mr. Harkins's melodrama has found favor in Harlem. The cast is not much changed from that which was seen at the People's last season. The minstrel show in the city is Cleveland's, at the Grand Opera House. It is not a departure from the established forms in burnt-cork amusement, but it is nevertheless a lively and picturesque show. The vocalism is especially praiseworthy, with soloists like Banks Winter, Harry J. Howard, and Edgar Wilson as chief contributors. In the olio the best performers are Ouda, the aerial acrobat, and Girard Leon with his trained donkeys.

One hears a great deal in the dramatic world of the aversion which the theatre-going public is said to have for theatres whose entrances are by flights of steps to the main floor. Frequently the ill success of a production is attributed to the architectural arrangement of the building. The remark has been often made in connection with Herrmann's Theatre. Excepting the fault with its entrance, this house is one of the prettiest in the city. There is no good reason for the deduction that upstairs theatres in New York are necessarily unsuccessful. Two of the most fashionable and strongest established places of amusements in this city possess the same general architectural features as Herrmann's. They are the Casino and the Lyceum. Daly's is reached by a short flight of stairs. Out of town, that old mint, the Boston Museum, is an upstairs theatre. So that the theory which joins bad luck and theatre stairs together is not infallible. At any rate, Charles Frohman intends to test it thoroughly before he ceases to place entertainments on Herrmann's stage. He declares that he has a great deal of faith in his next novelty there, "The Junior Partner," which is a translation of Bisson and Carré's "Souris Trap." Frohman had engaged "Jack" Mason for the title role, but there has been a hitch, and Mason will not appear. The new leading actor has not yet been selected, though two well-known men are being negotiated with. Vincent Sternroyd, whom Helen Dauvray brought over from England a few years ago, and Mrs. McKee Rankin are already engaged for the play. Both are new to Frohman casts.

A superabundance of prima donnas seems to have brought a cloud of tribulations at the Casino. Not only has Pauline L'Allemand worried Rudolph Aronson by her belligerent attitude on a tour, but the two stars at home are a source of annoyance to the manager. Marie Tempest is altogether bright and winsome before the public, but those who know her well say she has a temper as pronounced as the tilt of her nose. Laura Bellini is full formed and amiable in person, and admirable in her acts; but her black, flashing eyes show that she, too, can have a word to say for herself when the occasion demands. Bellini and Tempest have been on good terms, and there is nothing that should make them clash professionally. The change in the order of the Casino's programme, however, by which Mascagni's opera was placed first, seems to have made little Tempest develop into a full-fledged cyclone. The dressing rooms of the two singers are separated only by a thin board partition. A few nights ago, just after the "Cavalleria," Tempest grew impatient and warm, and she remarked to her manager: "I don't see why I shouldn't get a chance to go home early sometimes." The petulant words came clear and distinct to Bellini, and she said in return: "What about my being late for rehearsal weeks in getting home?" The presence of the manager was at once forgotten by the little English woman. She said in reply, and rather loudly: "I wasn't taking to you! It's none of your business!" "Well, I'll make it my business," returned Mascagni's scrowful heroine; and then more words were passed in all very intense, but probably proper. The impresario was the only happy one, for he escaped the Tempest.

There is a new office boy to *The Cadi* at the Union Square, and, unlike the two predecessors in the rôle, this one is a male. His name is Jay Wilcox. He was formerly played the *Cowstable*. Queenie Vassar, the song and dance performer who replaced ingenuous Minnie Dupree as the *Office Boy*, has a temper along with her good looks. She was ordered to appear for an extra rehearsal last Saturday. As she was to play in the afternoon and in the evening, she considered the extra work an exhausting superfluity, so she didn't appear on time. The stage manager fined her $2, and she at once sent word to Manager Floyd that unless the $2 was returned to her before 7:30 that night, she would not play "The Cadi." She didn't get the $2, and "The Cadi" hasn't seen her since. Vassar's husband is Harry Kernell, the Irish comedian. Jennie Goldthwaite, one of the several pretty girls in "The Cadi," has given two weeks' notice that she will end her contract. The management say she was fined for violating the rules. Miss Goldthwaite admits the fine, but declares that she made it possible, because she has been desirous of leaving the company. The engagement has not been agreeable to her from the start, she adds, and, as she could not oust it, she will sacrifice her employment.

News comes to town of the serious illness of three well-known theatrical men. Julian Magnus, manager for Marie Wainwright, has been in a very low condition in Washington. He was taken ill on Sunday night, and for a time his friends were alarmed. Yesterday afternoon word was sent to this city that he was improved, though not out of danger. W. S. Cleveland, the minstrel manager, has been ill of late with pneumonia. He has been a hard worker, and his breakdown did not surprise those who knew him well. He will probably pull through. Franz Vetta, the grand opera singer, is in a low state in Philadelphia, where he had been singing. He was formerly a basso in minstrel troupes, before his phenomenal voice attracted the attention of operatic managers. His wife, Lizzie Macfhelhol, the contralto, used to sing in church choirs in this city. She, too, has been ill.

Three new plays have been put upon their trial out of town within the past six days. Only one of them, probably, will ever get to New York, and that will not be in this season. This more fortunate one of the trio is Anson Phelps Pond's melodrama, "A Desperate Man," which was acted in Newark on Monday night to a friendly audience, largely made up of the author's New York friends. Ten or a dozen years ago Pond wrote "Her Atonement," which was not a great literary work, though it had claim to distinction as one of the first of the long series of realistic dramas. It contained a big military scene, a real drum corps, a crowd, a parade, and other effective things, and when it went on tour it made money and pleased the populace. "A Desperate Man," Pond's second work, is less a departure from current conventions in melodrama, and it tells a rather lurid and not very ingenious story of crime. The sympathetic roles, headed by Julia Arthur and E. J. Henley, are engaged for only two weeks, so that it is likely that this is merely an experiment with the play, to prepare it for its travels. In New Haven an orthodox Irish drama, "The Banshee," was acted by a newly organized company. Its authoress is Victoria Beckey, whose name is unknown to the New York public, though it has been affixed to at least two other plays, both of an emotional type. In Albany a sensational play called "The Queen of the Mines," by Mrs. Mars, a novice in playwriting, but an actress of local repute, was given for the first time. Nothing original was discovered in this drama, which seems to have been constructed mainly for the purpose of introducing to the stage Mrs. Mars's daughter, Aimee Du Var.

It may be said with safety that the late W. J. Florence left a modest competence to his widow. Exaggerated estimates of his profits are current. The truth is difficult to get at in matters of this sort, but it is known that Florence found his best fortunes in "The Mighty Dollar." He used that piece almost uninterruptedly for a dozen years, and he probably reckoned his profits as at least $300,000. That he did not save all that money is palpable. He lived extravagantly and he kept expensive company. Besides, he often took a flyer in Wall street. Indeed, it is pretty well known that he lost heavily on stocks even as late as the past year. There were many steady demands upon his purse which he could not, or did not, ignore. During Mrs. Florence's tours with her husband she received a handsome weekly salary for her services, and she always got it, whether business was good or bad. The real estate owned by Florence was valuable, not very heavily encumbered, and has increased in worth of late.

Miss Little's Song Recital.

A large and appreciative audience listened with marked pleasure to Miss Lena Little's beautiful singing yesterday afternoon in the Music Hall. Miss Little's voice and method possess beauty and expression, and her work is very pleasing. Never verging on the path of sentimentality, she gives to her songs the full sentiment intended by poet and musician; and never operatic nor theatrical, she gives dramatic action intense and eloquent whenever this is required. Miss Little's programme was as follows: Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen," Schumann's "Waldesgespräch," Grieg's "Ich liebe Dich" and "Autumn Gale," Secchi's "Love Me or Not," Widor's "Vieille Chanson de Jeune Temps," Arthur Foote's "I'm Wearing Awa'," Vidal's "Printemps Nouveau," Brahms's "Wie bist du meine Königin," Bruch's "Frage," Jensen's "Lass dich halten," De Alberti's "Zur Droseel Sprach und Pink" and Tschaikowsky's "Es war in ersten Lenzesstrahl."

Miss Little was assisted by a young pianist, Mr. Leopold Godowsky, who has a soft, deft touch and an excellent method, and who, never taking liberties with the text, plays in a musical and pleasing style, showing both a ability and promise. His selections were: Grieg's "Ballade" in G minor, Chopin's "Impromptu" in F sharp, and a Strauss-Tausig "Valse."

Concert at the Sharwenka Conservatory.

The Sharwenka Conservatory of Music gave its second soirée musicale yesterday evening, when pupils and patrons of all sizes and ages were gathered together with numerous friends and acquaintances, and filled the hall of Behr Bros. to overflowing. The programme was as follows: Brahms's Sonata for violin and pianoforte in D minor, op. 108, played by Messrs. Richard Arnold and Walter Petzet; Cavatina from Halevy's "Jewess;" two violoncello solos, by Mr. Adolph Hartdegen, Grumbacher's "Serenade" and Gabriel Marie's "Air in the Old Style;" Rheinberger's Toccata op. 115, Schubert's "Impromptu" in G major, op. 90, and a "Rhapsodie" by Walter Petzet, all for the pianoforte, played by Walter Petzet; "Aire Hongroise" by Ernst Schubert's "Doppelganger" and "Leiermann" sung by Mr. Schlomann; and a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Walter Petzet played by Messrs. Petzet, Arnold, and Hartdegen.

Paderewski Makes New Acquaintances.

After Ignace J. Paderewski had finished his piano recital in the concert hall of the Madison Square Garden on Tuesday his manager, Mr. C. F. Tretbar, took him around to Helms's in Twenty-seventh street and introduced him to a score of newspaper men from Boston and New York. The Boston critics had come to New York on Mr. Tretbar's invitation. They had listened to the recital and were full of praise for Paderewski. As the young pianist speaks five languages the Boston people got along with him swimmingly. When he came to shake hands with them, however, they winced, for his grip was like iron. Few athletes have the strength of hand that Paderewski possesses. The company sat down to a supper that was prolonged several hours. Among those present were Mr. H. M. Ticknor of the Boston *Beacon*, Mr. T. P. Currier of the Boston *Courier*, Mr. T. H. Jenks of the Boston *Transcript*, Mr. Howard of the Boston *Globe*, Mr. Phillip Hale, Mr. Hugo Gorlitz, Mr. Henry W. Domett, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, Mr. Henry T. Finck, Mr. W. J. Henderson, Mr. Chester S. Lord, Mr. De Roven and Mr. Florsheim.

Harrigan's New Play of New York Life.

Actor Harrigan has decided to play his new comedy of New York life for the first time on Dec. 14. It will be called "The Last of the Hogans," and Composer Braham has written six new songs for it set to catchy music. Manager Mart Hanley announced last night that the new play would be in three acts and four scenes, and that Mr. Harrigan is cast for "Judge McKeever, a rollicking Irishman moulded in the Mulligan mould. Ada Lewis is fitted with another type of tough girl, and Miss Emma Pollock, the *Maggie Murphy* of "Reilly and the 400" will appear in a natty soubrette part with new songs and a new dance. Mrs. Yeamans will impersonate an eccentric character role, and Johnny Wild will be seen in his familiar character of a Thompson street negro with sporting proclivities.

Billings—Brinkerhoff.

Before the flower-decked altar in St. John's Episcopal Church, Jersey City, Miss Lillie Brinkerhoff, a daughter of Mr. William Brinkerhoff, was married to Mr. Dwight Morris Billings at 8 o'clock last evening. About the chancel were masses of white and yellow chrysanthemums and several tall ferns. The Rev. E. L. Stoddard, the rector, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large and brilliant gathering of guests. Miss Brinkerhoff walked up the aisle with her father, who handed her to the bridegroom. The latter, with his best man, Mr. O. H. Keep, Jr., stood at the chancel entrance.

The bride wore a beautiful gown of white satin made with a full court train, the skirt being studded with dewy floriets of point lace and festooned with natural orange blossoms. The low corsage was trimmed with point lace, and on it Miss Brinkerhoff wore several handsome diamond ornaments, including a diamond pendant made to represent a chrysanthemum, a present from the bridegroom. Her point lace veil, a gift from her mother, was fastened with lilies of the valley. She carried a large bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. In front of the bride walked the maid of honor, Miss Mary Ballantine of Newark, resplendent in a gorgeous toilet of white silk and tulle, trimmed with silver lace and ornamented with a girdle of silver. The skirt was made with a long train and the corsage was low. Miss Ballantine carried a bouquet of pink roses. The six bridesmaids followed the ushers. They were Miss Platt of Detroit and Miss McConihie of Troy, in white chiffon gowns trimmed with silver; Miss Grace Tingue and Miss MacFarland, in pink chiffon and corselets of silver, and Miss Helen Sargant and Miss Ada Moore, wearing pretty pink and white chiffon over the silver. Each carried a small basket filled with pink and white chrysanthemums. The bridal procession was led by the ushers, Messrs. John Perkins, H. Y. Keep, William Stewart, George Tenney, H. L. Hotchkiss, Jr., and James L. Poulden. A large reception followed at the home of the bride's father, 97 Summit street, Jersey City.

Sprague—Pratt.

BOSTON, Nov. 25.—The wedding to-day of Miss Mary Pratt, only daughter of Mrs. George L. Pratt and niece of Treasurer Pratt of the C., B. and Q. Railroad, and Mr. Charles F. Sprague was specially noteworthy by reason of the great wealth of the young bride, which is estimated at $15,000,000, and the wide family connections of both bride and groom, who are allied with nearly all of Boston's oldest families. The wedding took place in Trinity Church, the Rev. Mordecai W. Brooks officiating. The bride wore an exquisite gown of richest white satin, en train, with garniture of orange blossoms, the front caught up on one side to disclose a flounce of the rarest lace. Her veil was of tulle, fastened with a tiny coronet of orange blossoms. She carried in her hand a beautiful bound prayer book. The dainty bridesmaid, Miss Isabelle Perkins, was a fair picture in a gown of palest pink corded silk, with a hat to match composed of pale pink velvet and ostrich tips of the same delicate color.

Following the ceremony in church a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother in Commonwealth avenue. The next house but one, the residence of Mrs. Perkins, aunt of the bride, was connected by a bridge especially built for this occasion. Both houses were made into summerland by the elaborate and beautiful floral decorations, chrysanthemums and roses mingling in rich profusion. The wedding breakfast was served in Mrs. Perkins's house. At the close of the reception the happy pair started on their wedding trip, their destination being as yet unknown. As they passed down the aisle on their exit, they were showered with tiny bouquets of carnations, those thrown by the ladies being of white flowers and those thrown by the men of pink.

Gormley—Chapman.

Miss Mamie Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Chapman, was married to Frank E. Gormley at St. John the Baptist Church, Seventy-sixth street, near Lexington avenue, last evening. The Rev. S. Teatreau performed the ceremony. The bride wore a white brocaded silk dress with point lace trimmings and diamond ornaments. Miss Annie Chapman was bridesmaid and Joseph Gormley best man. The maids of honor were Miss Annie Kenny, Miss Beckie Chapman, Miss Louise Weber, and Miss Belle Conway. The ushers were: Frank Healy, William Brennan, Thomas Beggs, and John J. O'Leary.

A reception followed the ceremony at the house of the bride's parents, 240 East Seventy-seventh street, after which the young couple left for Lakewood, where the honeymoon will be spent. Miss Chapman's father is President of the Chapman Iron Manufacturing Company. He is also well known on the east side, where for a number of years he was active in politics. He is Treasurer of the Oriental Club. Mr. Gormley is employed in the Health Department of Brooklyn. Congressman Timothy J. Campbell was among the wedding guests.

Lawson—Coutant.

NEWBURGH, Nov. 25.—Frank J. Lawson, son of Charles J. Lawson, President of the Alms house Board, and Miss May Coutant were married this evening at the home of the bride. The Rev. Dr. Andrew Longacre, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Jones of Colgate University. The bridesmaid was Miss Jennie McCoubrey of Troy, and the groomsman was James E. Lawson, Jr. The bride's costume was white silk, high corsage and made en train and trimmed with pearls and white lace. The house was handsomely decorated with flowers and plants, and a wedding feast followed the ceremony.

Carpenter—Falk.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 25.—The marriage of Lawyer Paul D. Carpenter, son of the late United States Senator, Matt. H. Carpenter, and Miss Emma Falk, daughter of the late Franz Falk, one of Milwaukee's pioneer brewers, was solemnized to-day at the Cathedral of St. John by Archbishop Katzer. Only two weeks ago the principals became converts to the Roman Catholic Church. A cablegram was received last night conveying the blessing of the Pope upon the union.

White—Pratt.

Mr. Walter White of Boston and Miss Alice Pratt of Brooklyn were married on Tuesday evening in St. Mark's Church, Adelphi street, Brooklyn, by the rector, the Rev. S. S. Rocha. After the ceremony a reception and wedding supper were given at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. George Barker, 224 Herkimer street. There were many guests from Brooklyn, New York, Boston, New Haven, and Martha's Vineyard.

Male—Brown.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Nov. 25.—The marriage to-night of Mr. Josiah Little Hale and Miss Alice G. Brown, daughter of Mr. A. D. Brown, a wealthy cotton broker of Boston, was a brilliant social event which was witnessed by several hundred guests from all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Washington. The groom belongs to one of the oldest families of the State. The couple left on a late train.

JOSE MARTI IN TAMPA.

Much Significance Attached to His Visit in Relation to the Cuban Question.

TAMPA, Nov. 25.—Senor Don José Marti, the noted Cuban orator, poet, and leader, arrived this evening from New York, and was welcomed by an immense crowd of Cubans and Americans, with a slight sprinkling of Spaniards as well. Senor Marti has come to Tampa upon the invitation of the Ignacio Agramonte Club, whose guest he is. To-morrow night he will take prominent part in the grand political jubilee to be held in Ybor City. Although tired from his long journey he responded cordially to the warm greeting extended to him by his Tampa friends. The welcome took the form of an ovation of remarkable proportions, with bands of music and the wildest enthusiasm. Senor Marti will remain until Saturday. His visit is looked upon as highly significant in relation to the Cuban question.

When a man deliberately resigns a Government appointment with several thousands a year and honors in proportion, and smilingly lowers his forehead to the grindstone of meek and patient daily toil at the most prosaic of occupations, in order, as he says, "to preserve his independence," one naturally regards him as a singular sort of an individual. When Mr. José Marti, some weeks since, telegraphed his resignation of the Consulship General of the Argentine Republic in this city to the Minister of that country at Washington, it was not because any complaint on the part of the Spanish Government had compelled the act, but because he felt the necessity of relinquishing a post in filling which he considered himself trammelled in his labors for his country's independence.

Marti had not been guilty of violence in speech, as was at the time suggested by newspapers. This Cuban leader is a man incapable of violence in speech or act. Mild, magnanimous, and large hearted, Marti is a man of strange and varied experience. He is but 38 years of age, yet the first glance at his pale, fine face, the complexion strikingly white in contrast to the jet moustache and crisply curling hair, would cause one to believe him older. A noble forehead and a slight tendency to almond-eyedness give him a dreamy expression. He dresses in black and wears on his wedding finger a wide band of silver with a strain of iron through it. On the ring is quaintly carved the one word, "Cuba," by which it may be seen that the one great love of his heart is his country.

For a wonder I had an opportunity to converse uninterruptedly with Mr. Marti. As a rule his little office is crowded with callers from 1 until 4 o'clock. During these three hours all the thinking Cubans of the city seem to flock around him, and now and then a newly exiled General from Cuba makes his appearance. They fight the old battles over and plan new campaigns. Cuba must be independent, he says, they believe, as surely as the sun will rise and shine. It will come before long—before very long. Fusion complete is what the agitators labor for. The enthusiastic demonstration in Tampa, in which not only 2,000 Cubans of that city take part, but the Americans as well, and even a few Spaniards, the first effort of the sort since the war of 1868, is in pursuance of these ideas of fusion and united strength.

Marti, who was born in 1853, was still too young at the time of that war to be condemned to exile. But, young as he was, the Spanish Government found that his ready pen and silver speech were calculated to aid and encourage the revolutionaries. Marti, not 16, was editing a small newspaper, the *Devil On Crutches*. The Government could not send this tender youth to the dreary, almost death, exile to be shot like a dog, but it could send him to the Political Penitentiary. Here, forced to go barefoot, with chain and ball attached to his ankle, the boy was set to work in the quarry breaking stone. A tiny statuette was made of him appearing thus, and some of the Cubans in this city possess this interesting work of art. From 4 in the morning until sunset young Marti pounded away at his stone-breaking, and at the end of the first week his feet were torn so that he could hardly walk.

In that prison, says Mr. Marti, were political prisoners nearly 60 years old and young children of 12; idiot slaves of 100 and white lads of 14. Later, when he had been sent to Spain, Marti published a pamphlet on these prison horrors, and asked that they be remedied. He described them and set the Spaniards face to face with them, but in vain.

The young man then became a student at the University of Zaragoza, where he obtained the degrees of licentiate at law and bachelor of philosophy and of letters before he was 21. He started a school for poor and ignorant creatures in a humble suburb, and there dwelt, suffering constantly from illness contracted during imprisonment, but not subdued. His parents, self-exiled to Mexico, required his presence, and he went. There the young idealist found shelter and friends, but was not worldly-wise enough to accept a proffered secretaryship in the Government of Mexico. He was elected delegate to a workingman's congress, however, and there and then began his literary life in earnest.

Marti is known everywhere in Spanish America; more widely known perhaps than any other individual living. Not only is he known as an author, orator, and teacher, but also as a friend to all the Spanish-American countries. From Mexico he went to Guatemala to accept the chair of philosophy and literature in the university. The war having ended in Cuba, he wandered back to his beautiful island home, but he was not there when everything of a revolutionary tendency seemed to concentrate in his personality. This was quickly perceived, and the Government said: "He must go to Spain at once." However, they permitted him to wander about Madrid and he soon escaped. He came to New York to head the revolutionary Junta at about the time of Calixto Garcia's unsuccessful expedition. Garcia was unable to get the other important chiefs to ally themselves to him, and did not understand how to control the revolutionary elements. The forces were surrendered and the effort fell through. Marti arrived in time to explain the state of affairs and to save many persons from going to die when the sacrifice would have been useless.

After this Marti went to Venezuela. He would neither solicit nor accept any Government post from Guzman Blanco, but turned professor. He also founded the *Venezuela Review*. Then he came to New York, and here this remarkable man divides his time in hours of labor and hours of good works. Articles from his pen are eagerly sought by the Mexican and Central and South American journals. His mornings are devoted to literary work; his early evenings to classes in languages and literature. He is President of the Spanish-American Literary Society, and presides over its meetings on alternate Saturday evenings.

Every Thursday evening, on leaving his classes in Sixty-second street at 6:30, he makes his way down to a certain humble hall in Bleecker street, where is gathered a number of wonderfully intelligent young colored men intent upon educating themselves. Tired as he is, Mr. Marti is always happy to get to these honest and ardent young friends. They gather round him with faith and affection; they ask him all sorts of questions, historical, moral, sentimental, political, physiological, theological, metaphysical. He comes in with his pale, smiling face and his wonderfully magnetic presence, like an animate encyclopædia, and he does not leave until nearly midnight.

"My life," says Mr. Marti, "has two purposes; the second of them is the unification in spirit, and in accord with their nature, of the Spanish-American republics; to explain them, maintain them, and defend them without offence to the United States. I have faith in the United States, when she comes really to know our countries and people. I shall live and die for Cuba—to unite her scattered elements, in order that we may live in justice, peace, and liberty after the inevitable war."

Marti is a man of modest and almost ascetic life. The jubilee welcome extended him by the Tampa people was unbought by him, and undesired save as an expression of progress of the movement toward independence. The Cubans in New York are at work quietly and intelligently. Gens. Maceo and Flor Crombet bide their time in Costa Rica. "No annexation, but independence," is the watchword. It is only natural to suppose that Marti will be chosen President of the new island republic.

CECIL CHARLES.

The Next Total Eclipse of the Sun.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Commodore Dewey, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, in his annual report endorses the report of the Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, who says: "On April 15, 1893, a total solar eclipse occurs under circumstances so favorable that its observation is extremely desirable. The central line of the shadow sweeps across South America, the Atlantic Ocean, and the northwestern part of Africa, and the duration of totality is 4 minutes 42 seconds near Ceara, Brazil, and 4 minutes 10 seconds near Bathurst, Senegambia. Many of the most important questions relating to the constitution of the sun can be studied only during total eclipses, and as the whole time available for that purpose is only about three hours in a century, the necessity for utilizing every available eclipse is evident if we are ever to comprehend that wonderful orb upon which the very existence of the human race depends. It is hoped that means may be provided for sending at least one party to Ceara, and, if possible, another to Bathurst."

Have You Attended the Bargain Sale in furniture at Flint's, 14th st. and 6th av.!—*Adv.*

OBITUARY.

Col. Samuel Henry Starr, a retired officer of the United States army, died at his home in Philadelphia on Tuesday, aged 81. He was born at Leyden, N. Y., on July 31, 1810, and entered the United States army as a private in 1832, serving as a private, corporal, and Sergeant, in the Fourth Artillery until 1837. During this time he fought in the campaign against the Creek and Seminole Indians in Alabama and Florida. He then retired from the service, but upon the declaration of war with Mexico reentered it as a Sergeant of Engineers, and fought in seventeen pitched battles. As a reward for his gallantry he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy, and was on duty in Kansas from 1848 to 1854. In 1855 he served in Texas during the border ruffian troubles there, and later was in the Sioux Indian and Utah expeditions. When the war of the rebellion broke out, he was assigned to the staff of Brig.-Gen. J. K. F. Mansfield, and in May, 1861, was appointed Provost Marshal of Washington. In December of that year four New Jersey regiments were ordered to report to Gen. Hooker near Budd's Ferry, Md., and Col. Starr was made commander of the brigade. He remained in command down the Potomac and at the siege of Yorktown until May, 1862. After this he was Chief Mustering Officer for the State of Ohio until, in September, 1864, he was ordered to join Sheridan's army in the Shenandoah Valley. In November of that year he became Special Inspector of Cavalry for the Armies of the Potomac and the James. At the end of the war he was ordered to Texas, and retired with the rank of Colonel in 1870. In the Mexican war he led the forlorn hope at the storming of Molino del Rey, and took part in the capture of the Castle of Chapultepec and the City of Mexico. At the battle of Williamsburg he was wounded, but he was able to serve with distinction at the battles of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, where he commanded a brigade, and as Colonel at the battles of White Oak Swamp, Chickahominy, Seven Days' battles, and Malvern Hill. At the battle of Upperville, Va., when in command of a brigade of cavalry, he received a sabre thrust, but recovered in time to do brilliant skirmishing service against Lee when the latter marched upon Maryland and Pennsylvania. At Fairfield, Pa., with 300 of the Sixth Cavalry, he engaged two brigades of the enemy and held them in check, frustrating a flank attack, although the little force was almost annihilated and he himself desperately wounded in the head and right arm. This gallant feat of arms was the turning point of a desperate struggle. Col. Starr was honorably mentioned on several occasions, and was repeatedly promoted for gallant and meritorious services. Gen. Hooker in his report of the Peninsula campaign said that "his energy and courage were conspicuous in every part of the field."

Capt. James R. Sandford died yesterday morning at his home, 29 New street, Newark, of pneumonia. He lost his right leg at Rocky-faced Ridge, Ga., on May 8, 1864, while at the head of Company B, Thirty-third New Jersey Volunteers, being shot through the knee. He went to the front in August, 1861, with the Fifth regiment New Jersey Volunteers as First Lieutenant of Company D. In 1863 he returned home and organized Company B of the Thirty-third Regiment, which was assigned to Sherman's army in the West. Since the war he had been steadily employed by the Street Department of Newark as inspector, superintendent, and foreman. He leaves a son and a married daughter. His age was 68.

George L. Everson, a prominent merchant of Middletown, N. Y., died yesterday of Bright's disease, aged 65 years. He was born in the town, and in his earlier career he owned the farm on which the State Homeopathic Hospital for the Insane now stands. He went to New York in 1857, and for several years was engaged in the flour and feed trade as a member of the firm of Van Ness & Everson of Warren street. He had been in business at Middletown since 1867. He was elected Supervisor for the Fourth ward of the city on the Democratic ticket in 1890, and was reelected last spring. He is survived by his wife, who is a daughter of the late Hon. W. W. Reeve, and by three children.

The Right Rev. Harvey Goodwin, D. D. D. C. L., Lord Bishop of Carlisle, is dead. In 1858 he was appointed Dean of Ely. In 1869 he was made Bishop of Carlisle, to succeed Dr. Waldegrave, who died in 1869. He was the author of many works on the Bible and on the Church, besides a number of mathematical treatises. One of his best-known works is his "Commentary on St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke." He was the originator of the idea of building a church in Africa as England's memorial of Queen Victoria's jubilee. He was 72 years old.

Shradack Nugent, colored, died at his home in Washington on Tuesday. He had declared that he had passed the age of 131 years. He had always been decided in the assertion of his age. According to his story he was 21 years old at the close of the Revolutionary war. He leaves three children, the oldest being 78 years old. He was born in Maryland. It is probable that he confused the war of 1812 with the Revolutionary war, which would have made him as the time of his death a little more than a hundred years old.

Marquis D. Hollister, one of the best-known business men of central New York, died at his home in Homer on Monday evening, aged 80 years. He died of paralysis, brought on by a fall last winter on an icy sidewalk. He was a native of Haddam, Conn., and had resided in Homer for about fifty years. He first conducted the Mansion House hotel and later Stanwix Hall. Subsequently, and until his retirement from business, he had a livery stable. He was noted as an admirer and owner of good horses. He is survived by his second wife and three children.

John Durand, aged 72 years, a well-known resident of Rochester, died at Avalon, Pa., on Tuesday. He was at one time general superintendent of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. He constructed similar roads in the Panhandle, the Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and other roads in Ohio. He was general superintendent of the Houston and Texas Central, from which he retired to private life.

Mrs. Sarah Tilton died on Tuesday in Lynn, aged 89 years. She was born in Plymouth on May 18,