THERE WON'T BE A DUEL.

Neville Has Fought One in His Time, but This Time it is Different.

The storm of talk about the Howland-Neville quarrel had not subsided yesterday at the clubs or in the Madison Square Garden. Mr. Howland appeared at the latter place, and was frequently congratulated by friends on his attitude in the affair. Their judgment was that Mr. Neville had forfeited the right to expect a challenge by his manner of offering the insult. But there was a lively dispute as to the question of fact in that regard. Mr. Neville's partisans, most of whom are members of the Southern Club, decline to discuss the matter from any other viewpoint than that which admits Mr. Neville's statement that he attracted Mr. Howland's attention to him before striking him.

When this point was presented to Mr. Howland he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"As to that, the gentlemen in the box with me were witnesses to the fact that I had no intimation of Mr. Neville's presence until I received his blow."

When asked if there were any developments in the case, Mr. Howland said:

"None. The matter is in the hands of the court. The charge against Mr. Neville will be prosecuted by the Horse Show Association, and at the trial the facts of the assault will be made perfectly clear."

Mr. Howland said that he supposed the Association would make a further charge of disturbing the peace against Mr. Neville.

Neither of the parties would say what the "turn in the correspondence" was which caused Mr. Howland to cut Mr. Neville's acquaintance. The latter has said that he made a proffer of the amount which he owed Percy Drayton's estate, and that Mr. Howland returned the check. The presumption from that statement is that the dispute concerned the amount of the debt. A friend of Mr. Howland has stated that the dispute did not concern the amount, but that Mr. Neville had repudiated the debt entirely on the ground that a man's death releases any obligations due him in the nature of betting debts.

Neville is an Irishman of good family. He came to this country about twenty years ago and settled in Virginia. He had not been there long before he was involved in a quarrel with one of the Randolphs of Fauquier county, who challenged him. Neville was reluctant to fight, as he thought a duel would injure his prospects in the State where he intended to make his home. Randolph insisted, and Neville, as the challenged party, selected cavalry sabres as the weapons. Randolph made a terrific onslaught, which Neville was able for some time to resist, acting only on the defensive. The young Virginian kept up such a furious attack that the Irishman was compelled to assume the offensive, and quickly laid Randolph low with two cuts on the head. The wounds were not very severe, but a witness has said that the quantity of good Virginia blood with which Randolph enriched the soil was amazing. There was a complete reconciliation of the duellists, and they were close friends for many years.

Neville's wife was Mary Dulaney, daughter of Col. Richard Dulaney. A year ago she inherited an estate in Loudon county from her brother "Hal" Dulaney, who was one of the richest young men in Virginia.

Mr. Guy Whiting, who was Mr. Neville's bondsman in the Jefferson Market Court, is a first cousin of Mrs. Neville.

A friend of Mr. Neville said last night:

"This is the explanation which I have heard of the betting debt which Mr. Neville owed Percy Drayton. Neville won a bet of $30 from Drayton. Before it was paid he lost a bet of $50 to Drayton. That left a balance of $20 owed by Neville to Drayton. After the latter's death, Neville, upon his return from Europe, sent Mr. Howland a check for the $20. Mr. Howland had found a memorandum of the $50 bet, and knew nothing of the $30 offset. That led to the misunderstanding and the resulting unfortunate 'turn to the correspondence.' Mr. Neville has a witness who saw him attract Mr. Howland's attention before the blow was struck on Thursday."

LIGHT-HEARTED, INNOCENT DARLINGS

It Took a Squad of Police to Clear Them Out of Grand Opera House Hall.

Assistant Secretary Harrington of the Grand Opera House says there were a thousand of 'em. The colored man who keeps the fires going for the wicked Gibbs and the Union Republican Club was sure there were just a few less than a million.

A man who said he was Harry St. Leon, an actor, went to Clark Brothers, who have the leasing of the Grand Opera House Hall, and hired the hall for Thursday afternoon to give a public school children's entertainment. Then he had tickets printed announcing: "Grand free children's entertainment. Come one, come all. Bring this ticket and ten cents, and you will get a present worth double the money and see a first-class show." These tickets were distributed among the children of the Eighteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-fourth street public schools. The children, who are always looking out for a good thing, began gathering about 3 o'clock. They gave their ten cent pieces to a man at the door, and then they filled the hall. The presents were spread out on tables. There were brass rings, brass earrings, brass necklaces, brass scarf pins, and other things of that character.

All testimony goes to show that the crowd was orderly until Mr. Harry St. Leon and his assistant got on the stage to give the entertainment. Mr. Harrington says the next he knew the thousand children were on him demanding back their ten cents. The man who runs the fires for Gibbs said: "They was the worstest children this world ever produced, the very worst. The women came at me and called me a thief. The children climb up the door jambs from de floor to ceilin' an' cling there. They smashed the globes, they busted the doors, they broke the benches, they tore the curtains. They jumped up on the tables and walked on the presents. They piled the benches seven and eight high, and climbed up on top off the piles and yelled. They tore the knobs of the doors and threw them at the gas globes. They used the bench legs as weapons and thumped each other and anything. I rushed up on the stage and asked the men to desist giving the entertainment. They desisted. The women begged to be let out the rear door. They called me a thief and said they were being killed, and I let 'em out. I'd a lot anything out. At this time the children were yelling like young hyenas and throwing things. The only people who were not doing anything were the two actors. They just stood and jingled the ten cent pieces in their pockets."

Mr. Harrington finally sent to the Thirtieth street station for a detachment of police. They came, and at five o'clock the place was clear. Mr. Harry St. Leon and his assistant left the hall by the Eighth avenue entrance with the ten cent pieces at the first opportunity after the bedlam broke loose. Nobody in the neighborhood knows who Mr. Harry St. Leon is. Carpenters worked yesterday repairing the damage. It will take some time to get the hall back in shape.

TO SELL A TOMBSTONE AT AUCTION.

It Once Marked the Grave of the Wife of Major William H. Barker.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Take notice that on the 25th day of November, 1892, at 10 o'clock, at 483 20th st., Brooklyn, the headstone of the wife of William H. Barker will be sold at public auction to highest bidder to satisfy lien claimed by me thereon.—Dated Brooklyn, Oct. 31, 1892.
JOHN KLINE, Claimant and Lienor.

This appeared in a Brooklyn paper on Thursday, and caused much surprise among the social and political friends of Major William H. Barker, who has been a picturesque figure in that city, and whose fame has extended as far as Washington. Major Barker has been a leading light in the Republican organization in Brooklyn for more than twenty years, and figured regularly as a delegate at local and State Conventions, and as an assistant to the State Committee in the succeeding campaigns. When the Republican party controlled the Legislature Major Barker never failed to capture some comfortable berth, his favorite place being journal clerk in the Senate. With the advent of the Harrison Administration he turned up in Washington as chief of a division in the Pension Department, but was soon removed for alleged irregularities. Subsequently he got a minor job at Washington, but lost this also. He formerly lived in a fine house in Bedford avenue, but so far as known he has no permanent home at present, and on a recent visit to Brooklyn he put up at a hotel in Williamsburgh.

Major Barker's wife, Maggie C. Barker, died in Brooklyn on Oct. 25, 1889, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Monument Maker John Kline, according to Major Barker's directions, placed a plain granite headstone over the grave, properly inscribed. The price of the monument was $75, but Mr. Kline says that the money has never been paid, although frequent demands for it have been made upon Mr. Barker. Last week Mr. Kline had the headstone removed from the grave and taken to his yard, where it is to be sold next Friday unless some friends of Mr. Barker meanwhile secure it.

Two Suicides in East River.

An unknown man committed suicide early yesterday morning by jumping into East River from Pier G. A policeman noticed the man on the pier, and thinking that he belonged to one of the canal boats that were lying there he told him to go on board his vessel. He walked out on the dock and jumped overboard, sinking without uttering a cry.

CHIMMIE FADDEN IN DEEP WATER.

Miss Fannie Gets a Letter from a Gentleman Not In It—The Duchess in Disgrace.

"Say, ye remember me tollin' ye 'bout de Duchess, Miss Fannie's French maid, wot turn me down jess as I was gittin' stuck on meself? Well, say, she's a chim dandy, and dat goes. After dat row, wen I gives her away by sayin' dose forn lanwudge words wot she said, she was dead sore on me. I tries me best ter jolly 'er up, but de game didn't work, an' I was all broke up, 'cause I am stuck on de Duchess. See?

"Well, de odder day Miss Fannie she sent out ter de barn an' says she wants 'er cart sent roun, an' dat I was to go wid 'er.

"De cart is a little waggin wid only two wheels, an' I rides up be'ind wid me back ter de hoss, an' Miss Fannie, she drives. Say, mebby ye tink she can't drive? Wy, she drives out er sight; up ter de limit, I'm tellin' ye. Well, as I was a-holding de hoss in front of de house, out comes Miss Fannie wid de Duchess, and dey gits in de front seat and I jumps up be'ind. Say, I was tickled ter deat, fer we was a-goin' out ter a 'ospital, t'ell and gone beyond

CHIMMIE GETS A PLUNK AND A LETTER.

de Park, an' I taut I'd git er chance ter jolly de Duchess wen Miss Fannie goes inter de 'ospital wid nice grub fer de kids wot 'as queer backs an' crooked legs. See?

"Well, w'en we gits ter de 'ospital I jumps down ter hold de hoss, an' Miss Fannie she gits outer de cart an' tells de Duchess ter chase 'erself in wid de grub.

"Say, I t'ink Miss Fannie was dead onter me game ter jolly de Duchess, an' dat's w'y she chases 'er in der 'ospital. But de Duchess she's fly, she is; fly up ter de limit, an' she leaves one of de bundles of grub in de cart. Pretty soon she comes chasing out after de bundle w'ot she left, an' she gives me er wink an' says, wid 'er dago talk, de kind er dago French folks talk w'en dey talks English, an' she says, says she, 'Cheemie,' she says, 'yer a leetle brute,' she says, like dat, see? 'Yer a leetle brute.'

"'Yer a angel, Duchess,' I says, 'yer a angel, an' ye broke me all up wen yuse trun me down,' says I, an' I gives 'er a parylyzing smile. See?

"'Yat ye mean by trun ye down?' says de Duchess, wile she makes 'er bluff of not findin' de bundle.

"Say, wen she says dat I know'd she was jess givin' me a song an' dance 'bout me bein' a brute. See? I know'd from de way she says it, an' I seed dat she foun' the bundle, but wasn't breakin' 'er neck a chasin' 'erself in wid it. So I says, says I: 'Duchess,' I says, purlite as could be, says I: 'Duchess, if dere was no mugs aroun' 'er' I'd give yer a kiss,' I says.

"Well, she kinder laughs an' says: 'Mebbe dere won't be no one roun' w'en ye brings in Miss Fannie's rug, wot I'll leave in de cart w'en we'se git 'ome,' says she. Den she chases 'erself in de 'ospital.

"'Say, now, on de dead level, ain't she up ter de limit? Are ye on to de tip she was a givin' me? I wonder!

"'Well, jess as she made 'er speak a mug comes along on hossback, an' 'e kinder pipes off de Duchess, an' den 'e pipes off me, and den 'e pipes off de cart, an' wid dat 'e stops 'is hoss.

"De mug was no dude. I could tell dat, but 'e kinder wore close like or dude.

"W'en 'e stops 'e says ter me, says 'e: 'Whose groom is youse?'

"'I ain't nobody's groom,' I says. 'I was hired for a footman. Dat's wot Miss Fannie says, an' wot she says goes,' I says.

"'Say, w'en I says dat 'e kinder looks queer, and 'e rides off an' den 'e rides back. I was dead crazy cause I couldn't git onto 'is curves. I was jiss tinking of truning a rock at 'is hoss w'en 'e says: 'Ere's something fer yuse,' 'e says, an' 'e gives me a plunk.

"'Don't yer know wot a plunk is? W'y, it's er case, er doller. Say, yuse ain't as fly as I taut sure.

"'Well, as I was a tellin' ye, 'e gives me a plunk, an' den 'e gives me a letter, an' tells

THE DUCHESS IN A RAGE.

me ter give it ter Miss Fannie. De letter, I mean.

"Den I was worse off 'is curves dan before, but de mug was a gent or I'm a farmer, so I jiss says 'Tanks, boss,' an' 'e rides off. See?

"Well, I taut I'd keep de letter ter give ter de Duchess ter give ter Miss Fannie. Ye see, women is queer folks, an' dey allus is crazy ter be let in on der game, wotever it is, an' I taut if I'd give de mug's letter ter de Duchess first it would make me solid wid her. See?

"Well, wen we gits home de Duchess leaves de rug in de cart, like she says she would, an' I chases in wid it from de barn. De Duchess was waitin' for me, an' I gives er de letter. Say, she nearly had a fit. Sure. She made me tell the whole snap over a tousan times, an' den wot de ye tink she done? She trun her arms aroun' me, an' gives me a hug an' a kiss dat nearly done me. Den she runs away. Say, I'm tellin' yo straight, I was so dead stuck on meself dat I began doin' a dance right dere. But, holy gee! A mug wot tinks 'e's in it wen 'is Duchess jollies 'im fer doin' somet'ing she likes, dat mug is a dead farmer. It ain't youse wot's in it, it's wot youse done wots in it. See?

"In less'n no time de Duchess comes chasing back wid er cheeks afire, an weeps in er eyes, an she gives me a crack in der jaw wot knocked me silly.

"'Wot t'ell?' I says. Wid dat she gives me back de letters and gives me another crack.

"'Dat's wot I got,' she says. 'How you like 'im?'

"Den she tells me de mug is a gent wot Miss Fannie's fadder, 'is whiskers, ye know, is dead sore on, but dat Miss Fannie she was dead stuck on 'im, but 'is whiskers wouldn't have 'im dere. De mug 'ad been away in forn parts an jess come back. De Duchess taut Miss Fannie would like de letter, but she was dead sore on de Duchess fer givin it ter 'er, an wouldn't open it ter read wot was writ on de inside.

"'Den she's dead sore on me, too,' says I.

"'Well, wot de yuse tink? De Duchess said she never gave me away ter Miss Fannie! sure. Dem women folks 'as curves in der brains a mug never can tumble to. An dat goes. De game is too slick fer Chimmie Fadden, sure. I gets a letter from a mug wot Miss Fannie likes, an' gives it ter de Duchess. De Duchess gives me a kiss for givin' 'er de letter, cause 'er maid allus stans in wid de mug wot de fadder is sore on. I'm on ter dat much. Den Miss Fannie she jumps de Duchess fer givin' 'er de mug's letter, an' de Duchess she jumps me, but she never quess me wot I did. Miss Fannie by tellin' dat I was de mug wot collars de letter. She does biff me in de jaw, dough, an' dat's wot sets me crazy. See?

"Say, I'm tinkin' women allers does a ting 'cause dey don't wantter; or mebbe dey don't wantter 'cause dey can. Dere curves is too much for a farmer like me.

"Well, so long. I'm goin' ter a club down 'ere ter take dat letter back ter de mug. I wonder will 'e want dat plunk back. Well, de plunk don't go. See?"

The Pennsylvania Limited

is the world's greatest passenger train, and therefore the first in public favor. It runs to Chicago and Cincinnati.—Adv.

NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

"Well, I ran for Congressman at Albany, and tried to fight single-handed some of the devilries of the municipal rings in New York." That quotation is not extracted from a work of intentional humor, or from a serious British authority upon American affairs. It is taken from Mr. Edgar Fawcett's new novel, "The Adopted Daughter" (F. T. Neely). The hero, Eustace Amory, a tall, well-shaped New Yorker, "chief heir of the big Amory fortune," so remarks to the elegant Mrs. Rouncevalle, a lady whom he desires for a mother-in-law. Mrs. Rouncevalle, says Mr. Fawcett, was "a figure of perfect grace and dignity, representative of the best breeding, the best culture, affirming in every motion, in every phase of posture, the choicest and easiest elegance." Her bodily behavior must have been, we think, precisely what Mr. Fawcett believes his own literary deportment to be. Plainly enough, "The Adopted Daughter" is the work of an author profoundly conscious of "affirming in every motion, in every phase of posture, the choicest and easiest elegance." We do not know why Mr. Fawcett calls a member of the Albany Legislature a Congressman, any more than we know why he repeatedly says infer, when, apparently, he ought to say imply. We presume it is a phase of posture, without which the choicest and easiest elegance could not be reached. "She coughed flutteredly" (page 63) seems to be of a piece with it. It is the style of this novelist—the choice and easily elegant style—which is chiefly calculated to excite the interest of the reader. His plots are of no particular consequence. The plot of this story is briefly that Eustace Amory learns that the girl he loves is really the daughter, not of the "charming, if slightly faded," Mrs. Rouncevalle (see page 179), but of a millionaire saloon keeper whom Amory has attacked in the "Albany Congress" (see page 91); that the girl also learns as much, and that the discovery makes no difference after all. It is a mere trifle of a plot, but there is nothing in "Monte Christo" or "The Moonstone" to approach the diction which Mr. Fawcett has poured out upon his simple theme. It is very remarkable diction. For posture and imposture there is nothing to compare.

Alcuin was a distinguished and interesting schoolmaster. His Latin was not perfect, but he lived at a time when defective Latin was common, and for that matter there are plenty of scholars, even in this age of very rare opportunities, who can write it no better. He had taken notice of the seven planets and of the countless starry host, and if he knew nothing of the moons of Mars or of Jupiter's fifth satellite the fact is hardly to be reckoned up against him. He wrote couplets which may not be very fine poetry, but they contain useful information and proper sentiment. It is curious how he set about to convey knowledge to the Emperor Charlemagne. Taking a leaf from Plato, and engaging the monarch with question and answer, there is no doubt that he astonished his Majesty on frequent occasions, and did him no little good. He was always telling people things that they did not know, from the time when he became master of Archbishop Elbert's school at York, in the year 766, to the time when he died at Tours, in the year 804. A good deal has been written concerning Alcuin, but there is no good reason why the latest book about him should not be the best, and certainly the account of him from the pen of Prof. Andrew Fleming West of Princeton College (Charles Scribner's Sons) is well prepared, well written, and of great interest. Its scope is indicated in its title, "Alcuin and the Rise of the Christian Schools." It contains a chapter on "The Seven Liberal Arts," reviews the work of Alcuin and his pupils, and considers their later influence. It is supplied with map and tables.

"Formation of the Union, 1750-1829," by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Assistant Professor of History in Harvard University (Longmans, Green & Co.), is an excellently arranged historical outline, interesting in itself, and well adapted for reference and for the stimulation of interest in the themes treated. It takes a good grasp of salient points, and it is less abrupt, and presents a more ample picture, than one would believe to be possible in the space afforded. It subordinates opinion very skilfully, and seems to be free of anything in the nature of dogmatic utterance. It is the second volume in the series entitled "Epochs of American History." It contains five maps illustrating the growth of the colonies and of the republic.

Mr. David A. Curtis tells a curious story in "Beyond Hypnotism" (Literary Casket Publishing Company). It is concerned with the theft of $1,500,000 by an expert in the mesmeric art, who is able by the power of will to control the actions of a Wall street banker and of one of Mr. Byrnes's detectives. Such genius far surpasses, of course, anything that science as yet recognizes in the way of hypnotic possibilities. It indicates, indeed, such a pitch of efficiency in this mysterious and terrible art as Cagliostro himself would have deemed absurd, and little, if anything, is added to the amazing quality by the circumstance that the operator can, by a mere mental operation, shrivel the banker up to half his normal size. Mr. Curtis tells the story with a restraint and with an attention to directness and simplicity to which it is a pleasure to bear witness. If the plot of the tale is fantastical the treatment is not, and we even suspect that, in his instinct against sensationalism of style, the author has missed an exceptionally good opportunity for reasonable dramatic effect in putting an end to the machinations of his villain so tersely, so suddenly as he does. But this is an error arising from an admirable tendency, if it is an error at all. The story is notably well done.

Mr. Jacob Riis has been a most patient and painstaking investigator in the poor and squalid quarters of New York, and he has recorded perhaps a greater number of facts pertaining to these places than anybody had done before him. His book, published some time ago, "How the Other Half Lives," was ample warrant for further work which he undertook in the same line, and the results of which are now set forth in a volume entitled "The Children of the Poor" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The new book deals largely with the city's charities, but it is in part, like the other, a story of the slums. It is full of facts clearly and interestingly narrated, and affords a valuable record and picture of the ground it covers. Mr. Riis works with pencil and camera both, and the complete results of his labors are here included.

"The Battles of Frederick the Great," edited by Cyril Ransome (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a desirable abstract from Carlyle's biography of Frederick. Carlyle's text is scrupulously preserved, and has the spelling, punctuation, and capitals that he bestowed upon it. It may well be, as the editor hopes, that the volume will woo readers who have been deterred by the formidable ten volumes of the complete biography. The book is illustrated with selections from the drawings of Adolf Menzel in the German Imperial State edition of Frederick's works.

To those who like to read about kings and queens, about their costly belongings and their august and other doings, we recommend "Within Royal Palaces," by the Marquise de Fontenoy (Hubbard Publishing Company, Philadelphia). We are told on the title page that this book is written "from a personal knowledge of scenes behind the thrones," and the narrative certainly seems to be the work of one well informed upon the fine points of her theme, upon its complexities, its subtleties, and its mysteries. Attention is given here to most, if not all, of the existing royal and imperial families of Europe. All sorts of things are told about them, from pure history to pure gossip. The story of the surprising equanimity of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the Riviera earthquake has a place in these pages, and there is a great variety of well-spiced anecdote to keep it company. The narrative fills upward of 600 pages, and is abundantly supplied with portraits and other illustrations.

A book of great beauty and of graceful and delicate criticism is Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "English Cathedrals," illustrated with 154 drawings by Joseph Pennell, and also with plans and diagrams (*Century* Company). Mrs. Van Rensselaer describes and criticises the cathedrals of Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Ely, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, and London. The illustrations are very fine indeed.

"Maude Humphrey's Book of Fairy Tales" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) has many charming pictures in color illustrating "Little Red Riding Hood," "Cinderella," "Hop o' My Thumb," and other stories of the same delightful sort.

BISHOP WIGGER DEMANDS,

But Father Corrigan Says He Will Neither Apologize Nor Retract.

An announcement with startling headlines was made in one of the Jersey City papers yesterday afternoon that Father Corrigan, the pugnacious Hoboken priest, had completely backed down on receipt of a letter from Bishop Wigger ordering him to stop writing letters to th enewspapers and to apologize to the Bishop or take the consequences. Yesterday afternoon Father Corrigan said:

"There is not one word of truth in the statement that I have backed down. I have neither apologized nor retracted, nor do I intend to. I did receive a letter from Bishop Wigger demanding a retraction. He says there are certain false statements in my letter of Oct. 29, but he fails to point out any particular statement that is false. If there is any statement in that letter that the Bishop can prove to be false or that I cannot prove to be true I will cheerfully retract it.

"The Bishop also demands the withdrawal of the 'Fable,' which was published on Nov. 12. The 'Fable' was understood by those on the inside to be a criticism, and a very severe one, of Bishop Wigger's administration of the affairs of the diocese of Newark.

"In my answer," continued Father Corrigan, "I will respectfully suggest to the Bishop that it will be advisable for him in his own special interest to let the 'Fable' stand as a fable. It might be unwise to force me to make it a reality.

"I am furthermore ordered to cease writing letters to the newspapers. I will answer to that that I have the same right as any other American citizen to express my views on general topics in the newspapers. I regret, of course, if I have caused any annoyance to any person. It was not my intention to give personal annoyance. I will send my answer to Bishop Wigger in a day or two. No, I do not expect to be suspended."

Killed by a Furniture Van.

Louis Faber, 14 years old, of 1,025 Summit avenue, Jersey City Heights, was struck by the pole of a heavy furniture van yesterday afternoon. The wheels passed over the boy's body, killing him instantly. Abram Terhune of Paterson, owner and driver of the van, was arrested and charged with manslaughter. He said the boy tried to run across the road directly in front of the horses, and was struck before he could stop them.

The Alibi Club and Mr. De Koven.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The *Post* published yesterday Mr. Reginald de Koven's side of the controversy over the opera written by him which included a song heard at the Alibi Club of this city:

SIR: I trust that you will allow me to correct, or at least modify, certain statements made in an editorial which appeared in your issue of the 7th instant in regard to my not having sooner made reply to the accusations of the Alibi Club.

As regards the purely musical aspect of the situation my position is so entirely defensible and that of the Alibi Club so entirely the reverse that the matter need not be further discussed. I would, however, say that I am not aware that either Flotow, Bizet, or Sir Arthur Sullivan ever gave any one credit for the Irish, Spanish, or German popular airs they used in their respective operas of "Martha," "Carmen," and "Patience" (to quote but a few instances), or made any public declarations in regard to the real origin of these airs. Neither am I aware that the right of these composers to claim these operas as wholly original with them has ever been challenged.

I would, however, wish to say a few words about what you declare to be a "question of morals, rather than of law." I would first declare most emphatically that never at any time, either by letter or word of mouth, was any protest made to me by any member of the Alibi Club against any use of the club song outside of the club rooms; not the slightest hint or indication that any such use of it would be displeasing to the club was ever conveyed to me, nor was I ever given to understand that any club of thirty members arrogated to itself an exclusive proprietary right in a popular air picked up in Spain by one of its members.

I heard the club song in company with other guests of the Alibi Club last winter in the club rooms. The song was encored several times by all present and was not "repeated again and again at my request," as stated by you. I remarked to several members that the song was a capital one, and could be used to advantage on the stage, and also spoke of my using it in that way, and was then told that one of the members of the club had heard the air when in Barcelona, and picked it up and noted it down and on his return had taught it to the other members. On asking if I might see the score I was told that the member who had it was away, but on his return they would be happy to let me see it. No protest or hint of any protest or objection was made to me at that time. When at work on the "Fencing Master," several months later, I wrote to a friend in the club reminding him of the promise previously made to me to let me see the score. He replied by saying that he had no copy and did not know where there was one. Here, again, no protest was made against any use of the song, nor indeed the slightest hint given me that such use would be disagreeable to or considered a breach of hospitality by the members of the club. As the club through you now declare my so-called imitation of their song to be "inaccurate in several important respects," my memory cannot have served me very faithfully, even allowing that I drew upon it, in all other respects in the arrangement, harmonization, elaboration, and orchestration, the music as it now appears in the "Fencing Master" is substantially my own.

In view of the above circumstances I fail to see and must decline to admit that I have consciously given the Alibi Club any just cause for offence, have violated any of the obligations of a guest, or committed any breach of hospitality. I was in Washington at the time of the production there of the "Fencing Master" for several days, during which time I met several members of the Alibi Club on the most friendly terms. Had I been told at the time that the Alibi Club resented a use of any portion of an air I had heard sung by them, I should have removed any real or fancied resemblance to it from my score, as any intention or wish to offend or annoy the members of a club that had shown me hospitality was farthest from my thoughts. But nothing at all was said to me about the matter. The club waited until I was safely out of town before formulating any complaint, and then rushed into print with indecent haste, in defiance of all established club law and etiquette. I am quite at a loss to account for the rancor, personal animosity, and spite displayed by the attitude the Alibi Club has chosen to assume in regard to this whole affair, and trusting that in common justice you will afford me the same opportunity of stating my side of the question and the state of the case from my point of view that you have given the Alibi Club by the publication in full of the above, I have the honor to remain, faithfully yours, REGINALD DE KOVEN.

Business Notices.

A Thanksgiving Gift.—Men's underwear, dress shirts, neckwear, silk suspenders, handkerchiefs, mufflers, wristlets, gloves, Arabian and jersey jackets, collars and cuffs; popular prices.
J. W. JOHNSTON, 379 6th av., above 23d st.

A wife's duty to her family should lead her to give Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for all throat ailments. All druggists. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Your Hat is the Most conspicuous part of your outfit. Get the best and save money. McCANN'S, 210 Bowery.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder; whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.

DIED.

BRADY.—On Friday, Nov. 18, at his late residence, 347 Dean st., Brooklyn, Thomas Brady, aged 32 years.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

COMYNS.—On Thursday, Nov. 17, 1892, William Comyns, in the 50th year of his age.
The funeral will take place from his late residence, 257 West 23d st., on Saturday, Nov. 19, at 9:45 A. M.; thence to St. Francis Xavier's Church, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated. Interment in Calvary. Limerick, Ireland, papers please copy.

DOWLING.—On Nov. 18, at 2,503 8th av., Mark V. Dowling, aged 2 years and 9 months.
Funeral private on Nov. 19.

FINCH.—At Canton, N. Y., on Friday, Nov. 17, 1892, Annette K., wife of James W. Finch, and daughter of Charles B. Bostwick of New York city.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

HOLT.—Suddenly, of pneumonia, in Boston, Dean Holt, aged 55 years.
Interment in Greenwood at the convenience of the family.

NEWELL.—On Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1892, Mary Estelle, only daughter of Edward A. and Eliza A. Newell, in her 16th year.
Funeral from her parents' home, 140 West 21st st., at 1 o'clock Saturday. Interment at Woodlawn. Special train will leave Grand Central Station at 2:30 o'clock.

Special Notices.

CHILDREN HAVING WORMS Require immediate attention. "BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS" are the "BEST WORM LOZENGES" to use. Give relief quickly. For sale by druggists. 25c. box.

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THE DIME TOKEN OF THE BANK OF New York are requested to meet at the bank at 11 A. M. on Saturday. E. F. FERRIS, Vice-President.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

SUN RISES.... 6 52 | Sun sets.... 4 40 | Moon sets.. 4 10

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook, 7 21 | Gov. Island, 7 49 | Hell Gate, 9 39

Arrived—FRIDAY, Nov. 18.

Ss Germanic, Cameron, Liverpool.
Ss Belgenland, Reice, Antwerp.
Ss France, Hadley, London.
Ss Geo. W. Clyde, Holmes, Turk's Island.
Ss Olbers, Braithwaite, Rio Janeiro.
Ss Cienfuegos, Calloway, St. Jago.
Ss City of Atlanta, Dole, Norfolk.
Ss Knickerbocker, Halsey, New Orleans.
Ss Roanoke, Huppers, Norfolk.
Bark P. C. Petersen, Anderson, Dublin.
[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Russia, from New York, at Hamburg.
Ss Wisconsin, from New York, at Queenstown.
Ss Venezuela, from New York, at Curacoa.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Tauric from Liverpool for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

	Mails Close	Vessels Sail.
Sail Tuesday, Nov. 22.		
Etruria, Liverpool	2:30 A. M.	7:00 A. M.
Elbe, Bremen	2:30 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
Amsterdam, Rotterdam	4:00 A. M.	6:00 A. M.
La Bourgogne, Havre	1:30 A. M.	5:00 A. M.
Nevada, Liverpool		4:30 P. M.
Ethiopia, Glasgow	2:00 P. M.	4:00 P. M.
Mississippi, London		
Marie, St. Croix	10:00 A. M.	12:00 M.
City of Alexandria, Havana	11:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
Prins Willem III., Hayti	11:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
Adirondack, Kingston	11:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
Knickerbocker, New Orleans		3:00 P. M.
Leona, Galveston		3:00 P. M.
Chalmette, New Orleans		3:00 P. M.
Nacoochee, Savannah		12:00 P. M.
Cherushia, Hamburg		6:30 A. M.
Sail Wednesday, Nov. 23.		
Ciudad Condal, Havana	8:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due Sunday, Nov. 20.		
Norge	Christiansand	Nov. 5
Werkendam	Rotterdam	Nov. 6
Due Sunday, Nov. 20.		
La Champagne	Cherbourg	Nov. 12
Egyptian Monarch	London	Nov. 5
Due Monday, Nov. 21.		
Servia	Liverpool	Nov. 12
Saale	Bremen	Nov. 12
Runic	Liverpool	Nov. 11
Andes	Port Limon	Nov. 12
City of Para	Aspinwall	Nov. 13
Massasoit	Rotterdam	Nov. 7
Due Tuesday, Nov. 22.		
Ems	Genoa	Nov. 12
Hermann	Bremen	Nov. 12
Greece	London	Nov. 6
Gotnia	Stettin	Nov. 6
Arizona	Liverpool	Nov. 12
Yumuri	Havana	Nov. 18
Cuba	Liverpool	Nov. 12
Due Wednesday, Nov. 23.		
Teutonic	Liverpool	Nov. 16
Rhyland	Antwerp	Nov. 12
Corean	Glasgow	Nov. 12
Kojiro	Shields	Nov. 12
Mariposa	London	Nov. 13
Due Thursday, Nov. 24.		
Lahn	Bremen	Nov. 16
Dubbeldam	Amsterdam	Nov. 12
Thingvalla	Christiansand	Nov. 10
P. Caland	Amsterdam	Nov. 9
Exeter City	Swansea	Nov. 8
Caribbee	St. Croix	Nov. 17

New Publications.

"What I Saw of the Paris Commune,"
by ARCHIBALD FORBES, . . and
"What an American Girl Saw of the Commune,"
are interesting illustrated features of the November number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.
For the next number of THE CENTURY (a great Christmas issue) Mr. Forbes has written an article on "War Correspondence as a Fine Art."

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