A LA RUSSIE.

The Grand Ball at the Academy Last Night.

Brilliant Ovation to the Grand Duke Alexis.

The Academy of Music Thronged with the Loveliness and Manliness of the Metropolis.

Gay Toilets Fluttering Like Fields of Waving Flowers.

Rich Decorations and Allegorical Groups.

What the Grand Duke Saw and Felt and Whom He Danced With.

SCENES ON THE SIDEWALK.

Over Four Thousand Persons Present.

The grand ball to the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch at the Academy of Music last night was an event which, in the line of the great *fêtes* that the citizens of New York have tendered to personages representative of foreign friendly powers, will stand alone in the brilliance of its surroundings, the gracious nature of its purpose, the *haut ton* of the guests, and, we may say, the importance of him to whom it is tendered as a pledge of the earnestness of the feeling which prompts two nations to love and respect each other in spite of the wide, unalterable demarcation between the two systems of government.

FULLY FOUR THOUSAND PERSONS

were present, and vigilance and zealousness did for once succeed in making it in its *personnel* worthy of the intention with which it was gotten up. Those who have heart in our simple republicanism need not think that there was the slightest pandering to mere name and birth; it is only another instance of the dignity with which America can stretch out its hand to grasp its friend in war and its guest in peace. There were the shadows of two mighty futures over the dazzling effulgence of last night which cannot fail to preach its lesson. The one the future of the great nation which, by the sheer force of will and widespread intelligence, has reared the mighty fabric of a nation whose glory will be in the happiness of its millions and the good of the human race. America, the other, whose still nascent force is feeling the measure of its strength and will build on its dreary steppes the majesty of a name which will rule over the older ones with the splendor and vim of a youth great in its growing grandeur.

A thousand tongues have already compared the ball of last night with that given in honor of the Prince of Wales, and those who have seen the two agree in saying that last night's excelled in brilliance, as it does in meaning. The glow of light which hangs around such festive scenes is the incarnation of the amicability which the idea spiritualizes. Let us descend from the region of comparison to a relation of what took place there.

Outside the Academy.

Long before the doors of the Academy were thrown open crowds began to gather in the vicinity of Irving place and Fourteenth street, and by half-past eight o'clock the police had their hands full to preserve an open space at the main entrance and at the side door on Fourteenth street. However, Captain Thorne's management of the outside arrangement proved in the end all that could have been desired, and no scenes of disorder or confusion ensued during the entire evening. It was in vain that the hundreds of eager sightseers who had assembled from all parts of the city to get a good look at the Prince pushed and crowded and made the west sidewalk of Irving place for awhile almost impassable in their efforts to get near the doorways.

THE CORDON OF POLICE

that stretched from Fourteenth street to Eighteenth street proved a barrier from which they had always to retire discomfited. By nine o'clock the crowd in Irving place had grown to quite formidable proportions, but the bitter cold in the end proved entirely too much for the great majority, and, much against their will, they had to beat a hasty retreat long before the Prince had arrived.

THE CROWD IN WAITING.

The scene in the immediate vicinity of the Academy was quite an exciting one. The immense calcium lights on the southerly side of the building literally flooded the surrounding streets with light. As far as the could reach up Irving place there was a continuous line of carriages, and as one after another stopped at the Fourteenth street entrance and deposited on the sidewalk its quota of beauty and fashion to add to the gay throng in the ballroom and then whizzed away toward Fourth avenue, a grand rush of the crowd on the sidewalk was certain to take place in the direction of the vehicle. No one seemed to know what kind of a carriage the Prince would arrive in, and speculation was rife as to whether the driver would be dressed in

A COAT OF SILVER AND GOLD,

or would be nothing more than an ordinary liveried servant. Indeed, it was quite amusing to listen to the remarks of the "knowing ones," who pretended to be so thoroughly posted about the Prince's retinue and everything that related to him and his that they were ready to vouch for even the color of the driver's hair and the "style" of the "hub" of the imperial carriage wheel. But talking about him and speculating about his carriage did not seem to hurry the Prince along, while the cold air gradually grew more and more biting, cutting the original crowd down in numbers every minute. Still, somehow, it didn't seem to make any difference how many of the throng who had been on hand from early evening got discouraged and went away shivering and complaining, there always remained a crowd as large as ever—new comers from the near-by places of amusement and club houses taking the place of the discouraged ones as fast as they disappeared.

THE SIGHTSEERS MAKE A MISS.

It was now ten o'clock, and the impatient throng in Irving place began to lose all patience, and poor Captain Thorne and his good man Friday came in for a cross-examination as to His Imperial Highness' whereabouts that was quite refreshing. Indeed the captain and his aid by this time looked as used up by the cold as the ununiformed gathering on every side of them, and were often seen to glance up to

THE CROWDED WINDOWS

of the homes across the way with a look of envy as they espied the rise and fall on the walls of the shadows cast by the fires in the hearths within. Yet the captain knew just when and where and now the Prince was to arrive, and the crowd of sight-seers seemed to know the fact, and kept their eyes fixed upon him until he had disappeared within the vestibule. Unknown to them, however, he soon after put in an appearance at the Stockholders' entrance, on Fourteenth street. The fact is that the crowd were perfectly led to believe that the Prince would enter by the Fourteenth street way, and the strategy worked admirably. The Stockholders' entrance, where a few picked men of the Ordinance Squad had been detailed, was gayly bedecked with bunting, brilliantly illuminated by means of gas jets. From the actual doorway there reached to the very sidewalk a carpeted platform or pathway, which was covered and closed in upon either side by American flags, ranged artistically, so as to form a perfect hallway of bunting, so to speak, and right above the doorway a small Russian flag hung between two American flags, forming a sort of drapery over the doors. In the middle of this hallway there was hung from the canopied top a bronze chandelier, the bright gas jets from which lit up the interior of the canopy and the sidewalk, rendering the whole effect quite enchanting. Here too the police arrangements were excellent, for so well and quietly did the blue coats manage affairs that but few people were aware that the Prince was to arrive on that side of the building until his carriage drove up. Hence the gathering in Fourteenth street in the vicinity of the canopy was at no time very large. Besides, carriages conveying

THE MEMBERS OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE

and their lady friends were constantly arriving from the direction of Third avenue and reining up at the box office doorway, a few feet beyond, and this naturally led the crowd in Irving place who were on the lookout for the Duke's arrival in that quarter to believe that the canopied doorway was only for the committee folks. About half-past ten o'clock a movement was discernible on the corner of Third avenue in the crowds that had gathered there, and, simultaneous with a grand rush of the patient waiters toward the Academy,

THE PRINCE'S CARRIAGE,

followed by several others, dashed up to the canopied entrance. The Prince was the first to alight, and as he did so the crowd on the corner of Irving place got a glimpse of him, and there then ensued a most exciting crush and rush toward the carriage, women vying with the men in their eagerness to get as near as possible to the handsome young Russian. The Prince had on a heavy gray overcoat of the Russian style and a "pancake" cap of the same color, and as he got out of the carriage he handed the cap to a gentleman in waiting. He pulled off the coat the minute he crossed the threshold of the door. Mr. Stoughton and Mr. Moss were at the entrance as he alighted, Mr. Stoughton formally receiving him as he stepped into the room just off the canopy. Mr. Catacazy and lady and the Prince's suite, a few of the officers of the Russian fleet and Governor Hoffman and lady then alighted in their turn from their carriages and a few minutes afterwards the doors were closed and the crowds outside quietly dispersed.

The Academy.

There is something to satisfy a cynic in entering a ballroom before the guests arrive. You can walk over the bare floor and regard the workmen frantically driving the last nail, looping up the last curtain, and then leave, until the place is lonely as a grave. At half-past eight the last touch appeared to have been given to the Academy, and forthwith the house was cleared of all save the M. P.'s on duty and the attachés of the theatre. General Shaler had arrived, and, in company with Police Captain Cameron and Mr. Moss, made the circuit of the building and saw that every door was vigilantly guarded and no chance left for interlopers. The doors were opened at ten minutes to nine, and immediately

AN EXQUISITE OF GOTHAM

made his appearance, looking half frozen. He looked around in bewilderment to find himself first on the scene, and hesitated to move before he had company. He had not long to wait. Just on his heels came two lovely creatures, with snow clouds wrapped around their heads and diamonds peeping from beneath them in their earrings. Their escort having presented his tickets the trio ascend the stairs, and the first comer is encouraged to follow them to the cloak rooms on the floor above. Here the ladies disappear, to emerge in a moment

ALL SMILES AND ELEGANCE,

and to be met by their cavalier in full dress. The guests arrive in a steady stream, and soon are scattered in promenading groups over the dancing floor admiring the decorations, for as yet there is not much chance for that mutual personal admiration, which is the chief inspiration of the inveterate ball-goer. The musicians are slowly arriving by the Fourteenth street entrance, and the orchestra, perched aloft in the gallery, has not even yet, at a quarter past nine, begun to tune their instruments. The stream now flows in faster and faster, and the toilets, that have been the special care of their wearers for the past two months, are making the scene more beautiful every instant. There is something on the faces of those fair ones which seems as though they scarcely believed this was at length the half hour next before the moment to which they have been looking forward so long. The

FLUTTER OF ANTICIPATION

is visible on the lips of the proudest belle, even on these of her who would scorn to admit to herself that even a *soupçon* of anxiety could tremble for an instant in her bosom. The floor committee are present in full force and are ceaseless in their attentions to all present. The following are their names:—

FLOOR MANAGERS.

C. C. Dodge, Lloyd Aspinwall,
James E. Montgomery, Henry Clews,
S. J. Macy, Chairman.

FLOOR COMMITTEE.

C. F. Blake,	John Greenough,	Louis Mesier,
George H. Bend,	Joseph Gargiulo,	Theodore Mason,
Henri M. Braem,	G. G. Howland,	Peter Marie,
A. Baldwin,	L. T. Howes,	William Parsons,
Jules E. Bruglere,	G. G. Haven,	Charles Peters,
James Cross,	D. Haight, M. D.	John D. Prince,
E. J. Dunning, Jr.,	Richard Irving, Jr.,	Gould Redmond,
E. Farrington,	Lewis C. Jones,	Roland Redmond,
Russel Forsyth,	Chas. W. Kohlsaat,	R. R. Stuyvesant,
H. W. Gray,	Edward Kemeys,	Elliot F. Shepard,
W. T. Garner,	Geo. L. Kingsland,	W. B. De Wolf,
R. S. Grant,	W. G. Langdon,	G. B. Watts.

Musical Director, Louis G. Jullien.

It is now ten o'clock and "everybody" is here except the Ducal party, and we can look around.

Never was the Academy more brilliant and never did it hold within its spacious walls a more distinguished assembly. The appearance of this home of song transformed into a ballroom is sufficiently familiar to our readers not to require more than to say that the flooring, as usual, extended from the back of the stage, covering the parquet and taking in the wide sweep of the auditorium. But of the decorations special to the occasion it is necessary to give a more extended notice. Standing on the first tier and in the centre of the bold curve the *coup d'œil* was strikingly beautiful. The stage seemed no longer a stage; but seldom has a more beautiful set piece been seen on any boards than

THE GLIMPSE OF FAIRYLAND

that met the vision in the distance. Over the proscenium was a tableau containing three allegorical groups. The large one in the centre represented Russia and America clasping hands over the sea (probably Behring Straits). America is impersonated by a beautiful female wearing the *bonnet rouge* and habited in the national colors. Russia is represented by a kingly person wearing an imperial crown and draped in the royal ermine, bordered with purple. At their feet is a white winged cherub, bearing the olive branch of peace. The group on the right hand shadowed forth three infant Muscovites from different portions of that widespread empire, a Caucasian, a Finlander and a Muscovite proper. The group to the left is Young America, with three possible members of some Cabinet of the future rolling a cotton bale.

We now enter with our eyes into the fairyland on the stage, which is hung along the wings with light silky tapestries, supported by figured Italian columns, on the upper part of which are hung large shields bearing alternately the American and Russian eagles. The bird of freedom stands with outstretched wings, not unlike the arrangement of the double-headed black eagle; he holds a thunderbolt in his claw. The ceiling is

A CANOPY OF PALE PINK,

and garlands of artificial flowers are festooned beneath it. The effect is to render the whole like the gorgeous pavilion in which Saladin sat before he marched down from Ascalon in the solstice of his glory. In the distance, at the back, is a light balustraded structure, with a terrace running across the stage, and having a parterre of beautiful flowers in front. A flight of steps runs down on either side, and the background is a scene representing a moonlit opening in a grove of dark-leaved trees. From the centre of the balustrade springs a fountain of clear water from a basin surrounded by choice flowers, among which are white camelias and virgin lilies. The sparkling jets of the fountain are illuminated by an electric light from above, and the spray, seen, as it were, through the rift in the foliage, seems a living glory of molten silver and gold. The proscenium box on the right, next the stage, is that reserved for the Prince and suite, and two beside it for the Executive Committee. The imperial standard, exquisitely wrought in silk and flanked by the Union colors, hangs in front, while the velvet cushion at the top is decorated with flowers trailed and grouped along the three boxes. Draping the front of the box reserved for the distinguished Americans hang Russian and American flags in silk.

Over the body of the house, above the second tier, hang two pictures. They symbolize the two nations who have emancipated human beings from hereditary bondage—Russia and America. The one to the right represents the Emperor Alexander II. presenting freedom to the serfs, three of whom are to the left of the picture, the man being in the act of kissing the Emperor's hand. The picture to the left shows Abraham Lincoln emancipating the slaves. Three colored folk are in the act of thanking him. We can now pass through into

THE SUPPER ROOM,

which is reached by a passage hung with white and red drapery at the left of the stage. There are two such passages, but one is wisely reserved for egress alone. This *salle à manger* is seventy-five feet by eighty feet, and known at other times as Nilsson Hall; it is lit by a great prismatic crystal chandelier. Across the end of the room, facing you as you enter, is a dais raised some three feet, which bears the supper table at which the Grand Duke and suite and the Executive Committee alone will be permitted to eat or drink. We shall see them do it by and by. There are fifty high back chairs in green cloth and walnut ranged around it, and in the centre facing you as you stand is a canopy bearing the imperial arms, under which the Grand Duke sits. Running at right angles to this along the sides are the tables for the multitude, hung with red cloth edged with golden fringe. The orchestra is in a balcony just overhead, supported by pillars in imitation marble. The walls are hung with the Stars and Stripes and the Blue Cross of Russia in scallop fashion, producing a very pretty effect. The tables are groaning as such tables learn to groan, under designs of appropriate kinds, in flowers, fruit and sugar, in such profusion and taste that to describe more than the effect as rich and luxurious would destroy their effectiveness as a whole. Off this supper room on the left is

THE GRAND DUKE'S ROOM,

which is carpeted richly and furnished in lavender and black walnut furniture. On the walls hang portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Russia.

THE BALL.

It is now past even that witching hour of night when churchyards and fair women coming home from balls alike begin to yawn. The sound of the last coupé has died away, and the sentinel, as he closed the gates, has answered to the faithful Kingsland, "All is well." But, like the Roman sentinel at Pompeii's gates, we must refrain from enticing slumber, and attempt a hurried picture of the brilliant, bewildering, complicated scene which has just vanished into darkness. The Alexis ball has gone the way of all ball hoods, and passed from the state of expectancy into that of tradition in the thoughts of so many lovely ladies and most gallant men. The Duke of Wellington has laid down an axiom, in which we believe General Grant concurs, that no man can describe a battle or a ball. Yet, in spite of these great authorities, we shall venture to picture how it came on and went off, down to this morning hour, which looks on with an air most bilingly *frappée* upon the deserted scene.

For several days past the demand for tickets would have astonished Mr. Wallack in the four hundred and eighteenth performance of "Rosedale," and scenes of the most ridiculous description occurred in this wild competition. It was about ten o'clock when the first carriage, "low on the gravel and loud on the stone," drew up to the Academy, and for two hours after a pleasanter shower than the skies could afford to let fall, a *pluie de perles*—in a word, lots of ladies, clouds of gauzy drapery, raining sweet influences, descended at the Academy doors.

It was half-past ten o'clock when, with the punctuality of gentle training, Alexis came upon the scene; and a more lovely scene it would be difficult to witness. The Academy put on its most lovely aspect. Terrace after terrace of beauty rose to its roof, with the gay toilets fluttering like so many fields of waving flowers. Beneath surged a perfect mass of loveliness, through which the young Prince moved, as it gently bent to give him passage. It is some thirty years since the grandfather of this bright boy, the Emperor Nicholas, stood in the leading Opera House of London, beside the then young Queen of England, towering in his simple green uniform and solitary star with a lonely splendor above all around, and when, as the national anthem of Russia was struck up, and princes and nobles and people rose to do him homage, a tear of emotion passed down his cheek, and never did the softest airs that floated round the revels of the East thrill the heart with such mingled agony and rapture as did those simple tones, mementoes of his native land. Since then steam has gathered in the world in its iron grasp, and New York is nearer St. Petersburg than then was London. But it seemed to us, as last night, when Alexis entered and that anthem again arose, and a great people stood up to do him honor, that the young Prince was touched with a similar emotion. It may be remembered that on that same scene, some ten years since, a similar ball was given to another prince. The Guelphs and Romanoffs, as the latter entered the Academy last night, presented one singular feature of contrast. Whereas the Prince of Wales was entirely overshadowed by the stately, noble form of Newcastle and the portly dignity of St. Germains, Alexis stood a head over everbody, and Catacazy just reached to his knee. Nor was there any catastrophe with the platform, as at the Wales ball.

The committeemen of 1871 had evidently gone down to their knees to kiss the dust, so that it might not, as ten years ago, rise in rebellion against the timber and upset the crafty contrivance. Mr. Clews, who, as the representative man of of the English lower classes, might have joined Corcoran and the platform in 1860 in closing upon Wales, does not prejudice his standing among the demagogues of Lombard street by exhibiting keenly excessive courtesies toward a Romanoff, and by carrying, like Atlas, upon his tiny shoulders the whole oily bulk and weight of the '71 committee.

General Aspinwall, the Chairman of the Romanoff committee, is endowed with more airy grace than was Peter Cooper, who presided at the Wales' ball, and carried him to and fro among the young ladies. This remark may be made without either disparaging the venerable Cooper Institute's benevolent elasticity, or without unduly exaggerating General Aspinwall's capacities as an amateur low chamberlain.

But to the hero of all these perennial ovations, Alexis, we say it without any murderous intention toward his older brothers, ought to be the future Czar. He has something of the frame and shape of Peter the Great, and knows, like this founder of Muscovite greatness, how to make himself popular with everybody, and yet remain all the time conscious of his princely station. Above all, he has that which tells so much among the *ot polloi* in Russia and America; he has size and the sense of space about him which characterizes the Khirgise steppes on our Western prairies.

If he were subjected for another week to the perpetual motion of his New York committee men his ambition of being president of a Fat Prince's Association might be thwarted; but unless the committee men keep his blood all the time in circulation he runs the risk to which all fat is heir to. His features bear the mild, benign German expression of the Romanoff family. His imperial father Alexander looks more benign than did Nicholas, and he has even a more womanly gentleness in his face than Alexander. It is this which makes him attractive to young ladies. His face inspires them with a sisterly affection, while his robust and symmetrical frame stamps him as every inch a man. A small person, however full of genius—a Napoleon or Nelson—could never be imposing in the eyes of the masses of Tartars or Yankees. Huge physical proportions strike wild masses of people and everything else, and a person like him, of colossal proportions, seems to be laid out by nature to rule over a colossal empire.

It is this combination of Herculean strength with a Madonna's gentleness which storms the young female heart, especially where the blue sash of St. Andrews glitters upon the imperial breast, and the hero of this thousand and one ovations, appears in a ballroom amid the splendid accessories of beauty, art and the brilliant gems of diamonds, uniforms and the still more bewitching glances of a thousand delirious eyes.

While the girls, old and young, and the matrons, as well as the women *d'un certain âge*, rave about this darling Himalaya of a Prince, the men stared at Madame Catacazy and her *ravissante* toilet, her *grande dame* manners and her truly classical head, with a semi-Marie Antoinette semi-Mary Stuart presence. She descends from both of these decapitated beauties—Her ancestor was the Duke of Berwick, with the royal blood of the Stuarts in his veins, and, transferred to France, the family has become distinguished as the Dukes de Fitz James. She herself was born in the beautiful city of Nancy, the old capital of King Stanislas, and brought up in the regular Faubourg St. Germain style, her brother being to this day the handsomest man in Paris, and the whole family being remarkable for retaining the power, beauty and distinction of a royal pedigree. Her long residence in Russia has imparted a semi-Oriental picturesqueness to her Parisian stylishness, and of all the women in the world she is just the one fitted by both nature and grace to do honor to a son of the Czar and preside with him over this gorgeous occasion.

Catacazy himself is the descendant of the Byzantine emperors, and full of that genius which in Athens and Constantinople made and unmade thrones and soothed masses of Asiatics into peace or lashed them into tumult.

He is not much smaller than Benedetti. His head has the military turn of a French zouave captain, and he looks irrepressible, mercurial, nervous, full of expedients and *bons mots*, bearing the unmistakable stamp of a man of action, power and genius, with an occasional glare from the eyes which shows that when attacked he will fight and show his teeth like a well-bred hyena.

What is most interesting about this people is that as compared to the committee firm of Clews & Co. they are as original, uncommonplace and picturesque as the fair of Nishni-Novgorod, or the Carnivals of Venice are in comparison with the committee rooms in Montgomery's office, or with one of Clews' political dinner parties at the Union League Club. Alexis, surrounded by Madame and Monsieur Catacazy, looks not only like a Russian but also like an Oriental Prince, the naval officers of his suite seeming to be ready for a Cleopatra tour down the Mediterranean to the Euxine.

Admiral Possiet ranks next in the navy to the Grand Duke Constantine. He brought over the Prince from Cronstadt to Falmouth, and from Madeira to the Committee at the Battery in New York harbor. He and Admiral Godon and General Gorloff and General McDowell formed last evening a lively group of brave captains on sea and on land, and our own gallant McDowell seemed to be in his element as a commander-in-chief of festivities and ladies' processions.

Mrs. Schultze, wife of the Russian Vice Consul, was among the noticeable Russian ladies present, as the sister of the Baroness Steiglitz, the latter the wife of the St. Petersburg Rothschild. The English gentleman who acts as professor of the Grand Duke is a perfect model of gentlemanly distinction. Count Shuvaroff, the dashing hussar officer, whose white sash over his uniform created such a sensation on the day of the Grand Duke's entry, is a fine specimen of a military and courtly young Russian noble. Shirkoff, the Secretary of Legation, is a refined and graceful-looking youth—but we must be off from the "offs."

When so many women claim our attention it is preposterous to waste much ink on the men. Of these women what are we to say? How are w to imprison on the Heraldic glass the thousand gleams of beauty? There is everything in the American woman to make her show—as she has everywhere done in Europe—to the highest advantage in elegant society. The Prince himself declared in conversation after the ball on Governor's Island that he had never seen so many beautiful and graceful women in one room in his life. There are many who had they remained in Europe would perhaps at this time be the wives or daughters of English baronets or eminent barristers or people of that class. But on the whole they spring from the glorious working class. There is no *embarras d'antécédres* about them. They are not encumbered with family pedigrees which generally produce a feudal cramp in the nature and confine it within an agony of reserve and restraint. Around the women last night there was charming *vive les queux, vive la bagatelle*, ineffably delightful. There is something exquisitely refreshing in a fine plebeian girl, with a nature of imperial independence that can cope with queens and duchesses. We saw some charming specimens of this class among the best of our New Yorkers, with the high bred Duchess Georgiana curve of the neck, and the head most saucily set on. But though they were called Honorable Miss So and So, and Mrs. Senator So and So, they were simply damsels in disguise—semi-Grecian, semi-Parisian—fond of laughing, dancing, flirting, passionately fond of men who have made a mark; but withal, with a smile for any fancy man in distress. There were some sedate looking ladies there under whose cloak of decorum there lurked the natural female demon of sprightliness. There were also some big-headed, headachy Massachusetts ladies, stout, uncompromising Emersonianists; but these transcendentalized amid the crowd, and came back to earth the moment supper was announced. One of these, a lady of portly pretensions, waddled as she walked and gabbled as she talked.

The Prince was evidently delighted and fascinated by the scene; but to those around him he expressed his especial admiration and homage for two ladies in the room. They both justified his admiration. The one, the wife of an eminent banker, is eminently beautiful. The forehead, so lovely a feature in woman, is high and smooth and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery of hair. The face—sweet, feminine, earnest and confiding, with its grave pure lines—has a simple and saddened dignity especially interesting. It looked a face to wear the classic fillet of Cassandra. She looks a woman you stand before as Satan stood before Eve, "stupidly good," adoring not the beauty, but the soul that shines through it, and ready, like the knights of old at the beck of that small white finger, to go wherever she commands. The other, a bright and beautiful type of girlhood—slight, *spirituelle*, graceful and fantastic—a flower of that delicate geranium school of beauty peculiar to America. The golden hair thrown back like a sheaf of broken sunlight from the forehead, smooth and soft as the sand from which the wave has just retired; the little ear lying under its shelter like a shell, and the high-bred head poised upon the throat like a Grecian urn on its pedestal, and in her every movement in the dance was the fire of the races. Will the all-seeing Jenkins please accommodate us with the names of these two beauteous women who won last night the homage of a Prince?

But why amplify this catalogue, which might be made as long as that of the ships in Homer, so brilliant was the crowd of beauty? All that New York held of gay, gallant and distinguished thronged the Academy last night, and partook of an intolerably bad supper intolerably badly served. Is the Prince to leave and find we have no Delmonico?

On the whole the ball was a brilliant success, reflected credit on the Committee of Arrangements, and will long hold a pleasant place in the memory of fashionable New York.

The Dancing.

The arrival of the Prince gave a motive to the apparently aimless wandering of the host of rare beauty of faces and superb richness in toilets which occupied the floor. The boards were thronged so that it seemed as if there was scarcely room for another mortal. To move round among the throng was extremely difficult, but the trouble was amply repaid in the successive phases of beauty which met the eye. It was rare to meet with a lady whom you could not call good looking. Any attempt at a catalogue of the beauties would be simply impossible. The cynosure of coteries famous for loveliness were lost in the world of beauty which met one at every turn. Looking from the floor to the boxes another spectacle of beauty presented itself. The second and third tiles were like gardens wherein every flower known by the name of rose, lily, hyacinthe or honotrope, bloomed in a wealth of charm unknown to mere blossoms. Away down by the prismatic fountains on the stage, looking back to the house, the vista was simply increased pleasure to the sense, and through it to the soul. Wending one's way back through the crowd and mounting to the boxes the scene was changed only in point of view. Glimpses dresses, sparkling jewels, shining out around white throats or adorning shapely bosoms, glanced in the light. Viewed from any point it was splendor and beauty again and again.

IN THE CORRIDORS,

where the shining broadcloth and the manly forms were seen by the side of the enchantresses in silks, satins, laces and velvets, what smiles were wreathed, what affections stirred! The poetry of elegance was here. The coquetries of half a smile, the flirtations of a dropped fan or the delicate love-making of the language of flowers told in the story of a bouquet, the life-promise in a look of endearment that the passerby regards as common place—all were here; it was one of those scenes, as Milton says,

> Where throngs of knights and barons bold
> In weeds of peace high triumph hold
> With store of ladies whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and judge the prize
> Of wit or arms, while both contend
> To win her grace whom all commend.

It can be seen at a glance that dancing is an impossibility, or nearly so. Those who danced were those who loved the poetry of motion for its sake, or those who, intent on a passing eminence, strove for the hand of some of our Russian visitors for the brief space of the dancers or the waltz. Yet they danced with what space they could command and what sets they could summon. The very effort seemed a revival of the chivalry for which the peor troubadour louged:—

> The ballad's o'er, and louder strains
> Of harps their joyous souls enthrall,
> While dance they in the radiant hall,
> With blithe blood dancing in their veins.
> See yon bright forms that lightly fly,
> All whirling in a golden haze,
> Are glorious maids, with youth's fire lit—
> There's some romancing nowadays.

Jullien's band rising up so that the form of the conductor is barely seen as he waves his magic wand. The music was excellent, and here is the order of dancing as it was played by the musicians and endeavored to be followed by the fair long-trained votaries of terpsichore and their gallant partners:—

ORDER OF DANCING.

Polonaise de Reception—Jullien.

1.	Lanciers—"Les Brigands"	Downing
2.	Valse—"Wiener Kinder"	Strauss
3.	Galop—"Postillion d'Amour"	Hermann
4.	Quadrille—"Semiramis"	Jullien
5.	Valse—"Amorettentanze"	Gung'l
6.	Lanciers—"Concordia"	Hartung
7.	Valse—"Casino"	Gung'l
8.	Galop—"Petersburg Champagne"	Lumbye
9.	Russian Quadrille—"Zolotaga Rybka"	Minkus
10.	Galop—"Il Crescendo"	Jullien
11.	Lanciers—"Faust"	Gounod
12.	Valse—"Deutscher Hartzen"	Strauss
13.	Galop—"Genevieve"	Offenbach
14.	Quadrille—"Prince Alexis"	Eben
15.	Galop—"Glocken Spiel"	Lanitzky
16.	Lanciers—"Cloches de l'Hermite"	Wiegand
17.	Valse—"St. Petersburg"	Lanner
18.	Galop—"Ekaterinburg"	Jullien
19.	Polka Redowa—"Love's Bouquet"	Parlow
20.	Valse—"Thousand and One Nights"	Strauss

Home, Sweet Home.

The Grand Duke and Party.

The brilliant company seated in the boxes and in all the circles awaited with the deepest interest the appearance of the imperial party. The Grand Duke and suite left the Clarendon Hotel quietly in carriages and drove direct to the Academy. A private entrance in Irving place had been reserved for the special accommodation of His Imperial Highness and the distinguished persons who accompanied him. This entrance opened into the richly furnished and superbly appointed reception room decorated with the Russian and American colors, and in which the company from the Clarendon first assembled after alighting from their carriages. As they came in they were received by Major General McDowell and Judge Houghton, of the reception room, who warmly welcomed them. His Imperial Highness was followed by Admiral Possiet, Mr. and Madame Catacazy, General and Madame Gorloff, Count Schonwalhoff, Aide-de-Camp; Mr. Machen, Counsellor of State; Dr. Kandren, Lieutenant Tuder, Mr. Daryas, First Secretary of the Russian Legation; Mr. Sherkoff, Second Secretary; Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Consul General, and Mr. Shultz, Vice Consul. His Excellency Governor Hoffman, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Hoffman, came with the imperial party. As soon as they all had assembled in the reception room General McDowell and Judge Houghton conducted the Grand Duke and his brilliant and distinguished retinue to the private boxes reserved for them on the right hand side of the Academy as you look toward the stage. Suddenly the inspiring strains of the "Russian National Hymn" resounded through the Academy, and the immense assemblage was electrified with expectation and excitement. Almost simultaneously the Prince appeared in the box surrounded by his suite, and received a truly cordial greeting, which he gracefully acknowledged. The Grand Duke and the immediate members of his suite occupied the imperial box, which was elaborately decorated with flags and flowers for the occasion. The box adjoining, and with which it was connected, was occupied by Madame Catacazy and Mrs. and Miss Hoffman, who were attended by several of the gentlemen. In the other box sat Madame Gorloff and a number of the Russian officers, including several of those from the Russian naval squadron.

Hardly had the Grand Duke been seated before the floor was filled with ladies and gentlemen, who arranged their seats and joined in the grand promenade, which now began preparatory to the opening of the ball. As they passed, as it were in review before His Imperial Highness, all eyes were fixed on him, and hundreds of opera glasses were turned in the same direction from every corner of the building. It was a beautiful and animated scene. While the promenade was progressing M. Bodisco, the Russian Consul-General, conducted to the Grand Duke's box and introduced to him the foreign Consuls residing in New York. The gentlemen thus introduced were Mr. Archibald, Consul General of Great Britain, and his Vice Consul, Mr. Edwards; Count de Lucca, Consul General of Italy, and Mr. Barnotti, his Vice Consul; Mr. Urartie, Consul General of Spain; Dr. Roasing, Consul General of the German Confederation; Mr. Belleg, Consul General of France; Mr. Boisawasky, Acting Consul General of Austria; Mr. Botassis, Consul of Greece, and Mr. Borg, Consul of Sweden and Norway. Several of these gentlemen were accompanied by their ladies. After the presentation the Grand Duke gave his arm to Mrs. Governor Hoffman, the Governor escorting Madame Catacazy, and led the way to the dancing floor, followed by all the other foreign guests. The procession marched round the ballroom, which was now densely crowded.

The first set for the Lancers was formed on the stage immediately in front of the prismatic fountain. The Grand Duke and Miss Hoffman took the head. *Vis-a-vis* to them were General McDowell and Mrs. General Aspinwall. The sides were made up of Governor Hoffman and Madame Catacazy and Mr. Richard Irving and Mrs. Cutting. Some delay was experienced in forming the other sets, the Academy being so uncomfortably crowded. At length the band struck up the familiar air, and the ball was opened. The distinguished dancers, however, were exceedingly unfortunate. They got mixed up generally at the beginning, and so they continued to the end. It was a great relief to all concerned when the first dance was finished. After this the Prince promenaded and danced alternately for an hour, until supper was announced. In the second and third dances his partners were Miss Morse, daughter of the Professor, and Miss McDowell, daughter of the General. It was nearly one o'clock when the Grand Duke and the whole imperial party were conducted into the supper room.

The Goddess Fashion

never was represented before in this city by toilets so surpassingly rich and *distingué* or by votaries so richly endowed by nature with all the attributes that constitute a lovely woman. Among the myriad toilets we can only find time and space for a few:—

The ideal of elegant simplicity was realized in a toilet of white India muslin, garnished profusely with the most delicate Valenciennes lace, and worn by a lady in one of the boxes. The skirt garniture consisted of infinitesimal tucks, alternating with narrow ruffles, edged with lace, meeting the long, full overskirt in the back and forming a *garniture en tablier* reaching to the waist. A fichu of the same material half concealed the lovely neck and entirely covered the *corsage decoltete*, the ends being continued in long sashes, which, in conjunction with drooping sprays of lily-of-the-valley, supported the graceful drapery of the *tunique*.

Similar sprays formed the heading to the lace on the fichu, and ornamented the wavy tresses of the coiffure. Elegant pearl jewelry completed this charming toilet, which just suited the blonde loveliness of the youthful wearer, but would have appeared like affectation on an older person.

Leaning on the arm of the Magyar uniformed Count Schonvaloff was a tall, graceful girl, whose lovely features, lit up with the excitement of the scene, drew the attention of the passers by, and also enlisted their admiration. Pen cannot do justice to the exquisite toilet, arranged with a petticoat of white satin almost covered with flounces of rich black Chantilly lace, worn under a *manteau de cour* of rose-colored velvet mounted from the shoulders in a broad Watteau plait. This train was cut in one with the corsage, something in the style of a Gabrielle, the *corsage décoltete* and open in front, displaying a stomacher matching the petticoat, and the train sweeping off in a graceful curve. Bordering the train was a row of Chantilly lace, with a heading of white feather trimming. Part of the evening this train was supported by a *chatelaine* of white satin and lace, suspended from the left side. The sleeves were of white satin, trimmed with black lace, reaching to the elbow, and almost meeting the long faintly-tinted gloves. Artistic enamel jewelry of light blue, with delicate traceries of rose color and black, set in diamonds; hair *à la Pompadour*, slightly powdered.

A tall, *distingue* looking matron, resting on the arm of a gentleman in military uniform, was attired in a robe of royal purple velvet, the train skirt looped on the left side by an *aigrette* of white ostrich tips, displaying a white satin petticoat trimmed with flounces of black thread lace. The corsage was a modified *reine Margot*, corded with silk of the same color, open in front over a vest of white satin, fastened with diamond buttons set in jet.

The sleeves were quite tight, ornamented on the shoulder by a Marie Stuart puff strapped with white satin bands. Elegant point lace collar and cuffs, and diamond jewelry. The snow-white hair was arranged in finger-puffs at the sides, the back hair disposed rather high and ornamented with an *aigrette* of diamonds confining a barbe of exquisitely fine black lace.

A brilliant brunette looked charming in a toilette of corn-colored *faille*, the train skirt ornamented with two flounces of white point lace, festooned at intervals by sprays of scarlet geraniums, with brilliant green leaves. Clusters of the same flowers formed the heading, veiled by *coquilles* of *tulle*, and sustained the graceful loopings of the point lace overskirt. The *corsage décolleté* was ornamented with a sort of *berthe* matching the overskirt, looped on the shoulders with clusters of geraniums, the same exquisite flowers ornamenting the abundant raven *chevelure*. Diamond and ruby jewelry.

In exquisite taste was a toilet having a skirt of delicate gray *faille*, trimmed with a broad flounce of point lace over black Chantilly, the heading composed of full-blown blush roses, set in coquilles of black and white lace. Over this was worn a polonaise *à la* Pompadour, of brocade, gray ground, with clusters and garlands of blush roses, tempting one to commit larceny, so natural did they appear. This was most artistically draped by garlands of roses, interwinned with white and black lace.

The half-high corsage and demi-long sleeves were completed by frills of exquisite point lace, and the coiffure was ornamented with natural blush roses. A bouquet of natural flowers at the left side of the corsage and handsome diamond and opal jewelry completed this lovely toilet.

Much admiration was elicited by a toilet of delicate green poult de soie, veiled with puffings and an overskirt of white tulle, gracefully draped by clusters of lilacs. The same flowers, in conjunction with puffings, formed the garniture to the fichu, and the unique sash in the back. The coiffure was disposed unusually high and ornamented with clusters of lilacs.

Among the rippling waves of shimmering toilets that surged in from the foyer to the floor by the main entrance we cannot help mentioning the toilet of a young girl not yet out of her teens, whose fresh, natural color was a relief from the rouged and powdered faces around her. The dress was arranged with an underskirt of white foulard and an overdress of light blue poult de soie. The skirt was trimmed with two narrow pinked flounces of blue silk, headed by rows of blue ribbon velvet,