PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS.

First Day of the October Meeting.

THREE TROTTING CONTESTS.

Scenes and Incidents Around the Grounds.

G. W. Patterson the Winner of the Saddle Race, Sensation the 2:25 Purse, and Prospero the Three-Year-Old Stake.

It is a beautiful ride through the timber in Prospect Park going to the races. In the Autumn season, particularly, it is a gorgeous picture to look at the oaks, pines and larches with their Fall costumes of golden, purple and russet leaves, and the brilliant, clear, October sky overhanging all the tree tops, and the carriages and children among the lower branches gathering nuts. For in Prospect Park, unlike Central Park, children may gambol and play until their hearts are full and until they sing the chorus of "Home, Sweet Home."

The Fall Meeting yesterday was not so well attended as it might have been, yet the interest manifested in the racing was as great as if thousands had clamored with broad palms from the Grand Stand at the winning horse. The atmosphere was a little cool, and the Brooklyn burghers were warmly clad, apprehending a frost. Trotting matches are not as popular as they were in 1862, and ladies are not frantic to gaze at a number of homely-looking men sitting in sulkies with their noses bent to the horses' cruppers, and vilely fashioned caps of discordant and variegated colors covering their hickory-nut heads.

"THAT SAME OLD POOL STAND."

The magnetic spot on a trotting day is always the Pool Stand. The high-toned shoddy people keep away from this place, or if they go there at all it is by stealth and with a certain shamefacedness that is ludicrous to observe. Out of a thousand people who were present yesterday at the opening of the Fall Meeting at Prospect Park it is probable that one hundred and fifty male persons were clustered around the Pool Stand. All the "business" done at the races was done here. That is all the betting business. For there is no other "business" attended to at a trot. Many are called, but few are chosen. The bets at the club house in Prospect Park are few and far between. No energy is displayed. The ventures are irregular and are made in an amateur fashion without a knowledge of the horse or rider. Young men who think that the girls are looking at them from elevated balconies are more apt to draw from their vest pockets one dollar bills and pretend to bet. The girls fancy that these fractional currencies are one hundred dollar bills, but the charming creatures are very much mistaken. The real purpose is to have a drink—three or four drinks for a dollar. At the pool stand it is different. You would think from the confusion that there was a prospect of a desperate fight, or that a stump speech, with advocacy of the Old White Hat, was in progress. Again, nothing of the kind. It is all a systematic, solid, sharp business, just as it has been since 1862. Men who attend to it care nothing for sport, as the owner of a stable of horses understands it. It is a mere matter of money between these fellows, and they are quite ready to cheat each other and he about it just with the same readiness and ignorance that they were doing wrong as if they had been eating dinners. A few of them are honest and will pay up, but look at their faces. There is the man who owns thirty-six liquor stores and who is just now engaged in walking along the quarter track. His face might be taken as a type for the ruffians whom Nast portrays. He is welcomed with gladness—nay reverence—by the seedy crowd who stand shivering around the pool stand. He has a cool and careless swagger, and he imagines that he is a big man—and so he is in his own estimation. The man in the box looks at him with awe, for he emptied the tin safe once or twice of its bills, and if he sees a chance he will do it again. He, too, drives a trotter and bets to win. It is a weak vanity of his to be seen on mile tracks and to talk learnedly about the "best three in five" among his worshippers; and he takes the flattery as a child would take milk, with a soft, yielding smile.

Look at the three men in the pool box. One of them is the celebrated Johnston. When he opens his mouth the upper and lower lips move up and down spasmodically, and he is as glib as an auctioneer engaged in selling the crockery ware of a defunct household. He is clothed in a rough, thick, blue overcoat, and he wears a white hat. Offensive remarks are made about this white hat occasionally by the very irreverent crowd, and he smiles a ghastly smile, but never stops his oratory. Facing him is a man in a snuff-colored velveteen walking coat, with mixed black and gray whiskers, whose eyes look over the crowd as he administers tickets with a vacant stare. This man is a veteran of a thousand three-mile heats, and his name is Marshall. The blue-capped boys who peddle programmes for "another man" at the rate of $1 day gaze in astonishment at his stolidity. The few shoddy young men who have canes and wear kid gloves and light colored thin overcoats out of season, and are blue in the face from cold, admire this Mr. Marshall very much. Between the two principals of the pool box may be seen a thin, fragile young man, with spare blonde whiskers, who takes care of the cash. Perhaps he is not cold? If you think so look at him any day during the meeting. He shivers and shrugs his shoulders and wishes he was far away condoling with a hot whiskey and scenting the steam into his open nostrils. A number of men in the crowd speak of "that eleven hundred dollar pool," and talk wildly of thousands; but do not be mistaken, the greenhorns are few to-day, and the general sentiment is that if you should in a fit of enthusiasm ask them to drink they might accept.

"AMONG THE FAIR SEX"

It is a bleak day in the club stand, and by actual count there are at four o'clock—two hours after the meeting has commenced—only fifty-six ladies present. Most of these ladies are muffled warmly in voluminous shawls, or are manacled in sealskin jackets, or are covered from head to toe with long black velvet cloaks. Gentlemen pass in and out with cigars in their mouths, puffing away the cold, snappish, ten-knot breeze that comes steadily in from the lower bay. Glances are thrown, anxious ones in the direction of the wine room and the odors of the kitchen below. Groups stand on the piazza of the Club House discussing the horses with that knowing air which is peculiar to gentlemen who affect the noble animal—the horse. A driver is pointed out to a German baron who has been induced to come to "ze trot," for what reason he cannot explain—a good-looking driver—and the baron is informed that he is enamored of a burlesque actress and that his passion is warmly reciprocated. Whereupon he is alarmed at the depravity of American good society and exclaims "Gott und Himmel!" There is no band as at the past meeting, but in default of the brass instruments and fat Germans who blow through them, there is in the ladies' parlor established a huge "Orchestrion," attended by a small-sized Hebrew with a suspicious face and a terribly bad Staten Island cigar. He informs you it has a *vox humana* stop, that it cost $2,500 and that it was made in the Schwarzwald, as he hands you the maker's card. A doubt instantly springs up that he and his "Orchestrion" are here only for temporary and advertising purposes. The instrument has rollers and cylinders like a Hoe's press and on one corner a number of brass prongs, that move up and down confusedly, like the claws of a score of lobsters previous to boiling. The instrument gasps out now and then in the cold room and with a wail snatches from "Jean de Paris," the "Schonen Blauen Donau" and other equally inspiring melodies. About this time there is an interval between heats, lunch hour has arrived, there is a hurried scampering of feet and a glad chorus of voices, and the small-sized Hebrew is left alone with his *vox humana* stop.

"ON THE DUSTY TRACK."

The grass is green, but October is fast fading it. The trotters are being walked around in large white bed-blankets, and the negro boys, eager for a small coin, run quickly to attend the drivers. A few of them are clear-eyed, fine-limbed animals, with handsome pasterns and w-, finished in their sleekly polished bodies. The negro boys look cold—they can't stand cold—and are full of betting talk. They are jealous of each other, just like the directors of a railroad company, and when one gets a horse to look after all the others look reproachfully at him. It is so very cold here, and it would be much warmer at the Pimlico Course, "way down Souf." A boy leads up a gray horse that seems full of fire, and a negro lad jumps to his head with a pail of cold water and a sponge. The mouth is jerked open and a well-soaked sponge inserted. The upper massive gums of the horse are exposed and his body vibrates and his nostrils twitch violently at the shock. Suddenly the bell rings from the Judges' stand and there is commotion, and all the pool-selling fraternity rush forward, lining the fence and making a fringe of rugged heads and showing a row of granite noses impinged against the picket points. But the race is not yet, for there are eight or ten false starts. Every uninitiated person yawns drearily, and just as a most miserable-looking specimen of humanity, whose face is all covered with mud and whose left shoe is bereft of continuity, showing the naked toes, has been thrust back by an indignant policeman into the crowd, and before the next yawn from the greenhorns has developed itself, the first heat of the first race has begun.

THE TROTTING.

The track was in excellent condition for fast time, but the weather was not of that genial nature that induces either man or beast to do his best. The air was chilly and the attendants at the course had to take shelter from its influence behind every available place. The horses, after a warming up spurt, had to be closely blanketed the instant they stopped, and it required too much attention to man and horse to make things pleasant. Three trots were on the card, the first being a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, under the saddle, between John Murphy's bay gelding G. W. Patterson and C. S. Green's chestnut gelding Wallace. The latter came on the track quite stiff and unsteady, and after the first heat, in which he was beaten badly, at the request of his rider and owner he was withdrawn from the second heat, and that settled the business. The second trot was for $1,500, for horses that had never beaten 2:25, for which there were ten starters. These were J. L. Doty's bay gelding Sensation, W. H. Harrison's sorrel mare Susie, Dan Mace's gray gelding Gray Eddy, L. C. Chase's gray gelding Crown Prince, H. Hinman's gray gelding Gray Mack, E. Hubbard, Jr.'s sorrel mare Nonsuch, J. S. Park's bay stallion Dauntless, Dan Phifer's gray gelding Lottery, J. J. Bowen's gray mare Sea Foam and M. M. Goodin's brown mare Maud. Crown Prince was the favorite in a majority of the pool sales made, but when he was second choice Lady Maud sold for first, and the reason why the young filly Maud sold so well was on account of her match race with Lucille Golddust last week, when she trotted the third and fourth heats in 2:22¾ each; but the betters lost sight of the youth of the filly and the nervousness consequent to a young horse in so large a crowd as had to come to the score on this occasion. When she trotted her match with Lucille Golddust she broke several times in the first two heats, but in the third and fourth she became more steady and won the race. Yesterday, however, she acted badly and was distanced the first heat. The favorite, too, was beaten, and the horse Sensation, that sold for third choice, scored the victory. We would advise the owner of Crown Prince to have a driver in future that the public can have confidence in at the beginning of the race, and not "play the thing," as it was done at Goshen and at Prospect Park yesterday. At the former place the driver of Crown Prince staggered around the track in front of the spectators for some time before the start, making every person who saw him believe he was "careless," and he then drove three heats, all of which he lost. He was then taken out and Billy Borst put in his place, when he won the race easily. Yesterday the old driver of Crown Prince played the same game of incompetency by falling down the stairs in the Club House, then going out on the track in an unsteady condition, and finally getting in the sulky behind his horse to make believe that he was going to drive, so that the betters would lay their money against him. This ruse had the effect of making Maud the favorite, but for a moment only, for soon Billy Borst was seen making for the judges' stand to be weighed. He quickly doffed his drab hat, his beautiful overcoat, came out of the weighing room in blue roundabout and black cap, with canary kids on his hands, and rapidly swung himself into the sulky behind Crown Prince. Then a rush was made for the poolbox and Crown Prince became the favorite over any house in the race. Many, no doubt, will wonder why Crown Prince did not win, and to the many we will try and enlighten them by saying that the time made by the winner was far better than Crown Prince had ever before made, and that there is no doubt that Sensation can beat him every time they meet.

The third trot was for three-year-olds, for a purse and stake. For this there were originally eighteen entries, consisting of Morgan L. Mott's bay colt, by Independent; owner's black filly Evening Star, by Peacemaker; owner's black colt Edwin, by Peacemaker; owner's bay colt Viceroy, by Peacemaker; E. P. Sawyer's bay filly, by Bay Star; P. Lorillard's bay filly Virginia, by Independent; owner's bay colt Pelham, G. C. Hitchcock's bay colt Highland King, by Ashland; owner's chestnut roan colt, by Young America; owner's sorrel colt, by Vermont; Abdallah, by Young America; Carl S. Burr's bay Sunbeam, by Idol; Z. B. Van Wyck's bay colt, by Jupiter Abdallah; Z. B. Van Wyck's bay filly Lady Van, by Jupiter Abdallah; Burton & Salpaugh's sorrel filly Widow Van Cott, by Paul; G. B. Alley's brown colt King George, by Dictator; Carl S. Burr's brown colt Prospero, by Messenger Duroc; Carl S. Burr's brown colt Pickwick, by Idol, and Carl S. Burr's bay filly Ada Divine, by Messenger Duroc. Of the above number only two came to the post. These were Prospero and Highland King. Prospero distanced Highland King the first heat, making the mile in the extraordinary time of 2:33½, and there is no doubt that had Prospero a competitor to force him along he would have made the fastest time ever recorded. As it was, we think his 2:33½ yesterday, with a heavy sulky and his driver, Carl S. Burr, weighing over two hundred pounds—fifty pounds more than the colt was required to carry—is a fair acknowledgment that 2:30 can be beaten whenever required, with track rules. Prospero is a finely proportioned colt, with graceful trotting action, with no inclination to break. He is as black as a raven, except two white heels behind, with a small star in forehead. He was sired by Messenger Duroc, dam by Harry Clay, grand dam by Lexington, and is fifteen hands and an inch and a half high. He will grow into a large, graceful and mighty trotter, if cared for rightly. It will be well for the horse if Mr. Backman would keep him for a year or two.

The following are the details of the trotting as it progressed:—

The First Trot.

First Heat.—Wallace broke up twice soon after the word was given, and G. W. Patterson led away to the quarter pole twenty lengths in thirty-nine and a half seconds, and at the half-mile pole was still further in advance of the sorrel gelding. As Patterson passed the half-mile pole in 1:18¼ he was 100 yards in front of the other, and then, jogging home, he won the heat by fifty yards in 2:44¼. When the horses were called for the second heat Mr. Greene applied to the judges to withdraw Wallace, as it was evident that he was more stiffened up than before the start, and they granted his appeal, ending the trot.

SUMMARY.

PROSPECT PARK, Oct. 15.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five, under the saddle.

John Murphy's b. g. G. W. Patterson	1	1
C. S. Greene's ch. g. Wallace	1	dr

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	39¼	1:18¼	2:44¼

The Second Trot.

First Heat.—Nonsuch was first away, Crown Prince second, Susie third, Sensation fourth, Gray Eddy fifth, Gray Mack sixth, Sea Foam seventh, Lottery eighth, Dauntless ninth, Maud tenth. Nonesuch trotted away from the others around the turn, many of them breaking up, and when she passed the quarter pole she led the leader of her followers four lengths, in thirty-five seconds. Crown Prince was second, Susie third, Sensation fourth, Gray Eddy fifth, Dauntless sixth, Gray Mack seventh, Sea Foam eighth, Lottery ninth, Lady Maud tenth, the latter on a break and far behind, with every appearance of being distanced. Nonesuch trotted much faster on the backstretch and was eight lengths ahead of Susie at the half-mile pole in 1:08¾, Sensation third, one length in front of Gray Eddy; Crown Prince fifth, Dauntless sixth, Gray Mack seventh, Sea Foam eighth, Lottery ninth, Lady Maud a distance behind. As the horses passed down the backstretch towards the three-quarter pole many changes took place. Nonesuch was quitting, with Sensation trotting very fast, and the others were doing their best; but when they reached home Sensation was a length ahead, Susie second, four lengths in front of Nonesuch; Gray Eddy fourth, Crown Prince fifth, Dauntless sixth, Gray Mack seventh, Lottery eighth, Sea Foam ninth, Lady Maud distanced. Time, 2:24¼.

Second Heat.—After several scorings Nonesuch got away first, Sensation second, Gray Mack third, Crown Prince fourth, Dauntless fifth, Susie sixth, Lottery seventh, Gray Eddy eighth, Sea Foam ninth. At the quarter pole, passed in thirty-five and a half seconds, Sensation led one length, Nonesuch second, two lengths in advance of Crown Prince, Gray Mack fourth, Susie fifth, Gray Eddy sixth, Dauntless seventh, Lottery eighth, Sea Foam ninth. A few changes took place on the backstretch, and when the horses reached the half-mile pole in 1:10¾ Sensation was still showing the way by half a length, Nonesuch second, one length in advance of Susie, Crown Prince fourth, Gray Eddy fifth, Gray Mack, sixth, Lottery seventh, Dauntless eighth, Sea Foam ninth. Sensation had the game now in hand, and he "played in well," by coming home a winner by three lengths, Crown Prince, second, Susie third, Gray Eddy fourth, Gray Mack fifth, Dauntless sixth, Nonesuch seventh, Lottery eighth, Sea Foam ninth. Time, 2:23¾.

Third Heat.—Gray Mack had the best of the send-off, Nonesuch second, Sensation third, Susie fourth, Crown Prince fifth, Gray Eddy sixth, Dauntless seventh, Lottery eighth, Sea Foam being withdrawn before the start. At the quarter pole, which was passed in thirty-six and a quarter seconds, Sensation led one length, Gray Mack second, Gray Eddy third, Nonesuch fourth, Susie fifth, Dauntless sixth, Crown Prince seventh, Lottery eighth. There were a few immaterial changes to the half-mile pole, which was passed in 1:11¾, Sensation showing the way, and he came home a winner of the heat and race by three lengths; Gray Eddy second, three lengths ahead of Gray Mack, who was two lengths in advance of Crown Prince; Susie fifth, Lottery sixth, Dauntless seventh, Nonesuch eighth. Time of the heat, 2:24¾. Sensation was then sold for $8,000.

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, Oct. 15—Purse $1,500, for horses that had never beaten 2:25; $900 to the first, $400 to the second and $200 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. L. Doty's b. g. Sensation	1	1	1
W. H. Harrison's s. m. Susie	2	3	5
D. Mace's g. g. Gray Eddy	4	4	2
L. C. Chase's g. g. Crown Prince	5	2	4
H. Hinman's g. g. Gray Mack	7	5	3
E. Hubbard, Jr.'s, s. m. Nonesuch	3	7	8
J. S. Parke's b. s. Dauntless	6	6	7
D. Pfifer's g. g. Lottery	8	8	6
J. J. Bowen's g. m. Sea Foam	9	9	dr
M. Goodin's br. m. Maud	dis.		
W. H. Borst's blk. s. Charles E. Loew	dr.		

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	35	1:08¾	2:24¼
Second heat	35½	1:10¾	2:23¾
Third heat	36¼	1:11¾	2:24¾

The Third Race.

As soon as the word was given Prospero trotted to the front, and Highland King began a system of breaking which he continued throughout the heat. Prospero passed the quarter pole in thirty-seven and a half seconds, fifty yards in advance of Highland King, and at the half-mile pole he was one hundred yards in advance of the bay colt. The time to this point was 1:14¾. From there to the end Prospero increased the distance until as he crossed the score Highland King was just entering the homestretch. The time of the mile was 2:33½. Prospero was hailed with great applause, and Mr. Backman, his owner, much complimented for his efforts in improving trotting stock.

SUMMARY.

PROSPECT PARK, Oct. 15—Purse and stake, $1,450, mile heats, for three-year-olds, in harness; eighteen subscribers; two started.

C. S. Burr's blk. c. Prospero, by Messenger Duroc, dam by Harry Clay, g. d. by Lexington	1
George G. Hitchcock's b. c. Highland King, by Ashland	dis.

Time, 2:33½.

Prospect Park Fair Grounds To-Day—Pool-Selling Last Night.

The announced events at Prospect Park to-day are the 2:30 trot and the double team race. The former is for a purse of $1,000—$550 to first, $300 to second and $150 to the third horse. Entered for this are John Splan's brown gelding Hank, James Campbell's black gelding Othello, C. S. Green's brown mare Lucille Golddust, W. H. Borst's bay mare Lady Backus, Dan Mace's sorrel mare Venus, J. J. Bowen's bay gelding Comee, John Lovett's brown gelding Young Bruno, James Dongrey's bay gelding Joker and G. N. Ferguson's brown gelding Comet. Lucille, however, will not start.

The second event is a purse of $1,000, for double teams—$550 to first, $300 to second and $150 to the third horse. Five teams are entered for this contest, these being W. H. Jarvis' gray gelding Doubtful and gray mare Sea Foam; W. H. Borst's brown stallion George Wilkes and chestnut stallion Honest Allen; J. H. Phillips' black mare Eveline and black stallion W. H. Ripley; Benj. Daniels' bay gelding W. B. Whitman and Commodore Nutt, and Dan. Mace's black gelding Plimpton and black gelding Darkness. Of these Doubtful and mate and Eveline and mate will not come to the score.

Pools were sold last night at Johnson's, Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, on these events. The following figures will give an idea of the feeling of the buyers:—

THE 2:30 PURSE.

Young Bruno	$100	140	145	100	105
Lady Backus	30 } Field.				
Comee	20 }	50	50	260	240
Joker	15 }				
The Field	30 }				

THE DOUBLE TEAM RACE.

Plimpton and mate	$30	25	30
George Wilkes and mate	25	25	30
W. B. Whitman and mate	6	5	5

ART MATTERS.

Opening of the Leavitt Art Gallery.

The inauguration of the art season is always an event looked forward to with considerable interest by the cultivated classes of the metropolis, and to-day the business of picture exposition will be seriously entered upon by the opening of the Leavitt Art Gallery in Broadway. We have already informed the public of the brilliant promise of the art season, which was informally inaugurated a few weeks ago at the Goupil Gallery. It is not usual for the best collections to be presented to the public at the beginning of the season, as the owners are naturally fearful lest the market should not be prepared to receive the treasures gathered from many lands for the pleasure and delight of those who are rich enough to indulge in luxuries.

The collection which will be placed on public exhibition to-day is the property of Mr. Charles F. Haseltine, a well known collector. It consists of some one hundred and sixty works by native and foreign artists. Its average merit is respectable, while many of the works are from the easels of men whose fame is world wide. Without having any claims to be regarded as of

THE HIGHEST ORDER OF ART,

the works will well repay a visit, as there will be found food for the most diverse taste. As we have neither time nor space to notice all the works, we shall content ourselves with glancing at a few of the works as they occur to us. The array of artists is quite respectable, but it is necessary to prevent disappointment to say that the more celebrated names are represented by works of an unimportant character; that is to say, relatively unimportant, for even the pencil sketch by Girome, which the catalogue calls "An Augur," and which is evidently a rejected study for the figure of Cæsar in Girome's picture, "La Mort de César," possesses a value that the most finished and

ELABORATED WORK

of an inferior man would not possess. Fortuny, Vibert, Detaille Accard, Escossure, Chaplin, Castlear, E. Moran, are also represented, some of them by important examples. There are, however, in the collection some works that it would have been better to omit. This fact would have been patent to the mind of Mr. Haseltine had he paid sufficient attention to the development of public taste in artistic matters last year. The revolution that was then effected was quite phenomenal, and it is not claiming too much when we assert that it was in great part due to the excellent stand made by the press in the interests of art. The public were warned and advised by

DISINTERESTED CRITICS,

and those who had the desire to purchase good pictures, without the taste or the knowledge to make selections for themselves, found a friend and a guide in the artistic criticisms that appeared on each collection. They felt they were not exposed unprotected to the cajoleries of the auctioneer, whom the purchasing public look on with aversion and suspicion as a public enemy—a wolf in sheep's clothing, watching for whom he may devour.

A small cabinet picture by Charles Chaplin, entitled "Old Letters," deserves attention. A lady is in the act of reading epistles from long-forgotten lovers. There is not very much sentiment about it, but the peculiar excellence of the flesh painting, which is a marked characteristic of this artist's work, lends a value to the little work independent of its story. Cabinet works by this artist are very rare.

The modern Italian school of paintings, with its brilliant color and skilful treatment of light, is worthily represented by Pisani in a "Scene in Cairo." There is not much local color, for the scene might have been just as well laid in any part of the East; but the management of the light on the white walls of the court yard, with the groups of swarthy men in white burnous relieved against the white background, is

A TRIUMPH OF TECHNICAL HANDLING

that only the educated eye can properly appreciate.

"On the Seine," by Jules Dupré, reminds one of some of Turner's effects introduced into a work by Diaz—the foreground gloomy and in deep contrast with the golden sunset of the background, but producing effects full of mystery and suggestiveness. The *imposto* is very heavy, and the handling free almost to recklessness, but

MASTERLY IN ITS FREEDOM.

Vibert is represented by a water-color sketch of an Italian peasant woman in the picturesque costume of the country. The figure is freely drawn, and the colors have almost the depth and intensity of oil. There are a number of other works which we would have wished to notice more especially, but must leave for another occasion. The collection will remain on exhibition until the 23d inst., when the works comprising it will be sold by public auction. During the summer Messrs. Leavitt have had their gallery newly decorated, so as to make it as attractive as possible. It will be open to the public free of charge.

HYDROPHOBIA IN NEW JERSEY.

A frightful case of hydrophobia is reported in Union township, near Newark, N. J. Some four weeks ago Miss Mary Terhune was bitten in the nose and lip by the family dog. The animal ran away. The wound closed and healed, and nothing was thought of the matter. Last Saturday, however, Miss Terhune, in using a wet towel, felt the symptoms of hydrophobia coming on. She said nothing till Sunday night, when the symptoms assumed an alarming state, so that a doctor was called in. Up to yesterday her case grew gradually worse, and now there is no hope of her recovery. She bears her torture of thirst with a horror of water, of hunger with inability to swallow, of wanting to breathe without power to inhale satisfactorily, and, worst of all, an intense and uncontrollable nervous excitement which is dreadful, all the time possessing her reasoning faculties with the utmost clearness.

RAILROAD COLLISION IN PATERSON.

A Horse Car Smashed—Two Persons Injured.

A real estate sale on the Terhune tract in Paterson took place yesterday. About two o'clock a party of ladies and gentlemen who attended the sale entered one of the horse cars running from Lake view. At the Market street crossing the car was struck by a passing train, and one end of the car was demolished. Mrs. Momette, who resides at 315 West Thirty-fifth street, New York, was cut in the left temple with a piece of broken glass. James Freeman, of Chicago, was thrown under the horses and had one arm broken. The other passengers had a narrow escape.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Complimentary Banquet to the Historian by His American Publishers.

The Welcome by George W. Curtis—Mr. Froude's Response—The Other After-Dinner Speeches.

A dinner was given last evening at Delmonico's, Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, to James Anthony Froude, by his publishers in this country, the Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

About eighty-five guests sat down to dinner, among whom were:—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. H. W. Beecher, W. C. Bryant, Dr. T. D. Woolsey, Dr. E. H. Chapin, Dr. H. C. Potter, rector of Grace church; Dr. Noah Hunt Schenck, rector of St. Ann's church, Brooklyn; Dr. H. W. Bellows, A. D. White, President of Cornell University; Colonel T. W. Higginson, Dr. Abel Stevens, Bret Harte, Parke Godwin, D. A. Goddard, of the *Boston Advertiser;* George W. Childs, E. L. Godkin, J. W. Harper, Jr., Judge C. P. Daly, Professor Arnold Guyot, Dr. P. Schaff, W. H. Appleton, George Jones, Dr. Edward Bright, of the *Examiner;* Colonel R. M. Hoe, L. J. Jennings, of the *Times;* Augustine Smith, Dr. W. M. Taylor, William A. Booth, Judge Fancher, Robert Bonner, Whitelaw Reid, Dr. S. I. Prime, H. O. Houghton, R. H. Stoddard, President Gilman, of the California University; Major J. M. Bundy, I. Chamberlain, of the New York *World;* E. C. Stedman, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Dr. W. H. Ward, Colonel John Hay, L. C. Davis, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* Noah Brooks, of the New York *Tribune;* Dr. H. M. Field, of the *Evangelist;* Mr. Goodrich, of the Boston *Post;* Edward King, of the Boston *Journal;* C. D. Warner, J. R. Thompson, of the *Evening Post,* and others.

George W. Curtis presided, and when the edibles had been disposed of addressed the guests as follows:—

ADDRESS OF MR. GEORGE W. CURTIS.

As I think of the occasion which brings us together, and look about the table at this festive company, I remember what Sir Philip Sidney wrote to his brother 300 years ago. "To what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge unless room be afforded for putting it into practice, so that public advantage may be the result." Himself a scholar he thus defines the highest function of scholarship. He flouts the old tradition that made the scholar a pedant, and declares him to be a power. For the scholar receives only that he may give. He is not a grave in which learning is buried, but a fruitful soil, in which it is sown as seed and springs up a hundred fold in a beneficent harvest. The scholar transmits knowledge into influence. Hospitable to every thought—generous, sympathetic, catholic; unweariedly seeking only the truth and unhesitatingly declaring it, he puts his knowledge into practice, so that public advantage is the result. Hostile opinion may brand him as a heretic. He may see his own book burned by his own university. *Pur si muove* is still the answer of the scholar; and as the moon, by celestial influence, draws the restless waters of the sea, so, by the resistless laws of the intellect, he lifts the world higher and higher upon its way.

Such a scholar, gentlemen, who is personally a stranger to most of us, but a friend of all of us, who vindicated the right of honest thought, despite his Alma Mater's frown, and who, carrying the torch of exploration into the obscurer passages of history, has thrown new and disturbing light upon what were supposed to be settled facts, is the guest whom we honor to-night—who sits by my side, and whom we welcome with all our hearts as he lands upon our shores.

And, as we greet him, it is, perhaps, needless kindness to tell him at once what he will so soon discover—that he has arrived among the most modest and meritorious people in the world; unless—for I see that Judge Daly is looking at me—unless it be that people of whom he has come to speak to us. A year or two before our war a distinguished American editor was in Paris, and was looking one day, with a fellow American, at the pictures in the Louvre, and talking of their country. "The fact is," said the editor, "that what we need in America is a darned good licking." A foreigner, who stood by and heard the remark, smiled eagerly, as if he knew a nation that would like to administer the castigation. "Yes, sir," said he complacently, rubbing his hands with appetite and joining in the conversation, "that is just what you do want." "But the difficulty is," continued the editor to his friend, as if he had heard nothing, "the difficulty is that there's no nation in the world that can lick us." So we turned to and licked ourselves, and we shall all behave a great deal better for it hereafter.

This was the modest view that we formerly took of our merits, and I am sure that our friend will find us just as bashful as ever. We are of the opinion of the Yankee sailor in the harbor of Naples. A United States ship had anchored there, and the King and a brilliant party of noblemen came off to visit her. There was nothing to distinguish them but their uniforms, and to the honest eyes of Yankee sailors one gold-laced man was as much a king as another; and, as one of the party tripped and disappeared, a sailor stepped up to an officer, and, touching his hat, said, "Please, sir, one of them 'ere kings has tumbled down the hatchway." And so I think our friend will discover that, since certain events in this country, we are disposed to say to him, "Please, sir, all them 'ere kings have tumbled down the hatchway."

But this modesty will not surprise him. It will seem to him the most natural thing in the world, for he is an Englishman and we are chips of the old block. If our national pride crows a sonorous Yankee-doodle-doo it is because it is fed upon the traditions of Magna Charta and of the crowning mercy at Worcester. Our fathers, who gave this country its character and direction, were Englishmen. Plymouth Rock is but a stepping stone from one Continent to another in the great march of the same historic development. When James Otis thundered against the writs of assistance it was John Pym defended the ancient rights of Englishmen. When George Washington drew his sword against King George it was John Hampden once more riding into the field against King Charles. The road is straight from Runnymede to Bunker Hill, and at Yorktown the England of the Stuarts and of slavery surrendered to the England of Alfred, of Wickliffe and of John Milton. If Jonathan Swift had been made Bishop in Virginia, as he hoped; or had Coleridge and Southey crossed the sea to found the Pantisocracy which their young enthusiasm dreamed upon the banks of the "Susquehanna," "Gulliver," the "Ancient Mariner" and "Thalaba" would have belonged to the American branch of English literature, as the books of Bryant and Emerson, of Longfellow and Lowell, of Motley and Bancroft now do. Had the parents of our guest but stepped across the sea I should ask you to join me in honoring the American historian, Mr. Froude.

It is the old Norse blood leaping in our veins, as in his, that makes our hearts thrill with his national lyric:—

> With thunders from her native oak
> She quells the floods below,
> As they roar on the shore,
> When the stormy winds do blow,
> When the battle rages loud and long,
> And the stormy winds do blow.

A great, indomitable heart beats in every line. It is the battle-cry of our kindred, of our fellow rovers of the sea. God forbid that the stormy winds of war ever again blow us into hostile collision, and grant that the hands just clasped at Geneva may be clenched in a friendly grasp that the whole world cannot sever!

But I know, gentlemen, that you are waiting for other words than mine, and I remember that when all would both glady speak and hear our speeches must be "short studies upon a great subject." Indeed, one word expresses what we would say. The first salutation which our fathers recived in their own language upon this Continent was that of the Indian Samoset to the Pilgrims, "Welcome, Englishmen!" And it is echoed in this latest greeting which we offer to an English scholar in token of the friendly sympathy and interest of a new nation, "Welcome, welcome, to America!"

The welcome thus offered was most cordially extended by the assemblage in the highly flattering reception which greeted Mr. Froude on his rising to respond. Mr. Froude said:—

ADDRESS OF MR. FROUDE.

When, a few years since, an English squadron was engaged with the forts on the Peyho, one of our ships ran on a bank, and was suffering severely from the Chinese fire. An American frigate which was in the river came to her help, the commander saying briefly that blood was thicker than water. That blood was thicker than water sent Dr. Kane into the Arctic Circle in search of Sir John Franklin. That blood was thicker than water induced the chivalrous editor of the NEW YORK HERALD to despatch Mr. Stanley into the heart of Africa to seek and find David Livingstone. The same feeling has created in the English nation a more genuine delight in the success of a private enterprise of an American citizen than if Livingstone had been discovered and brought home by the agents of our own societies.

Colonel Wentworth Higginson, whose acquaintance I had the honor of making last Summer in London, told me that what most struck him in England was that he found himself among his own countrymen. The longer he stayed among us the more he felt that he was among the same people whom he had left behind him in New York and Boston.

I myself, gentlemen, when I landed last week, had not a single personal acquaintance in this city; and I find myself not only among my own people, but among warm and generous friends.

My literary career has been a checkered one. I have been connected from the beginning with subjects on which passion is still boiling. Those who handle hot coals are apt to burn their fingers, and I have now and then burned mine. Literature, however, has also brought me many pleasures. Of all these pleasures not one has given me so much gratification as the recognition which my writings have been so fortunate as to receive in this country. Long ago your historical societies at Philadelphia and Boston were among the first to hold out a hand to me. Your reception of me here this evening, gentlemen, would have been the most agreeable experience in my literary life were it not that I feel oppressed by your goodness to me. When I see myself here surrounded by the most brilliant representatives of American literature—by men whose names have been household words wherever the English language is spoken—I am sure that you are forming expectations of me which I shall inevitably disappoint. We are all of us so constituted by nature that we can swallow a large measure of flattery, but the digestive power even here has its limits. I know too well the measure of my own capabilities. You make me feel like Falstaff before the battle of Shrewsbury—"Would 'twere evening, Hal, and all were well." Would it were a fortnight hence, when you have heard what I have to say to you, and your good opinion of me had remained unchanged.

But, gentlemen, it is not only for this that I owe you my acknowledgments. I have to thank you also for giving me an opportunity of explaining generally the purpose of my present visit to this country. In one sense, indeed, it needs no explanation. It has been the dream of my life to come to America; and I am only delighted that I have found an opportunity of realizing it. Occupied, however, as I am at home in many ways, I do not know whether I should have succeeded in accomplishing my wish, had I not combined with it another purpose—a purpose which presented itself to me at last in the shape of an obligation. What that purpose is I can best make clear by telling you how I came to form it.

Some eighteen months ago, at a London breakfast table, it was mentioned that one of the most prominent Fenian leaders was making a tour in the United States, dilating upon English tyranny and the wrongs of Ireland. No doubt, the text is a pregnant one, and it probably did not suffer in the commentary. Irish patriotism has many a charge to bring against England which can be but too well substantiated. England cannot complain if Irishmen have a long memory. There are, however, features in the long, tragical story which, if they do not palliate, at least explain and make intelligible much that we could wish undone—features which, naturally enough, the Irish overlook, yet which should be borne in mind, if an impartial judgment is to be formed on the controversy. I was aware how great an influence America possesses in Ireland. The judgment of America has more weight in Ireland than twenty batteries of English cannon; and that judgment ought not to be pronounced after hearing only the counsel for the plaintiff. I said hastily, I think I will go over and give some lectures on the other side. I spoke without serious intention; but the idea having once presented itself to me gathered form and fixity. I am not an Irishman. I do not own an acre of land in Ireland; but circumstances during the last thirty years have thrown me much among the Irish people. They are a people who either attract strongly or repel strongly. I myself had always felt myself specially drawn toward them. When at college, I used to spend my vacations wandering in the Irish mountains. I have lived in peasants' cabins for months together. I was once laid up with severe illness in the wilds of Mayo, and the poor creatures treated me with a tenderness which I shall never forget. Their history attracted me. Their condition personally interested me. I knew Ireland before the famine. I knew it in the famine. I was in Ireland afterwards, in 1848, in the Smith O'Brien insurrection. Since that time I have been an Irish tenant. Indeed, I may say I am an evicted tenant. I have been turned out of my holding, and can sympathize with the special wrong of the country, as I was very unwilling to go. But my landlord simply wanted to live in his own house and attend to his duties. If all evictions were as innocent as mine there would be little to complain of, and when I go back I hope to find some other place in the same county which will suit me as well.

While I was writing my "History of England" I was led to look closely into the conduct of the English government towards Ireland in earlier times. When that book was off my hands I began to examine into the action of the celebrated Penal laws of the last century. I had read what very few persons have read—the secret correspondence between the English and Irish administrations during all that period. I felt, in short, that I had something of importance to say, and I wished to say it. I would not act in such a matter without advice. I consulted my friends, and their answers were generally unfavorable. One said I should be mobbed by the Irish. Another that he supposed I should tell the truth—there was nothing so unpalatable as truth—I had better let it alone. Others urged more gravely that it was unbecoming and improper to discuss questions of our own domestic politics in a foreign country. There were some, however, and those who knew Ireland best, who said to me, go, and my own instinct said go. As to the Irish I have always been on good terms with them, and I believe I always shall be. I hope to spend a large part of the rest of my life among them, and if they have anything to say to me they will have an opportunity at home. As to truth, it may be unpalatable, but there is a prejudice that a little of it is not unwholesome. For the more grave objection, if I were in Parliament, if I belonged to any political party, even if I was an Irish landlord, I admit that it would have weight. It might be supposed that I was indirectly pursuing some party object. But as far as I have any public character it is simply a writer of books. I address myself equally to all English speaking people wherever they are, and there can be no possible reason why I may not address them as well with my tongue as my pen. Once for all, however, I insist that England and America do not stand to one another as foreign nations—foreign in the sense that France or Russia is foreign to us both. Politically separate we may be, but we cannot shake off our relationship. Sprung from a common stock, with a common history, common language, common laws; charged as we both are by Providence with the carrying out of that grand principle of ordered liberty, on which, as we believe, the amelioration of mankind depends, we may be rivals, but rivals only as to which of us shall represent these principles most wisely and most effectively. We may quarrel, and when we quarrel it will be with the peculiar bitterness which distinguishes family disputes. But the very acrimony is itself an evidence of the closeness of the tie which binds us. For the sting rises from the supposed absence of the special good will which each of us conceives we have a right to look for from the other. Be our political position to each other what it may—and for myself I hope and believe no angry word need ever more be exchanged between us—it is inevitable that we must retain an ardent interest in each other's future, and must remain connected by links of feeling such as cannot exist between either of us and any other powers.

And on this peculiar subject of Ireland, America has a special interest and a special right to express an opinion, owing to the peculiar relations which have sprung up between Ireland and herself.

Those relations are not the growth of yesterday. During the present century several millions of Irish Catholic peasantry have found a home and a shelter here, and the Irish people left in the old country have responded to your hospitality with a passionate and boundless gratitude. America is the land of promise, the land flowing with milk and honey in the imagination of every Irish Catholic child.

In the last century, and the century before, when the Irish Catholics remained fixed at home, there was a no less important Protestant emigration to this country. Every season, for more than a hundred years, they came over in shiploads, the very pith and marrow of the colonists who had been planted in Ireland by the Puritans—the sons and grandsons of the Cromwellian settlers, the Ulster Presbyterians, the Calvinist immigrants, English, Dutch and French, who went thither after the last conquest and were driven out by the intolerance of the Episcopalian laws. They came here, like the Pilgrim Fathers, in search of liberty which was denied them at home. In the War of Independence they made England rue the madness which had banished them. And in that same War of Independence their friends in Ireland,—the Protestants who remained there,—were the staunchest friends which America possessed.

You are thus connected equally with both the parties whose presence in Ireland constitutes the Irish difficulty. You can wish no ill to either. You are peculiarly fitted to mediate between them, while you are so circumstanced that the judgment of America—expressed through the press, through public speeches, in the thousand ways in which national sentiment can make itself felt—will carry a weight which is almost incalculable.

Gentlemen, it is now 300 years since an Englishman was sent over from London to examine and report upon the causes of Irish discontent. It was a time when, if ever, the Irish had the management of their own affairs. The result was universal misery, and the conclusion was that the cause was hopeless. "Our fathers," this writer said, could find no remedy. They had more wit and wisdom than we. How, then, can we find it? Wise men say that "the herb that will heal the wound did never grow." Nearly four hundred years have passed away; we are still seeking for that herb and cannot find it. I know not if it grows anywhere; but I yet believe that though no growth of the old hemisphere, it may be discovered in the new. It is that plant which I have come in search of. I believe it to be American opinion.

Ourselves at our wit's end, if America will counsel England what to do that she has left undone, what wrong she can yet redress that Ireland may justly complain of, England, I am certain, will listen respectfully, cordially, gratefully.

If, on the other hand, a time is ever to come when political agitation is to end in Ireland—when Celt and Saxon, Protestant and Catholic, are to live side by side in peace and quietness, it will be when America tells the Irish that they have no longer a grievance which legislation can redress, and that they must depend for their future prosperity on their own industry.

Addresses were then delivered by R. W. Emerson, W. C. Bryant, H. W. Beecher, Dr. T. D. Woolsey, Park Godwin, and, as representative of Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., by Dr. Holland.

Letters of regret were received from Professor H. W. Longfellow, J. G. Whittier, President Eliot, of Harvard; Rev. Dr. Hodge and President McCosh, of Princeton; W. D. Howells, J. R. Osgood, Mr. J. H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, and others. Subjoined are the letters of John G. Whittier and Henry W. Longfellow:—

AMESBURY, Sept. 26, 1872.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & CO.:—

GENTLEMEN—Your note of the 18th awaited me on my return last night from North Conway. I hasten to say that few things could give me greater pleasure than to meet your distinguished guest, whose reputation as a writer is co-extensive with our English tongue. But fear it will not be in my power to take advantage of your kind invitation. If I cannot be with you in person, will you allow me, through you, to join in the hearty greeting which I am sure awaits the liberal and enlightened historian who comes among us, not so much a stranger as a long-known and ever-welcome friend?

Apart from his personal claims on our regard, he comes to us as a representative of that dear old mother-land from which we are no longer estranged by unhappy differences. I am sure he will unite with us in the hope that no lingering feeling of distrust or jealousy between the two nations may survive the peaceful arbitrament of Geneva. I am, very truly, your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 20, 1872.

GENTLEMEN—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your kind invitation to the dinner in welcome of Mr. Froude, and regret extremely that it will not be in my power to accept it. It would give me great pleasure to be present on such an agreeable occasion, but my engagements will render it impossible for me to be away from home at this time.

Begging you to accept my thanks and my regrets, I am, gentlemen, yours truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

AQUATIC.

Englehardt, of Greenpoint, L. I., vs. O'Neil, of Troy, N. Y.

The Great Three-Mile Sculling Race for the Amateur Championship of the United States—The Men and Their Shells—Englehardt the Winner—Time, 22:21 1-2.

LANSINGBURG, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1872.

This immediate vicinity has been the scene of two great excitements during the past forty hours—the bold and successful Waterford Bank robbery and the scullers' boat race between James O'Neil, of Troy, and George B. Englehardt, of Greenpoint, L. I., for the amateur championship of the United States. The former is a noted athlete, occasionally indulging in a boat race, being recognized as a good oarsman. Englehardt is comparatively a "green man," but takes naturally to the oars, and bids fair before long to take the lead among American oarsmen. He is twenty-one years of age, weighs 140 pounds, is about five feet eight inches in height, of very full chest, with slender, but muscular legs, and long, stout arms. O'Neil is many years older, much taller, weighs 153 pounds, full strong arms and legs, but lacking in chest room and vital power. The race was in response to O'Neil's standing challenge to any amateur in the United States, and was rowed over the Laureate Course on the Hudson River, three miles, with one turn, the turning boats being anchored off this village.

At three o'clock a tugboat bearing the members of the Mutual Boat Club, of Albany, and Mr. Charles B. Elliott, of New York, Englehardt's judge, arrived at the handsome boat house of the Laureate Club, a mile and a half below here. After a short delay the party steamed on to Lansingburg, where Englehardt and his shell were taken on board and brought down to the boat house. Here O'Neil was found ready, and in a short time Englehardt was seated in his boat, the Johnnie Elliott. This is of Spanish cedar, 31 feet 6½ inches long, 5 inches deep, 10 inches wide, and weighs 30 pounds. O'Neil rowed in one of Waters' paper boats, 21 feet long, 11 inches wide, and weighing 25 pounds. The judges, Mr. Fred J. Englehardt, of New York, for O'Neil, and Elliott for Englehardt, with Mr. William B. Curtis, of Chicago, referee, passed to the judges' steam tug, while the contestants took their positions, Englehardt, having won the choice, taking the west side of the river.

It was after four o'clock before the word was given to "Go," when the men pulled away, O'Neil pulling forty strokes a minute, which he kept up during the race, while Englehardt pulled but thirty-four. O'Neil crowded over to the west bank, and all the excursion boats having ranged themselves on that shore it was feared that a foul would occur, but happily this was avoided, and after a quarter of a mile Englehardt took the lead, gradually leaving O'Neil up to the stakeboats, Englehardt rounding his in 10m. 30s., while O'Neil, who had been rowing nervously and wavering, missed his boat, passing away to the west of it, delaying him so that it was twenty seconds later before he turned and headed for the goal. Englehardt was now fully ten boats' lengths ahead, but O'Neil spurted handsomely and closed the gap to about three lengths, in which relative position the contestants came home, Englehardt having pulled over the three-mile course in 22m. 21½s., while O'Neil followed a few seconds later.

The betting from the start was 2 to 1 and in some cases 100 to 30 in favor of Englehardt. Many New Yorkers were present and carried home much money stakes, as O'Neil's friends were very confident. The time made is among the best on record. The weather was lovely and the surface of the river without a ripple. After the race Englehardt and friends were pleasantly entertained by the Laureate Club, returning to New York by rail, while Messrs. Pichenbrink and Garfield, of the Mutual Club at Albany, took Englehardt's boat aboard their propeller to Albany, from whence it will be shipped to New York. Reaching the home stakeboat Englehardt coolly rested on his oars to wipe his face with his handkerchief, and he stepped lightly from his boat, showing no signs of fatigue. This is the third race he has won this season, and it is said his friends talk of sending him abroad next season to test the ability of noted oarsmen there.

Aquatic Notes.

A single-scull shell race, open to all, for prizes of $100 and $50, three miles, one turn, will take place at Peekskill to-day. Gil. Ward and James Ten Eyck are among the entries.

The annual Fall regatta of the Yale University Boat Club comes off on Lake Saltonstall to-day. The Southworth Cup will be rowed for, also the shell race for the champion flag and the usual barge races. If a fair day, no doubt a thousand persons will witness these contests.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

A DISREPUTABLE SOMEBODY is using the name of the "Genealogical Society" to collect money for what he calls "American Biography, Portraits on Steel by fine Engravers, with Sketches by Eminent Authors." Gentlemen of any mark in their localities are applied to to furnish "a sketch of their biography," and if they are weak enough to fall into the trap, are saddled with a bulky volumne of trash and a bill of huge proportions.

THE REV. CHARLES NEW, of the Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition, is engaged on a work entitled, "Life, Wanderings and Labors in Eastern Africa, with an Account of the First Successful Ascent of the Equatorial Snow Mountain, Kilima-Njaro, with Remarks on the East African Slave Trade."

THE TWELFTH LITERARY CONGRESS, at which Belgian as well as Dutch *savans* were present, was held this year at Middleburg, in Zeeland.

THE NUMBER OF PAPERS published in the Empire of Russia is 337. Of these 286 reviews and journals are in the Russian language. There are forty publications in Polish, six in French, thirty in German, four in Lettish, five in Esthonian, two in Finnish and three in Hebrew.

MADAME GEORGE SAND is going to lecture in Belgium and Holland.

THE TRAVELLING LIBRARY of a President.—According to the *Petit National* the following is a list of the books which M. Thiers is in the habit of taking with him when he travels:—Vauban, two volumes; Plutarch, four volumes; Tacitus, one volume; Montesquieu, six volumes; Winkelman, "History of Ancient Art," eight volumes; "The United Code," one volume; Cæsar ("Commentaries"), one volume; Molière, eight volumes; Juvenal, one volume; the Bible, one volume; the Works of Bismarck, one volume; Adam Smith, "Wealth of Nations;" J. B. Say; "Treatise on Political Econonomy," one volume; Montaigne, six volumes; Rabelais, eight volumes; Chateaubriand, eight volumes; Lamartine, twelve volumes; the Dictionary of the French Academy, one volume; Block, "Dictionary of Politics," one volume; Paul-Louis Courrier, one volume; Voltaire ("Œuvres Choisies"), thirteen volumes; Rousseau ("Œuvres Choisies"), fourteen volumes.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR has revenged itself upon military critics by calling forth a whole host of works on military tactics, studies in leading troops, practical deductions of the campaign and essays on military operations of every kind and character, to say nothing of war journals, correspondence and note books on the subject. The latest publication bearing upon this fruitful topic, and by no means the least interesting or instructive, is "Operations of the North German Troops in Lorraine and Picardy," by Captain Seton.

FOUND DEAD.

Sarah Donnelly, fifty-three, of 422 East Fifty-fourth street, was found dead in her room last evening by her husband. She is supposed to have died from habitual intoxication. The Coroner was notified of the case.