ALONE ON THE ICE.

An American Sailor Tells the Story of a Winter's Stay in the South Shetland Islands.

THE HORRORS OF THE ANTARCTIC NIGHT.

The Perils of the Seal Hunters—Six Sailors Sent Ashore and Then Deserted—Splendor of the Southern Skies.

FORTY-THREE DEGREES BELOW ZERO!

The Burial of the Portuguese—The Vast Mountain Ranges of Frozen Snow—The Loss of All Companions—Saved!

"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE."

It is probable that the whole range of history fails to afford a parallel to the narrative of the modern Selkirk, James A. King, who was left on the South Shetland Islands, among the snow and ice, by a vessel which visited that almost unknown region in search of furs. For nearly sixteen months, part of the time with helpless companions and part of the time alone, he battled against death. Without any tangible hope of rescue, with the most horrible of deaths staring him in the face, he lived and returned to the civilized world. The story of those months of hopeless life, of hunger, privation, cold and despair would be worthy the pen of a De Foe. Simply as showing how much a man can endure and yet live, the narrative is deeply interesting; but when we try to realize the terrible solitude of this lone man, in a region where the very sun himself seems frozen to the Polar cliffs, the mind wanders and the senses refuse the bidding of the will. The narrative of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, as well as the idealization of the same under the form of "Robinson Crusoe," falls far short of this story of a New York boy who went to the South Seas in a New London schooner. It is merely a new rendering of the motto—"Truth is stranger than fiction."

The survivor of the six unfortunate sailors who were, through wilful neglect or carelessness, left to starve or freeze to death on an almost unknown island, returned to this city, where he was born and raised, a few days since. King is a strong, muscular man, of more than medium height and with great breadth of chest. His hands are almost blue from frequent frosting, and his face indicates long and continued exposure. He dresses neatly in citizen's clothes and has very little of the swagger or importance of a sailor about him. He has visited Washington and his case has been laid before the general government. It is stated that suit will be at once brought against the captain of the vessel to which he was attached for neglect in allowing the men to perish. The narrative given below, stripped, as it is, of any verbiage, is substantially as it came from the lips of the only man saved from the unfortunate boat's crew who went ashore at the South Shetland Islands from the schooner Franklin, in May, 1871.

THE SURVIVOR'S NARRATIVE.

I shipped in this city on July 26, 1870, as boat steerer, and was sent on to New London to complete the crew of the schooner Franklin, which was then fitting out in that port as a tender to the bark Peru, then in the South Seas. The Franklin, Captain James M. Holmes, sailed a few days after, and, after being nine days out, she was forced to put back for repairs, having sprung aleak. She was put on the ways and repaired. The Franklin sailed again on August 26 of the same year, and sighted the Falkland Islands, after a hundred days' voyage. We met the bark Peru, Captain George D. Gilderdale, about one hundred miles off the Falkland Islands, and her commander thinking it wise for us to go to Cape Horn for wood and provisions, we did so. Our stay there was characterized by the utmost despatch in getting our stores on board, after which we sailed for the Shetland Islands, reaching there after a voyage of eight days. Running into Potter's Cove we found the schooners Francis Allen and Golden West. After coming to anchor the stores were put ashore. The bark Peru remained in port while the Franklin went

IN SEARCH OF SEA ELEPHANTS.

Remaining twenty days at South Beach and getting 200 barrels of blubber we sailed for Penguin Island, leaving two boats' crews at this place—one under command of Captain James Hone, and the other under J. M. Buddington, second mate of the Peru. Owing to a heavy northeast gale, which sprang up soon after, we were blown off shore, so that we could not come to their rescue for twelve days. We were forced, in the meantime, to put into Desolation Island. When we returned to Penguin Island we found a board stuck up by which we were informed that the two boats' crews had left for Potter's Cove. Captain Gilderdale decided to leave two men at Desolation Island, and detailed third mate Townsend and an Indian named Charles Pierce, of Groton, Conn. The Franklin then

RAN INTO YANKEE STRAITS,

and finding a humpbacked whale, we lost twenty-two days in getting him cut up and on board. Upon our return to South Beach Third Mate Townsend came on board and reported that he had found a seal rookery on the other side of Livingston Island, known to whalers as North Beach. This was the first instance of the finding of seal at that place since the time of Wardell's visit, about 1848. The following six named men were ordered to go ashore:—James A. Walsh, alias King, of New York; Edward Townsend, of Glen Cove, L. I.; Charles Gardner, North Stonington, Ct.; Charles Pierce, of Groton, Ct.; Pedro Montaro, of Bravo Island, Cape de Verdes; and William Hess, of Camden, N. J. A whaleboat was launched and these men left the ship to get seal. Five of them, as it afterwards transpired, left the vessel forever. Mortimer H. Cassidy, second mate of the schooner Franklin, and James M. Buddington, got 600 skins which had been left by Townsend and took them on board. The schooner was then lying at anchor in a bay called Rugged Island Cove. The vessels sent out boats' crews about ten days afterwards, and the men who had been on shore—I was one of the number—turned over 1,767 skins.

DESERTED BY THE VESSELS.

Provisions for six days were then put on shore, after which Captain Gilderdale promised me to return in ten days at the furthest. We were then at a place known as Window Island, and remained twenty-two days awaiting the return of the bark Peru. At the end of that time, neither of the vessels having returned, we started to go to Potter's Cove, which we knew to be a general rendezvous for the fur-gathering vessels. Before leaving we stuck up a keg on Window Island, saying that we had gone to Potter's Cove. As it was daylight all the time we had lost our reckoning of time, so I cannot be exactly certain as to the number of days that we waited. Arriving at Potter's Cove, St. George's Island, we found that both the Peru and Franklin had gone. We were then utterly alone.

THE HORROR OF OUR SITUATION

was then fully realized. We were beyond all hope of relief from stray vessels, for we were out of the usual track, and there was no likelihood of any vessels, only those to which we were attached, visiting the place. The terrors of the Antarctic Winter were also before us. We found a self-registering thermometer at Patter's Cove and the announcement that it had been left by George D. Gilder and James M. Holmes. The date was given as May 5, 1871. We had landed on May 13 as nearly as I could calculate, so that the vessels had been gone eight days. We found two casks of bread left by Captain Benjamin Rodgers, of the schooner Golden West. These provisions had been left because the schooner had 4,000 sealskins on board, which were much more valuable cargo than bread. The finding of these casks allayed our immediate fears of hunger, as we knew this would sustain us for some time with proper care. The weather was terribly cold; our clothing, although of the heaviest furs, was insufficient to keep us warm. Out of some boards which we found a hut was built, and we began killing sea dogs for fuel. We also laid in a stock of penguin and sea leopard for food. These we found in the snow. In all whaleboats there are carried tinder boxes with steel and twelve flints.

THE TERRIBLE WINTER

had now begun in deep earnest. The snow soon fell to such a depth as to bury the hut entirely, and so as to necessitate our digging a way out from the door. This we did in a zigzag direction, so as to exclude the wind. The men took turns in going out after the provisions. We had a quantity of blubber in the hut, which furnished us with a tolerable fire during the greater part of the time. The season of night had now arrived and the aurora australis was far grander than the Arctic aurora. I have seen it as far north as eighty degrees, having made the trip with Buddington, who is now on the Polaris. In sixty-four degrees south latitude, however, the grandeur of the aurora far excels that seen in the north. The light, as it comes reflected from the glaciers and mountains of snow and ice, is like a strip of burnished silver. August is midwinter, and at that time the aurora is at its height. We were five days in the hut at one time, after a heavy snow, before we could rouse ourselves sufficiently to dig our way out.

SCALING THE GLACIERS IN THE TWILIGHT

was not, as may be imagined, either pleasant or safe work, yet we were compelled to take long trips through the snow up to our waists in search of penguin. It was death to get lost, yet we frequently went eight to ten miles from the hut, which was harder work than twenty miles of ordinary walking would have been. We constructed a sort of pike by attaching a spike to the end of a piece of board. With these and sharp-pointed stakes we scaled the great mountains of ice. There were hills and valleys—all untrodden snow. I was troubled by the recollection of having read in a book on whaling that the straits between these islands had once been frozen up for sixteen years at a time. Had this occurred we would have been left from sixty to eighty miles inland and could not possibly have hoped ever to have crossed the great barren wastes of snow and ice to the coast. It is not remarkable that two of my comrades afterwards became crazed with anxiety.

We remained at that place from about May 13 to about September 26, 1871. The provisions then began to get short. We were hopeful as yet, and up to that time had maintained tolerable health. Our troubles soon began in earnest, however. We launched our boat on the day indicated above to go to Penguin Island. On this is an extinct volcano. The ice had moved somewhat to the eastward, in the direction of the Orkney Islands, and we had hoped to be able to get through in safety. It was yet exceedingly cold, although Winter breaks up about the latter part of October. As it was, we got fast in the ice floe near Morality Bay, and were compelled to desert the boat

TO SAVE OUR LIVES.

We got on the ice flow and only succeeded in reaching the shore by jumping from cake to cake. We lost everything in the boat—compass, tinder box and provisions. We were in a terrible position. Nearly all got their feet frozen. We slept that night in the snow, under a heavy northeast gale, and in the morning started back on foot to reach if possible the old lodge at Potter's Cove. The snow was up to our waists and it required almost superhuman love of life to prevent us from lying down. Charles Gardner, of North Stonington, Conn., walked about three hundred yards and became sleepy. It was impossible to rouse him, and, unable to carry him, we were forced, much against our inclinations, to leave him to die. Pedro Montaro, the Portuguese, walked almost to Penguin Point, within about eight miles of the hut, when he gave up from fatigue and laid down, becoming quite stiff almost instantly.

THUS TWO OF OUR PARTY DIED.

The remaining four of us, Townsend, Hess, Pierce and myself, persevered and by encouraging each other succeeded in reaching the hut, almost dead with fatigue, cold and hunger. Hess' and Pierce's feet were frightfully frozen—so badly indeed that mortification set in—Townsend's were swollen very large. Being the only one who was able to walk any distance the labor of providing for the entire party devolved upon me. I went out every day in search of penguin eggs. Townsend was able to hobble about the hut and did everything he could, poor fellow, but Hess and Pierce were in terrible agony and the smell from their feet was sickening. I was taken sick one day from walking nearly ten miles through the snow, after eggs, and the horror of that night, when the prospect of starvation stared us in the face, is beyond the power of description. My illness was, however, only temporary, and I was on my feet the next day.

I WAS GETTING SO WEAK AND EMACIATED

that I could not chase a penguin. One day Townsend saw a sea-leopard lying on the ice. We took two pieces of board, and after fighting the animal for an hour succeeded in killing him. The flesh of this animal recuperated us a great deal, as we had been living solely on penguin flesh, which contains very little nutrition. The weather was now getting pleasanter and the snow was melting somewhat. It was in the beginning of October Pierce and Hess began to lose their minds. The terrible despondency which had filled our hearts for more than five months had produced utter mental prostration. I have wondered a hundred times that I did not become insane. The thermometer had during the Winter registered forty-three degrees below zero. Our faces had been entirely enveloped in furs, yet one of our number had had his nose frozen.

THE LAST SEPARATION.

The snow having began to melt, an old boat, which had been left by the schooner Francis Allen, was discovered. Thinking that some provisions had been left by Captain Gilderdale at South Beach Pierce and Hess, who had only partially recovered, and Townsend, determined to take this boat and go there. They launched the boat, without sails, oars or anything except three pieces of boards made into paddles. I remonstrated with Townsend about going, and he said that they might as well die at South Beach or on the way as to stay there and be the cause of starving me. He said that they were a burden to me, and that I might be able to live longer if they were to go away. They hoped to find a medicine chest, as well as provisions, for they argued that Captain Gilderdale would not have deserted them without leaving something, at least, to keep soul and body together. The distance across to South Beach, Livingston Island, was more than sixty miles and the water was filled with floating ice.

I STILL HAD HOPE

that some vessels would arrive in November, and was resolved to stay where I was. I remonstrated, therefore, against the separation and tried to encourage them all to stay, but they were determined to go. They started among the ice and were soon lost to sight. I never saw them again. After their departure I remained in the hut all alone for about forty days. It was now the light season again. I was awakened from a sound sleep on the 22d of November, 1872, by the voices of men. I was very weak and had subsisted for several days upon the remnants of my stock of provisions. I was so weak that I did not realize the situation until I heard a man cry out to some one behind him:

"THERE IS A SKELETON IN THIS HUT!"

It was like help to a drowning man. I was on my feet in an instant. I forgot my weakness. The man who found me was named Smith, and belonged to the bark Nile, of New London. John Glass, second mate of the vessel, then entered the hut, and, recognizing me, exclaimed, "Why, King, are you all that is left?" I replied that I was, and related all the particulars which I have given above. At this moment Captain John Williams entered, and, instead of asking after me or my poor dead comrades, addressed me in these words:—"Where in h—l did you come from? Where is that thermometer and all the skins? Go aboard the ship with Mr. Church." I went on board the Nile and remained in the Nile until she reached Pernambuco, where I found Joseph A. Striker, the United States Consul. He treated me very kindly, furnished me money and took my statement, which he forwarded to Washington. I left there in the schooner Lizzie P. Simmons, Captain Jerry Potts, and arrived at New York the latter part of last April. That is all of my story.

FREEMASONRY.

Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

The ninetieth annual communication of this body will commence to-morrow (Tuesday), and, for the first time in many years, in a hall of their own, in the new temple on the northeast corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue. Many are of the opinion that the hall is to be dedicated, and that Masons should not occupy it until such dedication has taken place. In both opinions speculators are mistaken. The temple will not be dedicated until June, 1874, when it will be finished. The dedication will then take place with appropriate ceremonies, and will be worth witnessing. As already stated, the Masons of New York have not had a home of their own to assemble in for many years—not since 1842—nor did they assemble in any room consecrated to Masonry. A lodge room was too small, and so they have met consecutively in Odd Fellows' Hall, in the City Assembly Rooms, on Broadway, before that place was destroyed by fire; in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, in Irving Hall, and, for the last three annual sessions, in Apollo Hall, at Twenty-eighth street and Broadway. The opening, however, will not be devoid of interest, as there will be some excellent music under the direction of the musical director to the Grand Lodge, Past Master William F. Sherwin, while Brother William Keating, of the same lodge, with his entire band, have volunteered. In this State there are about seven hundred lodges, the majority of which are located within ten miles of the City Hall, and will each be represented by from three to six or seven delegates, according to the number of members, there being three allowed for fifty members and one more for every additional fifty. These, with the grand and past grand officers, will give a delegation of 1,000 members, which, with visitors, will swell the audience to some 2,000 persons, making the Grand Lodge of Masons of New York the largest deliberative body in the world.

The principal business at this communication will be the discussion and probable adoption of a new constitution which has been carefully revised and recommended for adoption by a delegate from each of the twenty-six Masonic districts in the State, comprising the best talent of the Order, and presided over by M. W. John L. Lewis, of Penn Yan, assisted by M. W. John W. Simons, of this city.

The election of grand officers will take place probably on Thursday, when the following will no doubt be elected, and, if so, then Brother James F. Austin will have completed his twentieth year as Grand Secretary:—M. W. Christopher G. Fox, of Buffalo, Grand Master; R. W. Ellwood E. Thorne, of New York, Deputy Grand Master; R. W. Edmund L. Judson, of Albany, Senior Grand Master; R. W. James W. Housted, of Peekskill, better known as the "Bald Eagle of Westchester," Junior Grand Warden; M. W. John M. Simons, of New York, Grand Treasurer; R. W. James M. Austin, M. D., of New York, Grand Secretary, and R. W.'s and Revs. R. L. Schoonmaker, of Sing Sing; Ferdinand C. Ewer, of New York, and John G. Webster, of Palmyra, Grand Chaplains, while W. John Hoole and Johnston Fountain will be re-elected Grand Tyler and Grand Pursuivant respectively, making the latter complete over a quarter of a century in that office.

The financial affairs of the craft are in a satisfactory and flourishing condition, and the membership looks to the gentlemen now charged with the Temple building to complete the edifice and have it in readiness for dedication by next year.

THE MOVEMENT UP TOWN!

FROM THE BATTERY TO HARLEM.

The Influence of Great Public Improvements in Particular Localities—The Widening of Broadway and the General Character of Uptown Buildings.

"The movement up town" has been the subject of many articles ever since Manhattan Island was sold in fee simple for the sum of $24. Peter Stuyvesant made a very rapid movement up town, according to his biographer, Irving, and even Hendrick Hudson did not stop at the corner of West and Barclay streets. All the ancients went up town, as, indeed, all the moderns do now; and it is only the man near the end of his century who still clings to that area below Canal street as an agreeable place of residence. The man who attempts to forecast the future of the island is now lost in contemplation of the worthy projects of the Chamber of Commerce and the natural restraint which is put on all progress about the Harlem River by dilatory legislation and the want of the proper capital. Every one starts out with the very correct proposition that when the mine is exploded at Hallet's Point and a pleasant highway is opened to the Sound that property about Spuyten Duyvil Creek through to the North River will double in value; that New Yorkers will begin to settle there; that soon a ship canal will connect the North with the East River; that all commercial warehouses will be built up along the Sound and the North River, and that the Battery end of the island will suffer tremendously. No doubt there is much truth in this general view, but it is much safer to determine the gradual upward movement towards Harlem, which has been going on in parallels so long, than to describe the imaginary city of Westchester, N. Y., the fondest dream of the speculators who have whole villages to sell along the Sound. The opening of South Fifth avenue has been of infinite importance to the traffic of the city in relieving contiguous thoroughfares and promising a reform to the low and filthy environs of that quarter. This improvement is but one of a type which is absolutely necessary not only for the health of the population, but for local communication and transportation. The absolute need of the city is to have through streets—continuous thoroughfares. Nowhere on the island is this necessity more apparent than below Canal street, where there are no main arteries from river to river; yet a much better disposition prevails among property owners than was apparent some years ago. Even now, however, nothing can be thoroughly determined until localities cease to be the slaves of

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS OF TRADE,

dependent upon the fluctuations of that specialty, upon its caprices and numberless accidents. Every branch of trade has become gregarious. It is fixed as a fact that every broker must be at or near Broad street, that shipping men must hive about Bowling green and that newspapers must fringe the outlines of Printing House square. Every season furnishes fresh rumors that these and other branches of business are to undertake some astonishing migration toward the Harlem River. At one time we hear of the Stock Exchange negotiating for St. Paul's church; again the Astor House is threatened with the Bedlam of America, and Mr. Stewart's downtown store is the ill-fated situation. The dry goods trade is nervous to gather about Fourteenth street and has made ambitious moves in that direction, and many dealers have suffered in anticipating the "movement up town." It will thus be seen that no migration has been entirely successful, and that, as yet, all wholesale transfers must await some new and surprising developments, such as the sudden growth of the city at the extreme north end of the island or a remote contingency, as "rapid transit."

During the past three years New York has exhibited more

SUBSTANTIAL GROWTH,

that is, in edifices and the opening of new streets, than almost any other city of the world. It is doubtful if the population has increased at all; but the city has become cosmopolized, so to speak, and the buildings and private houses going up have been of a character better suited to the wealth and solid nature of proprietors than in former years. Even where new buildings have not been constructed, there is an observable tendency to improve old and piecemeal architecture; to consolidate and unify rows of useless houses, and combine them into a symmetrical structure; to favor the idea of "flats" and elevators, and, in fine, to begin a new era in city construction. It is of this era, with all its modern improvements, that it is proposed to speak of in this article.

We are passing from colonial into European life. We are adopting all the agreeable phases of existence which prevail in Europe, adding to them such comforts and elegancies as belong to us and to our Continent. The old system of paying $3 or $5 a day and living in hotels, or of paying $10 to $50 a week and suffering all the inconceivable ills of boarding house life is passing away, and instead hotels on the European plan now form the chief feature of the last three years' construction, or buildings devoted to rooms in suits. The hard commercial aspect of 1860 is gone, and no longer do we behold a dull, inane Union square, with sickly gas lights and wooden benches, but

A BROAD, OPEN PLAZA,

brilliantly lighted, and a lively, agreeable lounging place by day or by night, at the very centre of the population of the island.

UNION SQUARE

may now be termed the centre of the city, the nucleus of its metropolitan life, displaying the endless and varying nebulæ of mind, body and estate, native or foreign, to our shores. While the same careless stream of "counter jumpers," and the miniature and grander men of mercantile life pour down through its side thoroughfares and its winding walks every morning from half-past seven A. M. to ten o'clock, another tide sets in before noon which sweeps the walks of Broadway and delivers a rivulet of fashion as far as Bleecker street. Then at three P. M. the squads of overdressed ladies begin their ascent of Broadway, and

THE OILY-HAIRED SWELL

puts on his kid gloves, gives a finishing brush to his white beaver, and begins a gait which he mathematically calculates will bring to him the applause of the beauties of the town. These shades of life, differing with every hour and block, revealing so much that is weak in human nature and so little that is the product of a strict commercial life, are alone typical of the mere transition period of the city's innovations. Though to-day Union square is by night the most brilliantly lighted, and, indeed, attractive scene in the city, ten years hence it may be more like Stygian darkness. Few improvements seem to have the character of permanency about them.

THE LOFTY IRON PILE

at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street, while solid enough in its construction and imposing enough in its outlines, is but the mere fragment of a building. Its ambitious height serves to inform its neighbors that they are but mere pens and its paltry proportions in plain view suggest that space in the sky is cheaper than on the earth. In other words, "if I cannot have a big building, I can have a tall one." From the nature of the real estate on the block in question, it will be impossible to build a symmetrical edifice to University place. One of the best corners in New York has therefore been disfigured by the piece of a building which would have been tolerable if it could have been entire. The building on

THE EAST SIDE OF UNION SQUARE

is not open to the same objections. A new hotel has been constructed there. The vacant space formerly occupied by the circus in Fourteenth street will be the site of a handsome edifice. In all the streets lateral to Union square there is a marked determination of trade to settle about this important centre. Shops on the Paris plan—better on the Palais Royal plan—seem to be gathering about that locality. Union square is to New York what Soho is to London. French restaurants, *table d'hotes*, *coiffeurs* and dressmakers, and *marchands de bric-a-brac* are living in the vicinity. The tendency to drive out dwellers on Fifth avenue is not so impatient and strong as many people thought it would be; and this is due chiefly to the tenacity with which dwellers retain their houses. All progress about this section of the city is small, however, compared with the growth about Forty-second street. The widening of Broadway has given an impetus to building, and the anxiety to obtain cheap homes has drawn many investors to the north end of the island. It is a curious fact that families who thought that they could live comfortably as high up as Ninetieth street are beginning to change their minds, and by the lack of that long promised boon, "rapid transit," they find that they are obliged to move down town again.

Thus, while there is always an evident and daily increasing progress, and always to northward, it is governed by so many local changes that it is now impossible to fix the exact lines where

THE GREAT FUTURE OF THE CITY

will be. When the honeycomb of tunnels and circular galleries shall have been blown up, and navigation shall be clear from the Sound to the Battery; when the East River bridge shall be suspended between its two majestic piers; when the long agitated question of a canal between the two rivers shall be finally settled; when rapid transit shall be a fact and not a chimera; and when the special trades shall be anchored in fixed localities, then the regular lines of improvement and advancement can be laid out without any difficulty. As we stand to-day, everybody who goes up town is sure that future years will bring him profit; but he does not know how long it may be before the happy day arrives.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

What a pleasure it would be to be able to write something nice and agreeable about every little song and piano composition that comes under our notice! We should then escape the indignation of would-be composers, who think nothing easier than writing something that will permit them to parade their names on the title page of a piece of music. But, unhappily, the unpleasant term, trash, is the only word in our language that exactly suits the greater part of the music published nowadays. It is an idle waste of time and space to explain at length why a piece of music is irretrievably bad. The visit of Rubinstein to this country will, it is to be hoped, be productive of a reform in the class of works which have too long found a willing ear from unscrupulous publishers and purchasers in credulous young ladies.

Louis Berge publishes the following:—

"Lamento." Contralto song. A. Marotta. Written in the most florid Italian style, but dramatic; endowed with an emotional theme which can be sung with a world of expression, and artistically framed in a rich, descriptive accompaniment.

"Little Birds Go To Sleep," and "Nora Is Pretty." Songs. By F. A. Howson. Two little gems, showing taste, culture and an ambition above the common standard.

G. Schirmer publishes the following:—

"Variations on Yankee Doodle." Rubinstein. A more unfortunate title could not be selected for this truly grand work. Our national air certainly forms the groundwork, but the wonderful treatment it receives and the fertility of ideas of the most exalted kind displayed in every page demand a more expressive name. As an appropriate title we would suggest "America," "Poeme," or "Etude Symphonique for the piano." To those inclined to trace out a history in the work, *à la* Berlioz, there is an ample opportunity to discover where the composer intended to portray certain events or characteristics. Those who attended the seven memorable recitals will find traces of various styles in this work, from Bach down to Liszt. It is, indeed, a work worthy of the study and attention of every musician, for, although few can ever master its difficulties sufficiently to be able to play it in public, yet every one will derive benefit from the lessons conveyed in it. We know that many will sneer at the idea of a classical work containing "Yankee Doodle," but they must not forget that the mind ennobles the subject, no matter how commonplace the latter may be. No one will dare utter a word against the "Seventh Symphony" of Beethoven, and yet the leading theme in the last movement is as vulgar (so to speak) a theme as "Yankee Doodle."

"Doumka in G minor," "Polonaise in E major" and "Etude in D minor." Rubinstein. These three works will give a vivid idea of the entire originality of style which the Russian pianist can assume at pleasure. The "Etude" is a splendid study of octaves for the left hand.

"The Meeting." Waltz song. Arditi. One of those glittering show pieces like the other waltzes, "Il Bacio," "L'Estasi," &c., of the composer, designed only to give such skyrocket voices as those of the Pattis a wide field for bravura display.

"Constant Love." Melody. C. Pinsati. This is of an entirely different character, being designed for Mme. Nilsson Rouzand. There is a simplicity and grace about the theme and its treatment admirably suited for the expressive style of that lady.

"Non eo Perche." Melodia valzer. Tito Mattei. In the most extravagant bravura style, but possessing more solidity of melody than Arditi's works.

"Forosetta." Aria in form of Tarantella. Arditi. Another show piece for Mme. Adelina Patti, only fit for bravura purposes.

William A. Pond & Co. publish the following:—

"Celtic Polka." J. N. Pattison. In the composer's happiest vein, with taking themes, brilliant and effective, and yet within the capacity of any player. It will, undoubtedly, attain a degree of popularity second to none of Mr. Pattison's other works.

"Addie Waltzes." R. Aronson. Although there is nothing particularly fresh in this *salon* piece, yet it can hold its own with the most of our modern waltzes.

"Side by Side." Song and chorus. Henry Tucker. Hackneyed and uninteresting. Thousands of such trashy songs may be found out West.

"Nobody Knows." Song. Frederic Clay. Hardly melody enough to be popular and of no value whatever to a musician.

"Joyous Reapers." Vocal duet. Campana. A rather trifling, sketchy composition for two female voices.

"Elfian Whispers." Wehli. A pretty, unpretending little work in polka form, not devoid of grace and attractiveness.

"Voices of the Night." Nocturne in A flat. J. E. Muller. A 12-8 time melody, as old as the hills, and a very commonplace setting to it.

"Minuet in D major." Franz Schubert. One of Rubinstein's favorite selections, arranged from the orchestra.

"School for Octave Playing." H. Mayer. Very excellent studies, which, if adhered to, will prove beneficial to the pupil. There is nothing in the study of the piano more important than steadiness and ease in octave passages.

"Folie," *caprice etude*, and "Reve d'Ariel," valse. Prudent. The distinguished pupil of Thalberg, in these two works, follows closely in the footsteps of his master. Both pieces are, therefore, charming. Emile Prudent is the composer of the popular "Fireflies," from which Mills drew his ideas of "Fairy Fingers."

"Mais Allons." Galop. Ira Leo Bamberger. A trifling lot of themes which fail to interest anybody, and the treatment, clever though it may be, cannot be of any utility to the barrenness of the subjects.

"Phi Kappa Psi." March. Florian Muller. Brilliant and telling in a popular vein.

"The Star that Lights." Song and chorus. K. S. Toelle. Although this style of melody is somewhat hackneyed, yet in the case of the one in question it is very attractive.

Ditson & Co., New York and Boston, publish the following:—

"Flower Song." Gustave Lange. A pretty melody, neatly and tastefully arranged for the Beethoven Quintet Club.

"Evening." Brinley Richards. A good exercise for beginners and not entirely devoid of melodic beauty.

"Twilight Bells." *Reverie religieuse*. E. Dorn. Although as a general rule "bell" pieces for the piano are nuisances, still there are some honorable exceptions, and this is one. It is very cleverly arranged so as to avoid the monotony attached generally to this class of compositions.

"Sound an Alarm." A handsome edition of the celebrated war song from "Judas Maccabeus," which Mr. Sims Reeves sings and creates a furor, and which Mr. Nelson Varley attempted to sing and created an opposite feeling.

"Not a Sparrow Faileth" and "Dream of Angels." Songs. Abt. Not only is the charm of Abt's melody in both these songs, but to it is added exceedingly rich and graceful accompaniments.

"Sleep On." Song. Louisa Gray. A melody of mediocre merit. One of the verses conveys the startling intelligence that "the moon has raised her light." Strike?

"Bright Hope." Song. H. P. Danks. A rather commonplace melody in 12-8 time.

"Esmeralda Bolero." Brinley Richards. This composer has been long an established favorite in the *salon*. In this bolero he displays much of his characteristic brightness and simplicity of style and easy grace.

"Arabesques." Isidor Seiss. A number of beautiful little melodic gems, too much, however, like the "Kinderscenen" of Schumann to be ascribed to Mr. Seiss.

"Stars Trembling O'er Us." Song. G. D. Wilson. A very beautiful melody wedded to poetry equally attractive.

"The Pilgrim of Love." Recitative and romance. Bishop. A gem from the hands of the king of English musicians, in which Reeves has won distinction.

The operatic editions of this house have acquired a degree of popularity second to none even from Europe.

W. H. Ewald, Jersey City, publish the following:—

"American Hearts Waltzes." Wagner. Somewhat in the style of Strauss, and better adapted for the orchestra than the piano.

"Ernestine." Song and chorus. C. S. Toelle. Worthless and uninteresting.

"Oneida Lancers." H. D. Wagner. Pretty fair specimen of ball room dances.

"Belles of the City Galop." Wagner. A poor imitation of the "Jolly Brothers' Galop."

"Till They Lay Me 'Neath the Sod." Song and chorus. C. E. Pratt. The melody is very pretty and quite in keeping with the sentiment of the beautiful words by Colonel Kerrigan.

"Polka Pathetic." C. J. Grass. A nicely arranged *salon* piece, with good themes; but where the idea "pathetic" comes in we are at a loss to know.

"My Dear Little Home." Song and chorus. Harry Percy. Hardly worth the paper on which it is written.

Cory Brothers, Providence, publish the following:—

"Sweet Echoes Polka." C. D. Blake. This, and a number of other dancing pieces, are arranged for small figures and may prove useful to beginners, although their musical value is o.

"Fairy Forms." Song and chorus. C. D. Blake. A commonplace, hackneyed melody, and a very substantial form on the title page.

"Autumn Leaves." Song and chorus. C. D. Blake. This and a song called "Mollie's Answer" can only be criticized by the one expressive word—trash.

D. P. Faulds, Louisville, publishes a *fantaisie élégante* on "Ernani," by Ernest Zoeller. A simple, pleasing arrangement of a few themes from Verdi's opera.

Edward Schuberth & Co. publish a choice selection of the latest German vocal and instrumental works and several standard editions of the operas.

Ernest Reinking, Fourth avenue, agent for some of the largest European houses, has an exceedingly beautiful edition of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Field, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Chopin. Every style of classical music is represented in this collection.

Boosey & Co., London and New York, publish cheap editions of the principal Italian, French, German and English operas, and collections of national airs and *salon* works. For cheapness and convenience these editions are unrivalled.

THE NAVAL CADETS.

Middies Deep in Examination Papers and Naval Love.

The Sham Fight—Young "Freshies" Looking Anxiously for June 5—Company B Wins the Annual Drill Prize—Personnel of the Board of Visitors—Officers of the Constellation on the Summer Cruise.

ANNAPOLIS, May 23, 1873.

This year the Spring festivities have begun early. Among these Spring festivities a prominent feature is the sham fight. I believe the programme this year, however, exhibits two sham fights, one of which took place on Monday last, and was rather an unequal combat, even for a "sham," since it was waged between 200 midshipmen on one side and forty marines on the other. And yet the marines "licked" them. The midshipmen were led by Lieutenant Commander A. P. Cook, a gentleman from New England, whose excess of weight is balanced by protuberant side whiskers, and the marines were commanded by Lieutenant Robinson, a corpulent gentleman. I shall not go into details; suffice it to say that the ordinary quantity of window glass was smashed and the ordinary number of midshipmen's eyebrows singed. The midshipmen were outgeneraled most abominably.

The annual examinations are now in progress, and consequently many hearts in the Academy palpitate violently. The examinations are, of course, very rigorous, and the preparations for them as rigorous.

The examination of candidates for admission commences on the 5th of June, and will this year be more severe, it is said, than ever before; but as this assertion is made every year the statement may be received with a mental reservation. Already knots of anxious "freshies"—that is, candates, may be seen every afternoon strolling about the Academy grounds with reverent though apprehensive looks. These, not yet examined, and accordingly not yet admitted, may be distinguished by their civilian dress—a source of much pain to themselves and of much delight to the uniformed and brass-buttoned middies, who lose no opportunity of vigorously evincing their contempt for the "new ones" and of "keeping them in their places."

This afternoon we had the annual competitive drill. It was participated in by the four companies, A, B, C and D, comprising the battalion of cadets. The prize was a large blue silk flag, fringed with gold, and bearing the inscription, "Excelsior." Of course, a large crowd, composed of the female and other friends of the cadets, assembled on "the shaven plot of grass," near Admiral Worden's residence, to witness the affair. The Committee of Decision was composed of Captain A. P. Cook and Lieutenant Soley, United States Navy, and Lieutenant Robinson, United States Marine Corps, who, after a long and tedious drill by the four companies, without music, awarded the prize to Company B, Captain Fewler, who bears the reputation among the ladies of being the handsomest and "dearest" young man in the "Yard." The banner was presented most gracefully by Miss Ludlow, and General J. J. Reynolds, of the United States Army, made a neat and appropriate little speech, in which he bade the cadets "remember their country," "do their duty," and other things. The Japanese Prince Azmera, nephew to the Mikado, and the colored cadet, Conyers, are both members of this company, and both drilled excellently, especially Conyers.

The graduating class this year numbers twenty-eight members, and, after the examinations terminates will be allowed a short leave. They will then be shipped for the customary year's cruise. The other classes will also go upon a Summer cruise in the frigate Constellation about the middle of June. The officers of the Constellation this year are Lieutenant Commander A. P. Cook, Captain; Lieutenant Commander O. A. Batchellor, Executive Officer; Lieutenant Commander S. W. Coffin, Navigator; Lieutenant Commander C. F. Goodrich, Lieutenant Commander E. F. Chadwick, Lieutenant T. A. Lyons, Lieutenant J. E. Craig and Lieutenant M. R. S. Mackenzie.

The Board of Visitors to attend the annual examinations, which have commenced, have already arrived, and are:—Hon. Alvah Sabin, Vermont; General J. J. Reynolds, United States Army; Professor D. A. Wallace, Monmouth College, Illinois; Victor Du Pont, Delaware; Professor C. S. Rogers, Tennessee; Hon. T. H. Dudley, New Jersey; W. H. Hackett, New Hampshire; Professor G. W. Atherton, New Jersey; Judge A. A. Knight, Florida; Judge D. A. Purdee, Louisiana; Rear Admiral C. H. Davis, Captain George H. Preble, Chief Engineer Charles H. Baker.

The two events of a midshipman's life—Diploma Day and the great June ball—are now being actively prepared for. On Diploma Day, the 31st of May this year, the graduating class will receive their diplomas with an oration, either from President Grant or Secretary Robeson, of the Navy Department. Diploma Day will also, doubtless, as in times past, be the occasion of a grand dress parade, cannon practice, howitzer drill, &c. This event, however, is cast in the shade and relegated into darkness by the ball. Already is the necessary amount of back hair and other winning superfluities being collected for the occasion by the fair ones of Annapolis, Washington, Baltimore and otherwheres; already partners are being engaged and a general flutter of expectancy pervades. The sailing of the Constitution early in June on the Summer cruise will be the signal for the breaking up of the Academy season and the Academy "set." Everybody will forthwith "set" off for the Springs that can, and everybody that can't will content himself or herself with the "shrub-decked lawns and silver-sprinkled floods" that go to make up these "dear, delightful" Academy grounds. Truly, we could scarcely desire a more enchanting watering place, nestled down in sturdy old trees and fresh-looking greenery, peeping cunningly from every nook and corner of the "yard;" the smooth, even lawns, dotted with picturesque Summer houses and refreshing fountains, and ever bathed in gelid breezes from the Chesapeake.

Truly, "the clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed flowers."

Close of the Proceedings—Diplomas Delivered by Secretary Robeson.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 1, 1873.

A despatch from Annapolis says:—"At the graduating exercises of the cadets yesterday Admiral Davis delivered the annual address in the chapel, after which a dress parade took place on the grounds. The graduating midshipmen and engineers then stepped forward from the ranks, threw down their muskets and swords, as customary, and marched up in front of Secretary Robeson, the band playing, 'Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness!'"

Secretary Robeson made a short speech, and delivered the diplomas to the Midshipmen. Schuelze, of Missouri; Dearing, of Maine; Fowler, of Massachusetts; Howard, of Illinois, and Cowes, of Connecticut, were respectively the highest in the class, and cadet Leach the highest in the engineer class.

When the Secretary concluded delivering the diplomas the band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the other classes cheering the graduates, among whom was Zun Zow Matzinulla, a Japanese.

The graduates have one month's leave, and will then be ordered to sea. The second and fourth class