IN ICY FETTERS.

Continued Freaks of Our Frosty Foe.

KITCHEN BOILER DANGERS.

How the Bursting of Water Pipes May Be Avoided.

SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

Great Accumulations of Ice in the Harbor.

SPASMODIC FERRY TRAVEL

The probable continuance of the present severe weather for some weeks yet is more than likely, to increase the inconveniences and annoyances that householders and tenants are called upon to suffer, in so far as a short supply of water is concerned, as well as from the disturbing influences exercised on the domestic arrangements, brought about by bursted and leaking pipes, to which reference was called in yesterday's HERALD. In the article upon this subject the causes operating to effect this trouble were treated of at considerable length. Numerous suggestions, too, were offered, which, if put more generally into practice, would tend in no small degree to obviate this sore infliction on the part of rude old Father Winter. Rich and poor alike will do well during the continuance of this reign of ice to pay timely heed to the matter of their water conduits and not wrap themselves up in a false feeling of security because they have, up to the present moment, enjoyed an immunity from the troubles of flooding from bursted pipes. Every one occupying a house,

A FRENCH FLAT,

or a floor in a tenement will do well to at once institute a complete and thorough examination of the pipes under their immediate control, more especially if any of them have become frozen and the water has ceased to flow. They may discover in time a slight fissure, which, if at once attended to and repaired, will prevent untold misery and save a vast amount of expense. On every side it is common to hear people, when descanting on the miseries of the cold, say, "I don't know what to do, the pipes in our house are all frozen up and we have to go half a block for water, as our next door neighbors are in the same plight with ourselves." Generally this is the extent of the notice taken of the matter and the pipes are left to themselves, in the belief that after a few days all will be right again. Now, however, is the time when people should exercise the greatest caution and at once institute a rigid inspection, not only for the sake of their comfort but for that of their pocket also. The pipes in the bathroom and closets should be specially attended to, and more particularly if the latter is within the house, for by even a temporary stoppage of the water supply much annoyance and danger to health is caused. Foul odors and disagreeable smells, if such places are not kept scrupulously clean, are generated and force

THEIR INSIDIOUS WAY

over and through every part of the dwelling, which, if allowed to continue for any length of time, result in attacks on the inmates of typhoid and other fevers, oftentimes fatal in their termination. Even should no such severe illness occur, headaches and sickness at least cannot be escaped. The drain pipes in the sinks and other places should also be watched, for these as frequently become obstructed by the freezing process as the water pipes themselves. They, too, occasionally burst, but not so often, for they are generally made of iron in place of lead, and, being also of larger calibre, are better able to bear the strain. Should a fracture occur and be left unattended to the disagreeable consequences can be more readily imagined than described. It has been suggested to the writer that all this trouble might be guarded against in a very great degree, if not prevented altogether, by the encasing of all pipes, both from the main and up through the house, in a boxing of wood filled in with either

SAWDUST OR DRY SAND,

or some other inexpensive material which would prevent contact with the air. The old saw has it, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," so it is in the case of the water arrangements within our homes. And every one that values his own comfort and his property should be constantly on the alert during the winter months to prevent their being overcome by this swamping demon.

Where pipes are placed outside in the open air they should be covered on the first approach of cold weather, otherwise they are liable to become frozen the first time that the thermometer sinks below the freezing point. If the temperature falls but a few degrees lower the water is congealed and expanded until a crack is caused and then when the thaw sets in a flood of water escapes, which deluges basements and cellars and renders the whole structure above damp and unwholesome for several months. The water will not as readily drain off in winter as in summer. Rheumatism, colds, and other disagreeables are the result to the tenants living in the house.

A HOUSEHOLD DANGER.

The above are some of the annoyances and evil consequences that result from frozen pipes, but there is, besides, a terrible source of positive danger in every house that requires to be guarded against with the utmost forethought and vigilance arising from this same trouble. It is one, too, that may at any moment destroy the peace of any family, and hurl, without a moment's warning, the members thereof into eternity. Or it may result in consequences almost as disastrous, such as maiming and disfigurement of person and body, condemning the unlucky victim to a lifelong and terrible suffering. This danger is to be found in the kitchen range and boiler, or rather in the box wherein the water is heated, which flows thence into the boiler. Every day nearly accounts come to hand describing the explosion of boilers in private houses and the killing thereby of one or more of the inmates. It would be supposed that the warnings contained in these announcements, which are made public through the newspapers, would induce a greater degree of caution on the part of those using ranges with boilers attached, but it really seems to be the exception and not the rule for any particular attention to be devoted to a regular and systematic daily examination, by which the terrible results of neglect might be avoided.

Boilers are allowed to become entirely emptied of water before it is discovered that there is nothing in them and that there is

A STOPPAGE IN THE SUPPLY

somewhere. In the meantime the fire is lighted as usual and after the plates at the back have become red hot the water suddenly flows in, the obstruction by some means having been withdrawn, to the water box; the water at first is repelled from the surface of the plates, but after a time becomes so thoroughly overheated as to be instantaneously generated into steam and thereby causing an explosion.

At this season it is no uncommon thing for the supply pipe to become frozen during the night and the boiler, too, for that matter, so that when the fires are set going in the morning the chances are greatly in favor of an accident such as above referred to occurring, for steam is so suddenly generated in the water box as to be unable to escape through the usual channels. If then gets so superheated as to cause an explosion. The pipes supplying the water to be heated should be examined every morning, and if found obstructed with ice should be thawed out before the fire is lighted, for if there is only a small quantity of water at the back of the fire to be operated on the effects from the superheating of the steam generated are likely to be equally of the same dangerous character.

Many families have little ones, whom they love and cherish, who are allowed to play in the kitchen or are constantly running in and out.

NO THOUGHT OF DANGER

deters them, nor do the parents stop to think that their criminal—for it is criminal—neglect exposes these thoughtless and innocent children to the chances of destruction at any moment should a bursting of the boiler happen. The plates forming the water box, too, should be often examined, for by the action of the fire and water they become worn on the fire side and coated and furred on the inside, rendering them liable at any minute to fracture by any unusual pressure from the steam within, if the feed is not equal to the consumption of water.

Hotel keepers, manufacturers and others who use large boilers, either for heating purposes or for motive power, will do well, also, to caution the men having the boilers in charge to pay close and constant attention to their water pipes so long as the frost lasts, for by this means many a valuable life may be saved and much loss of money, inconvenience and annoyance be prevented. In large and high buildings, too, where hydraulic elevators are used, an examination of the apparatus each morning before putting the machine to work should also be the rule, although from the very nature of the service required the pipes used are made unusually strong. Still a little extra caution in extreme cold weather can do no harm and may possibly be the means of preventing even a probable

SACRIFICE OF LIFE.

Iron is liable to crack or give way when acted upon by severe cold as well as by pressure. To sum up the subject in a few words, it behooves every individual for the sake of his own comfort and that of those dependent on him, when he is burdened with the cares of a household, to watch with a wary and jealous eye every pipe in the place where he may reside through which water is allowed to flow, and to repair without delay the slightest defect or crack that he may discover. He will then save himself and his family from the disagreableness above described, besides effecting a saving of money and temper. Above all, when a plumber is called in, supervise him while at work; otherwise it may be discovered that shortly after his departure his services will have to be again called in to stop a leak which has occurred suddenly in some other spot, not far remote from the one just mended. There are without doubt honest plumbers; but water pipes in frosty weather are very tender. Like young plants they require to be handled tenderly, and must be protected from rude hands and chilling blasts with about the same degree of care.

THE ICE BARRIER.

TROUBLES IN THE BAY AND AT THE FERRIES—DEPARTURE OF A VAGRANT SEAL—AMUSING SCENE ON THE EAST RIVER.

Notwithstanding the mildness of the temperature and the calm atmosphere of the last two days, the icy obstructions in the rivers and bay have diminished in quantity but little. The character of the ice has, however, changed greatly, and in place of the solid crystal buttresses which have frowned defiance to the river craft for the past week there is now only a spongy mass of broken fragments. Yesterday ushered in a great improvement in river navigation, and the working classes, to whom Sunday is the only day of rest and recreation, appreciated greatly the increased facilities for river transit. Great hopes were entertained during the early part of the day that a thaw would intervene and terminate this unprecedented season of ice.

During the latter part of the afternoon the weather disappointed the anxious observers, and the cold northwest wind, with a rapidly falling thermometer, blasted the too sanguine hopes raised by the mildness of the morning. Should the glacial era return, as is prophesied by many philosophers, Manhattan Island will surely be among the first localities affected by the icy fiend.

After the unparalleled experience of the present winter it is easy to believe almost anything, and many a shivering soul that has been forced to wait for hours in the middle of the river,

HEMMED IN BY ICE,

unable to move in any direction and half dead with cold, will readily accept the dictum of an eminent professor of natural phenomena, whose theory is that the end of the world will be caused, not by fire, as the orthodox believe, but by intense cold and a gradual blotting out of our planet by the accumulations of ice.

ON THE EAST RIVER.

But little difficulty was experienced by the ferries in the East River. Trips were made during the entire day with tolerable regularity. From Fulton street the ice, up the river, extended nearly from shore to shore, and to a casual observer it seemed to offer an almost impassable barrier. In most instances, however, the cakes were small and easily brushed aside by the paddles of the steamers. Occasionally a large floe would make its appearance, but its spongy texture rendered the work of demolition comparatively easy. No serious inconvenience or delay was caused at any of the ferries. The line from the foot of Roosevelt street to Williamsburg had probably the most difficulty in making trips. The boats pluckily dashed into the ice and, with few exceptions, succeeded in making nearly schedule time. At Fulton ferry the boats were obliged to make a detour nearly every trip but managed to ply regularly. The worst blockade of the river was at Catharine street about half-past two P. M. A continuous mass of ice extended to the Brooklyn side and no channel was visible.

Yesterday being Sunday the juvenile population, released from school restraint, were out in force, eager to take advantage of the facilities for river skating. Not to have been on the ice in the East River is one of

THE SADDEST THOUGHTS

that can harass the mind of the youthful denizen of South street. As the slips remained frozen a fine chance was given him yesterday to retrieve his reputation. About two P. M., while the HERALD reporter was gazing admiringly at the panorama presented by the floating bergs near Fulton ferry, a number of small boys, each provided with one skate, softly descended into Fulton slip. Buckling on their skates, the small boys proceeded to have a good time. A portly policeman soon appeared upon the scene and commanded the rash youths to desist from their perilous sport. The guardian of the public peace, sad to say, was treated with contempt, especially by one young American of about fourteen summers, who little anticipated that Nemesis was swiftly following. This young gentleman took off his solitary skate, and expressed his determination to make a cruise about the slip on one of the numerous floating cakes. With a plank for a paddle,

THE YOUTHFUL COLUMBUS

started on his slippery craft, and threaded his way among canal boats and barges to the great admiration and envy of his less daring comrades. But alas! the brittle ice, impatient of its unaccustomed work, suddenly went to pieces, and the young hero sunk beneath the waves. He soon made a landing and clamored safely upon the wharf, where he exclaimed, with animation, "Here's a lark!" The reporter looked for the lark, but was unable to see it, although there were many gulls and other aquatic birds in the vicinity. Swiftly divesting himself of his clothes, which he laid out to dry, the youthful Arab remained for nearly an hour with no protection from the cold save a very thin and remarkably short shirt. He seemed to enjoy the situation, so it may be presumed he was "acclimated."

ON THE NORTH RIVER

much improvement was manifest. The ice was heaped up in large masses on the New York side, but the centre of the river was quite clear. On the Jersey side there was no ice at all, and both steamers and sailing craft ran with ease as far down as Communipaw. A seal was seen drifting down on the ebb tide last evening. It was probably one of the two that sailed up on a floe during Saturday. The North River ferries were not embarrassed during the day and ran with much greater regularity.

IN THE BAY

the ice accumulated during Saturday night, forming floes of at least eighteen inches in thickness. The inman steamer City of Antwerp anchored off the Quarantine on Saturday evening and found herself yesterday morning jammed in a huge floe. At half-past seven anchor was weighed, and under a full head of steam the powerful vessel attempted to force her way up the bay. Caught in the floe, however, her efforts were of no avail, and she drifted helplessly for several miles

BELOW THE NARROWS

before extrication became possible. The steamer Utopia, of the Anchor line, was caught about the same time, and while drifting with the ice came into collision with the Inman steamer. Fortunately no serious damage was done to either vessel. The City of Antwerp arrived at her pier at eleven o'clock A. M., and her picturesque appearance attracted many idlers to the wharf. An icy armor bound her from stem to stern. The rigging was coated with ice, small ropes looked like crystal cables, and pendant from every available spot the icicles hung long and thick. One of the officers of the steamer stated that the passage had been the most severe of the season. From Shinnecock Bay nearly to New York the south shore of Long Island was imprisoned by solid icy fetters, extending in some cases ten and twelve miles out to sea.

LATE LAST EVENING

huge floes, detached from the banks of the upper Hudson by the northwest wind, floated down the North River, filling it nearly from one shore to the other and impeding the progress of the ferry-boats. The pilots anticipate another blockade, and, as enormous quantities of ice have accumulated up the river, a continuance of the northerly wind will surely bring most of it to the neighborhood of the city. From the foot of Fourteenth street, where the memorable passage was made last week, an immense mass extended to within a few hundred feet of the Elysian Fields. The Hoboken ferries were the only ones greatly affected by the new blockade. At Christopher street only one boat, the Chancellor Livingston, attempted to run. From Barclay street the boats ran regularly until nine o'clock. The Hackensack arrived at the New York slip at a quarter past nine and made several unavailing attempts to reach the wharf. The ice had drifted into the slip and had there frozen fast. After many futile efforts the boat managed to approach within a few feet and gang-planks were brought into use to complete communication with the shore. The Hackensack, on returning to Hoboken, was laid up for repairs. The ice which floated to the city last night seemed to be very different from that of the last few days. It was comparatively thin and much more brittle than any before encountered, and the pilots of the ferry steamers devoutly hope that no more glacial extravagances may be presented. As the HERALD goes to press, however, the indications are that another blockade must be endured.

THE SKATING IN THE PARK.

It was a gala day yesterday in the Park—a Sabbath day's skating carnival, hardly without precedent in its previous history. There could not have been a better day for this fascinating and exhilarating outdoor sport, a cloudless sky, a brilliant sunshine, with just enough warmth in it to take off the cutting edge from the keenly-nipping air, sharp and icy, and yet all electric with life, and the ice on the ponds mirrors of glassy smoothness. Lovers of the skatatorial art could not have asked for a better day, and it certainly has never been more extensively or thoroughly enjoyed than was yesterday's skating in the Park.

Among the doubtfully contingent things of this world, and particularly that particular portion of it centralized on our Isle of Manhattan, the transitoriness of skating is a fact most widely known and appreciated. Seeing the ball up yesterday morning—and thousands of youthful, eager eyes gazed wistfully for the joyous token—was the signal, therefore, for an early commencement of the day's skating sport. It was young America, of course, who took the lead; that is to say, the enraptured schoolboy and young clerk, and young artisans to whom holidays are rare, and specially with the rarer luxury of skating thrown in. The early morning cars were mainly filled with this class of young travellers and the moment they struck the Park they paid little heed to the circuitous gravelled walks, but scudded cross-lots in

A HURRY SKURRY SCRAMBLE

to reach the ponds in the quickest time possible. Besides having a longer time for indulgence in their favorite sport these early visitors had the additional pleasure of trying the ice in its virginal smoothness and freshness. It was not until about eleven o'clock, however, that the tide of visitors really began. The rush continued until about three o'clock, when the tide might be said to have reached its flood.

All the ponds were filled with skaters, excepting the pond devoted to "curling," on which skating is never allowed. Of course the "big pond," as it is called, was the central point of attraction. The lower and upper ponds, however, had their share of patrons. In fact all the ponds were so thronged that they could not very well accommodate very many more skaters with any degree of comfort. A more picturesque scene cannot well be imagined. The skaters were of all ages and of all classes. Some were indifferently clad, some poorly clad, and many gorgeously gotten up—gentlemen in a multiplicity of furs that would do credit to a Russian nobleman, and ladies in gaudy colored plaids and ribbons that would do credit to a fancy dress ball, to say nothing of

Long hair scattering in the wind,
Curls that flew a yard behind.

A process of scattering and flying made more apparent with the rapidity of their skating. It was a perfect kaleidoscopic picture, the whirlings and twirlings of the skaters, with here and there a mad joslie and a sudden downfall. As Tennyson might have said, had he been there—

They skip, they glide,
They slip, they slide.

Of necessity there is a good deal of awkward skating; but, then, among the skaters were some of the best in the city. Great crowds delightedly looked on from the shores at the fantastic freaks of these skilled skaters. Everything that a skater evidently could do on ice was done here, and it really was astonishing to see the exhibitions of superlative skill given by many.

IT IS QUITE APPARENT

that the art has been carried to as high a state of perfection as is possible. They fully realized Thomson's description:—

As they swept
On sounding skates a thousand different ways,
In circling poise swift as the winds along.

The skating was kept up with undiminished vigor and pleasure combined till six o'clock, when the ponds were cleared and the day's pleasure seekers reluctantly had to turn their faces homeward again. There was considerable complaint at the rule requiring that skating shall cease at six o'clock on Sunday evenings, whereas on other evenings skating is allowed to be kept up till eleven o'clock. Many vainly endeavored to devise some reasonable grounds for the issue of this edict, but they gave it up as one of the mysteries of the Park management surpassing the ken of ordinary mortals. We have said nothing about the visitors at the Park outside the skaters. They certainly numbered many thousands, and while the day was specially delightful to the skaters it was hardly less delightfully spent by the other classes of visitors.

RAILWAYS BLOCKADED.

TRAINS ON THE ERIE ROAD BOUND FAST BY SNOW DRIFTS—DETENTIONS ON OTHER ROUTES.

SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, Pa., Feb. 14, 1875.

The snow storm of Thursday last interfered greatly with business on the Erie Railway, according to reports from the western portion of the road. West of Hornellsville, both on the main line and on the Buffalo division, the road was completely blockaded until Saturday afternoon. Westward bound trains could get no farther than that place, and for two days all eastward bound passenger trains were made up there. Snow drifts from fifteen to thirty feet high and of great length, were found in the Western and Buffalo divisions, and though large forces of men were busy clearing them away, the work will not be completed before to-night. Yesterday express trains No. 4 and No. 8 were got through for the first since Thursday, and were many hours late. On the Rochester division, branching off at Corning, huge snow banks also impeded travel. Friday morning the Addison mail became imbedded in a drift 100 feet long, near Warsaw. Train No. 5, when it reached Hornellsville from the East, was sent out to the aid of the snow-bound train, with four locomotives. The obstruction was not removed until Friday night, the train reaching Hornellsville nearly a day behind time.

Owing to the blockade the stations between Susquehanna Depot and Hornellsville have been filled with westward bound freight trains, occupying all spare switch room. The cold weather has disabled a large number of locomotives on the road, and this has made matters much worse. Every extra locomotive on the road has been out since Thursday. Trains began to move to-day, and matters will be in usual working order by to-morrow evening.

Lack of power has delayed trains greatly in the Eastern and Delaware division also, trains having been from an hour to three hours late for nearly a week. Telegrams have been received here directing all spare locomotives to be sent to the Eastern division.

The passenger train on the Monticello branch of the road, running from Port Jervis to Monticello, left the former place Thursday noon. It did not reach Monticello, twenty-four miles distant, until the next day. The road was so badly blockaded that travel on it has been abandoned ever since. Operations will probably open again to-morrow.

Reports of a serious snow blockade on the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, compelling an abandonment of trains, have reached here, but no details.

INTERNATIONAL LOVE FEAST.

FRANCE, ENGLAND AND ITALY FRATERNIZED FOR UNION IN CHARITY AND IN WAR.

The European journals of the 1st of February report that the grand banquet given on Saturday evening, January 30, in the English metropolis, in aid of the institution by the Committee of the French Hospital in the British capital, passed off most brilliantly. Count de Jarnac presided, and among the three hundred persons present were: The Lord Mayor of London, the Chevalier Cadorna, Italian Envoy; Lord Eliot, Lord Foley, General Cadogan, the Persian Minister, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Ellis; Mr. Sheriff Shaw, &c.

The French Ambassador, in proposing "The Health of the Queen and Royal Family," referred to the terms in which Her Majesty had recently spoken of the cordial relations existing between France and England, and, in a peaceful allusion to the Prince of Wales, Count de Jarnac said that His Royal Highness had returned from his recent visit perfectly charmed with the reception he had met with in France.

The succeeding toast was "The President of the Republic," and the Ambassador lauded Marshal de MacMahon as a model of "uprightness and honor," who would persevere to the end in the mission with which he had been intrusted by the vote of the National Assembly and the wishes of the nation. The toast was received with enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

In proposing the "Army and Navy" the Count, speaking in English, dwelt upon the fraternity which existed between the forces of both countries when they fought together in the Crimea, and General Cadogan, who responded, expressed a confident opinion, founded on his acquaintance with the feelings of the army, that in case war was to break out soon, the troops of England and France would be found ranged side by side. (Enthusiastic cheering).

The Chevalier Cadorna, who is about to quit his post in London, having been called to the Presidency of the Italian Council of State, in replying to his health, said that no country in the world is more devoted than France to the propagation of ideas favorable to the cause of humanity and progress—as she has often proved to her own loss. "As an Italian, I acknowledge," said the Minister, "that my country owes to France the transition which she has made from being a mere geographical expression into a state of political entirety." (Prolonged applause.)

The Lord Mayor of London, having alluded to the great benefits conferred by the institution they were assembled to support, referred to his recent visit to Paris and the cordial reception accorded him by all classes of the population here. He had formed no idea beforehand of its being likely to attain to such proportions, and he looked on it as one more demonstration of the undoubted cordiality existing between the two great capitals and the nations of which they are the centres.

BRYANT AND TILDEN.

Mrs. Pratt's Entertainment—Its History and Significance.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Was the Nomination for the Presidency Only a Joke?

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

ALBANY, Feb. 14, 1875.

The Gubernatorial guest of Albany, William Cullen Bryant, having left, we breathe easier. Dame Rumor has folded up her tent for a brief period and silently stolen away in the drawing room car, bearing to the metropolis the venerable sage, poet, author, statesman and philosopher. To-night, as I write, a profound calm prevails over this always dull and sleepy town. The statesmen of the capital have deserted the Delavan, Congress Hall, the Eldridge House and other hotels. Mysterious gentlemen of the lobby; politicians of the dyed mustache order; originative individuals from all parts of the State, who come to see what can be picked up; meditative country members, whose ideas of speedy emoluments have been shattered to the winds—all have gone to children, wife and fireside. But there is a central figure occupying our minds—a figure at which the finger of Prophecy points instinctively as the coming man for President of these United States.

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

Eagle street has been well traversed during the past week. The residence of Governor Tilden is but five minutes' drive from the Capitol. Jingling of sleigh bells, music of laughter, bright eyes and blooming cheeks have adorned the thoroughfare for days past. Hundreds of the *élite* of Albany called at the Executive Mansion to pay their respects to Mr. Bryant and Governor Tilden. Mrs. Pelton and lady assistants did the honors of entertainment. The gorgeous parlors were redolent with the perfume of flowers. Happy smiles and artistic music created a domestic paradise. Beautiful ladies rustled through the hallways, fingered the grand piano, chatted gayly with visitors, and even infringed upon the sacred precincts of Governor Tilden's part of the premises. His Excellency has arranged a portion of the house where he wishes to be alone and entirely free from the blandishments of lady friends. "Do you think Governor Tilden feels the loneliness of his bachelor life?" asked a beaming blonde of your correspondent at the reception of Monday night. I ventured to assert that he did not. His surroundings are so peculiarly pleasant in the way of ladies' society it would be difficult to form a different conception. Then his sister, Mrs. Pelton, is the very embodiment of kindness and homelike manners. Thoroughly affable, simple in character, with silvery gray hair and soft, motherly eyes, she is that refined deity of home yet destined, it is hoped, to adorn the White House. But the ladies want to know if the Governor is content with his single lot. I cannot answer the question conclusively, although I venture an opinion. Probably he may quote, as he sinks to rest:—

A wife! O fetters
To man's blessed liberty! All this world's prison.
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jailer;
But the iron shackles weighing down our heels
Are only women.

GOSSIP ON THE PRESIDENCY.

The only real gossippers that I have found here as yet on the Presidential question are among the ladies. Not among lady lobbyists, God bless the mark, as I have not yet come across any of that interesting and insinuating class. Ask a leading politician in Albany, ask Governor Seymour, Senator Kernan, Judge Church or any other distinguished democrat what he thinks of Samuel J. Tilden for President. He will look you straight in the eye, want to know when you are going back to New York, have you read of the transit of Venus, did you ever read the life of Silas Wright, or some other absolutely foreign subject to the leading question just propounded. But the ladies are differently constituted. They mean to make the dear Governor President whether he likes it or not, particularly the unmarried ones. "Mrs. President Tilden" would be such a nice name. Thus it was at

MRS. PRATT'S ENTERTAINMENT

the other evening. By the way, there were only twenty persons at this gathering. It was strictly private. The prying eye of curious people has endeavored to enter the charmed circle, however, around which decent conventionalities ought to have built a proper safeguard. Mrs. G. W. Pratt, at whose house the entertainment took place, is a relative of Governor Seymour, a very estimable lady, a widow about thirty-five years of age. I dare not go beyond that estimate. Her residence is situated at No. 71 Hawk street, in Dudley row, as it is called. An elegant collection of brown stone houses are grouped together upon this block. It is considered the most aristocratic part of Albany. The houses were built by Mrs. B. Dudley, since deceased. She was immensely wealthy. In her service was a colored waiter, and at her death she left him $20,000. Wise speculation increased this legacy, and the waiter of former years became a man of large property and drove his carriage through the streets of Albany. Reverses, however, came, and the once wealthy darkey became a bankrupt. He is now gone to that happy land beyond the Jordan.

At No. 65 Hawk street reside Mrs. B. Tibbits and family, and at No. 67 Hawk street Mr. George Evans. They are all relatives of Governor Seymour, and the block should be immediately changed to the cognomen of "Seymour Row."

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Mrs. Pratt's entertainment was almost entirely a family gathering. Mr. Bryant being in town, was, of course, invited. It was Governor Tilden's birthday, the sixty-first. Fond, pleasant and sorrowful memories clustered around it. A generation had passed, and with it many of the great men with whom Governor Tilden had been associated. Van Buren, Wright, Marcy and others had departed, leaving behind palpable shadows of their greatness on the pages of American history. Tilden was the only one left of that massive old school. How such recollections must have struck him. But yet there was still another who had fought intellectual battles victoriously far away in the dim past. William Cullen Bryant could tell stories of those early days before Samuel J. Tilden had ever learned to lisp the maternal title. Pleasant recollections were freely mingled with reminiscences of other days. Friends were there who had clustered around the Governor for many years—men and women whom he had seen lifted step by step from the innocence of childhood to the full bloom and vigor of mature life. It was a sacred assemblage in more senses than one. Its privacy, surrounded and blessed by such hallowed memories, was of a character that should not easily be disturbed.

CONVERSATIONAL NARRATIVES.

I have conversed with several of those present as to the nature of the remarks made by Mr. Bryant, and the manner in which Presidential talk was introduced. One of these gentlemen occupies a high official position in the State government, and his word, to my mind, cannot be questioned.

"Did Mr. Bryant make a speech nominating Governor Tilden for the Presidency?" I queried.

"Not at all, sir; nothing of the kind. The matter came up in this way. After dinner the ladies began to clamor for speeches. One or two of them joked Governor Tilden as to the Presidency. Then Mr. Bryant said he hoped the Governorship would prove a stepping-stone to something higher for his friend Tilden. The latter retorted by expressing a disinclination for any further honors while Mr. Seymour, much more deserving, stood beside him. Then we had a general laugh all around. Why, the entertainment being given at a private house, where ladies predominated, the introduction of politics would seem to me very much out of place. But those ladies are responsible for what little did occur. They would have somebody to talk, and their natural inquisitiveness pointed to a solution of the Presidential enigma."

"Were Smith M. Weed and Joseph Warren, of Buffalo, in the party?"

"No; neither of them."

"Was Lieutenant Governor Dorsheimer at the entertainment?"

"Yes; Mr. Dorsheimer is a thoroughly cultivated gentleman, a brilliant conversationalist at times, particularly when his companion happens to be a handsome lady. He is a handsome man himself and a welcome guest everywhere. Quick at byplay and retort, the ladies always cluster around his well-shaped, ponderous figure, and parry and thrust with him to their heart's content. Easy and courteous, with graceful refinement of manner, our Lieutenant Governor has attached to himself already a host of friends at the capital. As Minister to France or England he would prove a most fitting representative. Who can tell what the fortune of 1876 may bring forth?"

CHAMPAGNE, CIGARS AND POLITICS.

Such was the substance of my conversation with the gentlemen. Ladies who were present, and with whom I conversed, also gave this exact coloring to the picture. It was exceedingly difficult, however, to get the fair creatures to touch at all upon the subject. Governor Seymour and Senator Kernan were undoubtedly of the party. There was champagne, which lightened dull hearts and opened reticent lips; fragrant cigars dispensing puffs of Presidential witticism; bright eyes and soft glances that played sad havoc with nerves of democratic statesmen. It is a wonder that our bachelor Governor did not lose himself completely and, basking in the mellowness of that evening's festival, pledge his faith to the skirts of some fair damsel. But no doubt the patriarchal figure of his friend Bryant restrained such an outburst, and the ladies of Albany must wait patiently for a more favorable opportunity.

DOES THE VENERABLE POET CHERISH A LATENT POLITICAL AMBITION?—LIKE UNTO GREELEY—TILDEN'S TACT AS A PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALBANY, Feb. 13, 1875.

On the high authority of our guest, the distinguished poet from the metropolis, we learn that the dead are everywhere—on the mountains and the plains, the sea and the sands—not to mention closets under obscure stairways, where they have left only the proverbial skeleton.

Take the wings of morning and go pierce
The Barcan deserts—lo! the dead are there—

And so on—crowding in all the geographical names that will run on five feet of more or less inexorable iambics. In fact, the great poem of Mr. Bryant contemplates the earth as one vast howling graveyard, rushing a continuous funeral procession through space at an incomprehensible number of miles per hour. As everybody must die, and everybody is apt to be buried more or less decently—and as every inch of the earth's surface has in all probability been peopled at one time or another—the thought is within the limits; nay, it is perhaps too strictly and prosaically true to be poetical; and it gives a new measure of Mr. Bryant's talents to contemplate the success with which he has used in poetry an essentially unpoetic and disagreeable theme. Voltaire made a characteristic use of the main thought of "Thanatopsis" when he argued that every particle of the earth's surface had at one time formed a portion of some human creature—and even of several human creatures—for there had been generations enough to use up the surface of the earth many times in the structure of humanity; and further, that the Angel Gabriel, in calling a general resurrection would excite no end of disputes between people who would set up rival claims to the same particle of matter as a proper constituent element of their bones or other parts. This is a less poetical statement of the case than Mr. Bryant's, but it puts the facts in a clearer light.

DEAD MEN AND DEAD DUCKS.

Mr. Bryant has, therefore, it is evident, thought deeply in his day of the number of dead men there are in the world; and people here wonder a little if he has ever reflected with equal force on the number of what Mr. Andrew Johnson once called "dead ducks." Has he pondered on the number of defunct politicians who try to manœuvre their own resurrections, and who, left badly crippled by the wayside, hobble up and try ridiculously to take one more turn in the great foot race for office. It was the opinion of the late lamented Juvenal that no man knew his own house so well as he (Juvenal) knew the Grove of Mars and the Cave of Vulcan and the Æolian Crags, to which the poets of his time made casual reference—the places and what happened there—*quid venit agant, quas umbras Æacus torqueat;* and similarly none of Mr. Bryant's own lines should be more close to his memory than the picture that must be familiar to him as an editor of the moribund politician who will not die quietly and be buried, and so become one of the flies in the amber of a political "Thanatopsis," but who struggles to his feet once more, perhaps with the fancy that he is game, but in truth only to prove that he has lamentably misjudged his capacity as compared with the obstacles he has to overcome.

THE POET'S POLITICAL USE.

Already, as you are aware, our Governor is in for the Presidency, and certainly his claims as a candidate are more than respectable; but it must be thought that he makes an ungenerous use of the poor old poet as a cover under which to stalk his game. He brought Mr. Bryant here ostensibly to honor the bard, but in fact, as it appears, to put him in the middle of a whirlwind of political projects, in which he is apt to simulate his famous prototype in gray, denouncing tyrants and rulers when

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.

Mr. Bryant was brought up to put the Governor formally on the Presidential course, and he has done it. He has definitely nominated him at a dinner of small oligarchs in the true democratic style of the last generation.

As I have said above, the claims of Governor Tilden are more than respectable. They are valid and real. He is a man of capacity, known to hold firmly the doctrine so acceptable to the people out obnoxious to party men, that honesty in office is of greater public consequence than any other attribute of the office-holder. He is also a man who maintains that theory of our federal government which prevailed in better days—a theory which was pushed to abuse by the Southern democrats, but which needs reassertion, because the contrary view of the republicans—the notion that there are no States so by favor of Congress—is seen to be necessarily ruinous to our whole fabric. Mr. Tilden has a national fame as the man most conspicuously associated with the great assertion of public indignation against official thieves; the man most prominent for his services against the great evil of our time, and the man indorsed as such by the people of this State.

MR. TILDEN'S TACT.

With these points commonly recognized it was only a question of times, places and persons, when his name should be formally given to the public in this connection; and Mr. Tilden has chosen his person and his time with his usual adroitness. If there is anything that the people suspect in these days it is the nominating convention and its common product of unknown men; and if, on the other hand, there is an especially palatable morsel in politics it is to see a name growing so in common esteem that public opinion forces the politicians to stand or fall, as they decide to accept or reject it. Tilden's game, therefore, is to make commendable headway in popular thought before he goes to the politicians. Hence he caused the suggestion of his name to come from the gentleman who was called in the Legislature "the most distinguished citizen of our country." It was to give to Tilden's name the value in the people's estimation of everything that comes from Mr. Bryant's mouth. No doubt, moreover, as the nomination of a man of ripe experience, who has tried all parties, and who is in high repute for many sufficient reasons it will command thoughtful attention.

BRYANT'S LATE AMBITION.

But Mr. Bryant apparently is to have his benefit in the case. And this is such a recognition as he has failed to receive during fourteen years of republican ascendancy from a party to which he has rendered capable and intelligent service. He wants office, apparently, and people did not dream this; and he will lose in popular esteem in proportion as the fact is known and recognized. He repeats in some points the history of Greeley. Fighting the battles of the public for many years he is seen at last to be ready to go over from the people's side to the side of the office-holders he has criticised so constantly and persistently. It is at last evident that he was not inspired so much with fervor for the public cause as with a desire to profit in his person by changes in office-holders. His coquetting with Tilden is an announcement to the republican party equivalent to Greeley's letter dissolving the firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley.

A LETTER FROM GLADSTONE.

HONORARY CHANCELLORSHIP OF UNION UNIVERSITY.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Governors of Union University, recently held at the Albany Medical College, an interesting communication was presented from the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone having been prevented by his inability to cross the Atlantic from accepting the annual Chancellorship, Bishop Potter, of New York, who enters at the next commencement on the fiftieth year since his graduation from Union College, has consented to deliver the Chancellor's address on that occasion. The following extract is taken from the letter of Mr. Gladstone:—

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, Jan. 2, 1875.

The communication reached me a few days back in the midst of overwhelming occupations, and I regret to say it is really not a matter of choice with me whether I shall accept or decline the most kind and flattering invitation. In truth my engagements are such, and my correspondence, that I can hardly face them by constant work every day and pretty nearly all day; and I am obliged at once to put aside what does not come to me as proximate duty.

I observe, indeed, that in the most considerate way an offer is made to absolve me from attendance on the regular occasion for it; but this dispensation would necessarily be in the nature of a postponement—when, as I lament to say, that I must make over to other, to younger and to less occupied men, the hope of crossing the Atlantic.

I have but one complaint to make. Life is too full, time too rapid, which in truth means that the provision divinely made for our exercise and growth is too bounteous. But it produces a relative penury, a penury of power to do the duties that are waiting and crying out to be done.

You will, I am sure, appreciate my reasons and commend them to kind acceptance. Be assured of my deep interest in the progress of all good learning in America.

I remain respectfully and faithfully yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE CUBAN CIRCULAR.

Proclamation by the Cubans to "Good Spaniards" and Other People.

A Terrible Indictment Against the Ruling Power.

HAVANA, Feb. 3, 1875.

The following is a translation of a circular which has appeared on the streets of Havana, Matanzas and Cardenas. It has neither date nor signature:—

TO THE GOOD SPANIARDS OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA:—

In the districts of Santi Espiritu and Cinco Villas there are events occurring which we would think almost doubtful if their fatal consequences were not seen and felt in such a direct way. It is not quite a year since these districts were quiet and calm, owing to the intelligence, loyalty and activity of our worthy authorities, but now these districts are again liable to be overrun by insurgent robbers, who threaten with destruction the lives and property of honest people.

It is unnecessary, at any rate, for us to seek for any reason why the insurrection was not suodued here in the interval of its greatest development, but yet it is not subdued, in spite of its slight importance.

It is evident, as every one knows, that our military authorities have immense resources to overcome the insurrection in these districts. There are 12,000 men of the regular army in the district of Santi Espiritu and 7,000 in that of the Cinco Villas, besides the volunteer forces and the contraguerillas supplied by the municipalities. In spite of this we have to grieve day by day over losses occasioned by the insurgents.

On the night of the 18th of January the suburbs of Santi Espiritu were invaded, pillaged and set on fire by a number of the insurgents; two officers of the army were killed and