

LONDON CHIMES.

Tennyson's "Queen Mary" Before the Footlights.

SLASHINGS AND ALTERATIONS.

A Gorgeous Setting—Splendid Costumes—A Brilliant Audience.

THE STRONG POINTS AND "HITS."

Kate Bateman as Queen Mary—Mr. Irving as Philip.

THE GRAND CLOSING SCENE.

The American Horses in England—Kate Irving.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD BY CABLE.] LONDON, April 22, 1876.

The bringing out of Tennyson's "Queen Mary" on the stage of the Lyceum on Tuesday last is the greatest event of the London dramatic season. It has produced the same sort of stir in London circles as Dumas' play of the "Etranger" in the French capital, and it has created vast interest in literary and dramatic circles.

Especially was this the case in the world of letters. All the journalists, all the great literary lights of the capital, from Swinburne to Rossetti, and from George Eliot to Wilkie Collins, took a lively interest in the preparations for the forthcoming play, and discussed its prospects of success with as much interest as though they had each been personally concerned.

Tennyson's ordinary style is so different from that required in dramatic writing, and his want of stage experience was so evident in the play itself, as it originally appeared, that many pronounced the attempt a foolish one, and predicted a failure.

It was well known that Tennyson was making very considerable changes in it, in order to adapt it to the requirements of the stage, and, like French dramatic authors, was watching the rehearsals, and continually altering and cutting down wherever he saw it necessary.

Mrs. Tennyson, too, took an active part in the preparations, and George Eliot and many other literary people assisted with their advice.

Tennyson himself was as delighted as though he were a young author unknown to the world bringing out his first work; and if this one succeeds he will probably favor us with more plays. It would be a strange and most agreeable surprise if he were suddenly to develop a great dramatic talent in this age so barren of true dramatic literature.

Mrs. Bateman, it was well known, had determined to give the play every advantage of costume, scenery and decoration, and was going to bring it out in a style of magnificence and splendor even surpassing that of "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Othello." The costumes are exact copies of old costumes now existing in Pomfret Castle, Hampton Court Palace, Windsor Castle, Stafford House, and the National South Kensington Gallery, and are also taken from pictures and portraits found in the same places.

All of this gave a double interest to the performance, and as brilliant an audience as ever assembled in a London theatre congregated to see the poet Laureate's first venture on the stage.

The Lyceum Theatre was full long before the rise of the curtain and all the seats had been taken long in advance. The world of science, of politics, of art, as well as the world of fashion and of letters, were represented. Among those present were Robert Browning, the poet; George Eliot, (Mrs. Lewes), the novelist; John R. Millard, R. A., and Frederick Leighton, A. R. A., the painters; Lady Hamilton Gordon, Mr. Furnival, director of the Shakespeare Society; Arthur Hallam Tennyson, son of the Laureate; Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Baring Brothers; Tom Taylor, the art critic and playwright; Miss Braddon, the novelist—in short, most of the prominent literateurs of London, together with representatives of the English, French, German, Italian, Russian and American press.

The whole theatre had that sort of look as though each individual had a deep personal interest in the performance that the ordinary playgoer would not be likely to exhibit. There was a pleased look of expectation on every face and a pleasant hum of conversation before the rise of the curtain. Nearly everybody seemed to know everybody, and recognized and bowed to each other across the theatre.

The curtain slowly rises and discloses an apartment in the palace. There are curious old carved panelings on the walls, which are rich with Gothic tracery. It is up with medallions, each of which contains a portrait. The room is of an irregular shape, broken at the corners and doorways, with pictures and tapestries hanging on the walls, and on one side is an old fireplace standing out from the wall so high that one might easily stand under it, such as may yet be seen in many ancient mansions in England.

Le Sieur de Noailles, the French Ambassador, is discovered, and opens with the lines from the third scene of the original play.

That makes for France, And if her people, angered thereupon, Agree against her and forego the Queen, That makes for France, And if I breed contentment anyway, That makes for France.

lordly fop, which runs into the fourth scene of the first act. The first two scenes and part of the third have been cut away bodily.

COURTESAY, EARL OF DEVON. Courtesay is dressed in a doublet of crimson satin, with a front piece of cloth of tissue powdered with diamonds; over this a mantle, powdered with gold, set with pearls and fastened with a jewelled clasp. The part is taken by Mr. Carton.

After Courtesay has delivered the monologue Elizabeth enters, saying:— What are you musing on, my Lord of Devon? THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth wears a robe of white brocade, very stiff, entirely covered with rich silver embroidery. How very uncomfortable the women must have been in those days! A little of white silk crossed with pearls; the corsage of white velvet, tight and tapering, girt at the waist with a cord of pearls; open low down the bosom, with a small ruff surmounting a partlet; the sleeves of velvet, very tight, a small puff of silk at the shoulders, gathered at the wrist into ruffles; a carcanet of jewels around the throat; bracelets on the wrists. All this for the benefit of my lady readers. The hair golden, the coat embroidered with silver and bordered with pearls. The part is taken by Miss Virginia Francis, and the make-up is splendid. She bears a considerable resemblance to Elizabeth.

Courtesay tries to make love to her, but does not succeed. Enter Lord Howard, who interrupts the *de-à-de-à*. He is dressed in a long purple silk gown, richly lined with costly fur, a black hat, black feather, fastened by a jewelled brooch. About half the scene is cut away, and Gardiner does not enter here at all. The acting up to this point was stiff, lacking ease and lightness. The whole of the first act takes place in the same scene.

ENTER QUEEN MARY. As Elizabeth and Howard leave the stage Mary, accompanied by Alice, enters, gazing at and kissing Philip's miniature.

Most goodly, kindlike, and an Emperor's son— A king to be. Is he not noble, girl? She wears a cloth of gold petticoat raised with pearls, a stomacher and girde blazing with diamonds, a surcoat of scarlet velvet, train of velvet upon velvet, long sleeves of embossed velvet lined with bright cloth of gold, a partlet of white satin terminating at the throat with a small ruff, slightly opened in the front and bordered with pearls. Over the partlet a carcanet of beaten gold set with diamonds and rubies, from which a single large pearl depends. On her head a coil bordered with two rows of large diamonds, making in all a really splendid costume.

The part is taken by Mrs. Crowe (Mrs. Kate Bateman), and she excites our interest and sympathy at once in the passage— O Just God! Sweet mother, you had time and cause enough To sicken of his lies and his robes. TREATING FOR THE MARRIAGE.

The rest of the act is played nearly as it was written, with only a passage or two altered. Gardiner, played by Mr. Swinburne, appeared in the scarlet smock and surplice, with white lawn sleeves and a berretta. Simon Renard, the Spanish Ambassador, is played by Mr. Brooke. He is dressed all in black, with the decoration of the *toison d'or*. The costume of Alice is a beautifully worked gray-blue brocade, with very tight corsage and sleeves, the latter raised at the shoulders. She wears two ruffs, one very small and tight to the throat, the other one flared out at the back. The scene between her and Simon Renard just before the end of the act is a very pretty one, turning its pretty compliments, as it does, with Shakespearean iteration on the word "pretty" itself.

THE ACTING—AN INCIDENT. The acting throughout was constrained, but the act ends well with the entry of Queen Mary, staggering with excitement, after the Council has decided on the marriage with Philip. Mrs. Crowe was called before the curtain. A curious incident occurred during this act, when to Renard's speech— Good madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign, He slew not him alone who wore the purple, But his assessor in the throne, perchance A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

Mary replies:— I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor. Touching sharply on the now popular question of "Queen or Empress," it caught the ear of the audience and brought down the house, with some hissing among the gods in the gallery.

THE SECOND ACT—GUILDHALL. In the second act we have a view of the interior of the old Guildhall as it was before partially destroyed by fire. At the extreme end, opposite the spectator, is a beautiful imitation of a Gothic stained glass window, occupying the entire centre of the scene. There are rows of columns along the walls on each side supporting the roof, and the city arms on a white shield, with red cross and dagger, appear in every direction. Flags and banners, each bearing the insignia of a guild, are hung around the walls. On one side is a canopy placed on a raised platform, where the Queen is seated on a throne, surrounded by her ladies, courtiers, representatives of the old city companies, soldiers, citizens in their old, quaint costumes, with the light streaming in on them through the stained glass window, making up a beautiful scene. It is the second scene of the second act we have before us. The whole of the first scene has been omitted, and nearly half of this one cut away. The triumphant speech of Sir Thomas White. Lord Mayor of London, in this scene, where, on behalf of the loyal citizens, he makes oath to brush.

This may from our shoulders, like a flea, That Wyatt has leapt upon us unwares, was well delivered by Mr. Hunter, but the scene lacked effectiveness, owing to the lack of numbers of supernumeraries to dress the stage properly.

THE REBELLION SCENES CUT. Then, as the act proceeds, we perceive that the whole of the third scene is cut out. This, everything describing the rebellion is omitted, and the parts of Wyatt and Knyvett are entirely left out. The whole of the fourth and last scene, taking place in a room in the gatehouse of Westminster Palace, is played, however, and a slight addition is made to it. This act is, therefore, reduced to two scenes.

A FINE SCENE. The closing portion of this act, full of movement and the dramatic effect, with its stirring closing line— My foes are at my feet, and Philip King, was well rendered, bringing forth repeated rounds of applause, with another call before the curtain for Mrs. Crowe. Owing, however, to the omission of the previous scenes, descriptive of the Wyatt rebellion, the leaps in the action are too sudden, making the effective portions appear unduly short.

THE THIRD ACT—SLASHING AND CUTTING. The curtain rises on the third act, and we are much surprised to find that it is Woodstock, the place to which Elizabeth has been banished, as this is the fifth scene of the act. The whole of the first

four scenes have been ruthlessly slashed out. All the ceremonies attendant upon England being admitted again to the church are therefore omitted, together with the long sermon of absolution pronounced by Pole upon the occasion and the quarrels of Pole and Gardiner. What is most to be regretted is Bagnall's description of the death of Lady Jane and Mary's fervent outburst, beginning

He hath awaked, he hath awaked! He sits within the darkness.

THE WOODSTOCK SCENE. Elizabeth in this act wears a surcoat of very pale salmon-pink silk, trimmed with swan's down, white panned silk sleeves, slashed with pink, a white partlet and ruff open at the throat, and a salmon-pink coat, like the surcoat, sewed with seed pearls.

A speech has been added at the beginning of the scene, wherein Elizabeth expresses some surprise at the marriage of Philip and Mary, which has taken place since the end of the second act. The rest of the scene is played as it is written, and is a very pretty one. The milkmaid song has been, at Mrs. Tennyson's suggestion, set to a sonata by Beethoven. It was execrably sung. This is a very difficult scene, but it was admirably sustained and proved very interesting.

ENTER PHILIP. The second scene, or sixth as it originally stood, is played in the same room as scene 1 of act I. It is in this scene Philip first appears. He is personated by Irving. He wears a black velvet doublet slashed with white silk. The Order of the Garter buckled below his knee, white silk stockings, *basques* de chausures of black velvet slashed with white, a cap of black velvet ornamented with small gold chains and a little feather at the right side. The mantle lined with white silk, a gold chain round the shoulders, the decoration of the golden *toison* on his breast and a tight ruff round his throat, make up a costume that causes Mr. Irving's lady admirers to fall down and blindly worship at his shrine. Irving in this scene is made up after the portrait by Titian, with yellow hair and beard.

Although newly married, Philip's very first words show that he is half inclined to make love to Elizabeth— Would she had been the Queen.

The scene is played as written and it ends as third. IRVING'S ACTING. The presentation of the character of Philip was striking and powerful. The dominant idea was boredom at everything English expressed in the lines:— So weary am I of this wet land of theirs And every soul of man that breathes therein.

It was an admirable piece of self-containing acting, giving a picture of the proud, scornful, *ennuyé* prince that was loudly applauded.

QUEEN MARY'S SECOND DRESS. The Queen wore her second dress in this act. It was a robe of royal purple richly ornamented with pearls, the train lined and bound with royal ermine and curiously embroidered with gold devices. The large sleeves are turned up with clusters of gold set with pearls and diamonds. The close gown worn beneath the robe is black cloth of gold upon gold, collar and girde of worked gold set with diamonds and sapphires. Her headdress, a cart of gold, and over it, at the back, a round cap adorned with Orient pearls.

THE FOURTH ACT—CUTTING AND CHANGING. Act fourth opens with a street in Smithfield, as it was before the great fire, with gable roofs and latticed windows. Tib and Joan! Here is a slashing, indeed. The whole of the fourth act has been cut out, all but this short passage at arms between the two old women, Joan and Tib, who take the opportunity to inform us that Latimer, Ridley and Crammer have been burnt. The lines in this colloquy—

Tek thou my word vor! Joan—and I beent' wrong not twice 't ten year—the burnin' of the owid archbishop 'll burn the Pwoap out of this 'ere land vor liver and iver, brought down the house naturally, for your Londoner thinks about "Pwoaps" to-day much as old Tib did. We soon perceive that a new fourth act has been carved out of the first three scenes of the fifth, to which Mr. Tennyson has made several additions. These additions are speeches for Mary and Philip and are very characteristic, showing the increased spleen of Philip at his treatment by the English, recalling how Howard fired a shot across the bows of his vessel on his return to England, making him lower his flag to the English standard. Mary replies loftily that "no king, were he ten times king—but must lower his flag to England on the seas of England." Thus the play moves into tragedy. The heart of the Queen is breaking, and Philip, bitter in his scorn, lets it break. The acting between Mrs. Crowe and Mr. Irving was admirable at this point. Mr. Irving made up after the portrait by Velasquez. The act ends picturesquely, but somewhat tamely.

THE FIFTH ACT. The fifth act opens in Elizabeth's house, near London. It is the third scene of what was the fifth act. A pretty old room of the period, quaint old furniture, heads of stage, whose antlers throw vexed shadows on the walls; family portraits, rich heavy curtains hung against the windows which admit the sunlight on the polished oak panels, and a richly grained ceiling covers it all in. She dallies with Count de Feria, who makes love to her, for Philip, now in Spain, and fastens her.

Were you in Spain, this fine, fair goddess gold, Like sunbeams breathing on a frosty dawn, That hovers round your shoulders— ELIZABETH—Is it so fine? Troth, some have said so. She equivocates with him about Philip, though, and he trifles with her; then finally tells her Mary is dying, to her great indignation.

God's death! wherefore spoke you me before? We daily with our lay moments here, And hers are numbered. Horses there, without Why did you keep me waiting? Horses there!—and flies out in a rage. Then the scene changes and we have the last scene of the tragedy. The last scene has been left out—a pity, I think, as it adds greatly to the effect of what follows. The last scene presents Mary's apartments in Whitehall—some Gothic rooms; in the centre an opening to gallery with Gothic tracery, at the end of which a window, looking on the garden.

There is a large portrait of Philip, so arranged as to be within easy inspection. This portrait is a copy of a Velasquez, done by a Royal Academician. Heavy curtains hang over the doorways in sombre masses of shadow. There is a writing table, with a shaded lamp upon it. The moonlight enters the room by the deep-set Gothic windows, and as Mary walks up and down in her feverish excitement it casts a dim, ghostly shadow, which

Crosses one by one The moonlight casements patterned on the wall, Following her like her sorrow. It is a grand and beautiful scene. Queen Mary

dressed in a loose robe of rich gray silk brocade, over a kirtle of rose mottle and olive green Venetian velvet; tight sleeves of the same velvet, guarded with gold, worn beneath flowing ones of gray brocade; a black cowl ornamented with pearls and a ruff.

MRS. CROWE'S TRIUMPH. Mrs. Crowe in this act was very good. Previously she had been hardly sympathetic enough. Here she was highly pathetic. In the passage—

Born!— Fire, what a savor! Tell the cooks to close The doors of all the offices below. Latimer! Sir, we are private with our women here— Ever a rough, blunt and uncourtly fellow— Thou light a torch that never will go out! 'Tis out—mine flames.

Have you found mercy there? Grant it me here; and see, he smiles and goes, Gentle as in life. Where she thinks she sees Latimer and smells burning flesh the tragical effect was very fine. Mary's unaltering, pestering, foolish fondness for Philip; her patriotism; her persecutions; her enemies throwing insulting papers about the palace; her despair when convinced that Philip loves no more; her delirium when she thinks she sees the ghost of Latimer; her feverish walkings to and fro on the balcony, with her shadow following; her heartbroken sobbing when she sits and writes, "I am dying, Philip; come to me!" her final fit of rage when she hysterically hurls Philip's picture; her death, with the touching appeal to her mother—

O saint of Aragon, with that sweet, worn smile Among thy patient wrinkles— made up as grand a piece of picturesque dramatic force as ever was put upon the stage.

THE PAPER CONCERN. The papers concern in praising Mrs. Bateman's splendid *mise en scène*, but predict only a short run for the play, owing to its inherent defects.

THE LAUREATE. Tennyson, however, has no reason to be dissatisfied with the result. The poet laureate was not present at the first representation.

STRANGE FELLOWSHIP. The production of "Queen Mary" and the Black-burn jhor are the chief topics of interest in London just now.

THE AMERICAN HORSES. Mr. Sanford has decided on running Mate in the City and Suburban. He carries a weight of 115 pounds. Mate is much fitter for this event than any of the others, but there is 66 to 1 in the betting against him.

Bay Final will probably take a chance for the Metropolitan Stakes on Wednesday. Freakness galloped two miles yesterday with Mate and Bay Final. He went the same distance this morning.

THE ASCOT CUP. Freakness is to be prepared to run for the Ascot Cup. PETRARCH'S BAD LUCK. Petrarch, who has been recently sold for \$60,000, has been beaten in his trial, and it is rumored, he is scratched for the Two Thousand Guinea.

A NEW AMERICAN FAVORITE. Lady Mostyn, daughter of the American mare Annette, is a great favorite for the City and Suburban.

FINANCIAL. Though money is abundant credit is limited. The result is a stagnation in financial operations and a standstill in many directions. Confidence has not returned. The investing public hold aloof, except to sell, keeping their money in the hands of their bankers.

WHAT THEY DO WITH IT. The bankers, owing to the difficulty of employing the money in the discount market, buy up solid securities. Hence an advance in consols, notwithstanding the continental complications.

THE HOME TRADE HEAVY. The home trade is practically stagnant. The public, which is in a very discriminating mood, casts aside schemes which had once been easily floated.

THE EASTERN QUESTION. Regarding the Eastern question the fact remains that the insurrection in Herzegovina gains ground, although it is impossible for the people of the province to obtain arms and ammunition with their own local means. It is generally supposed, therefore, that Russia supplies both arms and money to the insurgents.

THE VIENNA BOURSE VASTLY DEPRESSED. Unfavorable political news continues to exercise a depressing influence on the money market. The Vienna Bourse is agitated. Austrian, Hungarian, Danubian, Russian and Turkish securities all experienced a further fall on receipt of the news of the defeat of the Turkish troops when attempting to revictual Niaco.

SERBIA MUST JOIN IN. The belief increases that Serbia must join the insurrection against Turkey.

OTHER FOREIGN STOCKS. In other foreign stocks the tendency is rather favorable. Argentines rose suddenly on the publication of a favorable letter by the Argentine Minister, other South American securities following suit.

AMERICAN SECURITIES. American governments and railroads fell early in the week, apparently owing to the existence of fears concerning the extradition treaty relations between the United States and Great Britain.

The depression in American governments constitutes quite a new feature in the market. American railway securities continue flat.

THE MARKET FOR SILVER. LONDON, April 22, 1876. Bar silver, 43 1/2-164.

THE MINING LANE MARKET—STATE OF TRADE AND PRICES. In Mining Lane business since the Easter holidays has been moderate. Sugar was firmer, especially West Indian refining sorbit. Coffee, with few exceptions, was easier yesterday; plantation, Ceylon and East Indian met with a steady demand, but low descriptions are dull.

PRICES. Prices at this week's Dutch sale were somewhat irregular, but generally nearly equal to previous rates. A quotation of 64c. a 64c. was established for good ordinary Java. Tea and rice remain quiet.

SUPPLY. A heavy supply of cocoa is for sale next Tuesday. The spice market was unsettled, and the transactions were even on a smaller scale than heretofore. Several sales of saltpears are reported, but prices show no improvement.

ROSSI'S HAMLET. LONDON, April 22, 1876. The Times to-day, speaking of Signor Rossi's performance of Hamlet, says:—"We cannot accept, nor can we believe any Englishman will accept, Signor Rossi's Hamlet as in any sense the Hamlet of Shakespeare. That Signor Rossi is an actor of great and various powers we can well believe, and we look forward with pleasure to we trust, an early opportunity of finding our belief confirmed."

Signor Rossi was unable to act last night on account of continued hoarseness.

PARISIAN PEALS.

Verdi Rehearses "Aida" at the Italiens.

A FINE CAST.

Political Amenities—MacMahon's Salary—French Dignity.

THE BILLIARDISTS' TROUBLES.

New Skating Rinks—New Plays—New Books.

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WAS IT SUICIDE?

A PROMINENT LAWYER DROWNED A WEEK AGO AND THE FACTS SUPPRESSED—THE BODY NOT YET FOUND.

Edward J. Wilson, until recently, a law partner of ex-Corporation Counsel Richard O'Gorman, occupied an office at No. 10 Pine street. Mr. Wilson had amassed a fortune of not far from \$300,000 by investments in real estate, principally in New York and Westchester counties. Starting depreciation in value of real estate for years past affected Mr. Wilson, as well as other investors, and he was compelled to resort to a sale of some of his property to raise money. His real estate broker had apparently found a customer, and on Saturday, the 15th inst., Mr. Wilson called on the broker, but was told by the latter that the man was not put in an appearance. Mr. Wilson seemed very much depressed by this intelligence, and remarked, despondingly, that life was not worth having, and that man's word could be depended on.

After a few minutes' further conversation, during which the real estate broker tried to quiet Mr. Wilson, the latter left, remarking that life was not worth having, as men's promises could not be depended on.

Between ten and eleven o'clock on the same evening, Saturday, the 15th inst., a man was seen at a water man waiting along the pier at the foot of East Twenty-third street. The watchman went up to him and warned him of the danger of his falling into the river. The man was not deterred, but, in the presence of the watchman's business. About five minutes afterward the watchman, who had not gone far, heard a splash, and when he looked back saw the man in the water. The man who is a cripple, touched him on the head with his crutch, but the gentleman, who may have been stunned, did not reach for it. A boat came found in the water disclosed that he was Edward J. Wilson.

MR. WILSON'S HISTORY. Mr. Wilson came to New York when he was young, and studied law with Thomas Adams Emmet. He made real estate his specialty. Early in his practice he was a partner of Abram D. Ditmars, ex-Mayor of Long Island City, and Richard S. Knickerbocker. In 1853 he was Dillion, O'Gorman & Wilson, the first member being John B. Dillon, who subsequently returned to Ireland and became a member of Parliament, and the second being Hon. Richard O'Gorman. When Mr. O'Gorman was made Corporation Counsel he appointed Mr. Wilson Clerk of Street Openings, which position he filled in connection with the private business of the firm. He was under the firm name of Wilson & Clarke, the latter being Richard H. Clarke. In 1867 his partners were Hon. Addison G. Rice, a well known lawyer of Central New York, and George H. Jones, ex-Recorder of the City and present Register of the city and county of New York. In 1871 he formed a partnership with Hon. Michael Nolan, who then was Recorder of the City and County of New York, and succeeded in the firm by Hon. Moody B. Smith, for many years District Attorney for the city and county of Wilmington, N. C. Mr. Smith was his partner at the time of his death.

Mr. Wilson was beloved by all who knew him, and had a sense of honor of more than ordinary delicacy. He was generous and charitable to a fault. As evidence of his thoughtfulness and consideration of others it is related that he was accustomed to send his nurse, who lived at the West End, a very constant, a very costly, and to the date of her death. He was one of the 100 lawyers who were selected to form the Bar Association.

He left his hearing place, No. 91 West Eleventh street, about half past seven o'clock in the evening of his drowning, and told the landlady that he should soon return for a bath. The gas was found burning. His only relatives are his brother, Mr. Hugh C. Wilson, of Peekskill, and the latter's four children. Deceased was a bachelor. His friends do not think he committed suicide, as, notwithstanding his melancholic habits, he did not leave behind him any explanatory letters.

SUICIDE OF A MERCHANT.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 22, 1876. George Ritchie, a prominent