Daily Appeal.

Miss Heron and Mrs. Bateman's New Tragedy—What the New York Papers Say of Them.

On Monday night last the new American tragedy, entitled "Geraldine, or Love's Victory," written by Mrs. Bateman, was produced at Wallack's Theater, New York. The *Herald* says:

The theatrical renovation commenced last evening at this theater with a new American tragedy, entitled "Geraldine, or Love's Victory." The splendid theater was well filled in every part; boxes, parquette and galleries were crowded with the beautiful and fair, while the stirring and mastered in overwhelming force. The principal character in the tragedy was supported by the talented, graceful and accomplished Miss Matilda Heron, whose immense power of delineating character was never more fully or effectually brought out than it was last evening. At the conclusion of the tragedy Miss Heron was loudly called for, and responded to the call, escorted by Mr. Sothern. The house was then made to ring with applause. Miss Heron having retired, loud cries were for the author, and after some delay Mr. H. L. Bateman, the manager, appeared and thanked the audience for the manner in which the piece was received. He then modestly stated that Mrs. Bateman was the authoress of the piece—(loud applause)—and that no efforts would be spared to make it more attractive, if possible, in future.

The Times says the language of the play cannot be greatly commended as a matter of art. The almost attention has been paid to rythm, which is not blank verse, but beyond the music of faultless metre there is little in the dialogue that passes above the light of ordinary blank-verse. The object would appear to have been rather to emphasize than to invest, to ornament than to be forcible. Almost every substantive has its strong adjective necessary to the rounding of the phrase, but scarcely necessary to sight when. There are more words than thoughts. There is more labor on old ideas than of the originality that would introduce new ones. On the whole, and taking at the late hour at which the tragedy was concluded to go into largely into detail, we would say that it would not be possible to call Geraldine a great work, as a literary production; but it would at the same time be only true to state that if it were reduced considerably in outlines, and a little in what is technically known as the stage action, the tragedy would be very well worth listening to, as promising greater and better things from its fair authoress.

Of the actors who were engaged in the representation of the new play, it would be impossible to speak too highly. Miss Heron's Geraldine was a perfect piece of studied art. Her progressive growth of passion, pride were incomparably great, while her delineation of the softer emotions of love for Hubert, and elderly affection for Edith, were beyond all praise. Mr. Coulbock's Hubert was a fine representation of character as has, perhaps, ever been seen on any stage; it was an intuitive King Lear; and his pecunation of it is a matter of the most admiration. The reading of both Miss Heron and Mr. Coulbock was of the highest order. Mr. Walcott did the Switzer with consummate skill; making one think the authoresses more indebted to him for his acting than he could possibly be to the authoress for any facilities in the character itself. His Gamboo, Mr. Walcott was well done. Mr. Sothern was less happy as Hubert than we have ever seen him, and, indeed, with the exception of a pretty poetic story, somewhat after the style of Balwer's Lake of Como business in the Lady of Lyons, was tame throughout. Mr. Davidge played Gervasse, an elderlather, well, as he usually does everything he undertakes well, and Mrs. Archbold went through the old nurse as well as a hoarseness of voice and a weakness of memory would permit.

The *Tribune* gives it the following fatal slash:

The tragedy is the production of Mrs. H. L. Bateman, a lady who has written at least one play before this one. The title of the new tragedy is "Geraldine; or Love's Victory." It is divided into the traditional five acts; it abounds in an unusual amount of impossible incident; (in it is spoken twenty-one small bills) the following programme of conflicting passions, viz: "Love, revenge, hope, despair, jealousy, scorn and death"; and the effect of the whole is to disgust. Were it not for the unquestioned genius of Miss Matilda Heron, and for the admirable display of talent by the other members of the company, the fate of the new tragedy would be quickly decided. Under the present favorable circumstances, the agony may be prolonged for a few nights. Miss Heron has been most unhappy heretofore in her selection of new plays, and in this, her latest choice, she has shown no better judgment, and even her subtlety acting cannot save the play from the fast speedy oblivion to which its own weight will soon entomb it.

The following is a hasty sketch of the plot: Baron De Lacey, (Mr. Lafingwell,) resident in England on the confines of Wales, has betrothed his daughter Geraldine (Miss Heron) to Hubert (Mr. Sothern,) absent in the Holy Land, fulfilling a vow of seven years knightly service. During his absence Edith, the Baron's Welsh ward, (Mr. Coulbock,) who thereupon crosses De Lacey, root and branch. The curse is most effective; the old Baron dies, and Geraldine, after a long and weary sickness, recovers with a bunch on her back, which deformity is, however, most carefully concealed from her for six years, by force of the considerate persons who attend her, and at the end of the time Hubert returns, and, in spite of the deformity, marries the lady. Edith, sister of Geraldine, (Miss Josephine Orton,) falls in love with Hubert, and is, in consequence, enamored, and reveals the secret to her sister. A crafty priest, Jonathan, (Mr. Coulbock,) for revengeful reasons of his own, leads Geraldine to believe that the passion her sister is reciprocated by Hubert, and that there is guilty intercourse between them.

Geraldine thereupon resolves to stab Edith, but being moved by her entreaties, spares her and takes poison herself, that the lovers may have no obstacle in the way of their marriage. Hubert, who has returned from the priest, in the belief that she has killed her sister, tells her that he is the son of the Bird who was killed by her father, and that to avenge his father's death, he (Hubert) had poisoned the Baron and sisters of her kindred; that he gave her the charms that induced her lingering illness, which cured her deformity, and that he has been guilty of the crime of the adultery between her husband and her sister. Just then the sister appears alive, and the lying priest is drawn off to a dungeon. The poison does its work, Geraldine dies, and the history is now on stand.

The absurdity of the incident on which the story hinges, should be instantly recognized. That a woman should be so instantly mistaken for six years and not know it herself, is too extravagant a supposition for anything but the broadest farce. Hubert, too, is a fool. Tough lessons of this nature doubtless are the crediting of the audience is so unsifted as to ex ite a universal smile whenever it is alluded to. It is folly to attempt to carry by assault an idea that is indeed so broadly farcical. Shakespeare himself couldn't have done it. If any earthly indecency could have tempted him to stultify himself by the attempt.

Despite the failure of the tragedy, as a whole, it has good scenes, and some brilliant points, which are given most effectively by the artists who engage in the melancholy endeavor to save the piece. Miss Heron struggles manfully to make the heroine a great character, and seldom has she appeared to better advantage than in the fight she is hopelessly against the overwhelming weight of this tedious piece. It is a thing to see her brilliant abilities wasted in the unavailing effort.

Mr. Coulbock, as the Welsh bard, has a most effective scene, and richly deserved the hearty applause he got. In the character of the Prince, he was not so happy. This character is a most delectable one, and one most unnecessary to the play, and might be wholly expurgated. Mr. Walcott, as Gamboo, the Earl's Jester, delivered his few lines with much effect, though, in the main, the character is an illegal for a parser. Mr. Sothern's part is not worth physic. Messrs. Davidge, Bland, Lafingwell and others, have small parts, of which they make all that is within the possibilities. Miss Josephine Orton, who enacted the part of Edith, exhibited to an small decree of praise for the care and studiedness she has bestowed on the character. In the latter scene of the play she acts with much earnestness and truth. She was deservedly applauded. Mrs. Archbold and Miss Weston are the other two ladies of the piece, and said their little say acceptable.

As soon as Miss Heron is convinced of the inevitable fate of her new play, will she not kindly abandon it and give us some of the old pieces, in which she has no equal?

THE MAMMOTH SHIP.

The Great Eastern Completed and Almost Ready for Sea—Her Engines in Motion—Grand Banquet on Board.—We copy from the London Times, etc.:

The completion of the Great Eastern was formally celebrated yesterday at a banquet on board the ship, which was honored by the presence of many of the members of both Houses, and some of the most distinguished engineers and scientific men in the kingdom. Three months ago, and only one or two of the six masts were fared, the bulwarks had not been quite completed, the hull wanted painting, the cabins were filled with indescribable lumber of all kinds, while in the length of cabins and saloons below seemed only so many dirty sheep houses for unfinished joinery. Yesterday all was made as bold and the reverse of all of this, and such progress has been made that the ship now looks as she will look when proceeding to sea, and as she ought to look to keep pace with the reputation of the largest and finest specimen of naval architecture that ever floated.

The screw engines are constructed on the same in novel principles. They have four cylinders of eighty-four inches diameter and four feet stroke. The cylinders are capable of being worked together or separately. When worked together at five strokes a minute, with steam on at fifteen pounds, and cutting off at one-third of the stroke, these engines give an indicated power of 4,400 horses, but at fifty-five strokes a minute, with steam at twenty-five pounds, and cutting off at one-quarter of the stroke, the power will reach to 6,500 horses. To this must be added the power of the paddle engines will drive the immense paddle through the water with a power no less than 22,000 horses. What first could stand in the way of such a power? Mass, weighing some 30,000 tons, and driven through the sea or by 12,000 horse power in the rate of twenty-two or twenty-four miles an hour? The screw engine would be of little effect against the paddle engine