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A PHILISTINE'S DIARY.

Gath's Recollections of Forrest, the Tragedian.

THE NOTED ACTOR'S FOIBLES PICTURED.

His Hatred of Adverse Criticism—A Story About James Bowie—Interesting Anecdotes.

[Written for the CHRONICLE—Copyrighted.]

One of the first men of almost universal reputation I came to know was Edwin Forrest, the tragedian. Nothing shows the improvement in social culture and equipoise more than our having outgrown the taste of twenty-five years ago, to take by the hand, toady, and allow ourselves to be bullied by men of Forrest's assumption. He was nothing but an actor, not even a gentleman. His rank as an actor all other actors seemed to place in this country at the summit, and I judge from hearsay, and from his earlier portraits and busts, that in his youth and earlier maturity he must have been remarkably endowed with a body, voice and countenance to delineate the personages of his plays.

About 1860 he was on everybody's tongue. Not only boys, but men would go squares out of their way in Philadelphia to see Forrest, and the crowds that marched out to Broad street on Sunday afternoons never stopped short of Forrest's house, and would stare up at the window, and, if they saw him, be sure to tell their wives and acquaintances about it.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY AND FORREST.

I remember Daniel Dougherty, who became Forrest's executor, saying that in his boyhood the passion to speak to Forrest was so great that he waylaid the actor as he was coming out of the theater by the back alley, and, putting on all his courage, said: "Mr. Forrest." "Well, what in the —— do you want?" exclaimed the actor in his powerful voice. Dougherty took to his legs, delighted and apprehensive together, and rushing around the corner till he got out of sight, burst into a group of his acquaintances with the exclamation, "I spoke to Ned Forrest." Dougherty became Forrest's lawyer in after years, and in what I am to relate he plays an accessory part. It is a singular fact that Forrest pretended to be the native American of actors, and Dougherty was the son of an Irishman and a Catholic, yet the boys of the last generation imbibed Forrest whole, without regard to his prejudices or hostilities. They had seen him on the stage in such American parts as "King Philip" and "The Gladiator," and to them he was both classical and American history.

FORNEY'S ADMIRATION.

In the latter part of December, 1861, Mr. Forrest emerged from a retirement of five years, following, I think, his divorce suit, and was announced to appear at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. After he took to the stage again at that time he continued upon it for years, having a strong love of money, and more mental enjoyment playing than in a rather barren retirement. Mr. Forney had almost ruined himself for Edwin Forrest through the same fascination that actor had for boys in general all over the country. Forney had embraced the earliest opportunity to know Mr. Forrest; had felt flattered with his occasional society at dinner, at a call from him, or a note or confidential letter, and the actor's strong will and cosmopolitan acquaintance in past times had wreathed themselves around Forney till he was a mere secondary figure to the actor, though he really moved in a larger orbit and had a better class of friends. Some men do not know that they are superior to others.

DOCTOR MACKENZIE.

An old gentleman of Irish birth and English antecedents, Dr. Robert Shelton Mackenzie, was Forney's literary and dramatic editor, and he controlled both departments with an iron hand, assuming the fullest extent of his prerogatives and working his personal repulsions into both his literary and dramatic notices. He made actors and actresses call on him at his house if they wanted literary attention, and publishers had to send him books early and often if they were to be pleasantly attended to. If he disliked anybody you must not be on good terms with that anybody or he would manage to die into you. He was finally sued for libel by Mrs. Gladstone, a beautiful actress whom he was in the habit of taunting with the imputation that she had been a ballet girl. She was the leading lady at one or two of the theaters in Philadelphia at different times, and it was understood that she had refused to visit Mr. Mackenzie. Forney fretfully acquiesced in almost everything the Doctor did, but when Forrest was about to emerge from his long silence, Forney had at once to deal with two positive quantities, Mackenzie and the tragedian, and the Doctor, being his employe, had to go under. Forney sent me word that he wished me to write the notices of Mr. Forrest's playing, and to be very particular not to offend him even by small stricture, as he was a very exacting man and Forney's particular friend.

I do not know how it was, but I also was under the glamor of this actor before I had ever seen him, and it was one of the proudest days of my life when I was deputed to criticise, or rather to praise his playing in the leading newspaper of Philadelphia.

Forrest had bitter enemies in that city, on account of his having taken notice of too many of them who had no other passport to fame than to exasperate him and be written amongst his detractors. Very positive men invariably divide society into friends and enemies. The three enemies of Forrest, as he dignified them, in Philadelphia, were the proprietors of a Sunday paper whose editor was Thompson Westcott, a fertile historiographer of Philadelphia and author of a very good "Life of John Fitch," though a very opinionated one; Mr. Fitzgerald, the publisher of a weekly theatrical and musical paper, and the critic of the same, John D. Stockton, who died about 1873 on the New York press. The offense of these was not to express higher admiration for Forrest as an actor, and he took it in such personal part that they were all delighted with the consideration of his enmity; for he was so much of a man in that community that it was a distinction to be hated by him. I clearly saw my field was to appear to be criticising Forrest while really lauding him in the most jesuitical way.

JOHN M'CULLOUGH.

He opened in *Hamlet*; that opening was also the introduction to the country at large of John McCullough. Forrest had desired to be supported by Edwin Adams, then at the head of the Walnut-street stock company, but the woman who leased that theater, Mrs. Garretson, was not willing to have Adams go away, as his face, voice and charming town manners helped to fill the theater. McCullough had been raised at the Arch-street Theater, in the same city, where he appeared in a very subordinate capacity, and I think I was present at his first appearance. Being transferred to the Walnut-street Theater after he had made a good impression in the city, Mr. McCullough was willing to go with Mr. Forrest, and his docility and remarkable way of pleasing conciliated even Forrest.

McCullough remained with Forrest several years, or until about the time Ralston took a fancy to him in California, and put him into the California Theater. John McCullough is one of those men of whom you first entertain a very great expectation, and afterwards reduce your estimate of his talents, while becoming more attached to him as a person, and then you find that his personal prettiness has stood him in better stead than his profession, and has brought him powerful friends and attention, and you then begin to modify your admiration still more, on the ground that his success did not come by the proper avenue, and finally you see the same man breaking away from the spells of fortune and conquering another fortune by sheer hard work and assiduity. In short, his success has been so steady that one might be ranked as an envious man to deprecate it. He draws in his generation almost like Forrest in the former one, and the same class of critics who declared that Forrest was a bad actor say the same of McCullough.

DISLIKE OF HARSH CRITICISM.

However, to resume my acquaintance with Mr. Forrest. By the force of his will he had compelled the leading newspapers to take in their harsh critics and write his praises. Most of my notices were studies of Shakespeare instead of Forrest. I desired, however, to know this exploited person, and wrote him a letter asking for information about his application to Bulwer to be allowed to play "Richelieu" in England, Forrest having bottomed his quarrel with Macready on the charge that through Macready's influence the author would not let him appear in *Richelieu* across the water. The following letter I retain:

PHILADELPHIA, December 5, 1861.

Dear Sir: I am in the receipt of your note of yesterday, and will be most happy to give you any information I have on the subject you name. As *Richelieu* will not be acted until next week, may I ask you to favor me with a call at the Academy of Music to-morrow (Friday), about 1:30 P. M., when we will have time to dispose of the matter in question. I have read with much pleasure the notices of *Hamlet* in the *Press*, and think they show a refinement of thought and an ingenious delicacy of expression quite unusual nowadays in the newspaper notices of the drama.

Very truly yours, EDWIN FORREST.

A FIRST INTERVIEW.

I went to the Academy of Music, which had then been open only about two years, towards the close of the rehearsal, and was taken forward by Joe McCardle, Forrest's agent and bully, whose business it was to protect his interests at the door, and particularly to keep out obnoxious deadheads and critics.

There came out into the lobby the large fluffy face, faded complexion, straight fleshy figure and deliberate carriage of the American tragedian, and he took me by the hand and then started towards one of the private boxes where he delivered to me a pamphlet containing his explanation of the quarrel with Macready, in which was some reference to the matter of playing "Richelieu." His manner was condescending and coltishly gracious. After a few words on that subject he abruptly turned and asked if there had not been an article against him suppressed in one of the Sunday newspapers for which I furnished the city news on Saturday nights.

OVERPOWERING CURIOSITY.

I had shown one of Forrest's subordinates a pretty rough article against him, coming from an outside source, which I had persuaded the editor not to print. With the influence despotism has on its satellites to make them all tale-bearers, this man had told Mr. Forrest about the wonderful attack, perhaps putting in himself as one of its suppressers. As it had not been published at all, Forrest had gone, out of his dignity and necessity, to inquire into the existence of his unknown enemies, even when their fangs had been extracted. He showed the greatest desire to know who wrote that article, and I told him that the person was obscure, and I should have to get permission before I related a little matter of office life which had already gone too far.

On at least one other occasion, and I think twice, he sent word to know if I would not oblige him with the name of the writer of the criticism against him, which had fallen stillborn. It was therefore plain how much of Forrest's life was made miserable by vindictiveness. He wished to punish everybody, not only those who injured him, but those unhappy enough not to appreciate him, and to discover persons who from good or bad motives would detract in the least from his pretensions. Probably he suspected a large round of acquaintances or writers, some of past commission, of having tried to get access to a journal with no more than seven thousand circulation, which appeared only once a week, and then had a minor influence.

I think, however, that refusing to give him the name of the man rather strengthened me in his respect, for only a week afterward he wrote me a note asking me to come to his house on Broad street with Mr. McCullough.

FORREST'S HOME.

I still thought it a great honor to see the famous man at home, and that evening we rang the bell at the big brownstone house at the edge of the city, and a woman showed us to a room on the second floor, opening the door without any announcement, and there in his library sat Forrest, with a smoking-cap on his head and a fine red dressing-gown around him, reading a book under an illuminated shade. He really looked magnificent as he stood up in the rich colors of that dress, and with his deep voice, the conversational tones of which I always liked more than his declamation. He gave us a sort of rough welcome, such as an old sea-captain might have done.

Afterwards we plunged into conversation, McCullough listening genially, but saying nothing much, and I putting the questions, for I was already an interviewer, ten years before my appearance in that character, and did not know it. Forrest did all the talking, of course.

JAMES BOWIE'S KNIFE.

He told a story about meeting James Bowie, the duelist, and inventor of the bowie-knife, apropos of a huge knife that was affixed to one of the bookshelves like a sign. I recollect enough of the story to outline it. He occasionally introduced the epithet "by God" to emphasize his description.

"I was well acquainted with James Bowie," Forrest said, "and he thought a great deal of me, and he gave me that bowie-knife which he had made to order on his measurements and plans. He was, like most duelists, given to spells of melancholy, and I desired him to tell me the story of his killing —— —— with that knife, in Texas or Louisiana. I said to him several times, 'Bowie, I want you to tell me that story.' He would shake his head and turn the matter aside. I observed that he always wore a serious face for some minutes after this request. Finally I found him in the mood to break down the barriers of his usual restraint, and he said to me, 'Well, Forrest, I will tell you that story.'"

FORREST'S RELATION OF BOWIE'S STORY.

Then Forrest related it to this effect:

A certain man had been very ambitious to have a bowie-knife fight with James Bowie, the slave dealer. Bowie avoided him, not desiring a conflict for the mere sake of measuring prowess. Bowie had enough combats on his hands in the way of business and factional feuds to employ all the time he wanted to give to that sort of amusement.

The man, however, made it unpleasant for Bowie not to accept his challenge, and finally Bowie settled it that they were to come together, each with a friend and both unarmed.

The left hands and arms of the two men were to be lashed together and then a bowie-knife was to be put in the right hand of each.

Here Forrest took down the bowie-knife and showed the simplicity of the weapon—how it would thrust and rip upward, being bent and sharpened on the top, or would also cut downward like a butcher-knife.

The man was determined to have the fight and accepted the terms, and they came to the place and were duly tied, and then the steel was handed to each man.

A SANGUINARY DUEL.

Bowie was the smaller man of the two, and to equalize the conditions had arranged for the tying of their hands. As Bowie looked into his opponent's eye and saw him guessing for the spot to strike, he put his mind into the left hand, which was tied, and made up his mind to receive the first stab there. Accordingly, as the stranger grasped the blade and brought it forward, Bowie caught it right through his arm, allowing the knife to go quite through, hacking the tendons, and so he pinned the knife back against the man's breast with this bloody arm, which the knife had skewered, and then like a flash of lightning he drew the knife that Forrest held in his hand in a circle around his opponent's bowels, and they gushed out with a sound "whoop"—and here Forrest shouted the "whoop" in his guttural tones so terrifically that you could almost hear the man's bowels dropping on the horny floor.

A SLAP AT AMERICAN POMPOUSNESS.

Against one side of the library was a faded paper, on which was printed in type of ninety years before the words:

At the Close of the Day
MR. SHERIDAN
Will Address the Poll.

"There," said Forrest, "is Richard Brinsley Sheridan's announcement that he is going to speak to his constituents. By God! sir, if that had been an American politician it would have read 'when the ceremonies of the day have concluded, the Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan will address his fellow-citizens on the great issues of the period, etc., etc.'"

FORREST'S EXPLANATION OF THE MACREADY TROUBLES.

Forrest also explained the beginning of his quarrel with Macready by describing how that actor played "Macbeth," and introduced a Scotch dance into it, whereupon Forrest, sitting in the audience, hissed Macready out of his respect for Shakespeare. No doubt this hissing prejudiced the English public against him, and he was not praised on that side of the water. He uttered no regret whatever for the Macready riots, and seemed rather to rejoice in them, bloody as they were. His man, McCardle, who afterwards died at the Institute Forrest left to actors, north of Philadelphia, told me that he had been one of the first rioters at the Astor place Opera-House and had thrown rotten eggs on the stage and kept the boys lively. This may have been false, but it showed the kind of men Forrest kept around him in those days, when one of them could think it a matter of pride to have received a foreigner of Macready's distinction with jeers and mobs and missiles.

Many themes talked over there have passed out of my mind. There was a conservative business side to Forrest, and he spoke particularly about the habits of actors ruining them; he spoke of the elder Booth and praised him in the part of "Richard," but said that Edmund Kean was the greatest actor England had ever known, which seems to be the universal opinion now. He said that John R. Scott, he thought, would have made one of the finest actors of the world, but liquor took hold of him. Charlotte Cushman he sneered at.

DOMESTIC HABITS.

After we had talked nearly two hours Mr. Forrest went to the door by which we had entered, and reappeared with a bottle of champagne, a plate of ginger-cakes and three twisted plantation cigars, which he set before us. He told us where the cigars came from, and, not smoking himself, drank a glass of the wine and ate the cake.

Upon a subsequent visit to his house the same performance was repeated. I think the ginger-cake and champagne bottle were placed just outside of the door, and it was said that he kept no servants, though I do not see how that could have been the case, unless his two sisters, who were his housekeepers, also cooked for him. It is probable that there were kitchen servants, but no domestics in the upper part of the house. It was said that during Forrest's married life the upper servants fell under his wife's influence and testified against him in Court, and he afterwards classed all domestics as informers. He never made any allusion to his married life in my company.

On another occasion, at the same house, Daniel Dougherty was present and took some part in the conversation, though he never ventured any of his well-known stories against Forrest's talk that I heard. At that time Dougherty was Forrest's lawyer, making the arrangements to preserve Forrest's property from seizure under the accrued judgments of the Court, giving his wife alimony. After Forrest died Dougherty, who was his executor, with a manly sense of justice overset Forrest's system of evasions and withholdings, and paid Mrs. Forrest out of the estate the money in bulk justly her due, on which, I suppose, she maintained herself thenceforward.

THE ACTOR'S ART COLLECTION.

Forrest, like all celebrities of thirty years ago, received excessive praise for the contents of his house, the splendor of his paintings, etc. I suspect that his paintings and artistic properties would cut a very small figure in our day. He went down into the picture gallery, an extension of his house, with us, and held up a light to show several of the pictures. One subject was Napoleon, observing from a window the burning of Moscow. I do not recollect by whom it was painted, but it seemed to me to have more outside reputation than it deserved. There was a large picture of two girls coming down to the water half disrobed to step in, and one of them is feeling the water with her toe to see whether it is too cold. Forrest said he often came down in the night to look at that picture. I was more concerned in his bust, taken when he was about 40 years of age, and which showed a manly head and striking features.

On two or three other occasions I met him at the Continental Hotel or the theater, and he seemed to me to be a heavy-minded person of slight sympathy, thoroughly bent on conducting his own career and increasing his fortune, and making a virtue of his unforgivable disposition.

A VINDICTIVE TEMPER.

He forgave nobody; I fear that he died with no example of forgiveness in his life on which he might implore the Divine forgiveness. He had come upon the stage of life with a rather rebellious heart, with remarkable endowments, and with thrift and business prudence, and had developed with the country until he was the pride of the rougher element in it, and much admired by many persons of discrimination. In the height of his fame he married a beautiful woman of an artistic family, not probably as devoted a wife as he could have found in another field, nor capable of controlling his imperious will, or of putting a manly nature in place of his sensual one. He was better off alone, and never rested until he had driven his wife out and become absolute in his deserted house, and thenceforward, with the exception of his two sisters, his only female companions were such as played with him brief engagements and were tractable to his will. He was satisfied to make money and draw audiences; and this all went to found an institution which is not of the least influence on mankind, and of very slight beneficence.

FORNEY'S SERVICES.

I soon began to suspect that Mr. Forrest's acquaintance was not of the slightest value to me, and the last time I ever spoke with him was at Niblo's Garden, New York, after the performance, when I went into his dressing-room. I published a sketch of him about 1864, describing his appearance at home, some of the better traits of his character, and was told soon afterward that it made him mad, and so I ceased to see him. I do not think there was a single point in that article which would furnish a reasonable man with an opportunity for a quarrel.

John W. Forney, who had been at such pains to have Mr. Forrest praised without criticism, had suffered the keenest wounds of his life from carrying out Mr. Forrest's suggestion to assist to persecute Mrs. Forrest. It is known that Forney wrote a letter to a certain actor asking him to detect another actor in his cups and extract from him any indelicate relations he might have had with Mrs. Forrest. The letter came out during the trial, and was constantly repeated of Forney by his political contemporaries and enemies, and given the interpretation of a disgraceful attempt to injure a woman through making a man drunk. In fact, it stood this interpretation. I was never able to hear that Mr. Forrest was of any pecuniary assistance to Mr. Forney, who died in 1882 with next to nothing.

POLITICAL PREFERENCES.

Forrest was a Democrat, and any concessions that he made to the war spirit of the North required to be very highly exploited, or he might have withdrawn what he considered his powerful influence from the support of the Union cause. In short, it was impossible to have much respect for a generation which took Edwin Forrest at his own valuation, and thus spoiled the man. But he will alway remain, I suspect, to be the bean ideal of actors among actors. His courageous self-dependence, restraint of dissipation and pride, if not elevation of mind, produced their full reward, professional success and fortune.

AN UNREALIZED PREDICTION.

I find the following reference to my brief acquaintance with Forrest in a letter of John Russell Young, our Minister to China, dated December 26, 1861. Young was then a sort of resident secretary at Forney's side:

You have made a hit on Forrest; that is to say, you have praised him in first-class style. I suppose the great Napoleon is pleased, and it is your own fault if you do not make it tell; for from what little I know of Mr. Forrest he will be a good friend to any rising young man that answers his fancy. I could tell you many kind things I have known him to say of you.

Young added at that date: "I am back in Washington in the old ruts of sin, quietly studying the grand game of sin, intrigue, dissimulation, heartlessness and statesmanship. Washington society is as novel to me as it was in July, and I am kept very busy, and rather seem to enjoy it." GATH.

A COOLIE CARGO.

Arrival of Eight Hundred and Fifty Chinese by the "Gaelic."

The steamer *Gaelic*, twenty-one days from Hongkong, and fifteen days and nineteen hours from Yokohama, arrived yesterday at 12:30 o'clock, about thirty-six hours ahead of her time, thus accomplishing another quick trip. She brought about twenty cabin passengers and 850 coolies, about 600 of whom are bound for Oregon, when on their arrival there they will be forwarded to the North Pacific Railroad as laborers. The remainder of the Mongrel cargo are mostly "old Californians," according to the statement of Consul Bee.

Leang Che Lak, an agent of the Chinese Government, came over in the cabin, in the interest of Chinese imports in general, and in particular to look into the quality of the productions of American cotton mills, to the end that a large invoice of cotton goods may be shipped to China for general distribution through the provinces. Up to the time the last Chinese was searched no "find" of contraband goods rewarded the diligence of the Customs officers. To-day the usual systematic search of the ship will commence, which will be continued until the vessel sails again.

A New Iron Industry.

The Pacific Iron and Nail Company has incorporated for the purpose of erecting and operating rolling mills, at or near this city, suitable for the manufacture of all kinds of iron and nails. In connection with the enterprise the company will build wharves, coal and barges, and purchase and locate timber lands, with such water rights and such water power as may be found necessary for the proper conducting of the business. In order to produce the necessary material iron and coal mines will be located and worked by the company, which also proposes to manufacture kegs and boxes for transportation purposes. The capital stock is $500,000, divided into 5000 shares of $100 each. H. J. Houston, G. T. Walker, P. A. Wagner, W. T. Perry, W. F. Man, T. P. Hayes, N. J. Wilson, A. M. Starr, Asa Harker, E. H. Morgan and T. C. Coogan are the Directors.

Police Court Notes.

In Department No. 1 of the Police Court yesterday Abe King was fined $10 for driving his horse at a faster pace than the law allows. May Collins, a Dupont-street cyprian, and her lover, George Wilson, alias Strassman, were held to answer before the Superior Court on a charge of grand larceny, in robbing a countryman of $96.

In Department No. 2 five Chinese fan players and one Celestial lottery agent were fined $20 each. James Smith, for cruelty to animals, was mulcted $10.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

A Voyage to Brazil in a Cheap and Nasty Ship.

WHY ENGLAND HAS US "ON THE HIP."

American Vessels Run Out by British Greed and Economy—A Brazilian Town.

[Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

LONDON, April 1, 1882.

I left New York for Rio Janeiro on the 5th of December last, and arrived at Rio on the 10th of January. I had intended to confine my letter to Brazil, but the incident of the voyage proved so interesting that I have determined to devote a portion of this preliminary letter to the latter.

There was formerly a line of American steamers—the Roach line—from New York to Rio. It received a subsidy for carrying the American mails. When the Government withdrew this subsidy Mr. Roach tried to obtain a similar allowance from the Brazilian Government. Failing in this, he was obliged to sell his vessels and discontinue the service. At the time I began my journey there were no American steamers running to Rio. I was obliged to take a foreign vessel—the (so-called Belgian) steamer *Tycho Brahe*, belonging to Lamport & Holt of Liverpool. The equipment and management of this vessel were a source of constant interest to me, for it furnished a complete answer to that hitherto unanswered question: Why have British steamers almost entirely superseded American ones on the ocean? The answer is: Because they are cheap and nasty. The *Tycho Brahe* was cheap and nasty; hence Mr. Roach's steamers failed, and the Englishmen triumphed.

THE AMERICAN STEAMERS.

The American steamers were large, powerful and fleet vessels; were well officered and manned, and both officers and men were well paid, as such things go on the sea; the vessels were well provisioned; the table was excellent; the service good; fresh meats, vegetables, bread, milk, ice and many other luxuries were freely dispensed; the cooking was good, the table service clean and neat; there were baths and lounges and smoking cabins and a barber's saloon aboard—in short, these steamers were floating hotels. They were as much superior to foreign vessels of the same class as a North-river boat is to a Rhine steamer, or a Pullman sleeper to an English railway coach. They ran on time; they did not prowl along our coasts to pick up cargoes for Brazil, nor stop at a dozen ports in Brazil to load coffee for New York. They used to make the voyage in sixteen or seventeen days; we took thirty-five in the *Tycho Brahe*.

WHY AMERICA CAN'T COMPETE.

I am very well aware that at the outset an English iron steamer costs less to build than an American one, but first cost is not an important item in the expense of running a steamship line. The main considerations are the expenses of fuel, labor, food and stores, and as these—with certain exceptions to be noticed presently—can be obtained as cheaply by American vessels as English ones, it follows that if the former were willing to lower their service to the standard of English vessels they could maintain a successful competition with them.

Let me now describe the management and equipment of the *Tycho Brahe*. She was English built (the Clyde, 1866), English owned, English manned, English commanded. Every article of food and drink aboard of her was English, every item of stores. Even the money current aboard was English; Belgian, French and American coins only passing at a heavy discount. There was not a vestige of anything Belgian about her except her lying flag, which the sailors used to spit and jump upon in contempt.

EVADING THE PLIMSOLL ACT.

What was this masquerade for? Simply to evade compliance with the Plimsoll Act against overloading seagoing ships. She had once had a "Plimsoll mark" painted on her side to denote the line of safety for loading. When she hoisted the Belgian flag this mark was effaced. She was not rated in Lloyd's list for fear that her rating would repel passengers. Her tonnage was 1287 registered and 1848 gross. Her complement of officers, sailors, stokers and servants were forty, all told; their combined wages amounted to £18 a day; she burnt about 15 tons of coal a day, at 17 shillings a ton, or £12 15s.; cost of food £4 5s.; total running expenses £35, or $175 a day. She has earned as much as £20,000 from freight alone in a single voyage! The Captain is required to insure the vessel to the extent of a few hundred pounds upon his own security, the rate of premium paid to him being about 5 per cent. The security he affords is a cash deposit with the owners, and he is allowed interest on this at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. The average speed of this vessel was nine knots an hour; she rolled and pitched like a cockle boat; her sails were in tatters; her topsail halyards and other like important tackle were rotted and spliced, and the food, cooking and attendance would have disgraced a London mechanics' boarding-house. Everything about her, including the Captain, was cheap and nasty. And yet the price of passage was $165.

A PIG-HEADED MARINER.

She was advertised as a passenger ship, bound to Rio direct. A day after leaving she put into York river, Virginia, to pick up 3000 more barrels of flour at West Point. There are only eighteen feet of water in this river, near West Point, while the vessel drew twenty feet. By dint of assistance from passing vessels, all of which was afforded by our generous countrymen gratuitously, the *Tycho Brahe* was towed through two feet of mud and into deeper water near the wharf. Here, in spite of reason and of the remonstrances of the passengers, the Captain took on board 5000 barrels of flour, bringing the vessel down to 22½ feet, and then attempted to haul over the bar. Of course she stuck there. For twenty-two tides—eleven days—this idiotic skipper, begging a tow from every passing steamer, tried to force his vessel through nearly five feet of Virginia mud. At last, when the oysters began to fasten themselves on the ship; when the "suckers" got into the boiler tubes; when the Baltimore and Boston steamers got tired of towing him; when the passengers avoided him and the sailors murmured, this pig-headed tar discharged his cargo into lighters and floated his ship. Then we went to sea.

A PAINFUL LACK OF SOCIETY.

There were four passengers besides myself, a German merchant, a New York "drummer," a Brazilian student and an old lady. The German merchant was an intimate of the Captain, and the two were so much closeted together during the voyage that I saw little of either of them. The drummer could only talk "shop," the Brazilian student was seasick, and the old lady frightened to death every day. Society was scarce. We spent Christmas; we passed the line; we worried through New Year's Day. At length, on the 6th of January, we reached Bahia. This was an immense relief from bad seamanship, surly waiters, coarse fare and seasick companions.

THE TOWN OF BAHIA.

Bahia, as seen from the bay, is a very pretty town. It is built on the side of a steep hill, the buildings coming close down to the water's edge. They are brick and are tinted with bright colors. Upon going ashore this pleasing appearance is dispelled. The hill upon which the town is built does not come to the water's edge. Between the foot of the hill and the water is some level ground, from 500 to 1000 yards in width. Upon this level ground is built the old town, the new town being on the top of the hill. The latter is ascended by three inclined roads or causeways built of stone. A vertical ascent can also be made in an elevator. In the old town there are four or five streets running parallel with the shore and a score or so of cross ones. All these are exceedingly narrow (20 feet in width from house to house), most of them foul smelling. The buildings are from two to four stories in height, those on the waters side rising to twelve stories. There are two or three narrow-gauge one-horse tramway car lines on the flat; above these are several other lines. The population is rated at 180,000, but the town looks decayed and dwindled and this number may be excessive. On top of the hill the air is pure and the buildings more modern. There are a few good shops, but they are small; the remainder are extremely poor, some of them not possessing a single dollar's worth of traps. The price of parrots is from $4 to $5 each; of cigars, from 40 cents to $1 per hundred; of pineapples, 4 cents each; of "jewelry-bugs," from 50 cents to $2 each, according to size and beauty. There is nothing else worth purchasing. The population is chiefly negro, the costumes of many of these being not over-burdensome. There are some white people and many of mixed breed, the white, Indian and negro elements being combined in much confusion. Fruit stalls cumbered the landing places, and fat negro women, with turbans on their heads, cumbered the fruit stalls. The whites rode about in sedan chairs carried by shuffling negro porters, and the porters made the air redolent with their personal aroma. Carriages and carts there are few or none; the streets are too narrow. All sorts of burdens are carried on the head: boxes, barrels, bedsteads, even heavy mahogany bureaus. Among other extraordinary burdens of this sort I saw a negro lift a large Saratoga trunk, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and carry it through the streets on his head.

A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

Next day was the feast of the kings who came to worship Christ. The shops were shut; all business was suspended; the people gayly dressed in holiday attire thronged to the churches; the church bells banged like great tin pans; fireworks in great numbers were let off—yes, in the daytime, under a tropical sun with the thermometer over 100 degrees in the shade! Everybody looked happy. The sun went down; the people went home and let off more fireworks; numerous bands of music filled the air with pleasing sounds; the moon rose; the mosquitoes almost bit our heads off, and the *Tycho Brahe* went to sea again. ALEXANDER DEL MAR.

THE LICK ESTATE.

Comments on the Mismanagement of the Trustees.

Stockton Independent, April 21.

The CHRONICLE has very timely called attention to the fact that there is a suspicious delay in closing up the Lick estate. The Trustees, after six years, have rendered no account of its condition, and, as far as can be judged from the secrecy of their movements, are inclined to postpone a final accounting as long as they can invent a plausible excuse. Their plans in reference to the Mount Hamilton Observatory will take a generation to accomplish at the present progress. The process of the mill grinds slow, and usually turns out very little flour for the amount of grain put in the hopper. There are hundreds of ways known to the initiated by which a grist as big as the Lick estate may be tolled out of existence and the heirs and legatees given the empty sack. The public is interested in the distribution of a portion of this property, and if the Trustees propose to do what is fair and honorable they certainly cannot object to rendering a statement of the condition at an early day.

A CREDITABLE WORK.

Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle, April 19.

The SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE is doing a service for which it deserves credit in showing up the manner in which the Trustees of James Lick's bequests are neglecting their duty. Five Trustees, a large number of clerks and a squad of lawyers are all drawing an income from the estate. Naturally they have no very strong desire to finish their work and cut off their own perquisites. The CHRONICLE'S exposure of this state of things has raised a hubbub.

WANTED, A PUBLIC STATEMENT.

Stock Report, April 22.

The Lick Trustees should make a public statement of their stewardship. The estate is in many respects a public affair. Individual and somewhat irrelevant explanations by the Trustees carry no weight and are altogether unsatisfactory. The Trustees owe the public an official explanation, and we are surprised that they do not make it or announce that they are arranging to take such action.

CITY RIGHTS.

An Equivalent for Electric Light and Telephone Privileges.

George S. Ladd appeared before the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors yesterday afternoon, and asked why the Board had declared its intention, through a resolution, to rescind the privileges of the Pacific Bell Telephone and other companies to erect poles on the streets.

Mr. Molineux said that inasmuch as the franchises in question were valuable some return should be made to the city.

Mr. Russ inquired if Mr. Ladd did not think the city should be furnished with a certain number of wire connections free.

Mr. Ladd did not think so, and said that the city was now receiving some consideration in being furnished wire connection at the lowest rate.

Mr. Ladd was informed that unless some concession were made the city the resolution would probably be passed and the companies compelled to place their wires under ground.

P. B. Cornwall, on behalf of the Electric Light Company, to whom the resolution also applied, appeared in relation to the matter, and said that the company should furnish the city with an electric light in every block. Mr. Cornwall replied that it was impossible for the company to furnish the city with light at present. The enterprise had been a success so far, but as the conditions of the electricity were changing constantly, the company could not claim a perfect success until the matter had been tested further. The company would be prepared inside of two years to light the city at a greatly reduced figure, and would enter into a contract with the municipality to place two lamps on each diagonal street corner. It was finally decided to lay the resolution over for a week.

A STAGE STOPPED.

Two Masked Men Levy a Forced Contribution.

J. C. Green of Hill's Ferry, Stanislaus county, arrived in this city yesterday and reports the stoppage of the stage running between Hill's Ferry and Bantas yesterday morning. His statement is that the vehicle had reached a bridge about a mile from the first-named town at 2 A. M., when two masked men sprang forward, seized the horses and stopped the stage. They at once made a demand for Wells-Fargo's box, upon which the driver replied that he did not have it. Again the demand was made, when the robbers were informed that it had been transferred to another line some time previous. The disappointed highwaymen ordered the passengers to alight. Mr. Green, Mr. Israel, owner of the line, and John Hinchey of Hill's Ferry did so, leaving in the vehicle only a lady from San Francisco and a Chinese. While one man held the horses, the other made a demand on the passengers for their purses, saying: "Gentlemen, we can't afford to take these chances without getting a little money." Mr. Israel contributed $2, Mr. Green $1 and Mr. Hinchey 50 cents. With their forced levy of $3 50 the robbers then left and behind them nearly $1000 in the possession of the passengers. There was but one pistol among the travelers.

CRIMINALS SENTENCED.

Conrad Hoffman Sent to San Quentin for Life.

In the criminal divisions of the Superior Court yesterday Ung Wah and Henry Smith, for burglary, were sentenced to seven and four years' imprisonment in the State Prison. Conrad Hoffman, who in October last murdered Susanne Rouen in the Monaron saloon, was sentenced to the San Quentin prison for life. James Downey, for an attempt to commit grand larceny, was sent for two months to the House of Correction. Eugene Cantel, on a conviction of battery, was fined $200, with an alternative of 100 days in the County Jail. Wong An Ying, for an assault with a deadly weapon, will serve the State at San Quentin for two years, while J. Carter and Alex. Faber, petty larceny thieves, were sentenced to the same institution for one year and five years respectively.

Sewer Connections.

Attorney and Counselor Cowdery has furnished the Board of Supervisors with an opinion, in which he holds that, under Section 1238 of the Code of Civil Procedure, the Board has ample power to condemn all the land necessary for the right of way for sewers. The opinion was asked in order to determine whether the Board had the power to purchase, by condemnation or otherwise, such portions of land as may be necessary for the purpose of allowing the sewers in the streets running north and south to be connected with the Army-street sewer. The Attorney holds that the only damage the city will have to pay will be such as will fairly compensate the owner of the property for the injury sustained by him.

The Science Sisterhood.

The deep profound was unveiled by Mrs. Amelia Pfund in a lecture delivered before the seceding Sisters of Social Science at 32 O'Farrell street yesterday. The lecture, "On Depths of the Sea," was in effect a popular treatise upon the interesting scientific subject indicated by its title, and exhibited a fund of learning not at the disposition of the average feminine lecturer.

The Texas Land Case.

J. C. Beatty and C. J. Jones, the alleged Texas land swindlers, who are charged with conspiracy in swindling J. H. Crosby out of land in Stanislaus county, were before Judge Rosenbaum's Court yesterday afternoon. The session of the Court was taken up with argument on the question of the jurisdiction of the Court, and the further hearing was continued until to-morrow.

Fan Players Trapped.

Eleven Chinese, who were playing fan in a small room on Jackson street, were surprised by Sergeant of Police Reeves and a posse yesterday afternoon. The entrance of the police was so precipitate that none of the players escaped.

THIRSTY GOTHAMITES.

Peculiar Features of the Great Metropolis.

WHAT AND WHERE NEW YORKERS DRINK.

Popularity of Beer—The Gaudy Gin Palaces—Bric-a-Brac in Gorgeous Profusion.

[Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

NEW YORK, April 5, 1882.

There are over 9000 licensed gin mills in New York, and nearly 2000 that are unlicensed. Temperance fanatics, with their proverbial freedom with figures and fondness for startling calculations, have found that if all the liquor stores in the metropolis were ranged side by side on both sides of a street they would compose a thoroughfare thirty miles in length. So many saloons, nearly all brilliant and gaudy, principally distributed along a few avenues on this narrow picked island, form such a conspicuous item in the city's make-up that many more than the fanatics are shocked at this demonstration of the popularity and prosperity of the traffic. These drinking places paid last year a little more than half a million of dollars into the office of the City Chamberlain, who distributed the money among the charitable institutions. I have before me a cutting from a New York paper which credits the gin mills with an income of over $60,000,000 during 1881, and with sending 82,391 persons of that class called "drunks and disorderlies" to the station houses during the same period. I think that both these statements are exaggerated.

DRUNKENNESS DECREASING.

As a matter of fact the number of drinking places has not increased in proportion to the increase in the population, and there is every year less and less drunkenness. Not long ago every corner grocery was a grog shop, and the fact was not apparent from the street, but now that these callings are separated by law, the true extent of the traffic shows in the streets. The law that forbade the retailing of beverages in groceries was strictly enforced. It was at a time when the people were beginning to show the extraordinary fondness for lager beer, that has resulted in a sale here of over three times as many barrels last year as were consumed in the big and more than half Teutonic cities of the West. The popular drink had been whisky, and lager beer was to be had only in a few quiet little shops, hidden behind green latticed blinds, decorated with pots of evergreens, and called bier gardens, beer creeks, or tunnels. Suddenly beer became the fashion. The Irish, Scotch and English publicans could not handle it so as to keep it effervescent and beady, and to the German places the crowds flocked. Quickly the thrifty Germans who had begun to sell the amber fluid in the groceries saw that there was more money and less trouble in a minute in the beer than in an hour at the grocery counter. They did not hesitate long which to abandon, when the law bade one trade or the other to cease. For a long time the old-fashioned dealers in spirits fought against this German innovation, and even those who surrendered had a hard time learning to handle the drink, which was not made then as it is now.

AN IMITATIVE AMERICAN.

Sandy Spencer, whose "Live and Let Live" at Fulton street and Broadway was in danger of losing its trade through lack of beer, was one of the first Americans to demonstrate that there was no mysterious affinity between the German and his drink, and that anybody could learn how to keep it clear and cool and beady. Soon lager could be had anywhere, and the beer-brewers, who abandoned the old country process of brewing in the winter and selling the next summer, and who put in modern apparatus and used ice to create perpetual winter, began to erect the enormous fortunes they now possess. George Ehret, the richest of the brewers, was a workman at low wages seventeen years ago. He is now selling nearly a quarter of a million barrels a year, at a profit of from 50 to 75 cents a barrel. He owns no end of liquor stores, and is heavily interested in Koster & Bial's big concert hall in Twenty-third street. Koster & Bial's success, by the way, is a good example of the luck that met those who struck out bravely into the current of lager beer when it set toward New York. They were waiters, and with Ehret's money and beer they opened and maintained the famous Tall Tower saloon, in the basement of the *Tribune* building. They made a hit, and are now in quarters twice as big a few blocks away. Next they opened a palace concert hall in Twenty-third street, after the pattern of the Berlin resorts, and wholly new to New York. Here they are steadily and rapidly grinding out a fortune, though the character of the entertainment and the audiences have turned away the ladies who originally enjoyed the chance to hear good music and drink good beer at the same time.

THE GIN PALACES.

The "Dutch grocers," as they were called, who went into the saloon business, did so with the not inconsiderable capital they had saved and earned at the grocery business. They set the fashion for gin palaces which is now in full sway. To-day of the busy and prosperous places the meanest is more deserving of the appellation of gin palace than was the best-fitted place of ten years ago. The stores are very much alike. They cling to the corners as of old. They run to big plate-glass windows, in which are costly chandeliers and screens formed of rugs or heavy gay cloths depending from metal rings around carved rollers. Within is a dazzling array of beveled mirrors, crystal glassware, hard woods carved and inlaid with marqueterie work and brilliant wall-paper on walls and ceilings. The most money is invariably expended on the back bars, and though all are of carved wood and mirrors, no two are exactly alike, and some of the more costly ones are exceedingly grand and beautiful. One that cost $8000 I have in mind. It consists of a series of closets whose doors are made of the roots of some hard wood, polished and arranged in odd patterns. Marble covers the closets, and above the marble rises ever so many groups of slender columns of cherry in which flowering vines of many-colored blossoms and green leaves are inlaid. Behind these are the heavy mirrors, and above, supported by the groups of pillars, are the spires, gables, medallions and wreaths of an ornate superstructure which is simply a mass of carving and inlaid work.

A GAUDY SALOON.

Unquestionably the most palatial room of any sort, public or private, in New York, is the Hoffman House cafe, Twenty-fourth street and Broadway, in which Ed. Stokes, the slayer of James Fisk Jr., is heavily interested, unless common gossip and the public prints are wrong. I went and looked at it a second time to-day on purpose to describe it, but it is even yet hard to describe, because it is so unlike anything else of the kind, and there is so much to see that the eyes refuse to take the scene in, except by piecemeal. By tearing away a number of partitions so as to throw two parlors and a third apartment into one saloon and vestibule, doing away with the wall between these rooms and the main lobby of the hotel, a long, clear sweep of room is obtained. This space being insufficient for the adornments, an umbrageous tropical bush, and a lounge and two chairs of stags' horns and skins are crowded out into the lobby. From them, nearly a block ahead, there is an unbroken succession of expensive and curious ornaments. The feet of the visitor sink into Persian rugs on the floor of the vestibule, and he finds above him warm and rich frescoing, a magnificent $2500 cut-glass chandelier, some paintings and four huge corner pieces, one a bronze warrior, one a gigantic Amazon carved from dark wood, another an odd and costly umbrella receiver. A half-dozen steps take you to the cafe itself. It is a revelation. It is at once a palace, a theatrical spectacle, a gallery and a museum. At your left is a nude bronze figure of a woman leaning against a grinning satyr in the same metal. Under your feet, thrown carelessly about the tesselated marble pavement, are rich rugs. Stained glass in the street windows blends its dyes with the yellow rays of the crystal candelabras overhead, whose myriad pendants add soft and liquid melody to the hum of voices in the big room. The bar is an ellipse in the middle of the saloon, on either side of the line of the former partition.

STATUES AND COSTLY PAINTINGS.

Marble statues, wooden figures, bronze forms, all nude and of feminine subjects, are scattered about, and on the walls are costly paintings—one of them, "Faust's Dream," calculated to awaken the hostility of that Society for the prevention of high art over which Anthony Comstock presides. Yet if Comstock meddled with it he would probably find, as he did when he bothered with another and no less thoroughly artistic painting in which nature unadorned was treated, that painters are licensed to treat of the beautiful for the sake of its beauty, and no other motive than love of art must be ascribed to them. Bartenders in white, with glittering rings, work noiselessly behind the polished bar, and waiters in soft slippers carry trays to and from the settees and tables, all of odd and rich design, and to the billiard corner, where the players tread on mats of downy fur and rugs from the Orient. Once or twice a day, and often for an hour or more in the evening, a very handsome, well-built man, below the middle age, in faultless attire, whose snow-white hair seems wholly inappropriate to his figure, gait and face, moves about the gorgeous saloon, to all appearances a mere spectator and patron like the rest. This is Ed. Stokes. He is in more than one other business, and if he really owns and manages this gin palace, it is more for recreation than for gain.

OTHER ARTISTIC GIN MILLS.

There are two other eminently palatial public houses in the city, almost ranking with the Hoffman House cafe. One is Theodore Stewart's, at 8 Warren street; the other is Charley Wildey's in Broadway, above Duane street. A sight of Stewart's would drive a bric-a-brac fancier or a lover of fine pictures wild with envy. The walls are almost hidden behind costly paintings, richly framed and relieved by clusters of polished armor, shields and statuettes. The bar is a horseshoe-shaped affair, behind which a half dozen young men in white conjure with the most fragile glasses. They receive no money, but telegraph the amount of each sale to the cashier, who has the figures before him whenever a customer presents a check. There is a long cigar case beyond the cashier's desk, and this is littered with a constantly changing collection of curios; automatons who play cards or shake dice, to save customers the trouble; odd coins, rare china, comical groups of statuary, vases of flowers, transparencies, plaques; in short, every odd and interesting thing of any sort that Stewart can pick up, is there exhibited.

AN ENTERPRISING SALOON-MAN.

I was present when a man offered him a plaque, on which were various imitations of coins and foreign bank notes, as though it was the plate of a waiter bringing change in a restaurant. The man wanted fifteen cents for it.

"Can you get a thousand of those?" Stewart asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me a thousand at 10 cents apiece and I'll take them," he said.

"What do you want of a thousand?" I asked.

"To give to my customers, just for a chance," said he.

Thus he would paint the lily and adorn the rose. Music is literally in the air there. It is produced when one hangs his hat on a peg on the wall. It strikes up when one steps on the scales to be weighed. It comes softly from the throats of stuffed birds on the counter and loudly from the little snuff box temptingly ajar near by. Dinner is always ready on the tables near the door, and consists of cold dishes, such as sardines, olives, Boston beans, brown bread, buttered white bread, English, Neufchatel and Rocquefort cheeses, egg sandwiches, roast beef, chow-chow, crackers and cakes. The retiring-room is of marble and contains a fountain whose bowl is the home of goldfishes, and there are gilt cages containing sweet-voiced canaries.

Wildey's, in Broadway, is just such another place, without the bric-a-brac and curios. It is simply a soft-carpeted picture-gallery with a bar in the middle. The most remarkable thing I know about it is that one day when many callers asked after a popular bartender who was missed, it leaked out that he had unconsciously fallen a victim to the habit of passing his hand over his face, and been discharged because it was "not considered nice."

THE DIRTIEST PLACE IN TOWN.

Patullos is still in existence around the corner in Duane street. It is not stylish, nor yet pretty. It boasts of being the dirtiest place in town. It is called "Cobweb Hall," because for more than a quarter of a century no broom or brush has disturbed the industrious spiders at their work of weaving smoke-colored lace in festoons and nets everywhere overhead. By some curious process of ratiocination it has come to be argued that because the place is dirty the liquors must be extra good.

Delmonico's barroom, strange to say, is very plain. It is a big room littered with marble-topped tables and cane-seated chairs, and all the woodwork of the furniture, bar and walls is of the same light and hardwood varnished. The "style" appears when the checks are presented. What costs 15 cents in the gin palaces brings 25 cents to Delmonico. Of this barroom it is said that it takes in $500 a day. The same is said of the Astor House Rotunda. As a matter of fact, both places do average $300 a day. There is one other place that ranks with these in income—the Atlantic Garden, which I spoke of in the walk through the Bowery with your readers.

BEER GARDENS.

There are very many of these gardens and their number is increasing. Koster & Bial's is the most pretentious. It is an enormous building, the ground floor forming one apartment. Its walls are frescoed and from the ceiling depend electric lights, rustic flower baskets and chandeliers. The stage has no curtain. It is occupied by a first-class band that executes rather heavy music, but between the pieces there are ballad singers, Tyrolean warblers and always one imitator of the idolized Aimee of opera-bouffe fame. This vocalist at present is a French demoiselle, for whom a platform has been extended beyond the stage. On this, surrounded by as many upturned faces of "the bald-headed corps" as can crowd near there, she flirts with her abbreviated skirts, ogles, sighs, and romps like a mischievous baby girl between the verses of her rather naughty songs. Beer is the constant cry there, and every kind of beer, apparently, whether it be brewed in California or in St. Petersburg, is kept on draught. Jacob Blank has a big "garden" on the same plan, but without the French soloist, in Third avenue, at Thirteenth street, and there are three large halls of the same sort as Blank's on Fourteenth street.

AFTER THE SPANISH STYLE.

"The Bodega" in Cedar street, wherein one obtains wines drawn from huge tuns and casks, after the Spanish fashion, has proved attractive to those who imagine that wine thus drawn is necessarily better than wine served in the ordinary manner. There are many German wine-shops, also, wherein the golden vintage of the valley of the Rhine is served from wondrous vats, whose heads are carved with pictures of the villages in which the wine may possibly have been made. Why it has never occurred to any German to endeavor to satisfy at least a small portion of the New York public by running a conduit direct from a brewery into some big hall, where all can go and get that exact quantity of lager beer which constitutes "enough," is as much a matter of wonder with me as how much "enough" would be. J. E. R.

Homes for Immigrants.

The plan proposed by the Immigration Association for settling the vacant lands found to be suitable for agricultural purposes is to locate families in settlements of from 10 to 150 families. By this means the hope is entertained that the adverse interests of those controlling large bodies of Government lands may be neutralized to the benefit of the State. Already numerous applications in person have been made by those who desire to locate in some one of these proposed settlements. One of these locations, it is thought, possesses a climate similar to Santa Clara valley. The land is rolling and of good soil. It is the intention that these lands shall be visited and examined in person by the Land Officer. If the soil and the climate agree with present information after examination, it may be filled as rapidly as immigrants desiring such a home may call. Other and various localities, of different climates and topography, are being prepared for these settlements.

A Giant on the Rampage.

Aidan Magee, six feet three inches in height, entered the clothing store of Gus Mosbacher, 212 Steuart street, to buy a suit of clothes. "That fits you like paint," said the benign salesman, as he draped the huge form with a coat. "You're a liar, sir," said the giant form, and instantly the provincial bull in a china shop was loosened in the estimation of all the witnesses, for Magee began at the array of goods at the door, and continued his work of destruction until Officer Clinton persuaded him that that was not right. By the aid of two or three other officers he was at last subdued, but not until he had damaged the interferers. When quiet he blandly remarked that he was sick. Extra guards are to be put on before he get well.

A Lecture by Dr. Declat.

At the request of a number of prominent citizens, both American and French, Dr. Declat will lecture to-morrow evening in the hall of the Academy of Sciences, on the corner of California and Dupont streets. The lecture will be in French, and will be upon the antiseptic method, Pasteur's discoveries and the Doctor's own researches. Physicians and students of medicine are particularly invited to be present.

The California Volunteers.

The seventeenth anniversary meeting of the Society of California Volunteers will take place on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., in the rooms of the Veteran's Home Association, Nucleus Building, corner Third and Market streets. Officers of California volunteers during the Rebellion are cordially invited to attend.

LOST LYONESSE.

Memories of a Fair Land by the Cornish Sea.

THE FAVORITE RESORT OF KING ARTHUR.

Traces of a Dead Language—Characteristics of the People—The Birthplace of Great Men.

[Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

ST. IVES (Cornwall), March 17, 1882.

To stand on the shores of a lost land and to mix with a people whose forefathers spoke a lost language is not an every-day experience. Let me here write a few lines preservative of a language and a land that have both slipped away, the first into the depths of the ocean, the second into those of obscurity. The land is that of Lyonesse and the language the Cornish. In a previous letter, when describing St. Michael's mount, I mentioned that its old Cornish name was Cara Clowse in Cowse, meaning the Hoar Rock in the Wood, and that huge stumps and roots of trees had been ever and again washed out of the beach and discovered at low water. The tradition is, not that the separation of the mount from the mainland was gradually brought about, but that it was effected by some great convulsion of Nature, which forced down the communicating land into its present escarpments, overturned and uprooted the forests, let in the sea over what had been fair land and swallowed up one hundred and forty parishes, with all their churches and people. From all accounts—traditionary, of course—this county of Lyonesse must have been a very pleasant one, and especially esteemed so by King Arthur, who favored it as his resort when having leisure for knightly games. Tennyson and other poets naturally look upon lost Lyonesse with the ready acceptance of fancy-mongers; but there are other and soberer writers, grave historians like Dr. Musgrave, Richard Carew and others, who favor the idea of a tract of land that was but is not. To better understand the condition of the submerged country, let the reader glance at—if he does not remember—the map of England. Cornwall is the long county, shaped something like Italy, lying to the extreme southwest. The Land's End and Lizard points make two projecting horns, within which lies the mount's bay. A line drawn from the inner curve of this bay, where it rounds sharply up to the north, out to and including the Scilly Isles and brought back to the Land's End, would bound Lyonesse.

THE SCILLY ISLES.

All that remains of this once great western promontory are the Scilly Isles, the tradition of its existence and these facts. The space between the Land's End and the Scilly Isles is about thirty miles, yet all along it there exists a nearly equal depth of water of from forty to sixty fathoms, a very unusual circumstance, except that midway lie certain rocks, which are partially uncovered at low water, called in English Seven Stones and in Cornish Lethas. The whole extent of covered land is, indeed, still dignified with a name, as though it yet existed, and is called Lethowsow, a Cornish word having the same signification as Lyonesse, while the space between the Seven Stones and the Land's End is called by the fishermen Tregva, a dwelling. In and around Tregva those casting their lines used formerly, it is said, to pull up pieces of rudely-fashioned wood furniture. It is quite possible that the propinquity of the Scilly Isles to Cornwall would explain the finding tin in both the little archipelago and county, and that the value of this act in corroboration is not excessive, but it is to be taken for what it is worth. So also must be taken all the meager information that I have been able to gather while wandering on the wild cliffs that at one time, perhaps, ran gently down to the pleasant journey meadows of Lyonesse, but which now are the rocky outposts against which the Atlantic runs its furious tilt. Meager as the account is and must be, however, it will explain to the many who delight in the "Idylls of the King" what the poet refers to when he sings the deeds that happened on the lost lands of Lyonesse.

A DEAD LANGUAGE.

The Cornish may be called a dead, dead language, for not only is it no longer spoken in Cornwall, but there are no written records of the tongue preserved with the sole exception of one manuscript said to be in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, and which I have not seen. I am told that it is a metrical account of the creation, the fall of man, the destruction by the flood, the covenant with Abraham and the redemption by the Savior; the order and method being strangely like that followed by Milton in his great epic. Not only is it lost as a means of communication, but every trace of Cornish as a lesser classic is rapidly dying out. At present there are few that have even a smattering acquaintance with Cornish, be it Celtic or Greek, for what the destruction of the original monuments and the incursion of the Latin tongue began, time and disuse have completed. The descendants of the Danmonii point out the home of the Godolphins without knowing that it means a white eagle, and serve the Beskiners, ignorant that the long-haired Briton called himself so because it meant the Great Dog. Comfort they still unwittingly call "dule," and the children "skew" a stranger when they shun him, unconscious that they are talking a lost language.

APPEARANCE OF THE CORNISH PEOPLE.

There is not much in the appearance of the Cornish to-day to indicate an unmixed descent from those who so stubbornly fought the Roman legions, but in some districts, and especially in this remote neighborhood, I have met with some fair specimens of a race that is too rapidly dying out. It is hardly possible, indeed, to go down upon the beach and wander among the fishing-boats without being struck with the extraordinary appearance of an occasional fisherman. His brawny body is encased in a rough oilskin coat of to-day, but his head is antique. The hair is black and closely curling, the features regular and strangely handsome, with large dark eyes, straight nose—almost forming a line with the forehead, a proud mouth and a full, rounded chin—the face of a cameo, and the owner a St. Ives catcher of pilchards. Generally speaking, the Cornish men are short and sturdy of figure and dark-complexioned, those living on the seaboard having a peculiarly clear complexion. The women become buxom as they reach middle age, but as girls are as lissome as a willow and as shapely as a fawn. A bonny face is an exception, and prettiness the fortune of more than half you meet. Cornish hospitality, like Cornish cream, is proverbial, and it is not least among the attractions of the country that both are dispensed by feminine mortals, who do not persist in informing you that they have learnt the way to spell prude. They are but the fairer parts of a community, however, that is impulsive, given to warm friendships, song-loving, ingenious, shrewd, humorous—altogether unlike the rest of the English people, and but half understood.

EMINENT CORNISHMEN.

I cannot close this without retailing a piece of news picked up in the coffee-room of the hotel here. Sir Humphrey Davy, the inventor of the safety lamp, Richard Trevithick, the inventor of the locomotive, the Lander brothers, who discovered the source of the Niger, Trelawney, the leader of the seven contumacious bishops of King James' time, Mackworth Praed, the poet, Adams, the discoverer of Uranus, Drew and Gilbert, the mathematicians, Robert Ware Fox, the philanthropist and scientist, were notable Cornishmen I knew, but for the first time I have learnt that Irving, the actor, is also one, he having been "born of poor but honest parents," a few miles from where this letter is dated. T. J. V.

Water Front Items.

Mrs. A. D. Walsh of 426 Folsom street had her purse, containing $200 in gold, snatched from her hand last evening at the Oakland ferry by an unknown man.

The steam whaler *Bowhead* will sail for the Arctic next Tuesday from Vallejo street.

W. E. Magher of 12 Bryant street yesterday morning reported at the south harbor station that a boy, about 11 years of age, entered his store, knocked down the boy in charge, and deftly abstracted $5 from the till.

Yesterday afternoon a valuable horse jumped into the bay from the ferry boat *Berkeley*. After a little trouble he was induced to approach the wharf, and, amid great excitement, safely landed by means of ropes thrown around his body.

Disappointed Excursionists.

The 8:20 boat to San Rafael yesterday carried a large number of members of the British Benevolent Society, with their families and friends, but the rain coming down quite smartly, it was determined by the committee in charge to return to the city. The woe-be-gone appearance of the would-be merry-makers as they filed off the boat was more suggestive of a funeral than a picnic. The picnic has been postponed to Wednesday, May 24th, the Queen's birthday.

ART WORK.

Successful Opening of the Spring Exhibition.

The spring exhibition of the Art Association was inaugurated last Thursday evening by a reception that was well attended by people of taste and fashion. The short time allowed for preparation, the inability of some artists to contribute, and the indifference of others in regard to the quality of their contributions, had led the public to expect little. There was therefore an agreeable feeling of disappointment that such fair results had been achieved in the face of so many difficulties. It is true that the work is not all good—some of it not even mediocre—for which the excuse may be urged that the management, fearing that there would be an insufficient quantity, became a little careless or over-indulgent in respect to quality, and so admitted many pictures which might properly have been excluded. It is the first display under a regime, which hopes, by the infusion of fresh blood, a change of location and novel and energetic methods, to interest the public and restore the impaired vitality of the Association. Every one of our local artists contributes something except Hill, whose sale has been so recent that he has had no time for the preparation of new canvases, and Virgil Williams, Holdridge and Von der Sandt. Several have only sent small specimens.

THE PICTURES.

Kunath contributes a small head, very good and characteristic in every way; and Yelland two small rustic studies, one of which, that of a log cabin seen against a background of forest, is rendered somewhat less effective by its mounting. Several artists in default of things absolutely new, have borrowed pictures which had been sold, but which have never before been publicly shown. Brooks, for instance, exhibits his "Peacock," kindly loaned by Mrs. Hopkins for the occasion. It has been greatly admired for its brilliant color, and its minute and exquisite finish. He also exhibits two or three bits of still life, done in his usual careful manner. Deakin sends from Cincinnati a picture of the famous Cluny, very good in architectural detail, but hard and unimaginative. It is impossible to tell where the ground ceases and the base of the building begins, while the lower or main part of the structure looks like a reflection in water. The peculiar wood interior in yellow, which Hill has done beautifully, but many times too often, is weakly repeated by Miss Nellie Hopps in three or four pictures. They are not only like the master in color, drawing and composition, but monotonously like one another. Miss Hopps has so much native ability that it is unfortunate all her individuality should be lost in a series of imitations, which are so far inferior to the works imitated that they even seem destitute of the merits which they undoubtedly possess.

PORTRAITS.

In the line of portraiture there are several very good pictures. The portraits of Delos Lake and of Colonel Hawes, President of the Association, are excellent specimens of the ability of Shaw in that line of art, though hardly as good as the one which the Association rejected last year for trivial reasons. Two studies of heads by Strong are executed with haste, but with cleverness, and two studies in the same line by Wores are remarkable, the one for strength of character, the other for its expressive beauty. Wores' "Studio Corner," which has already been mentioned in these columns, is excellent in technique, but crowded with detail, which distracts attention from the carefully treated figure which is intended to be the main point of interest. It suffers from an excess of conscientiousness. Keith exhibits five pictures, a large one of Mount Shasta, which, though good, is scarcely a fair subject for criticism until it has received its final touches; a spring scene in the Santa Clara valley, with a storm effect; a view of the sand dunes in the Park; a view on Clear lake and a summer landscape in Maine. The second is strong and effective in light and shade, but wanting in unity. The three others illustrate his most sterling merits in the soft browns of the sand, the rich and varied tints of the California hills, and the pleasing greens and grays that can only be seen in New England. The last is exquisite in technique, as well as replete with feeling of nature, and, as well as its companion piece, is best seen by daylight. Hahn's "Returning from the Bear Hunt" is the best picture, everything considered, he has exhibited in San Francisco. There are numerous figures in it which are treated with ease and freedom, while the accessories are better in quality than any similar work of his with which the public is familiar.

A YOSEMITE PICTURE.

A similar compliment can be paid to Robinson's "Last Glimpse of Yosemite," which is full of careful work, good in drawing, rich and delicate in color, and with trees, rocks and foliage carefully elaborated. It is a morning glimpse into the valley, over the brow of some of the adjoining hills, the opposite peaks and sides half-way down only being visible. The point of view which he has selected, which is unusual, will chiefly evoke comment. The only pictures of Cleenewerck are an open wood interior in Yosemite valley, in which the cliffs are not visible, and a small but pleasing view of San Francisco from the Laguna Honda hills. Denny has a marine view called "Close Reefed," into which he has introduced more light than usual, and given a freer and broader sweep to the waves which surround the little craft, which is the central object. There are two or three pictures from Wandesforde, the smallest being the best. Varjor has borrowed the motive of his principal picture from Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter," his effort being to illustrate the following passage:

One arm aloft—
Gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush to fix it back she stood.

The figure is well painted, but is too ethereal and fairy-like for a healthy English maiden. It is, in fact, so spiritual that you might expect it to melt back any moment into the rose-embowered porch from whose shadows it seems to have been materialized. Among the remaining landscapes are "California Sycamores," by Stearns, and a quiet picture of redwoods on Austin creek, by Norton Bush, which is in a different line of color from anything he has hitherto attempted. Raschen's "Huntress" is in many respects admirably studied, but the face of the lady lacks expression, and the figure is a trifle rigid in pose and harsh in treatment.

TAVERNIER.

The pictures by Tavernier, three of which are borrowed for the exhibition, are all good in their special lines of strong color. The new ones are a pretty study in New Mexico, on which no severe labor has been expended, and the "Great Yosemite Fall," in which, though the canvas is small, there is a good feeling of height, expanse and the airy rush of falling water. The pictures which Tavernier exhibits, however good, are all in a sense disappointing, for one can never help regretting that so fine an imagination and such superior powers of execution should not be employed on works more comprehensive and more satisfying, because richer in meaning and ampler in expression. The smaller room is filled with sketches and pictures by Keith, Robinson, Kunath, Imbel Strong, Brooks and Miss Hopps. They are best examined by daylight.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

The new departure contemplated by the management of the Art Association involves some important plans and changes. The principal is the transfer of the art school and gallery into the building to be erected on Post street by Charles Crocker, where it will have a more central location and many additional advantages. It is expected that the first and part of the second floor will be occupied for business purposes. The rest of the interior will be variously divided into a music hall, rooms whose use is desired by the Society of Decorative Art and the Lorin Club, while the upper floor, which will be far above the adjoining building, will be divided into studios, gallery and rooms for art instruction. It is expected that by carrying out these plans a cultured cliental will be gathered which will diffuse a taste for art and be of substantial benefit in the way of art patronage. It is also anticipated that the active management will hereafter be in the hands of disinterested persons, who can hope to reap no financial benefit, either from their executive action or the sale of pictures, the advantages of the scheme accruing only to the artists and the public. A monthly distribution of pictures from local easels is proposed in a manner not yet fixed upon, but which will resemble that employed by the Art Union of London. Great efforts are being made to increase the membership, which will probably be extended to the principal towns of the coast.

Kearny-Street Grading.

The Mayor has returned to the Board of Supervisors, without either approval or veto, the authorization passed on the 10th inst., providing for an expenditure of $4000 in grading Kearny street, in order to facilitate the approaches to F. O. Layman's proposed observatory on Telegraph hill. The Mayor, in refusing to act on the resolution, states that he does not think that it is a matter properly belonging to him to sign, inasmuch as it partakes of the nature of an undertaking which the Board propose to carry out on Mr. Layman's performing his part of the bargain. As the matter now stands, the resolution remains as an action of the Board.

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