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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, January 14, 1888.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" AT THE ACADEMY.

A noble, a notable, a memorable performance was that given by Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" at the Academy of Music on Monday night, in the presence of an overflowing audience. Every seat in the great building was occupied, and hundreds of spectators stood patiently through the performance. When the two tragedians appeared together in their respective characters of Brutus and Cassius, they were greeted with a prolonged tumult of applause, which testified to the popularity of both with the New York public, and the genuine satisfaction which this revival afforded.

There is, of itself, nothing especially novel to the public in the representation of "Julius Cæsar." It is of all Shakespeare's plays the one which during the last twenty years has had the largest representation in New York. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago at Booth's magnificent theatre, this great historical tragedy was presented on a scale of great grandeur and magnificence. Edwin Booth was then, as now, the Brutus. Lawrence Barrett was then, as now, the Cassius. The Marc Antony was F. C. Bangs. The Portia was Bella Patemen. The Cæsar was D. E. Waller. Whatever skill, whatever good taste, whatever historic knowledge could suggest, and whatever liberality could supply, was not wanting in the mounting which Edwin Booth gave, when he placed before this public his revival of this play at his own theatre. In the second one, at the same house, Jarrett and Palmer, who were masters of the spectacular, saved in nothing which might add to the effectiveness of the scenic production, and the view of the Roman senate chamber, with its tiled floor and circular seats—reproducing, as it did with genuine artistic exactness, a famous picture—is recalled as an evidence of very fine work in this line. Taken, therefore, either from the point of view of cast or of mounting, the present production of "Julius Cæsar" does not exceed in merit others which have gone before. Much stress has been laid on the drilling of the mob, which, in this play, is so great a factor in the performance; but even here the representation at the Academy is not superlatively (it is not even comparatively) good.

What then, it may be asked, makes noble, notable, and memorable, the representation of Monday night? We answer, that in the changed and deteriorated condition of public taste, a performance which five, ten, or fifteen years ago would be regarded as little out of the ordinary, is now to be hailed and acknowledged as well worthy of the praise and endorsement of all who value and esteem what is good and worthy in theatricals. Therefore it was that on Monday night hundreds of those who have been accustomed to the absurdities of melodrama, and the frivolities of petty burlesque, availed themselves of the chance of seeing and applauding something really worthy of their attendance. Therefore it is, that after a long lapse of time, broken by many poor performances, the public availed itself, and is now availing itself, of the opportunity of seeing this splendid play done better than is customary at this time; and new theatre-goers, unfamiliar with the achievements of the past, welcome a rendition far above the present standard of performance. In other cities where Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett have appeared, the idea of our two most notable and popular tragedians appearing together, has exercised on theatre-goers the charm of a genuine novelty; but here in New York we have seen them together certainly a couple of hundred times; and while that pleasure will be to many a new one, and while the genuine merit of their revival will serve to attract, during their brief sojourn at the Academy, overwhelming crowds, it is hardly to be expected that the same degree of enthusiasm can be evoked.

The *Brutus* of Edwin Booth has always been, and is today, a remarkable performance. As an elocutionary effort, it has never been surpassed. As a piece of dignified and thoughtful acting, its place on our stage ranks high indeed. No less notable, no less popular, and no less admirable, is the great performance of *Cassius*, which Lawrence Barrett gives. In taking account of the attractiveness of the present revival, the circumstance—which the public well appreciates—that for many years to come, no such performance is again likely, is to be considered. Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, men of similar age and similar training, are now both in the prime of life, and in the plenitude of their powers as players. It is unfortunate, but it is true, that when one or either of them shall no longer act, the place thus left vacant cannot be filled with any performer with whom our public is now acquainted. The young actors who have arisen here during the past few years have not gone through the training or been subjected to the tuition which benefits men for tragedians. Ignorant of the traditions of their art, indifferent to the responsibilities which their profession imposes, eager rather to earn the passing favor of the paragrapher than to reproduce the great creations of the masters of the drama, they are poorly fitted, indeed, to take the places of men like Booth and Barrett, whose lives seem to have been dedicated to distinction in the art of their vocation and choice.

It is not needful at this time to embark in any elaborate criticism on the acting of *Cassius*, by Mr. Barrett, any more than it is necessary to speak in terms other than of general commendation of the performance of *Brutus*, by Mr. Booth. They have certainly no cause to complain of the cordial and kindly greeting they received on Monday night. The call before the curtain, which followed the famous quarrel scene, has rarely been equalled in New York, in genuine fervor and sincerity. But the support accorded these two actors, while it is fairly good, is far from being remarkable. Edward J. Buckley is effusive without being effective, as *Marc Antony*. He has neither the figure, the style, nor the bearing for so gr at a character, and his oration in the Forum fell short of what has very often been seen at this point of the tragedy. Mr. Lane was less impressive than pompous as *Julius Cæsar*, and Miss Gale, as has truly been said, is extremely modern, albeit very pretty, as *Portia*. The others, with the one exception of Mr. Faweett, who makes a very good *First Citizen*, are on the plane of mediocrity, and when the affairs of the stage remain, as they do occasionally, in their hands, the performance is listless and uninteresting. The scenic mounting of "Julius Cæsar" is better than it might be, but not as good as it ought to be at the Academy of Music. The accessories have been prepared with adequate knowledge and without much liberality. The costumes, which are easy of selection, are in the main good. We anticipate a complete popular success for Booth and Barrett during this engagement, and are glad to greet these two actors in this great play, at a time when the stage is so barren of what is worthy, and in the theatre which has but recently harbored, as two evidences of current theatrical taste, "A Dark Secret," and "Arabian Nights."—*French's Music and Drama.*

The Irish Agitation.

The present agitation is telling heavily on the Irish leaders. T. C. Healy is thin and nervous-looking, Harrington has an overworked look, and Michael Davitt looks as though his days were numbered. A South Sea islander could pick Davitt out as a distinguished man fighting for a principle. His face has become heavily lined and drawn. The deep-set, black eyes burn like living coals and the pointed beard gives an almost sinister aspect to a face in every way remarkable. It typifies intense and restless energy and force. Mr Davitt's figure has grown gaunt, too. He speaks night after night at big meetings in England and Ireland and writes by day for his bread and butter. Preferred to the absolute repose of Parnell's life in contrast to all this last night in Liverpool, whither I had gone on the heels of a Fenian rumor, and had stumbled across Davitt in a railway carriage.

"That is as it should be," said the one-armed orator. "A general should watch the battle from afar and not get into the melee himself. We are willing to do the active work and allow Mr. Parnell to direct our efforts from a point where he can survey the entire field."

"Doesn't it seem at times like a long fight?"

"It does at times," said Mr. Davitt, passing his hand wearily over his eyes "but then we are fighting in a good cause and success is certain. No man can ask for more than that."—*N. Y. Sun.*

TRAINING WOLVES.

A FRENCH "PROFESSOR" TELLS HOW HE HANDLES THE SNARLING ANIMALS.

"One day I was making them go through a performance, when I slip—slip up, you understand, and in one moment them dirbles was on me. I was bit here, and here, and here—fifty-two bites did they give me; and when I was get away I was more dead I can tell you. I was in bed three months, and when I come back to them again they had forgot all they know, and so it was to do over again. Since then I have had no trouble—not to speak of that is; they bite me now and they bite me again, but you see" (holding his hand out) "I wear the thick gloves, and a wolf-bite is no harm unless it is on bare flesh. Ah, Hercules" (shaking his whip at a nasty-tempered one), "would your! Ah-h-h! He bite me onglish? Ecks! is what you call sly; ah! Go, go," and Hercules prowls round with the rest, displaying an extremely formidable set of teeth as he does so. "Diana! Diana!" to another one, who comes bounding forward and fawns on him like a dog; "she is my pet, my own Diana, and she love me! do she not, Diana?"

Certainly to all appearance a thoroughly good understanding existed between the two. "And how long do you consider, on an average, it takes to train a wolf, professor?" "It all depends," is the reply. "The first took me twelve months, and since then I have perfected them in six, two, three months; and one was fit to show in twenty-nine days, but he was one of a thousand, as you say. Take one with another, three months would be about the time. Some will never train—the fools mope, do nothing but lie up—so"—crouching himself. "The best are those what show savage at first."

"Do they ever attempt to spring at you?" "Non, never; not one alone, that is: if I was to fall down now they would make for me en masse—altogether, you understand—but one, non—he snarl, growl, show his teeth to me, but bite, non."

"And yet you have no protection that I can see; that whip you are holding is not loaded, I suppose?" "Non! see," holding it toward me, and leaving himself wholly unprotected.

I observe it is light, very light; there is no denying that, seeing the handle is nothing more than that of an ordinary cane, some four or five feet long; the extreme head is, however, gauged all over, and I draw attention to the fact.

"Oh, yes, that is so," is the rejoinder; "sometimes when going home (getting into their respective cages, that is) one will attempt to make a bite at my hand when I am shutting the door, and then the handle shoved into his mouth often says a nasty bite."

"But surely you must punish at times, and this plaything—for it is not much else—can't make much effect through their woolly fur?" "Non; I don't rely on that except for intimidation. I do find it necessary sometimes—not often, though—to proceed to extremes, and when I do I never have more than the one in the cage; then I get him so, by each side of the neck"—illustrating his meaning by holding his abnormally developed, muscular arms immediately in front of him—"and I bite his nose."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

AN INNKEEPER'S JOKE.

THE THREE BELATED LAWYERS AND THE TRUTHFUL ALABAMA LANDLORD.

Not far from the city of Montgomery, in the state of Alabama, on one of the roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather, or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke whenever possible. One bitter, stormy night, or morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Three lawyers from Montgomery," was the answer. "We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the state and ready to drop with fatigue, held a consultation, and then, as they could do no better and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a good fire until morning?"

"Oh, yes; I can do that gentlemen."

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire as they composed themselves to pass the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited for daylight.

The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said one of the travelers.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder then did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night and I said it would be impossible, for the night was two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds why didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beaten them all.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Proud Barefooted Boy.

To John Ashworth, author and evangelist, poverty was a sore trouble; he was conscious of it. As a boy he had to go up before an assembled company to receive "the first prize," and was unhappy and ashamed that he must go up with bare feet. As he went up to the platform amid the clapping of hands, he says: "I would have given £20 had I possessed it, for something with which to cover my feet." And when returning in triumph to his place: "I cried as though my heart would break, because I was such a poor, poor boy, and I thought some of the other boys sneered at my poverty."

Weak, no doubt; but weakness is forgiven in the prize-winner, and John Ashworth's case was intimately connected with the secret of the success of those "Strange Tales" for which it was so difficult, so almost impossible to find a publisher, but of which upward of three millions have been sold, and which have been translated into Welsh, French, Dutch, Spanish and Russian. John Ashman understood the men and women whose stories he told. When he died, at 59, almost his last request was that all the Sunday school children in School Lane should have a pair of new clogs and new stockings. The remembrance of that early pain had not died out.—*London Spectator.*

A Circus Secret.

Daniel Drawbaugh, the supposed inventor of the telephone, came in from the country to-day and while reading a newspaper, came to an advertisement of Barnum, the showman. One of Mr. Barnum's greatest attractions is an imported giant who shatters stones with a blow of the fist. After the old inventor had read of the great feat he quietly said to a friend who sat by his side:

"No doubt thousands of people will be amazed when they see the man's exhibition of supposed strength, but any person can do the same thing. When I was a boy of twelve, forty-eight years ago, my father took me to a circus where there was a stone-breaking giant. I noticed that the giant rested one end of the stone on an anvil and slightly elevated the other end with his left hand. Simultaneously he struck the stone with his right hand and allowed the elevated end to drop, and the result was a broken stone. When my father and I returned home from the circus I experimented, and without any difficulty whatever I broke stones in the same manner as did the circus performer."—*Harrisburg Letter.*

Caller—Any back numbers of your magazine?

Health Journal Editor—Yes, sir. Which number do you wish?

"I don't know the date, but I saw a line in a paper to the effect that it had an article entitled 'How to Lie When Asleep.'"

"I know what number you want. Having trouble at night, eh?"

"I should say so. My wife says I talk in my sleep, and I know from the way she acts that I tell the truth."

PAID FOR BY THE MILE.

A FACETIOUS MAGAZINE EDITOR MAKES A NOVEL BARGAIN.

"How much do you pay for such a story?" asked a young writer of a well-known magazine editor the other day.

"Let me see your manuscript."

The young man produced his roll and submitted it to the editor.

"You write a rather fine hand, and therefore I will give you $25 for every quarter of a mile of writing that I accept."

"Twenty-five dollars for a quarter of a mile?" repeated the would-be contributor, aghast with surprise.

"Yes, and that is a very good rate for an unknown writer like yourself. We pay all the way from $100 to $1,000 a mile for the work of the most noted writers, and I have paid a famous poet at the rate of $10,000 a mile for a great poem which he wrote at my order. That is an exceptionally high price, though."

"How much would a mile make of my manuscript?"

"I should say about 10,000 words."

"You don't mean to say that 10,000 of my words if strung in a row would make a mile?"

"Most assuredly not. But in writing 10,000 words your pen moves over a mile of space. With some writers a mile is only composed of 8,000 words, and there are some microscopic writers who crowd 20,000 words into a mile. Those figures will give you an idea of the amount of territory the pen of a busy writer will cover in a year. Take a newspaper reporter, who writes on an average 10,000 words a week. His pen will travel fifty-two miles a year. A court stenographer, who frequently takes down 40,000 to 60,000 words in a day, and transcribes part of his notes at night, will cover not less than 400 miles in a year." Did Alexander Dumas the elder, who was one of the most prolific writers in the world, if he had done all of his own writing, he would have averaged five miles a day during his whole busy career. He often employed secretaries, however, though he did a large part of his work himself. You see it would take a long time for a man to draw a line around the world with his pen. It could be done, though.—*New York Mail and Express.*

IT DIDN'T WORK.

AN ENGLISHMAN TRIES TO WED A MASKED NEGRESS.

A well-dressed couple crossed the Delaware by the Market street ferry on a recent evening and, engaging a hack on the Camden side, drove to the residence of the Rev. J. W. Bagley, pastor of the Tabernacle church on Broadway. By invitation, the hackman accompanied them into the pastor's house to witness the marriage. The clergyman had noticed that both the couple were nicely but not conspicuously dressed, and that they seemed very nervous and anxious for the ceremony to be performed as quickly as possible. The groom was a fine-looking man, but the bride's features were concealed by a heavy veil, which she seemed in no hurry to remove.

Mr. Bagley took out the marriage certificate book and began asking the usual questions. The groom gave his name as Joseph S. Ellem, 32 years of age, Englishman by birth, now living at Overbrook, Montgomery County, Pa., and his occupation that of a groom. Turning to the bride-elect the preacher began to question her. In a mumbling and smothered kind of voice she said her name was Emma Pye, 28 years old; that she also lived at Overbrook, and was employed at the same place as Ellem. The answers were satisfactory, but Mr. Bagley had his suspicions aroused by the woman keeping her veil down. He requested them to stand up before him in order to pronounce them man and wife, but before he began the ceremony he asked the bride to remove her veil. This she refused, and Mr. Bagley said he would not proceed until she did so. She still objected, when the reverend gentleman pulled the veil over her head and to his astonishment discovered that her face was covered by a gauze mask. Mr. Bagley was indignant, and he quickly tore the mask from the woman's face, disclosing, as he termed it, "the face of a woman as black as the ace of spades."

The parties were ordered immediately from the house. The groom-elect, however, was paralyzed with fear and asked the minister, "How much money would it take to keep the matter quiet?"

"I will not shield you," replied Mr. Bagley; "and," he added, "get out of this place immediately or I'll have you arrested."

The couple hastily left, got into the coupe, and as fast as the hackman could drive were taken to the ferry, where they caught a boat for Philadelphia. The hackman says that he was innocent of all knowledge of the woman being colored, or else he might have been tempted to drive them to the City Hall.—*Philadelphia Corr. New York World.*

TERRITORIAL ITEMS.

GULLED FROM LATEST EXCHANGES

Cheyenne is rejoicing over the successful opening of her first street car line and the prospect of a bill being passed by Congress for the erection of an $80,000 government building there.

Following are probably the details of the first murder of the new year. A dispatch dated Albuquerque, N. M., January 10, says: A most brutal murder was committed on New Year's Day at the Indian pueblo of Acomo, particulars of which have just been received. It seems that three Indians visited the village for the purpose of selling wine, as is the custom. They were hospitably entertained at the house of the assistant governor, Jose Berendo. During the night they all became more or less intoxicated, drinking the wine, when an altercation took place between the assistant governor on one side and the three Indians on the other and Berendo was killed during the melee. The three Indians were arrested by Mr. Bibo, governor of the tribe, and are now in the Los Lunas jail.

Aspen, Col., Jan. 8.—The Midland road has commenced a race into Aspen against time. Their engineer in the city calls for trains running into town by the twenty fifth instant. The great Maroon bridge has delayed them and it will be utterly impossible to cross on the bridge and get into town by the time their franchise expires. Friday night the council held a special meeting at the request of the Midland to consider an ordinance granting an extension of the time. A spirited debate ensued and outsiders took a hand in the discussion. Aldermen were openly accused of being bribed and that they were waiting for boodle. This came from both sides, the vote stood four to two against extending the time. One of the minority relieved himself by breaking a chair over the head of an officious bystander who had charged him with being bought. The Midland not to get left, at once commenced the gigantic undertaking of flying Maroon creek. Graders are hard at work making a track down Maroon Creek bank with the thermometer 10 below. This will run about a half mile up the creek, cross the stream with a "Y," as the bottom is not wide enough for a turn and the same plan brings them up on the other side. The steepness of the grade can be imagined when it is known the bridge is 110 feet above the creek. The rails are hauled by teams across Maroon Creek, and are now spiked down to the bank of Castle Creek and will the first of the week be in the city. The rails and other material when unloaded are let slide down the steep bank of the creek. To see the spikes, fish plates and rails bound high in the air in their rapid descent affords great amusement.

It appears that the southern part of Utah is not the only locality in the United states afflicted with a redundant abundance of rabbits. The farmers and ranch owners of Bakersfield, California, have just concluded a jack-rabbit roundup which may be considered a decided success. They built a fence in the form of the letter V, and placed a corral at the point. In a few hours thousands of the rodents were driven into the corral. It was then closed and then butchery was begun. A count showed that 5,075 of the pests had been destroyed.

A dispatch dated Fresno, Jan. 10, says: Sunday night Isaac Dean, a rancher, while coming into town, a mile west of this place, was stopped by two men. One shoved a revolver in his face, and the other went through him, taking all his money. Thieves entered Louis H. Thompson's drug store here Sunday night, tapped the till and got a small amount of money. A large number of robberies have been committed in this city of late. They seem to have been the work of an organized gang. The officers can get no clew.

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Chicago.....Ar.	5:00 a. m.	6:55 a. m.

West Bound Trains.

	No. 7.	No. 9.
Salt Lake City..Lv	5:55 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
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San Francisco..Ar.	8:10 a. m.	10:40 a. m.

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