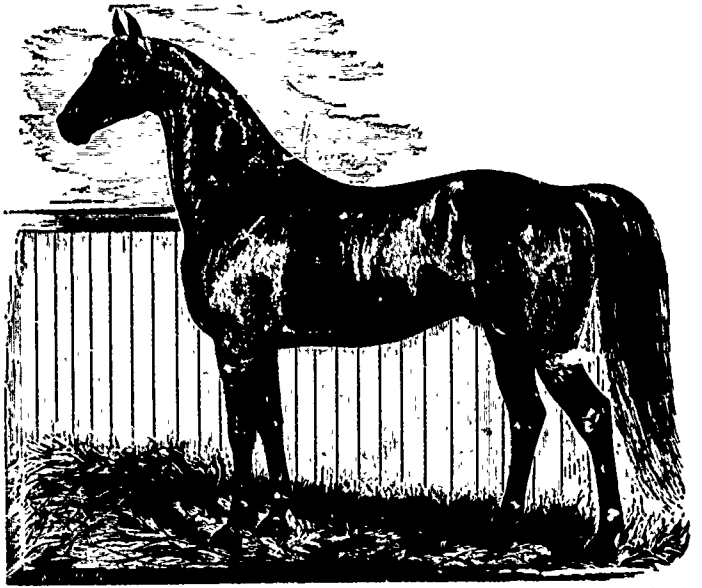


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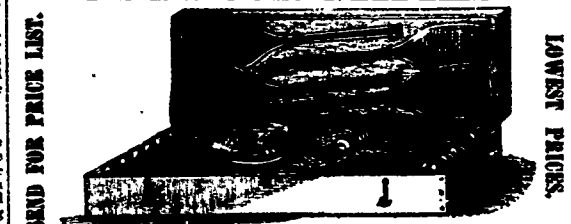
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WHISPERS FROM THE WINGS.

Mr. Irving's revival of "Shylock" has set the critics talking again, and brought reminiscences of the revival eight years ago. Then he broke all Theatrical traditions, and instead of the conventional stage Jew, of unscrupulous tendencies, without any redeeming features, presented the money lender of Venice as a gentleman, with feelings and instincts as refined and susceptible as his Gentile compeers. But before even eight years ago, Mr. W. E. Sheridan, who was then leading man in the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, had organized a series of Shakespearean revivals, and interpreted his ideal of "Shylock" on much the same lines that a short time afterward made Mr. Irving's portrayal famous. It was a pity that Sheridan should have found it more advantageous financially to give his extraordinary talents, almost exclusively, to the Antipodeans.

One of the romances of the stage—and a sad one—is the story of Mme. Jane Hading. A beautiful, gifted, unimpassioned woman, in love with her mother and her art, she went to Paris, where the director of the Gymnase intuitively saw her talent and pushed her on in her profession until her success in "La Maitre des Forges" made her the talk of the gay capital. Regarding the manager as her benefactor, she unfortunately did not repel his advances. When her child died she wished to break the liaison, but the manager fearing the financial loss that her absence from his theatre would entail, insisted upon marriage. The result was unhappy, and now the Parisian papers teem with calumnations of a woman, on whose acts the mantle of charity and pity and not the condemnation or reproach should be thrown.

The way that Buffalo Bill and his Wild West show are doing London must set the patriotic heart throbbing with national pride. Royalty and statesmanship have graced the benches, and novels with the noble red man and the dusky maiden as central characters have gone up in the market. The only drawback so far has been the accident that befell Buck Taylor. While riding at full speed, his horse came in collision with Miss Farrell's, and Buck's thigh bone was snapped. He threw up his arms, roared in the saddle, gave a terrific yell and fell headlong to the ground. Buck Taylor was the man that Buffalo William referred to when here, as the "tall Texan in the red shirt," and it will be many months before he can pick up a bouquet while riding at full speed.

Irving never does things by halves. The special performance of Byron's "Werner," which was given at the Lyceum last week, although for only one performance, was staged with all the accuracy of detail and elaborateness of scenic effects for which the great tragedian is remarkable. The performance was for the benefit of Dr. Westland Marston, whose first play was produced by Macready, and who says he is happy in being associated in his declining years with the greatest actor of his times.

It is with a feeling of reverence, deep and instinctive in the heart that an actor or actress speaks of "the little church around the corner," and with a love that towering cathedrals cannot inspire. The associations of a lifetime mingle with the recollections of the dead. How often has the last glimpse on earth of some beloved face been had within the portals—faces known the world over, noble fellows, whose generosity outstripped their foresight and whose art "moved to laughter or impelled to tears." Another link between the living world and all that is left of those who at one time fashion favored and upon whom beauty smiled, is the actor's monument in Evergreen cemetery, which has been raised solely from the contributions of actors and actresses. What a galaxy was there—Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Mrs. D. P. Flowers, William Winter, Joseph Wheelock, Francis Wilson, Cora Tanner, Mme. Ponsi, A. M. Palmer, Mat. Morgan, H. C. Jarrett, and a host of others. Rev. Dr. Houghton offered the prayer, and in the words of Mr. Booth, the gathering was worthy of the highest eulogy that could be delivered; they hap met for a noble purpose, and the

monument they were to dedicate was to commemorate their dead playmates and their deathless art. Mr. Winter's elegy, called "Anubis" is worthy of reproduction in full, and following are five of the eleven stanzas

Is there no more when this segment is ended? Here, where the slender the violet labors are blended, No! of the life and heart of the rose. What though the race of the forest may cover, While with its anger, the shuddering plain— Soon would the kiss of its heavenly lover, Thrill it to rovers and beauty again.

Had not this world in the night of death, Not for a grave were illumined the spheres, Forward and far from this bondage and trial, Love reaps, in reapers, the harvest of tears. Only for us is the pang of bereavement.

'Tis the same emotion, yet more than the same, Love's powers and noble achievements are the same, Wrought with the music of sweeter ecstasies Labor and pain they were never requited, Passionate hope that was never fulfilled, Dreams and desires that were baffled and blighted, Pure as the dawn defied and called, Weary vicissitudes, strife and dejection— Fate gave them the way, till it gave them release, Here the great heart of a comrade dejection, Outbars them home to the bosom of peace.

Hallowed be ever this dream-battered haven, Hallowed the shaft that we consecrate here, Never may ominous plumes of raven, Herald the specter oblivion near, Sentinal roses bloom faithful and tender, Guardian heavens, smile lovingly down, Clouds in your sorrow and sad tears in your splendor, Pouring the license of deathless renown.

Kiss of blessing, from where is our vision, Hearts never failer and eyes never weary, Blown on wild winds from the mountainous Myrian, Drift in sweet requies over their sleep, Let us our souls, till we see an end direct, Merciful death shall at last set us free, Then where the moon of the indelible surge, Dips on the shore of eternity's sea. I.O.X.

(Continued from Page 1.) daily, used to look as black as thunder, and make unpleasant suggestions, if I asked for as much as half a day of more than once a month, I leave it at that. The man has a very interesting business (that I do not wish to hint that he employed his father as manager, whilst he spent the major part of the summer at Coventry, for the purpose of training on the splendid path near the centre of the cycling trade. Another, who I remember three years ago as a working mechanic, made a very ingenious defence. He said he only paid very small wages, it is true, but he said he went to race meetings for the purpose of selling machines, and if he could, as he averred he did, get rid of a couple a week his racing expenses for that time were more than paid. None had the temerity to say that they purchased the machines they ride. It is, however, an understatement that few cyclists buy racing machines, nay, even those whose social status is of the best do not scruple to borrow machines for racing purposes. In fact taking all things into consideration the suspensions were most just. The cases all referred to "makers amateurs," with the exception of Synyer, who is charged with "roving" at the Surrey meeting last Sunday. I was present at the meeting, and it was the general opinion that Synyer could have won had he chosen, Farnhill being the man to whom it is said he gave his chance of winning; I am sorry for Synyer, very sorry that such a promising young rider should have tarnished his chance of securing championship honours. That he benefited by the course of action he took, I do not see for myself believe, but to attempt to exonerate him at once "raises" another "bogey," uglier and more difficult to lay than the original charge.

The London cyclist club decided a Fifty Miles Road Contest on Saturday last in weather of the worst possible character, heavy rain, accompanied by hail and snow, falling almost without cessation. I was present at the meeting, and consequently the roads were in a truly frightful condition. Altogether seven members braved the elements, including the well-known ex-Champion billiardist, Joseph Bennett, captain of the club. Taking everything into consideration the times accomplished were very fair, and resulted as follows:—H. A. Hanball (Safety bicycle), 10 min 20 sec; J. E. W. Potter (tricycle), 20 min 20 sec; C. H. Fox (tricycle), 30 min; J. A. Brown (tricycle), 35 min; H. Hanball, who rode in fine form throughout, won very easily, but a splendid struggle took place for second prize, Potter overhauling Fox in the last three miles, and after racing neck and neck the remainder of the distance the former won on the post. Argen, over 16 min (ordinary bicycle) made the best time, completing the full distance in 1 hour 30 min.

On Tuesday evening at Coventry, Mr. A. P. Engleheart succeeded in lowering the Safety bicycle records from five and a quarter to ten miles. Although the track was sticky, and there was a drizzling rain, the ten miles were completed in 29 min 34 3-5 sec.

NOTES. The palmy days of boxing may again be the order, judging by the attitude of the Prince of Wales towards the manly art. At the assault-at-arms for the benefit of the French Hospital in London, on Monday, it added considerably to the interest of the meeting that shortly after the second part of the programme commenced H. H. H. the Prince of Wales arrived, and highly complimented Bat Mullins, who was sparring with H. Skeate, on his skill, and expressed himself much pleased with their mimic encounter.

LACROSSES is evidently not very much appreciated by the public in Yorkshire, at least by Dewsbury folk. The gate at the county fixture last Saturday between Yorkshire and Lancashire amounted to the noble sum of twenty-four shillings. There would not be very large balance after all expenses were paid, except perhaps on the wrong side of the account.

I am astonished at the number of people well known in the world of amateur sport who are going or have recently gone, to America. Hugh McIntyre, late of the Blackburn Rovers has, so I am told, already set sail for the West, while he is now to be followed by Joseph Morris' son, the famous right wing forward of the same club.

The best Jullis' athletic tournament that I have heard about is one to come off at Dublin. The programme will most likely consist of the following events:—100 yards, 440 yards, 1 mile, 2 miles, 130 hurdles, 1000 yards steeple-chase, high jump, long jump, putting, 168, half-mile bicycle, 1 mile bicycle (limit 15 yards), 3 miles bicycle (scratch), 5 miles bicycle, 2 mile tricycle, 1 mile roadster (56 lbs and over), 1 mile safety roadster (40 lbs and upwards). I understand that Sir Edward Guinness and Alderman Cochrane have both come down handsomely on this occasion with two magnificent trophies value £50 each.

The great "all in" championship billiard match for £200, spot stroke, Peal and W. Mitchell is in progress score at present standing, 7-2 (in play on the spot), 12, 50, Mitchell, 11, 535.

E. Renshaw has won the Irish Lawn Tennis championship Miss Dodd, of Bockferry winning the ladies singles. ALEX.