THE STAGE.

AMERICAN DRAMA.

The New Play at the Walnut—Minnie Palmer and Lotta in Friendly Competition—"The Marquis" a Mild Success—The National Opera's Season—"Mazulm," "A Checkered Life" and Other Coming Attractions—An Australian "Parthenia" at Large in a Sheet—Federici's Sensational Going Off-Stage Facts and Fancies.

NEXT WEEK'S LOCAL BILLS.

WALNUT.....Minnie Palmer.
NATIONAL....."Checkered Life."
CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE....."The Marquis."
CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE.....Lotta.
NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE....."Mazulm."
ARCH STREET THEATRE....."Hole in the Ground."
LYCEUM THEATRE....."Two Irish Hearts."
CONTINENTAL THEATRE....."Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
BROAD STREET THEATRE.....Lilly Clay's Co.
ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE..Carncross' Minstrels.
NINTH AND ARCH MUSEUM.....Freaks, &c.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Tues.)..Boston Symphony Concert.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Fri. and Sat. Matinee)..."Otello."

Current Comment and Gossip.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, April 28.—The Walnut, which has achieved an uncommon record this season for the production of new plays in this city, was last Monday night the scene of another first performance on any stage. It bodes well, methinks, for "The Fairy's Well" that it first saw the light in the theatre which was the American cradle of such a big success as the "Dark Secret," and where such properous plays as "Monbars," "As in a Looking Glass," "Maggie, the Midget," "The Highest Bidder," "Starlight," "My Brother's Sister" and many others equally novel, if not as profitable, were first introduced to this city in the course of a single season. It was under Manager Fleischman's auspices, be it further remembered, that "Mazulm," which has since become one of the biggest hits of the year in New York City, received its sumptuous revival by "mine brudder Imre," of the house of Kiralfy, at the Academy of Music. Mr. Fleischman's godfathership ought to go a great way toward the success of any new piece in view of these facts.

"The Fairy's Well," however, contains in itself the elements which secure popular favor. Manager Power, it seems to me, is fortunate in having secured so promising a successor to "The Ivy Leaf." He intends to spread on the piece spectacularly next season. This week's production was accomplished after very hurried preparation, and while the play went very well even as presented, it was easy to see that it contained possibilities which have not yet been brought out. It has drawn packed houses all week. If I might make a few practical suggestions, I would say that much could be added to the picturesqueness of the piece if the fairy's well were more romantically surrounded. It was a most prosaic-looking well as I saw it on Monday night—a three-feet square enclosure of wood, with which a fairy with a proper idea of his or her importance would hardly have been induced to have anything to do. There was a peculiar insincerity in the manner in which the fuuny Irishman seemed to be standing on the water while he amused himself by toying with the affections of the comical Irishwoman. As usual, the most interesting personage in the piece is the funny, little, bad Irishman, who is full of evil intentions and overpowering brogue, and who spoils all, as usual, by repenting with lightning-like suddenness in the last act. When will these men who write plays get to leaving sinners in their sinfulness as the curtain falls?

The play was fairly well acted. Mr. Elwood is too light and pretty a young fellow to play the hero. Mr. Murphy plays the villain in a stagy but effective manner, and Miss Scott, who has an extremely difficult task in representing the heroine, acquits herself with unusual credit. She makes her role the most interesting female part in the play, an unusual fact in connection with plays of this character, chiefly by exercising good taste and an intel- [illegible] without impatience. Nellie Rosebud, [illegible] to be the Little Rosebud of the varieties, as pert as ever. Her nose has not grown retrousse with the flight of time, nor her singing voice less exasperating. But her accent, whether it is anything like the real thing or not, is all there, and she has acquired great skill in being made love to by Mr. Smith O'Brien, who plays the principal part, the good-hearted Irish young man of inferior station, but praiseworthy intentions, with brightness and life. I must not forget the irresistible humor of Miss Lizzie Conway's impersonation of the elderly maiden lady, or the naturalness of the little girl whose duty it is to open the play, standing alone on the stage. Mr. Charles Frew and Mr. W. A. Mack are good as the comical Irishmen, the one as wicked as the other is virtuous.

Another week of prosperity is in prospect for the Walnut, with the return visit of Minnie Palmer in her new success, "My Brother's Sister." This piece has been presented here just often enough to become known as a big drawing card, and not often enough to have lost the interest belonging to an entirely new production. Minnie Palmer's cleverness and cuteness seem to know no bounds, and this play gives her the chance to display those qualities in boy's clothes and girl's, in short skirts and long gowns. She sings, dances, is attractively impudent, sufficiently slangy, and indulges in cigarette smoking. She likewise does a pretty little bit of pathetic acting. It would be hard to imagine a better part that would give this bright little girl a better chance to display her talents in their various phases.

It is a curious coincidence, which I will mention simply to be in fashion with everybody else, that Lotta and Minnie Palmer are to display their graces in this city during the same week. Lotta, of course, is always Lotta, and never does not seem to tire nor custom stale her the devotion which her numerous admirers pay to her. Her coming to the Opera House next week will be marked by the first production in this city of her new play "Pawn Ticket No. 210," which, as I have seen by the glowing the newspapers, has been somewhat of a success in other cities. Lotta impersonates the little waif who has been pawned to a Hebrew pawnbroker, who grows up with the usual song and dance accomplishments, to thwart villainy and set things right. The part of the pawnbroker, by the way, was the last role ever played in this world by poor John Howson.

Mr. Harry St. Maur, no relation by the way to the late Jack St. Maur, who is trotting in front of Lotta, ever juvenile but much overripe Lotta, sends me a slice of criticism from an Australian paper on Essie Jenyns in "Ingomar." The boys will remember that Louis James and Marie Wainwright gave the fine old classical play during their engagement a few weeks ago at the Walnut and it was then a matter of particular joy to the gallery to watch Marie Wainwright wandering round the stage attired as a Greek maiden—really looking like a young woman swathed in a table cloth.

My antipodean brother voices the same ludicrous criticism on the part of the audience in the Bijou Theatre, Sydney (New South Wales). When *Parthenia* appeared she was greeted with yells of "come out of the sheet" and "take a blanket." The spotless purity of *Parthenia's* white linen walking costume after a two day's tramp through the wilderness in search of her aged parent, shows, at least, that ancient Greeks possessed some secret of preservative washing, and as the maiden never brought a change along to the mountain pass, one wonders how she whiled away existence when her drapery was hanging on the line to dry. However, the *Parthenia* of the Sydney Theatre is a Miss Essie Jenyns, a youthful actress of much facial beauty and exquisitely moulded limbs. She inspired a Sydney bard as follows:

Bear with us for a moment, while we twang the gay guitar,
And sing of Essie Jenyns as the maid in "Ingomar."
Just doesn't she look lovely, from her top-knot to her feet?
She wears no other garment than a clean and white sheet!
O, surely no Greek maiden of that very early time
Struck attitudes so pretty as the subject of our rhyme;
And never did a savage get so sweet a bit of goods,
To be his lady-help amid the silence of the woods,
To strike him with a feather, and to stab him with a rose,
Keeping one eye on the savage and the other on her pose.

A fig for human nature in the playing of a part,
Provided that the player is (excuse the slang) a "tart."
What matters it while Essie is so fair to look upon
And can reproduce the pictures of Miss Mary Anderson?
Her art is oft apparent, and her classic passion cold,
But the classic sheet keeps falling in a very classic fold.
And when her note is baritone we never care a cuss,
For are not we barbarians, and ain't she mashing us?
Down, silly little flutterer! How madly dost thou beat
At the mention of that damsel doing "statues" in a sheet!

I heard the greater portion of the Damnation of Faust the other night by the Philadelphia chorus and the mail brought me the same evening from Melbourne, Australia, an account of the singer Federici's death, while going through the "infernal regions" trap as *Mephistopheles*. It was surely one of the most grim of sudden deaths, and far beyond the imagination of fiction. The opera "Faust" is so familiar to all of us, that the scene can be readily pictured. With his arm round *Faust*, Federici, tucked in the scarlet and black bravery of *Mephistopheles*, stood on the trap and up came the red flames from the calciums beneath the stage. Before the trap could descend, Federici released his hold on *Faust* and threw himself forward. He was carried into the green room, and in a few minutes he died. Just picture the corpse lying there attired in the traditional garb of the devil. What a chance for the painter of the gruesome.

Federici never sang in this city, but he was well known in New York. He was one of D'Oyley Carte's Mikado Company and sang the initial role. He first went on the stage under his own name of Baker, but one day he exclaimed:—"How could a man become famous with a name like Baker," then he changed it to "Federici."

A human devil (this is rather quaint),
If duly warned, will surely die a saint;
For blackest villains pray the longest prayers,
But death takes honest people unawares,
As in this case, where, dreaming not of evil,
A right good fellow died an awful devil.

Lotta succeeds a not less popular lady in Miss Emma Abbott, who, while her name is always religiously printed in large letters on the bills, is never really the star of her own company. She has the bad judgment to surround herself with people who can sing better—or, shall I say less bad?—than she can. Just at this time Miss Anandale appears to be the star of the troupe by right of ability, although the seductive Emma takes the leading parts. In spite of the fact that Miss Abbott is personally a most deserving woman, who takes herself seriously and imagines she is contributing to the advancement of musical art, I am compelled to say that her presentations of opera would be atrocious, if they were not ludicrous. It can't be denied, however, that she holds a high place in the heart of the multitude, and that her audiences seem to enjoy her performances immensely. As for her repertoire, "Ruy Blas" was the single exception to the ineffable staleness which characterized the whole week's operas. After such venerable relics of past generations as "Martha," "Chimes of Normandy," "Lucretia Borgia," "Trovatore" and "The Mikado," truly may it be written of the Opera House:

"You may air, you may smoke out the place, if you will;
But the odor of chestnuts will cling to it still."

The only novelty other than the Irish play at the Walnut was "The Marquis," which the Casino Company conscientiously endeavored to make a success of of at the Chestnut. There is a certain tame melody in the music; a mild striving after unattainable brightness in the dialogue; an unsuccessful attempt to be interesting in the plot; and a weak effort to be funny in the lines allotted to the comedian. Be it said to the credit of Mr. Jimmy Powers that, by working hard, he manages to be sufficiently funny to carry the opera. The hand of Hoyt is perceptible in the scenery, and the Aronson eye for picturesque effect is to be noted in the costumes. Mr. Pounds sings tenor with mild, but insidious sweetness, and Mr. Smith remains "yours as ever, Mark Smith." Miss Bertha Ricci has a better opportunity than was given her in "Madelon," and easily outsings everybody else and steps to first position in the cast. Miss Ricci, Miss Grubb and Miss Urquhart present very charming pictures, and in the colors and styles of their costumes, when they are all on the stage together, there is evidence of a trained taste and an experienced eye for general effect. Miss Grubb has a voice, but needs to learn how to use it. Miss Urquhart makes no pretensions to being other than a "good-looker," and she succeeds in doing that to the intense satisfaction of herself and everybody else.

Oliver Byron and his clever wife managed to hold business well up at the National, in spite of the circus. Their popularity made them a safe attraction in view of this powerful competition. "Hero," their melodrama of war, Indians, villainy and love, [illegible] so acceptable to the impressionable audiences of the National as to warrant the prediction that it will be more acceptable still, if Mr. Byron brings it back some time when there is no circus in town. Miss Dixie Delaro, by the way, seems to grow more clever as she grows older. What she doesn't know about her style of singing and dancing isn't worth knowing. At least, the veracious Kahnweiler says so. Kahnweiler, by the way, is getting quite English. "Blow these blawsted circuses, anyhow!" was his remark, as I invited him out for a glass of soda the other night.

Next week there is more shooting, more gore, more Western wildness at the National. "A Checkered Life" is the play. It was presented at the Callowhill palace last season, and was a howling success. George E. Atkins, the author, and Miss Edith Crocius will assume the principal parts of *Broncho Bill* and *Reckless Nell*, and incidentally there will be some crack rifle shooting.

Week after next Katie Pursell will make her first appearance in this city at the National. Her play is called "Queen of the Plains," and is by Ned Buntline, the popular story writer.

This, the third week of the National Opera Company which concludes the engagement at the New Grand Opera House was marked by the same conscientious and complete presentation of standard compositions which have always been characteristic of this organization. Flotow's "Marta," which had not previously been given, was produced on Thursday night, and served as a vehicle for the introduction of Miss Louise Natali, a singer new to these boards, but who is credited with some reputation on the Pacific slope. Unusual interest attaches to the appearance of this lady, as she is to be one of the prima donnas who will appear under Mr. Heinrich's management during the extended summer season at the New Grand. Miss Natali is *petite* in figure and is possessed of a high but somewhat thin soprano voice.

It is a gratifying circumstance that the National Opera Company leaves the city with some money earned over and above their large expenses. This is largely, if not entirely due to the extremely liberal treatment of the organization by Manager Kelly and his partners in the great uptown theatrical enterprise.

Spectacle will follow opera at the Grand Opera House next week, and the glare and glitter of Imre Kiralfy's big pantomime, "Mazulm," will dazzle the eyes of the populace. Undoubtedly, as was seen when this piece was first presented in its present form at the Academy of Music last Christmas time, "Mazulm" is the most sumptuous thing yet attempted on the stage of this or perhaps any other country. Imre Kiralfy simply surpassed himself in it. Since it was seen here it has received much additional polishing and retouching, and it comes back more gorgeous than before. The great scene in the first act in which a moonlit graveyard is in the twinkling of an eye transformed into a palace hall, with a vista of stairways in the background, will be remembered. The big ballets and the ponderous Amazon march will be unusually effective in this handsome, big new theatre, and more inviting attraction to the uptown seeker for amusement pure and simple I cannot imagine. The remarkable acrobats and trapezists who were seen before will again appear.

The new Grand Opera House will commence its summer opera season on Monday, May 7, when Manager Kelly will present the Grau Opera Comique Company in Strauss' spectacular comique, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." The company, which is under the management of E. G. Stone, will number over eighty persons, prominent among whom are Lillian Conway, Minnie Dilthey (from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York), Martha Portens, Mabella Baker, Nini Bertini, Gustave Adolphi, George Broderick, Charles Campbell, etc. There will be a chorus of sixty voices and an orchestra of twenty-five, under the direction of G. B. Snyder. The production will be elaborate to the minutest detail. Every scene will be painted new and the costumes are now being prepared in New York. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" will be followed by another popular opera by Strauss, "Prince Methusalem."

The variety season at the Broad closes next week with Lilly Clay's company of females, more or less handsome, and the minstrel season also closes at Carncross'. Keller will follow at the latter house. The Broad, I hear, may be continued as a theatre, after all. Sheffer and Blakely's company did not do as well as they should have done at the Broad this week. Some of these fistic tiffs at the end of the programme have been quite lively and inspiring. The circus is responsible for the bad business. It made very small houses at the Arch, with "Jim, the Penman" as the strong attraction. It ruined business at the Lyceum, where "On the Rio Grande" was the play. "The Wages of Sin" got along fairly well at the Continental. "The Fairy's Well," Emma Abbott and "The Marquis" were the only exceptions in the general depression.

Let me commend the new "Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde" who appears at the Continental next week. He is Mr. Theodore Hamilton, who supported John S. Clarke so ably at the Broad and Walnut, and who has done sterling work in his time. His creation of the evil genius of "The Scarlet Letter" in Boston some years ago was one of the sensations of the time.

I have almost forgotten to remind you of the coming production of "Our Baby's Nurse," at the Walnut, May 7, by Louise Paullin and an excellent company. The comedy is said to be a lively, but dainty one from the German, and Miss Paullin's good taste and general ability and attractiveness convince me in advance that in "Our Baby's Nurse" we are to enjoy a treat.

Mrs. W. G. Noah, the octogenarian actress who died in Rochester the other day, was born in New York, but was once well known here by her maiden name of Mary Ann Meek, having made her first appearance as a leading lady at the Arch, under Thomas Cooper, in 1832. I record her death for the sake of the reminiscences that the mention of her name will recall to some of you old-timers.

New York's only novelty was "Amanuensis," a musical farce of the usual style, at Dockstader's. Lou Sanford, Mabel Stirling and George R. Edeson made hits of more or less magnitude.

There are cynical allusions in London journals to the sudden improvement in the state of little Josef Hofmann's health since the advent of his new rival, who is, in fact, said to outrival him in some respects, Otto Hegner, who is eleven. Even the prodigy business is not to be enjoyed exclusively. Prepare for the Hegner invasion of America. J. B. L.

Footlight Flickerings.

Bronson Howard will summer at New Rochelle, N. Y. At present he is in Boston.

Mrs. Edwin Thorne died of paralysis of the heart April 26, in Chamberlain's Hotel, Washington, D. C.

Ruby Marion, formerly of the Maude Banks Co., is lying critically ill at her home in East Boston, Mass.

Frances Bishop will resume her season April 30, in "Muggs' Landing," at the Howard Athenæum for a week.

J. B. Polk will, it is said, be in Effie Ellsler's support when she appears at the Madison Square Theatre in July.

Alice Newton, having closed with the John S Moulton Co., is to join Louise Arnot for the remainder of the season.

Nat Goodwin will close his season in New England on May 19 and sail for England on the 25th, to be gone about three months.

E. H. Sothern's present season will close in Boston, May 26. The company has been re-engaged by Manager Frobman for next season.

Sydney Rosenfeld is under agreement to J. M. Hill to provide the forthcoming Union Square stock company with a comedy for next season.

All arrangements for the grand testimonial to be tendered Lester Wallack at the Metropolitan Opera House May 21, are progressing favorably.

Jerry McAuliff has been engaged to create the leading comedy role in "Dawn" at the forthcoming production at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston.

Mrs. Jennie Kimball has given up her proposed trip to London, and will play the Corinne Co, for a summer engagement at the Boston Museum.

Frederic de Belleville, it is hinted, will star next season in a new play, and under the management of J. Charles Davis, now Manager H. C. Miner's right-hand man.

The Oliver Byron Company close the season May 3 at Elizabeth, N. J. Their preliminary tour for 1888-9 will open about Aug. 21, under the management of J. P. Johnson.

Barry and Fay's new tour will open April 30 under Frank McKee's management. Barney Fagan, Isabella Coe and Archie Boyd are engaged. The trip will close about Aug. 1.

The Leland Opera House, at Albany, was sold at auction on Tuesday. Mrs. R. M Leland bought it for $30,500, a very low price for a property that is certainly worth twice that figure.

The Florence Hamilton "My Husband" Company disbanded in Louisiana, Mo., after a two weeks' tour. The people are said to have received their salaries in full and fares to Chicago.

Wilson Barrett will occupy the Princess' Theatre, London, for a period of eight weeks. He will first produce, on May 17, an adaptation of Caine's novel, "Deemster Hawthorne," and afterwards "The Still Alarm."

Virginia Dreher, of Daly's company, is soon to be married to Mr. C. F. Postlethwait, an Englishman, 32 or 33 years of age. He is said to be quite wealthy, having inherited large property, including a town house in London.

The Myra Goodwin company, which played at the Bijou Theatre, Washington, recently, was disbanded on Saturday night, April 21, on account of financial embarrassment. All the property of the company was attached to secure debts.

Jay Hunt has signed a three years' contract with John S. Moulton to star in domestic and farcical comedies. The tour opens Aug. 20 for forty weeks, and week stands only will be played. Mr. Moulton sails for Europe in search of material May 16.

Manager Maeder has arranged for a year's tour of the Pacific coast with Salsbury's Troubadours, during which they will play in "The Humming Bird" and "Three of a Kind," which has been revised to such an extent that it may be almost said to have been rewritten.

Kate Forsyth is back to America after several months' pleasure seeking in Europe. It is presumed that she will resume her starring tour next season, as she has plenty of money to back herself and has probably picked up some novel[illegible] the way of plays dur[illegible]

Mrs. Potter's season, however small its artistic results, has been a financial success. Manager Miner has cleared a comfortable profit from the tour, and is satisfied from the business standpoint. But his personal relations with the lady have not been such as he would care to repeat.

The report that Louis James and Marie Wainwright are to play in a dramatization of "The Scarlet Letter" next season is denied by their manager. They will, however, add "The School for Scandal" and "As You Like It" to their repertoire next year, confining themselves then, as now, to the strictly legitimate.

The entire wardrobe and theatrical effects of the late actor, W. E. Sheridan, who died in Australia, have been purchased by Newton Beers, of Philadelphia. Among the articles is a sword that was once the property of Edmund Kean, and another sword that was presented to Sheridan by prominent citizens of Philadelphia, and also several articles which formerly belonged to Charles Fechter.

Col. Sinn has already engaged Robert Coote, Sr. (advance), C. D. Hess (business manager), Ada Dwyer, Chas. G. Craig, Leonard Grover, Jr., Alfred Fisher, Maggie Hollaway, Geo. H. Cohill, Oliver Paul, Madge Carr, Frank L. Davis, Mrs. Frank L. Davis, J. G. Bower, Mabel Pollock, Marion Strickland and Wm. T. Grover for the "Alone in London" Company for next season. New scenery is now being painted and the tour is already booked.

The last nine nights of the present tour of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett will be devoted to Louisville, Ky., where they will play on May 10, 11 and 12, and Brooklyn, where they will close the season with the performances of the weak of May 14. In both cities they will appear under salary, receiving $10,000 for the three nights in Louisville and $18,000 for the six nights in Brooklyn. Of the $28,000 about $8,000 will be required to pay expenses, leaving the two actors about $20,000 profit on the nine performances.

Dr. Hamilton Griffin denies the report that Mary Anderson is to be married. Dr. Griffin says that the report taken up by the London papers, originated in the marriage of two ladies of Miss Anderson's full name, who lived in the vicinity of the actress' residence in London, and some of their bridal presents were by mistake sent to her. Miss Anderson will, after a tour of the British provinces, sail from Queenstown for America on or about October 15. She will make a tour of the principal cities of this country, beginning in New York, November 12.

The closing scene of the second act of "Nadjy," the operetta to be presented at the Casino for the first time May 14, is described as unusually dramatic. *Rackoczy*, the Hungarian rebel, is discovered, disguised as a wandering minstrel, at the Governor's reception at which *Nadjy*, with whom he is in love, is the grand lady. This is the cause of his being present. Soldiers surround the palace, the famous Rackoczy March is heard in the distance, the melody is taken up by the entire chorus and orchestra, and in the general excitement which prevails *Rackoczy* escapes.

SPORTING NOTES

Ed Woods, of Harlem, N. Y., and Eugene Smith, of England, have been matched for the amateur swimming championship of the world. Woods is 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 175 pounds. He is a fast and sure swimmer, the winner of a dozen races, and was never defeated. Smith is 5 feet 9½, and weighs 198 pounds. He is also a fast swimmer, and has won a number of races. The winner is to be presented with a gold medal. They have not agreed upon a date or the waters, but expect to have it at City Island, in rough water, if possible.

Phillip Casey, champion hand ball player of the world, while riding in a street car in Brooklyn, on Monday week, was dashed against a window by the sudden stopping of the car. His left hand was forced through the glass and the tendon of his middle finger severed. His physician says that the finger will probably be useless. In ball playing Mr. Casey used his left hand as deftly as his right.

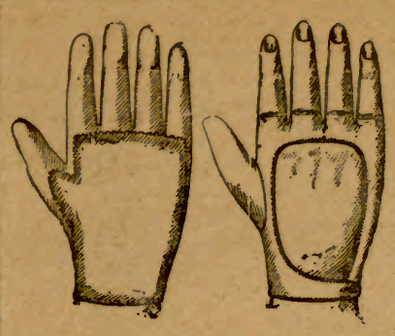
Dexter, the famous trotter, died April 21 at the stable of Robert Bonner in New York. He was just 30 years old having been foaled in April, 1858. He died of old age and exhaustion. The body will be taken up to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown, where it will be buried. Dexter was the greatest trotter of his day. He was the first horse to trot a mile in 2:17¼. Mr. Bonner paid $35,000 for him in 1867.

The Staten Island Ladies' Club has elected the following officers:—Mrs. W. H. Davidge, president; Mrs. E. G. Thompson, vice president; Miss Florence Van Rensselaer, treasurer; Mrs. Upshur, secretary, and Mrs. C. Wilson, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Motley, Miss Wiman, Miss Austin, Miss Adeline Robinson and Miss Pool, directors.

Phil Casey, the champion hand ball player, has deposited with Richard K. Fox, a forfeit of $250 to play James A. Keenan, the champion of New South Wales, for $10,000 a side. Casey agrees to allow Keenan $1,000 for expenses in coming to New York to play the game.

The Gulf Mills Hunt, of Montgomery county, has elected the following officers:—President, Walter L. C. Biddle; secretary and treasurer, H. M. Tracy; hunt committee, John Fugh, F. L. Garrison, H. M. Warren, E. F. Quigley and Edward Murray.

The annual foot ball match between the picked teams of Ireland and England was contested at Belfast on April 7, in the presence of 4,000 spectators, and was won by the Englishmen by 5 goals to 2.



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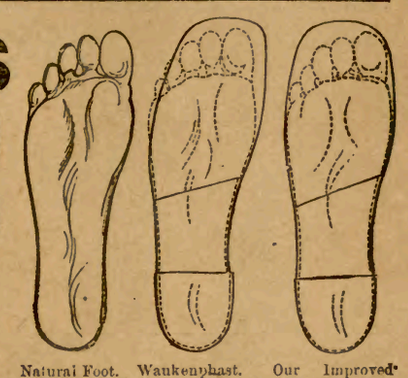

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