

THE DEAD MAN'S MONEY.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER X.

BUT there is a difference between intending and doing. Not even the mail could be dispatched to Yonkers or Tarrytown, how then could Mr. Sable return home? Reports were brought to the city of the blockaded state of the roads. The snow, it was said, was in many places six or eight feet deep, and had not ceased to fall. Besides, the cold was so intense that there would have been danger of being frozen to death on a road level and unimpeded, what then must be his fate who should be so fool-hardy as to attempt a journey of twenty miles and upwards, in such a state of things? In New York, then, for how long time they could not tell, our friends were doomed to remain.

As for Le Sœur, he had all his limbs dislocated on the rack of remorse, for not having yielded to his impulse to rush back and inform Margaret of the probability of their lengthened absence. Dear and gentle Margaret! Would she not be in a terrible plight about them? And perhaps—love suggests terrible ideas—thieves might break in and rob, aye, murder her, the gentle, harmless girl. He clenched his fists and struck at vacancy in the moodiness of his desperation.

Mr. Sable, whose yea was yea, and his nay nay, swore an oath, but it was not registered, for the same angel that blotted Uncle Toby's, refused to record it. As there was nothing better to be done, they engaged rooms at the Astor House, and partook of a good dinner, to which, considering the intensity of their chagrin, they did no extreme injustice. When the night closed in, Mr. Sable proposed a visit to the Park Theatre, where Power,—poor Power!—was then performing. And Le Sœur readily acceding, to the Park they went.

The glorious days,—or nights rather,—of that Theatre! When shall we see their like again? When another Cooke, another Kean, another Power, arises to tread the boards of the Broadway, and not till then.

How is it that America has no great actor or actress, save and except Charlotte Cushman, and she is among the greatest any where? And how is it that the fourth, fifth and sixth rate English actors and actresses flourish so well here? As soon as an actor finds he can't get along in London, he escapes starvation by taking his passage in an Atlantic steamship, and his fortune, if he can contrive to get judiciously puffed in the daily papers, is made. We receive the paupers of England, and her worst artists. She will next send us the cast-off pants and boots of her cockneys.

But then we are so liberal, so hospitable to strangers. We should always honor men of genius, and if Tennyson were to arrive here, he should be thrice welcome, but we make no distinction between a poet and a fool, and—God give us more sense—we honor a stupid Tupper.

Long ears of a donkey, how we should venerate them, if the wearer brought commendatory letters, and had published a book!

Mr. Sable, as may readily be supposed, was not a frequent attendant at the theatre. He lived so much in retirement that he seldom went so far from home as Yonkers or Tarrytown, and only came to New York once in two years, or thereabouts. And so far was he on the present occasion from entering into the spirit of the play, that he speedily fell asleep, although Power was keeping the rest of the audience, except Le Sœur, in a constant roar of laughter. Le Sœur was amused, when he could forget Margaret, which was but seldom, though once or twice he laughed audibly and roused Mr. Sable to share in his enjoyment. Whenever he was thus awakened, the old gentleman would declare that he had all the time been intent upon the performance, and that he thought it was very good, and almost before he had fairly got rid of the last word, he was nodding again, much to the amusement of the folks who sat in the same box. Presently he began to snore, gently enough at first, but at the precise moment when the house was hushed into perfect silence, expecting, from the situation of the two characters, an unusually smart repartee from Power, he gave a nasal blast, that had quite a trumpet-like effect. The house was in convulsions. Power seemed annoyed. One or two cried "Shame!" and a solitary voice desired the offender's immediate expulsion. Le Sœur shook him by the arm, and failing to awaken him, administered a pinch, which did the business.

"Eh, what is it?" cried the old man, aloud. Whereat the audience roared again, but several persons this time, said "Turn him out."

"By thunder, it's he!" Le Sœur heard a voice exclaim. He looked hastily around, but could not distinguish the speaker. "What is the matter?" queried Mr. Sable, "why do the people stare at us?"

Le Sœur apprised him of what had taken place, and proposed retiring from the theatre, feeling that they would be marked for universal notice, during the rest of the performance. Mr. Sable willingly assented, observing that he could not go to church without falling asleep during the sermon, that it was his failing, and that he meant no disrespect to Power, who was a smart fellow, certainly. They accordingly left their seats, and except jostling two men upon the stairs, who eyed them very closely, and whom Le Sœur recognized as having been in the box with them, when the remark was made which attracted his attention, they left the theatre without notice. But Le Sœur, who kept watch upon the movements of the men, observed that their steps were dogged, and inferred that the exclamation which he had heard had reference either to himself or to Mr. Sable. Feeling annoyed at this mysterious recognition, which he could account for only by supposing it related to the subject which had brought them to New York, he was pleased to find there was no carriage in waiting in the neighborhood of the theatre, and that they would have to return to the Astor House on foot. Remarking that the men still followed them, he formed his resolution—a fatal one, as it turned out.

New York is lighted badly enough at the present day, but it was much worse at that time. Besides, the almanac had advertised that the moon would shine on the night in question, and consequently the lights in the store windows were all the illumination that the city could command, to effect its escape from total darkness. But this casual and fitful light, when they had crossed to the opposite side, and skirted the Park, was no longer of service, and they were involved in obscurity almost as great at this point, as if Manhattan Island were still a wilderness. Having whispered his intention to his companion, he suddenly dropped behind, and allowed the men to

pass, which they did without observing him. Then he struck into their rear, after the manner of a chance passenger, and listened to their conversation. The darkness was too complete for them to notice the manoeuvre.

"The next gate is open," one of them said. "We shall not find a better opportunity. Let us drag them into the Park. We can soon do the business for them there."

The other's reply was inaudible, though Le Sœur listened with all his ears.

"Hale told me five hundred dollars," the first speaker continued. "And we were deucedly lucky to meet them, and no two ways about it."

"That's a fact," said the other. "Do you tackle the old one, then?"

They quickened their pace, and approached near enough to Mr. Sable, to miss the young man from his side. This seemed to disconcert them, as Le Sœur noticed, for he also had quickened his pace to keep his due distance.

"Dash in," said the first speaker. "D—n the young one."

Le Sœur felt for his pistols, which he had never removed from his pocket, and cocked them ready for use. He had scarcely done so when the men rushed forward, and seized Mr. Sable. The young man was not far behind them. His footsteps, falling upon the snow, were unheard by the villains, so that on seizing the old man, they thought themselves secured from observation, never doubting that his companion had parted company with him. Mr. Sable gave a faint cry before the grasp of the ruffians tightened upon his throat. Le Sœur took good aim as he thought, at one of the scoundrels, and fired. The men dashed aside into the Park, and Mr. Sable fell to the ground. Le Sœur had shot him.

Half a dozen persons instantly crossed the street, and an alarm was raised. Le Sœur was caught by the collar, and held by a close gripe. He was dragged across the road, into a store, while Mr. Sable was raised by others, and brought into the same store. The ball had entered his back, had passed through his heart, and escaped at his breast. He was dead.

[We shall, for the future, devote more space to this story, which will, from this point, rapidly increase in interest. A few copies of the earlier numbers, containing the commencement, are still on sale. Those who wish to obtain them had better make early application.]

A DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—We have seen an Actor play Hamlet, in the Ghost scene, with so little sense of propriety, as not only to draw his sword, according to the stage practice, but actually to threaten and make a lunge at the parental Apparition, with the naked weapon. Nothing can be in worse taste. Marcellus, it is true, offers to strike at the Royal Phantom with his partizan, but the act, though somewhat disloyal, is not un-filial. But in Hamlet,—the son of the shade,—the attempt at violence is unnatural and parricidal, and totally at variance with the character. He shrinks from bloodshed, though supernaturally enjoined, and remembers the ties of kindred. Witness his extreme reluctance to kill his uncle;—whereas a man who tries to stab a ghost, will assuredly stick at nothing.

WARE SHARKS.—The *Apalachicola Commercial Advertiser* says that the log of the Constantine, a vessel now in that port, records the capture of a shark *seventeen feet long, a post mortem examination of which disclosed portions of the body of a white man, viz.: an entire thigh, leg and foot, part of the other thigh, the knee, a portion of the leg, and one of the shoulders.* The undigested state of the limbs gave evidence that the unfortunate man had been a recent victim to the monster's voracity.

STUNG TO DEATH.—On Saturday last, says the *Carlisle Volunteer*, a very fine horse, the property of Col. A. Noble, of Carlisle, Pa., came to his death in a most singular manner. He was tied by the Colonel near to a bee stand, for the purpose of grazing. In this position he was left for an hour or more, and it is presumed that by switching his tail to keep off the flies, he gave offence to the bees, who attacked him in countless numbers. When discovered, he was literally covered with them—in his ears and nostrils especially, they hung in large clusters. The poor animal was led off, but it was too late; he died in less than an hour afterward.

MISS CUSHMAN IN MALE ATTIRE.—The *Cleveland Plaindealer* learns that Miss Charlotte Cushman, who is spending a quiet vacation at the Saut, astonished the guests of the Ste Marie Hotel, one fine morning, by appearing equipped *cap-a-pie*, in masculine attire—hat, coat, unmentionables, and all. Those who have seen her personation of "Hamlet" can easily understand the grace and ease with which she wore her new "togery." Hers was not a single moment of triumph; not a mere desire to astonish the dinner table, and then, like the ghost of Banquo, to vanish away and go back to petticoats and whalebone. No, she rode in it, fished, walked, ran and romped in it; and, for aught we can learn, says the *Plaindealer*, has determined to wear it for the remainder of her days—at least of maidenhood.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME AND NIAGARA FALLS.—Horace Greeley, writing from Rome to the *Tribune*, says "St. Peter's is the Niagara of edifices, having the same relation to the masterpieces of human effort that the great cataract bears to other terrestrial effects of Divine power. In either case, the first view disappoints, because the perfection of symmetry dims the consciousness of magnitude, and the total absence of exaggeration in the details forbids the conception of vastness in the aggregate. In viewing London's St. Paul's, you have a realization of bulk which St. Peter's does not give, yet St. Paul's is but a wart beside St. Peter's. I do not know that the resemblance has been noticed by others, but the semi-circle of gigantic yet admirably proportioned pillars which encloses the grand square in front of St. Peter's reminds me vividly of the general conformation of our great water-fall, while the column or obelisk in the centre of the square (which column is a mistake, in my humble judgment, and should be removed) has its parallel in the unsightly tower overlooking the main cataract from the extreme point of Goat Island. Eternal endurance and repose may be fitly typified by the oceans and snow-crested mountains, but power and energy find their best expressions in the cataract and the dome. Time and Genius may produce other structures as admirable in their own way and regarded in connection with their uses; but, viewed as a temple, St. Peter's will ever stand unmatched and unapproachable.

THE OPERA.

"LA SOMNAMBULA," "Ernani," and "Lucia di Lammermoor" have been performed this week, to crowded and fashionable audiences. What seemed incapable of improvement has been improved by Maretzek's energetic endeavors to render his company the most effective ever known in the Western World, and "La Sonnambula" is now the greatest triumph of this or any other season. Bosio leaves nothing to desire in her truly admirable singing. She is creating a furor, which will only be appeased by having her all to ourselves in the ensuing winter campaign at Astor Place. We would warn our readers that the season at Castle Garden is drawing to a close, and they had better not delay their visits. Early next month our friends at Philadelphia will be able to partake in our gratification, for Mr. Maretzek intends to give the best Operas in the best style in that city.

THE DRAMA.

At NIBLO'S, during the past week, the public have been drawn with a triple cord of entertainment; and in obedience to the settled policy of that establishment, each strand, although varying in quality, has a tinge of the same color. In other words, it is the eye which is chiefly ministered to at that house. Foremost, we have had repetitions of the often-repeated "Toodles" of Mr. Burton, the frequency of which is to be accounted for by its bold and obvious delineation of a drunken man. This is, of its kind, a carefully worked-out personation; no circumstance which can mark distinctly to the senses of the audience, the far-gone condition and changing humors of a "Maudlin" being omitted. We have the disordered dress, the lack-lustre gaze, the hat significantly askew, the confusion of gloves and the innumerable bottom-bumpings and vain struggles to recover the feet, which are supposed to belong to intoxication. As presented by Mr. Burton, "Toodles" is drunk, in the largest text, there can be no mistake about that; and this is the sufficient reason, why the Niblo audience receive it, nightly, with "shouts of applause." On another tack in a similar direction, we have in the dancing of Mademoiselles Bertin, and Franek, a graceful rendering of the same appeal to the eye. The style of the two ladies is happily contrasted; in the one we have elegance, in the other softness, and the pieces in which they appear are executed with a finish and precision exceedingly engaging. To complete our triplet, the Ravels come forward, combining Drama and Ballet in their admirable pantomimes. The "Green Monster," always a favorite, is still served up, as a fresh dish, with its piquant sauce of drollery, trick and capital comic bye-play. All that can be accomplished by limberness and activity, in the way of diving down traps, jumping through clock-cases and men's bowels, emerging from baskets, miraculous shortenings and elongations of the legs, diabolical music and blue-fire, with peasant-dances interspersed—is triumphantly achieved by the Ravels. Niblo's is indeed a spiced banquet, and we are not sorry to see so many sitting down to it every evening.

The BROADWAY is still closed in committee of the whole on the Complimentary Benefit to its Manager, Mr. Marshall, which occurs in the early half of the present month. The committee of invitation is very various and comprehensive. Great ardor is shown by the friends of the Manager. Castle Garden is tendered by M. Maretzek; offers of service are freely made by distinguished artists, and the whole affair promises to be one of the most brilliant and successful of its kind, known in America.

The claims of the CHATHAM are distinctly announced, when we record that among the chief performances of the week have been "The Children of the Wood," and "The Mysterious Chief or Heroes of 1812," with Mr. J. R. Scott for the principal figure. The attendance here is large; the enthusiasm always in abundant supply, although we cannot safely consider the present stock-company as quite equal to its predecessors. Our expectations will be understood when we say, that we have seen many pieces at this house, as completely and carefully rendered as at any of the City Theatres.

A large yellow poster on the gates makes proclamation that the LYCEUM will be opened on Monday, the 25th of the present month.

At the BOWERY we have seen good acting during the week, in "Naval Engagements," with Mr. Gilbert's finished rendering of the Old Admiral; and in the repetition of "Azael, the Prodigal"—presented with a large field of canvas, and unmistakable gorgeousness of dress. Mr. Eddy as Azael, sustains his position well as one of the younger props of the Stage—vigorous and careful. Jordan, judiciously droll as Jeroam; Miss Anderton as "Jephte," performs with spirit, and we are glad to observe is as attentive to the due rendering of her part as when at the Broadway. Mrs. Stone may also be mentioned as pleasing and satisfactory in the character of "Nefte."

The AMERICAN MUSEUM, in its performances of the week, may be considered as a sort of democratic rival to Niblo's Garden; for we have had here, Farce, Pantomime and Ballet, with Mr. Clarke to manage the first, Herr Cline, Leon Javeli and the Martinetti Family in the others. Over the outer world of the great Bird and Animal cage, and the general attractions, as well as Director of the combined forces, Mr. Greenwood has presided, and, being furnished at the lowest rate, these entertainments appear to give unqualified satisfaction. There is no occasion for special comment further than to say that Javeli is as daring as ever, that the Martinettis are well-organized and play well "up" to each other, while the dramatic department has not been neglected, although we miss some favorite faces.

*** Look out for our Erie Railroad Supplement, to be published with our twelfth number. It will be at once the most splendid and the cheapest affair ever offered to the public in this country. Thirty fine engravings of the magnificent scenery and viaducts of that unrivalled road, with a full description of every town, village and station, and every object of interest, historical or otherwise, on the route. Look out for our Erie Railroad Supplement.*

CRICKET.—Various games—including Chess, Whist, and Backgammon—are supposed to be strong tests of equanimity;—and, in reality, the loss of a match, rubber, or hit, has been frequently known to upset human patience, and the rules of good breeding. But of all games or sports, Cricket appears the most trying to the temper, for the player cannot lose his wicket without being put out.

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