KNOCKED OVER BY A FALLING TREE.

Monument of the Poet Drake Prostrate and Broken in a Deserted Graveyard.

FOUND BY COLLEGE GIRLS.

The Romantic Story of the Young and Handsome "Poet of the Bronx."

On a thorn-tangled and weed-grown knoll at Hunt's Point, in the upper part of the city, overlooking the waters of the East River, there broadening into Flushing Bay, lies a quaint old cemetery, neglected and almost forgotten. It is on the Hunt property, which gave the name to that charming point of land, and was the private burying ground of the Hunts and the Leggatts and the Willetts long ago.

There are discolored and moss covered stones there, bearing dates far back into the last century, and there are unmarked mounds as well. Doubtless some graves are wholly obliterated. There has been no burial in this ground since 1850.

In this lonely and neglected spot lies the body of that brilliant young New Yorker Joseph Rodman Drake, "the poet of the Bronx." Many years ago a simple monument was erected upon his grave, bearing a touching tribute to his memory, by his bosom friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck. But grave and monument were forgotten and neglected until some of the Brownson Literary Union of Morrisania discovered them on a summer ramble and reset the monument and cleared the plot of weeds.

The story of this good deed the HERALD told at the time. A day or two ago this letter was received at the HERALD office:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
About a year ago the HERALD led the attention of several Normal College students to the neglected condition of the poet Drake's grave. A wreath, still hanging about the pedestal of the tombstone, tells of the visit of the girls and their good intentions.
This monument was reset by the Brownson Literary Society in 1891, and during the storms of the past winter a tree standing near the grave was overthrown and struck the obelisk from the pedestal, causing it to fall and become broken.
I hope this short notice will arouse the interest which you showed once before in behalf of the poet, by calling the attention of the Brownson Literary Society to the fractured obelisk.
Fitz-Greene Halleck could hardly congratulate himself on his prophetic abilities were he now able to read his own words on his friend's death:—
"And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold earth steep."
Very respectfully yours,
A NORMAL COLLEGE STUDENT, Class of '95.

The members of the Brownson Literary Union who originally reclaimed the young poet's last resting place from the oblivion of weeds and thorns were the Rev. John J. Mallon, James S. Geary and Dr. Joseph J. Smith. These gentlemen could not do a better thing now than to act upon the information given by the Normal College girl, and again replace the Drake monument. The fallen tree has thrown the column from its base and now it lies in two pieces upon the sod.

DRAKE'S BRIEF CAREER.

The story of young Joseph Rodman Drake is a sad one. Few were born to better promise, but though he reached fame while little more than a boy he died at twenty-five.

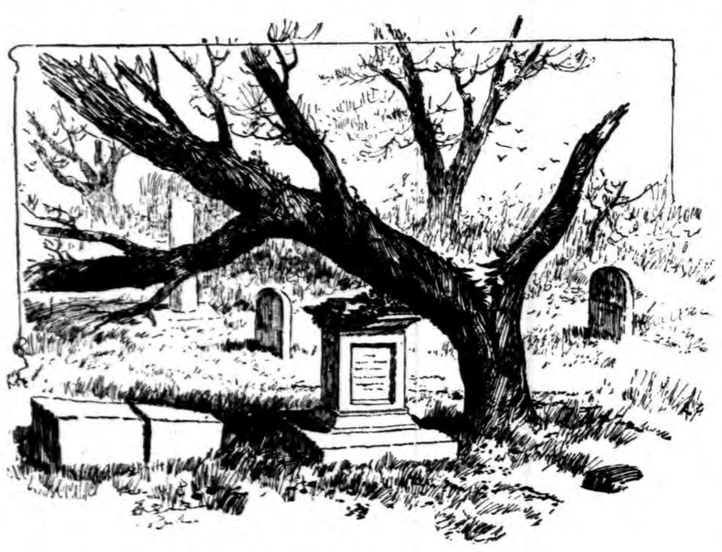
He was born in New York city, August 7, 1895. He was an only son. Of his three sisters two, like him, were poets; but, unlike their brother, Caroline and Louise Drake wrote only in their early youth.

The young poet wrote acceptably when he was fourteen years old, and several of his youthful poems were published. His family was a poor one, and the boy became a clerk. But he could not stand business, and when eighteen years old began to study medicine. A year later he met Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the great friendship of his life sprang into immediate existence.

Halleck and Drake were inseparable. They almost lived in each other's society. They helped each other in their literary work, and together wrote the series of sketches by "The Croakers," which made a sensation in their day when published in the Post. It was not till long afterward that the public knew that Halleck was "Croaker," and Drake was "Croaker, Jr." When he was twenty-two years old Drake wrote "The Culprit Fay," the poem on which his fame principally rests.

Drake married the daughter of Henry Eckford, a prominent ship builder, and his friend Halleck was his groomsman. His only child was a daughter, but the poet named her after Halleck. Halleck was present at his untimely death, and later wrote the sweet verses which adorn the fallen monument in the shabby little graveyard at Hunt's Point.

Drake was widely known in his day as "the handsomest man in New York." His portraits show a strong, thoughtful face, with a high forehead, waving hair and broad chin.



POET DRAKE'S TOMBSTONE.

IT IS THE TIME FOR A LOW DRESS.

One of the Girls—"O, she doesn't know how to dress herself, particularly in the e vening."
The Other One—"It isn't necessary nowadays, my dear, to know how to dress one's-self in the evening."

BRIGHT STARS OF SPRING.

Some Thoughts and Myths of All Ages in Relation to the Brilliant Jewels of the Sky.

These April evenings present a fine display in the southern sky, especially at an early hour after sundown. And this is particularly the case just now, since there are no fewer than four planets to be seen by the naked eye, and two of these, Jupiter and Mars, rapidly approaching a conjunction. With Venus low down in the west and Saturn just rising, the scene is beautiful and impressive. The star map which illustrates the subject in the present issue of the HERALD not only shows the planets named, but the principal constellations and first magnitude stars in the southern heavens, of which Orion, in the southwest, is the most apparent and the most beautiful. By nine o'clock in the evening Neptune and Uranus are both above the horizon, the former setting within five degrees of Venus and the latter rising an hour later than Saturn.

Orion is admitted to be the most wonderful spectacle among the starry marvels visible in the heavens. It is mentioned by Job and by Homer. Its principal stars are Betelguese, on the right shoulder; Bellatrix, on the left shoulder, and Rigel, the large red star, on the left foot. Across the centre of the group may be seen the three stars known as the "belt" or "girdle;" below these are several smaller stars, forming the "sword;" south of the girdle is the great nebula of Orion.

The story of Orion, as given in mythology or fable, is as follows:—He was a mighty hunter, who accompanied Diana to the chase, but who, having misbehaved himself, perished by the bite of a scorpion. Being a descendant of the gods, Jupiter turned him into a constellation. It is interesting to note that Orion, though now in Gemini, was undoubtedly once in the zodiacal sign Taurus, which is opposite to Scorpio.

Not far from Orion will be seen the twin stars Castor and Pollux, numbered 13 and 14 on the map. Castor is said in mythology to have been the son of Jupiter and Leda, while Pollux was his half brother. It is related that immortality was alternately shared between them.

The bright red star Aldebaran forms one of the constellation of Taurus, or the Bull; it is numbered 7 on the map, and is a first magnitude star, known also as the "Eye of the Bull." Just above it is the small cluster of stars called the Hyades, and near that is the Pleiades, or "Seven Sisters," though there are many more stars in the group; one of these is Alcyone, a double star, whose components are of the fourth and eighth magnitude.

INFLUENCE OF THE PLEIADES.

Taurus, in mythology, was the bull under whose form Jupiter concealed himself when he carried off Europa. The Pleiades, were, according to the same authority, the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, of whom six married immortal gods, but the seventh, Merope, married Sisyphus, a mortal, which caused her light as a star to be sometimes invisible. In the book of Job, xxxviii, 31, will be found the beautiful passage in which God questions Job out of the whirlwind:—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" The Pleiades were used by the mariners of ancient days to steer their course over the sea, and their rising, in the spring, was considered a propitious time for undertaking long voyages.

Between Orion and the Twins will be seen Procyon, a first magnitude star in the constellation of the Little Dog, numbered 8 in the map. South and to the left of Orion is Sirius in the constellation of the Great Dog, the brightest of all the fixed stars. The rising of this star accompanied the rising of the Nile, and it was, therefore, of great importance to the Egyptians. It was the representative of their god, Annubis.

Near the zenith will be seen the brilliant star, Regulus, or Cor Leonis, the Lion's Heart in the constellation Leo. This star, with others, forms an almost perfect sickle, Regulus being at the end of the handle. Further to the east, and almost in line with Regulus, is the bright star Arcturus, in the constellation Bootes, or the Herdsman, whose signification is lost in the mist of antiquity. A little below Arcturus is Spica, the sheaf or ear of corn in the hands of the virgin, or the constellation Virgo. It is a star of the first magnitude. Near to Sirius, to the east, is Cor Hydrae; it is almost directly below Regulus, and is the most brilliant star in the constellation Hydra, which undulates across a large space in the heavens, extending beneath Cancer, Leo and Virgo. This constellation Hydra, or the Water Serpent, is said to represent the Lernaean hydra, the destruction of which constituted one of the twelve labors of Hercules. It is also said to be emblematic of the rising of the Nile, and even of the Deluge.

The exact conjunction of Jupiter and Mars will take place April 26, at about seven A. M. at New York, in 2 degrees 36 minutes of the zodiacal sign Cancer, but the close relation of these two planets will be very interesting to observe on pleasant evenings well into May.

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL.

One sailor in 256 is lost at sea.

Football was a crime in England in Henry VIII.'s reign.

Dickens' youngest son is a Member of Parliament in New South Wales.

Mechanics head the list of inventors, clergymen next.

Russian lovers send a daily present to their fiancees.

With a stroke of humor unusual to him, Zola says he has arranged with the astrologers to die in 1936, when he will be ninety-six years old.

The Japanese trace decent only from the father. Thus when an aristocrat marries a plebeian wife, their children and his equals and quite her superior, and are apt to look down upon her.

M. Felix Faure is to visit Algeria after Parliament adjourns. He will be the only French ruler, save Napoleon III., who has ever set foot in the Province.

William Morris, the poet, rejoices in the possession of a prodigious memory. Given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens' works, he will complete that sentence with very little deviation from textual accuracy.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of to-day can wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.

Queen Victoria is the only lady sovereign in Europe who never patronized the famous Parisian costumier whose death has recently been announced.

In Melbourne there is a lawn tennis court attached to the Legislature, and in Sydney billiard tables and cards are provided. Mr. Henniker Heaton once remarked of the House of Commons:—"We have no amusement beyond the light excitement of handing a lady a cup of tea."

The camerists of the House of Commons are many and influential. Sir Richard Webster, as becomes a famous sprinter, is devoted to outdoor games, and one of his many recreations is to take snap shots at living objects. In this form of amusement he has followers in Sir A. K. Rollit and Mr. H. Hoare. The latter has snap-shotted every policeman within the precincts of the House.

BETTER TO HAVE LOST!

Existence Would Be a Tame Experience Were Such Joys Barred Out.

"All the world," says Emerson, "loves a lover." That has been quoted so often and is so unchangeably true! Many a person goes out of his way to see happy lovers. He will turn around if a pair of sweethearts pass him, and any demonstration of affection invariably makes him look twice with inward delight at the guilty ones. If he is old, it brings back his courting. If he is young, it shows him a bright prospect of what is in store for him—not but that his love story will be much superior to any other that is, was, or may be. But if he is in love himself or if he is intimately connected with some one who is, every man and maiden takes on an additional interest.

A woman under just such conditions was on an elevated train one day. In an idle way she watched the guard leaning back against the rail and conversing with the policeman opposite him. She wondered what they found to talk about. Was it politics? Could the policeman be troubled by experiences with Lexow? At all events she took a sort of amused interest when she saw the guard straighten himself up and stand all attention as the car began to swing around the curve at Fifty-third street. He waved his hand and smiled—a broad grin. At a window the observer saw a pleasant Irish face, saucy and blushing. The damsel to whom it belonged waved her hand in return, and just as the train passed out of her view she slyly threw a kiss and banged the shutters closed. The guard, aglow with delight, leaned as far forward as he could to catch the last glimpse of his charmer. When the observer got out at the station she felt a fresh interest in him and smiled appreciatively to herself as she overheard him remark to the policeman, "Oh, she's a daisy, you bet."

FOOLISH GIRL!

Her steps, another day, took her to one of the large dry goods houses near Grace Church. It was growing dark and the store was thinning out. As she waited for her change she noticed a tired looking young woman. She was evidently the head of the department, but it had been as hard a day for her as for the littlest cash girl. Yet her smile at that moment indicated that she had forgotten all her weariness. She gave a touch to the gay bow at the neck of her rusty gown and casually passed her hand over her fading hair. The observer read a whole romance in the gentle eyes she raised to the face of the man who stood beside her. He had that smartness of attire which characterizes the "floorwalker." Somehow there was that in his face which made a person sorry for the shabby woman at his side. He was speaking kindly now to her and blushes came over her pale cheek. They clasped hands for a moment behind a pile of comforters, and as the girl came in the direction of the observer a paste diamond was conspicuous on the fourth finger of her left hand, and on her lips a conscious smile, which she tried vainly to conceal under a business like air. What she said to the clerk who was counting out the change was, "Say, Charley, I guess I'll take that remnant of white surah."

Another little scene of similar import fell under the observation of a woman with a betrothed sister. While standing at a corner of Broadway near City Hall Park, waiting for an opening in the stream of carts so that she might cross, she noticed a crowd of newsboys jostling most roughly a little girl who was also in their "line of business." It did not seem long after she began to watch the trouble until a long legged lad of about sixteen darted out from somewhere fiercely to defend "Molly." "You blokes are a nice pack," he yelled, as he dealt one or two who unwarily approached him stunning blows. "Molly" he soon led away, and unless the dazzling snow blinded the observer or preoccupation misled her, it rather appeared as though the defender gave his "ladye" a gingerly awkward peck or two which served to dry her tears.

IT COMES BACK WATERLOGGED.

According to Catharine Forster, the Bread of the Actor Does Not Improve.

YET IT IS LIBERALLY CAST.

That There Is No Refuge in Our Institutions Seems Impossible to Many of Her Sister Workers.

The bread which actors and actresses have cast upon the waters has come back to them, they are inclined to feel, not buttered, but decidedly waterlogged and spoiled. A protest has sprung involuntarily to the lips of many who read Catharine Forster's letter in Sunday's HERALD, which was as follows:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
Why have we no home for actresses? This question was brought most forcibly to my mind by an experience I had a few weeks ago. I am a singer, and applied to a well known manager for a place in his opera company. While attending rehearsals at hte theatre I was attracted by a very modest looking girl, who seemed to be in distress. I inquired as to the cause and proffered my services.
Her home, she said, was in Seattle, Wash. She had become "stage struck," and had run away from home with a company which had brought her to New opera company. While attending rehearsals at the of employment several months and had scarcely any clothes. She had applied to this manager for a place in his chorus, with no success. She told me she had no more money, and her landlady threatened to turn her out of doors.
I felt sure she was a woman to be trusted, and I promised to do what I could that afternoon and let her know what success I had that night. I thought, of course, that in this great city there were numerous charitable organizations that would shelter and feed the unfortunate until they could get employment. I got the addresses of half a dozen organizations and started out to see what they were. Imagine my surprise and pain when, at each place where I told the girl's story, I was informed that nothing could be done for her because she was an actress. She would, they said, demoralize all the other girls in the home.
At last I gave up my search as hopeless, and then I asked myself, Why do not some of our great actors and actresses who have won success and fortune build and endow a home for just such unfortunates as this poor girl? What wonder is it that there is so much immorality on the stage when such cases as the one I have described are possible?
CATHARINE FORSTER.

Those who know the generosity of the members of this profession are reluctant to believe that one of its number should be thrust away from perhaps the very doors which had been upheld by some "benefit performance."

IT IS TRUE, ALAS.

Informally and unofficially several members of the Professional Woman's League yesterday afternoon argued the matter. They agreed that there was no home for poor actors and actresses which would cover the case mentioned in the letter—a young girl left destitute because she could get no engagement. The Forrest Home is only for the aged actors, and accommodates only a limited number. The Actors' Fund is used only for the sick or the dead.

"But," said Mrs. Charles B. Bishop, "it really isn't necessary for our profession to erect a home. Surely we are known as being perfectly open handed. If a sad tale is told us we raise a subscription at once. We care for our unfortunates as perhaps no other profession does."

"Yes, indeed," broke in Mrs. Gregory. "I remember when I was playing with Laura Keene's company how immediate the answer was to a request posted in the green room calling our attention to a case of destitution. I'm sure it cannot be true, this story about the refusal. Who has helped the charities the way the actors have? We give concerts, offer our services free, do everything in a wholesouled way, and certainly it seems incredible that we should get such a return. Oh, I don't believe it's true."

"But consider," said Miss Louise Muldener, "the amount of red tape there always is in connection with these charitable societies"——

"It isn't a question of red tape," interposed Mrs. Gregory again. "I'm sure if I went poorly dressed to one of those societies and said I was an actress I'd get twice as good treatment. How can they treat a member of the profession which is notably so charitable otherwise?"

NOT ALONE THE ACTRESS.

Here Mrs. Bishop took up the thread of the discussion. "It's not the actress alone who has difficulty in getting aid. It's all the classes of helpless poor. They are timid and discouraged and don't know where to go for help nor how to apply. We have a sort of fund which we hold at the disposal of others besides our members and those who apply to our Executive Committee are assured of secrecy as well as relief."

Mrs. Rachel McAuley, one of the Executive Committee, then came up to the group, and, learning what the talk was about, said she felt the subject was one which was difficult to handle.

"It is true that we have no separate homes that such a girl could go to; but we are not lacking in efforts to meet emergencies. Last winter the Actors' Fund had a special relief fund because of the exigencies of those hard times, but of course it has not been continued this winter."

When Mrs. A. M. Palmer, the president of the League, was questioned later on the subject, she, too, expressed herself as unwilling to speak on so delicate and important a question, but reluctantly confessed that the fact that Catharine Forster had signed her name seemed a guarantee that the story was true.

"I know too little about the bearings of the matter to discuss it without spending some time and attention upon it," she concluded.

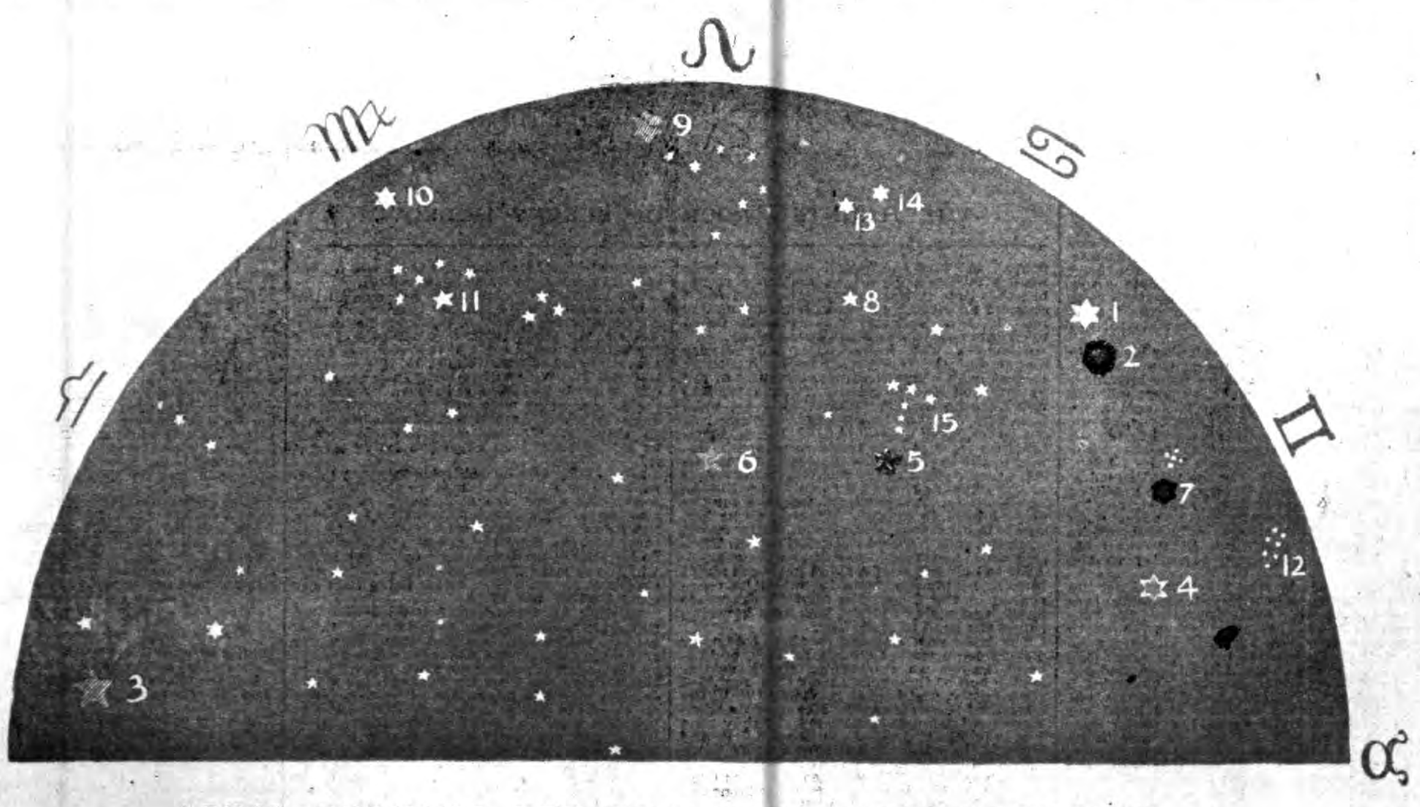
ALL CHANGED SAVE SHE.

(A Rondean of 1780.)
When Mistress Peggy shopping goes,
No bower e'er held so fair a rose,
Much less a sedan chair;
She smiles and bows to all she knows,
And breaks the hearts of all the beaux,
Who hold there's none so fair.

And though the damsel is no weight,
By both her bearers, sad to state,
I fear she's not admired.
For oft she bids them mend their gait
To ask them is her hat on straight—
And that's what makes them tired.
ROY L. McCARDELL.

ANY ONE CAN SPELL SHAKESPEARE.

One is not in danger of misspelling the name of Shakespeare. Some one has discovered 4,000 ways, of which the following, as they actually appear in old documents, are examples:—Shakspere, Shaxpere, Shakspire, Shaxpire, Schaxper, Shakespere, Shagpere, Schakspeyr, Shaxespere, Shaxpur, Shaxper, Saksper, Schackspeare, Saxpere, Shackespire, Shakespire, Shackespeare, Shakaspear, Shakspear, Shaxpeare, Shakspeere, Shaxpure, Shackspeyr, Shakspear, Schakesper, &c. If the chirography of Shakespeare himself is any authority, twenty-two of these ways are correct.—Tit-Bits.



APRIL EVENING SKY SHORTLY AFTER SUNDOWN.

1. Jupiter.
2. Mars.
3. Saturn.
4. Venus.
5. Rigel.
6. Sirius.
7. Aldebaran.
8. Procyon.
9. Regulus.
10. Arcturus.
11. Spica.
12. Pleiades.
13. Castor.
14. Pollux.
15. Orion.