

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

HOME DREAM.

Weary and footsore 'neath this ancient gable,
I sit me down to wipe my brow and rest,
While in the distant west,
Light vapors of alternate white and sable
Wave plumelike o'er the pall which shrouds
The sun in russet clouds.

I tire now of Alpine dale and mountain,
And roaming over foreign boreal fields
Where Nature sternly yields
Her hardest fruits; this classic fountain—
These Druid woods—even the beautiful sea
Have lost their charms for me.

I feel, as never I felt, the grievous burden
Of loneliness press upon my soul,
I see the intangible goal
Vanish into space, and no hopes of guerdon
For manly strivings in my solitude, arise
Before my straining eyes.

But on this summer eve, a new sensation
Thrills through my spirit like a vital spark,—
A beacon in the dark
Of weary, weary years,—a strange pulsation
Waking sweet music upon rusted strings
With oracular murmurings.

My eyes with tears of joy are streaming,
And an infantile jubilation leaps
From unsuspected deeps
Of my drained heart;—the boon before me gleaming
I grasp at with both hands and cry
In rapturous ecstasy.

Ah! Home to the wanderer when his day is ended,
Home to the orphan in the lanes of life,
Exhausted with the strife [are blinded,
Of one against the many:—Home! where all joys
Joys of the present, the future and the past,
Sole joys of earth which last.

Joys never tasted! I close my eyes and listen
To distant echoes from the vale—the muffled sounds
Of busy household rounds,—
The sweet low tones of wives whose soft eyes glisten
With love upon their offspring, and the grave word
Of benison at the board.

I see through the outer gloom the light of faces
Illumed by the hearth—the radiant smile
Of maidens without guile—
The father's kindling look—the thousand graces
Of childhood in the crib—and, holy as angel's
The mother's patient care. [prayer,

Would that a country home were mine!—and sobb-
I think of quiet farms and winding streams, [ing,
And yellow fecund gleams
Of sunshine on the corn,—the warm air throbbing
With the summer of elm leaves, and the simple ease
Of rural families.

Oh! I will take my pilgrim staff to-morrow,
And turn away from these bleak Northern climes
To where the silver chimneys
Of my parish bells invite me. All the sorrow
All the care of solitary travel then will cease,
And I shall dwell in peace.

Yes, I will rest among the few who love me,
Or will create new loves where none remain,
And mingle in the train
Of those who live and hope. An angel above me
Beckons me onward to the purple shore,
My Home for ever more.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

ROLAND AND OLIVER.

THE OLD VERSION.

I.

The yellow Rhone flows gently to the sea.
Clear river falling noiselessly into Lake Leman,
And bearing its tides to wash the sands of Pro-
vence. Two Knights stand upon its banks in
the grey dawn, young, ambitious, rivals in glory,
jealous of each other's fame. Closely mailed in
steel, bright casque, impenetrable visor, long
lance, broad sword, thick shield, indomitable
courage—ROLAND AND OLIVER!

A boat is rocking at their feet in the eddies of
the Rhone. "Bateliers!" cries Oliver, and
four strong, smart peasants issue from their cabins
in the neighboring wood. "Row us to yonder
island." And they step in, violently balancing
the boat beneath the burden of their tread.
Softly cleaves the keel the yellow waters of the
Rhone, and beautiful before them rises the green
isle radiant in the morning sunshine. The oars-
men look with suspicion on their mailed
passengers and furtively glance at each other,
not daring to speak. Who are they? What do
they seek in the island at this early hour? The
boat grates upon the pebbles of the shore, the
warriors spring out, and in silence advance to a
slight eminence overlooking the stream. "What
can they mean?" whisper the sailors, as pushing
out a little, they rest upon their oars and watch
the mysterious strangers.

Meantime, dew's sparkle, flowers blossom,
birds sing, breezes play on the island shore.

II

Silent stand the warriors, gazing at each
other through the two apertures of their visors—
gazing with eyes of flame. They draw their
magic swords—Oliver, his Closamont, Roland, his
Durandal. Had you seen these warriors yester-
day, you would have beheld two pages, gentle
and rosy as girls, playing among their compan-
ions at home. Now, with their visors down,
and harnessed in mail, they resemble two
spectres of steel. Behold! They fight body to
body—black, silent, obstinate, enraged. They
fight so close, with low mutterings, that their
warm, rapid breath stains their armor. Foot
presses foot, swords clash, helmets ring, frag-
ments of haubert and falchion bound, at every
moment, into the grass or stream. The boat-
men, in terror, allow their bark to drift away,
and gaze from far upon the scene. The combat
continues the whole day and all through the

night. The sun rises and sets the second
day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the
third day, and still they fight. Rises and sets
the fourth day, and still they fight.

Dews sparkle, birds sing, flowers blossom,
breezes play, and in that quiet landscape fearful
is the sound of clashing steel.

III.

The sun rises on the fifth day, and still they
fight. Their casques are indented with blows,
their breast-plates chequered with sword thrusts,
but the impenetrable mail is uninjured. The
sun reaches the meridian, pouring his fierce fire
on their crests, but they do not desist. The day
begins to wane, when suddenly, Oliver, moved
by a strange fancy, stops short and exclaims:

"Roland, we shall never end this combat.
We may continue for days and nights and not
approach a term. We are not wild beasts whose
rage is insatiable. Were it not better to be
brothers? Hear me! I have a sister, fair
Maud, the blue-eyed. Marry her!"

"With all my heart," quoth Roland. "And
now let us drink a toast together."

The toast was "A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER!"
The warriors twain their good fortune laud,
And thus the brave Roland espoused the fair Maud!"

THE NEW VERSION.

I.

The blue St. Lawrence flows swiftly to the
sea. Mighty river noisily falling into the gulf
and bearing its tides to dash the shingle of An-
ticosti.

Two seigniors stood upon its banks last Sunday
morning. Handsome, nonchalant, rivals for
office, jealous of each other's emoluments. Loose-
ly clad, in whitestraw hats, Marseilles waistcoats,
nankeen breeches, broad cloth coats, with thick
rolls of newspapers in their pockets—BOUCHER-
VILLE and JOLY!

A boat is puffing at their feet in the current of
the St. Lawrence. "Boatmen!" cries Sieur
Joly, "steam us up to St. Croix, in my good
county of Lothinière." And they stepped in
upon the deck, with the agility of two dancing
masters. Swiftly cleaves the packet the blue
waters of the St. Lawrence and beautiful before
them rises the white spire of St. Croix, glistening
in the morning sunshine. The boatmen look
with admiration upon their titled passengers,
and, nudging one another, whisper: "Who
will win?" "I bet on the Blue," says one. "I
bet on the Red," says another. The boat rubs
her nose against the black pier of the long jetty,
the seigniors march out, jump into a carriage and
ride up into the town, until they reach the front
of the church.

Meantime, a great crowd is assembled from all
the country side. Women prattle, boys play,
men stare and three cripples sit on the fence.

II.

Up stand the seigniors bowing to each other,
and clearing their throats. They draw their
magic newspapers—Joly, his *Evenement*; Bou-
cherville, his *Canadien*. Reader, had you seen
these two gentlemen yesterday, you would have
beheld two mild individuals eating their mutton
pies at a corner restaurant, with all the meekness
of a bank messenger who gets seven dollars a
week. Now, with their hats off, and their
coats thrown back, and their newspapers flourish-
ing in air, they look as if all St. Croix belonged
to them, with the rest of the Province thrown in
to fill up. Listen! They talk till they are
black in the face, their cravats slowly working
round and round their necks, and their starched
shirt bosoms blistering with heroic perspiration.
Argument presses argument—word-clash—shouts
ring—fragments of reputation, like rags, fly at
every moment over the heads of the crowd. The
audience gape wondering upon the scene, in bliss-
ful ignorance of what it is all about. The talk
continues a part of the morning and up till noon.
One o'clock strikes and still they talk. Two
o'clock strikes and still they talk. Three, and
still they talk.

Women prattle, boys play, men stare, three
cripples set on the fence, and, in that quiet coun-
try place, fearful is the sound of clashing words.

III.

The clock strikes the fifth hour and still they
talk. The elastic of their suspenders has given
way, their handkerchiefs are saturated with
mopping, but the interminable talk is uncheck-
ed. The women have stopped their gabble for a
wonder, boys have gone home for bread and
butter, the men have finished their last pipe and
a feeling of lassitude comes over all. Sieur Joly,
moved by despair, stops short and exclaims:

"Sieur de Boucherville, we shall never end
this combat. We are not wild beasts whose talk
is insatiable; were it not better to go to dinner?
I have a fine goose at home, a snow-white Ayles-
bury. Eat him!"

"With all my heart, I am very hungry and
dry," responds de Boucherville.

And thus the two seigniors who had talked
each other down for hours, went off and had a
friendly roast.

A model for politicians!

Trade and Insurers have protested against the mono-
poly fire insurance companies tried to establish in en-
forcing the new scale of rates on risks of fire; and the
countenance given by public patronage to the "Stada-
cona" Fire Insurance Company—Office: No. 13 Place
d'Armes, Montreal, shows how timely was the formation
of a Company having for its object the rating of risks
according to their importance and dangers.

LONDON GOSSIP.

A FULL MUSICAL SEASON—LOHENGRIN—DETAIL-
ED DESCRIPTION—VERDI'S REQUIEM.

LONDON, May 14th.—There never was such a
musical season in London. Drury Lane and
Covent Garden give the grand opera, the Gaiety
gives the real French Opera Comique, there are
concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the new
Philharmonic Concerts, there is English Opera
at the Crystal Palace, there are the Recitals of
the Musical Union at St. James' Hall, and two
companies produce Opera Bouffe. It would
take columns to give you a description of the
doings at each of these places. I will confine
myself to the event of the week—the production
of "Lohengrin" at the Royal Italian. I would
not presume to rehearse the opinions of contem-
poraries on the performance, much less hazard
my own, but here is one which is able and im-
partial and goes over the whole ground. "Lohen-
grin" will certainly not owe popularity in Lon-
don to the way it was presented last Saturday at
Covent Garden, despite a most lavish expendi-
ture on the *mise en scène*. Watching the phy-
siognomy of the audience, close observers came
to the conclusion that the encores for the orches-
tral preludes preceding the first and the third
acts, and for the jubilant chorus when Lohen-
grin is first discovered in the boat drawn by the
swan, emanated mainly from the gallery. A
more apathetic auditory in the stalls and boxes
was never assembled, and apathy was followed
by evident fatigue, and the lassitude led just be-
fore midnight to the beginning of an exodus,
which continued until the fall of the curtain at
a quarter to one o'clock. The amateurs who
had heard "Lohengrin" at various opera houses
in Germany were shocked at the imperfections of
the execution; it could not be called even an
average dress rehearsal. The drawbacks and
effects arose—first, from a fatigued chorus sing-
ing flat through the opera; secondly, from the
pitch of the brass on the stage differing so awfully
from that of the band; thirdly, from the loose-
ness of the stage business, masses filling space
without effective grouping; and finally, from
the very indifferent cast. Mlle. Albani as Elsa,
and Signor Capponi as the Herald, were really
the only two artists who did anything like jus-
tice to the music. If the lady was not powerful
in her acting, she was at least sympathetically
subdued, and she sang some portions nicely, for
there is no call for florid display, and when her
high notes came in her voice told; in the mid-
dle and lower notes the organ was deficient, and
the tremolo was too palpable at times; but the
vibrating tones from falset voices were dreadful.
Signor Nicolini as Lohengrin, M. Maurel as
Federico, the new bass Herr Seideman as the
King, and the mezzo-soprano Mlle. d'Angeri as
Ortruda, were all at fault. Signor Vianesi, the
conductor, was as much stage manager; the
pointing with his finger, his working with the
left hand, rising from his seat to gesticulate,
were eyesores. It was not fair to produce the
opera with such a lack of preparation; the prin-
cipals were under constraint, nervous and excit-
ed; so that, while the times were dragged in
the two first acts, hurry was the predominant
feature of the last one. The opening prelude, in
which the crescendos, diminuendos, and pianissi-
mos ought to be so delicately observed, was not
dreamy enough in the interpretation; the high-
est notes of the first violins, which have to blend
with the harmonic sounds of the wood and brass,
were not brilliant. The opening chorus, the re-
citative of the King, the accusation of Elsa by
Federic, fell heavily on the ear, until Mlle.
Albani gave relief by her nice singing of the
Vision and Prayer. The double chorus preced-
ing Lohengrin's entrance awoke applause; but
the monotonous weariness of the recitatives in
the duel scene caused depression and marred the
finale of the first act; but the patience of the
hearers was still more sorely tried in the two
duets—first between Ortrud and Frederic, in
which it is resolved to persuade Elsa to break
her promise to Lohengrin not to ask his name,
nor where he came from, as it is believed he is
her champion from Heaven to defend her from
the accusation by Frederic, who had been re-
jected by Elsa, of assassinating her lost brother
Godfrey; and secondly between Elsa and Ortrud
in which the ear of the former is poisoned by in-
sinnuations. Elsa has a species of nocturne,
which has some pretension to be regarded as an
aria, but the discordant brass in the finale was
awful; this finale, by the way, is quite laid out
in the Verdi and Meyerbeer mode. The pace at
which the prelude of the third act was taken,
and the predominance of the brass, were no doubt
owing to the lateness of the hour, and for the
same reason the pretty Bridal Chorus suffered.
The long and tedious duet between Elsa and
Lohengrin, in which she breaks faith and dispels
the charm of his remaining with her, he being a
knight of the mystic Holy Graal, is a very weak
essay to imitate the effects of Meyerbeer in the
duet between Valentine and Raoul in the
"Huguenots." The pageant of the last scene—
a view of the Scheldt at Antwerp, as in the open-
ing—was delayed, owing to the absurdity of
making it a fourth act, breaking the continuity
of the story, and quite defeating the composer's
intentions. In the transformation of the swan
into the lost Godfrey, Elsa's brother, who is hail-
ed Duke of Brabant—in the sailing away of the
boat, now drawn by a dove—in the rage of the
defeated Ortrud, whose husband has been killed
while trying to assassinate Lohengrin, the re-
maining portion of the audience evidently took
little interest; and what sympathy could be felt
for Elsa, whose life and honour had been saved
by Lohengrin, for not keeping her pledges to

him? The libretto, as a specimen of the poetic
and ideal drama of Wagner, is full of inconsis-
tencies and contradictions. The sorceress Or-
trud absurdly reproaches her husband in the
second act for his lack of skill; for she states, if
he had only wounded Lohengrin in the slightest
degree, the enchantment in the combat would
have ceased. Now Ortrud is present during the
fight near her husband, but does not give him
the office to be cunning of fence. There is also
no earthly or even supernatural reason why
Lohengrin should conceal the name in the first
act he avows in the final one. It is very easy for
Wagner to abuse the absurdities of other librettos
but his own is by no means free from adverse
criticism. Masterly as the orchestration of
"Lohengrin" is, impressive and even grand as
are some of his choral effects, his theory of
sacrificing the solo singers to the instrumenta-
tion cannot be maintained. Poets might just as
well try to dispense with the soliloquy in the
drama as musicians can expect to do away with
the solo in opera. Melody is the first element of
music, melody is the second one, melody is the
third, and melody is paramount before instru-
mentation, however ingenious. Verdi's Requiem
has met with more spontaneous and general ap-
proval. The *Pall-Mall* echoes pretty much the
universal verdict when it pronounces it the most
beautiful music for the Church that has been
produced since the Requiem of Mozart. As to
its execution at the Albert Hall under Verdi's
direction, it was perfect; indeed, four such solo
singers as Mme. Stoltz, Mlle. Waldmann, and
Signors Masini and Medini have not been heard
together in one time. ROCHDALE.

DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE.

Last week, this cosy little theatre was well
patronised, and deservedly so. Miss Ada Gray
took the leading parts in several well selected
plays of the modern emotional school, such as
The New Magdalen, Whose Wife, Article 47.
In all these, this young and talented American
artist won golden opinions from the patrons of
the Opera House. We had the good fortune to
witness her performance of "Cora Delafield"
in Article 47, and have rarely seen a more vivid
and life-like impersonation. Her rendering of
the transition from love and revenge to insanity,
was complete and painful in its truthfulness.
The character she portrayed was of a debased and
ungentle type, but she imparted to it much grace
and finish, wherever the text allowed the
display of those qualities. The support was
very good, Messrs. H. W. Mitchell, A. H.
Stuart, W. T. Harris, and P. E. Sullivan
contributing more especially to the success
of the piece. Mr. DeBar and his company
deserve public patronage and should receive it.
We are glad to notice that his theatre is gaining
every day in popularity, and as long as he main-
tains the present standard of his company, and
engages such artists as Miss Ada Gray, public
favor cannot but steadily increase.

DOMESTIC.

SHRIMP SAUCE.—Shell a pint of shrimps, and
mix them with half a pint of melted butter, to which a
little cayenne, mace, and essence of anchovies have been
added. Immediately add the shrimps are heated through
erve the sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Grate very small a
stick of young horseradish; then, with a couple of
tablespoonsful of it, mix a small teaspoonful of salt, and
four tablespoonsful of cream; stir it briskly, and add by
degrees a wineglassful of vinegar. Excellent to serve
with cold roast beef.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Half a pint of milk, two
ounces of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, two ounces
of flour, two eggs. Put milk, butter, and sugar into a
saucepan to dissolve (not boil), beat eggs and flour to-
gether till quite smooth, then add the other ingredients
and well mix. Divide the quantity and put it in four
saucepans to bake for twenty minutes; lay two pancakes
on a dish, spread preserves over, and cover with the other
two pancakes. Serve hot.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Pare, and split into
quarters, four full-grown but young cucumbers; take
out the seeds and cut each part in two; sprinkle them
with white pepper or cayenne, flour and fry them in a
little butter, lift them from the pan, drain them on a
sieve, then lay them into as much good brown gravy as
will nearly cover them, and stew them gently twenty-
five to thirty minutes, or until they are quite tender.
Should the gravy require to be thickened or flavoured,
dish the cucumbers and keep them hot while a little flour
and butter, or any other of the usual ingredients, are
stirred into it. Some persons like a small portion of
lemon juice added to the sauce; cucumber vinegar
might be substituted with very good effect, as the vege-
table loses much of its fine flavour when cooked.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNOR SALVINI has been elected an honorary
member of the Athenæum Club, the most exclusive lit-
erary club in London.

VERDI has been nominated by Marshal de
MacMahon, Commander of the Legion of Honour, on the
recommendation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

DION BOUCAULT made \$4,000 in one week
of "The Shaughraun" in Boston. He goes to Philadel-
phia and San Francisco, and afterward to London,
where he opens in Drury Lane, Oct. 11.

GEORGE RIGNOLD, his wife, and Clara Morris
will go to Europe at the close of the season at Booth's.
Janaschek is playing in San Francisco. Jefferson has
entered upon a vacation which he intends to make two
years long.

A CALCULATION has been made of the time
which some of the most popular operas took to reach
their 100th performance in Paris. The result is the fol-
lowing:—"L'Africaine," 10 months; "La Muette," 2
years 2 months; "Le Prophète," 3 years 3 months;
"Robert le Diable," 2 years 5 months; "Count Or-
ry," 2 years 11 months; "Les Huguenots," 3 years 5 months;
"Guillaume Tell," 5 years 1 month; "La Juive," 5
years 4 months; "Le Trouvère," 6 years; "La Fave-
rite," 8 years. Three of those operas have now got
beyond their 500th representation, viz.: "Les Hugue-
nots," "Robert le Diable," and "Guillaume Tell."