

reproduction on the stage. If Langtry acts, it is "Camille;" if Patti sings, it is "Traviata," the libretto of which is "Camille," set to the sensuous music of Verdi; if the low theatres are packed, it is to witness "Camille." Who is Camille? Hear it! An abandoned woman, a social outcast, a French prostitute. In the *denouement* of the play this social wreck is presented in enamored alliances with idle and reckless debauchees. As the drama advances, it is spiced with that infamy of the French language, the "*double entendre*," full of all salacious suggestions; and then, veiled in *couleur de rose*, we have the bitter finale of the so-called woman of pleasure, in which the rubicund actress pales her face with white powder, arrays herself in a white robe, reclines all voluptuously on a couch, simulates the agonized gaspings of the consumptive, and, in villain arms, mimics the expiring groan; when, lo! your dowager duchesses of Sherbrooke Street and elsewhere draw forth their perfumed handkerchiefs and wipe their weeping eyes over this burlesque of grim death itself. But these same duchesses have no compassion, no tears for the scores of Camilles that languish in the city hospitals, devoured by the most appalling curse that can scorch and consume, that can necrose every bone in the ruined