

the many; for the few she never missed one. I never can avoid associating her in fancy with parts that she might have played. She was to me an ideal Marguerite; and those who happen to have seen her in the "Gueule du Loup" may remember—probably they will not—how for one passing instant she assumed the words and attitude of Gretchen, "Je ne suis ni demoiselle, ni belle." Of the parts she did play, "Frou-Frou" was perhaps the most perfect, but the "Princesse Georges" was the most striking. The former, gem as it was, suffered from the coarse and commonplace nature of its setting. Never, apart from Desclée, was there a duller play. From the "Princesse Georges" London was debarred by the wisdom of the authorities, who smiled at the same moment upon the pleasant moral of the "New Magdalen." I saw it in Paris I am glad to think. But we shall see her there no more, and shall soon hear how much she is excelled, even in her own line, by M<sup>me</sup>. Chose or M<sup>lle</sup>. Une Telle. Her passage among us was too short, it may be, to build up one of those enduring reputations whose roots spread downwards. But to those lovers of her art who loved it most in her, she stands apart among the finest of its interpreters. To some the finest, because the most subtle, of all. Her sad story is as strange a riddle as any in this world. But it carries at least this lesson—that we never should despair of an art in which, even in a day of small people and small things, a genius like hers can come straight to the front at last and force even from stupidity a certain meed of honour."

#### THE COMPOSER OF "LOHENGRIN."

Richard Wagner has been interviewed by Herr Lobe for the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*. The account says:—

"The dimensions of the new Wagnerian Temple are truly colossal. Imagine the three largest theatres of Berlin thrown into one, and you have an idea of the enormous edifice now in course of erection for no other purpose than to enable representations of the Wagnerian music of the future to be given in a style such as the works of no operatic composer have enjoyed. I asked a labourer to tell me where I could find Richard Wagner. 'There he stands,' he replied, pointing to a group of carpenters. All of them were in their shirt-sleeves. One was a tall man, with black hair, swarthy complexion, and most remarkably chiselled features. This was Wagner, the composer of 'Tannhauser' and 'Lohengrin.' I hastened to him and said: 'Herr Richard Wagner?' He turned round to me, and acknowledging my address, took from me the letter of introduction I presented to him. It was from Joachim the great violinist, his most intimate friend. He read it carefully, and said then: 'My friend Joachim writes to me that you would like to hear all about my opera-house.' 'There have been rumours,' I replied, 'that you would abandon the whole enterprise, owing to the exhaustion of funds collected for it.' He said laughingly: 'I know that my enemies have circulated that report. But that is groundless. Among my friends the rumour has never found any credence. They know better. They know that I never gave up anything, no matter how great the obstacles I had to surmount. Here,' he added, pointing to the unfinished edifice, 'that has cost me \$250,000. I need three times that amount more. Last week I had but \$12,000 in my exchequer—yesterday I received a letter enclosing an order for \$300,000 more. You will go home with me. I will show it to you. Whom do you suppose this generous gift is from?' I said I could not guess who the generous donor was. 'Why, his Bavarian Majesty sent me that princely gift,' he said, laughing. 'King Louis?' I exclaimed, 'but—' 'Ah!' he interrupted, gaily. 'You think what most people believe, that the King and I are enemies. There is nothing in that report either. King Louis II. has a head of his own, and so have I. But, if we quarrel sometimes, we still remain friends. The King gave me \$100,000 for my theatre before.'

All this conversation had been carried on in the presence of several carpenters. Herr Wagner gave them some instructions and then conducted me round the theatre as far as it was finished. I was excessively struck with the colossal dimensions of the stage. 'But this will require an immense orchestra,' I exclaimed. 'No fewer than three hundred performers,' said Richard Wagner, gravely. 'I have written my operas for vast orchestras. "Tannhauser," my first opera here, will have a band of the above number of instruments. There will be seventy-five violins and twenty-five trombones. Then will people for the first time learn what I intended with the overture.' 'Will not the expense be very heavy?' I asked. 'For the musicians and singers? No, I have now more applications for gratuitous co-operation from first-class singers and musicians than I can use. Joachim will lead the violins, Liszt will preside at the organ. And,' he added, with glowing face, 'that organ will be a superb one—more powerful and melodious than the one at Ulm, although it will not be quite so large. That organ will be a present too,' he added, gaily. 'But what will be the destination of your grand opera-house permanently?' I enquired. 'I shall present it to the nation in 1878,' he replied, gravely, 'on condition that every year, once for two weeks, deserving operas of young German composers will be performed there in imposing style. Thus my opera-house will become a national institution in the truest sense of the word—an institution that no other civilised country can boast of—and the annual performances in it will be like the Olympic games in ancient Greece—grand, superb festivals of art—tributes to genius which will have a sympathetic echo throughout the world.' Here the *maestro's* face glowed with enthusiasm as he uttered these eloquent words. 'Let us go home,' he said, after a brief pause, and we walked slowly up Main-street again. Every now and then a citizen passed us. All of them greeted Richard Wagner with affectionate reverence. The people of Baireuth seemed to understand how much lustre the great enterprise of Wagner would shed upon their humble city. They have already made him an honorary citizen of Baireuth, a distinction conferred on no one except him and Bismarck. At Wagner's house I was introduced to his wife, a beautiful and accomplished lady, and a true help-mate to her eminent husband. She is his secretary and cashier. She showed me the above-mentioned letter from the King of Bavaria, and allowed me to copy it. It was very brief, and to the point—

'Hohenschwangau, October 15, 1873.

'My Dear Wagner,—Here are three hundred thousand dollars more for your opera-house. That sum, I trust, will be sufficient.

'Louv.'

'And when will the opera-house be opened?' I asked. 'If I live,' replied Wagner, solemnly, 'on the first of May, 1875.'

It cannot be done before. On that occasion we shall have an audience such as has never been assembled in a theatre before. Already have I invited all well-known operatic composers, even my bitterest enemies. Nearly all of them have answered that they would be present. Of course the kings and emperors will be here too. It will be a grand festival for little Baireuth. Three new hotels will be built by that time.'

Herr Lobe left Wagner with the impression that he was "the most genial, energetic, and modest of all the eminent composers" he ever met.

#### A CASE OF COURT ETIQUETTE.

The London *Gazette*—the official paper of the Court and Government—contained on Saturday the following extraordinary announcement:—"Notice is hereby given that the presentation of Mrs. Johnson at her Majesty's drawing-room on Thursday, the 26th of February last, took place through inadvertence." The notice is dated at the Lord Chamberlain's office. All fashionable London is inquiring who "Mrs. Johnson" is, and if, as one must conclude from this public impaling of her name, she is a person of objectionable character, how she managed to get to the Queen's drawing-room. It is well known that a reception by the Queen implies a free course through the best London society. Ordinarily, it requires the most careful introduction and vouchers to reach that heaven of bliss which is the dream of every young lady who makes her appearance in London. A whole season of dinners and parties follows, and the matrimonial projects of the *débutants* are considered secure. But, notwithstanding the reputation which the Lord Chamberlain has got for being a vigilant Cerberus at the palace door, it has been for some time whispered that ladies of a "fast" description have been making their appearance at Court, and through having friends at Court. It has been hinted that some of these exceptional recruits come from France, Germany, and America. These whispers and hints will be sharply pointed by the paragraph in the *Gazette* above quoted, and there will be considerable dismay. If there is one superstition in these sceptical times which has remained hitherto unshaken it is the Briton's faith in the moral perfection of Victoria's Court; if it shall now turn out that a reception there is no guarantee of character and spotlessness, the sensation will be indescribable. And yet it may be, after all, that poor Mrs. Johnson was only rather too plebeian, or that she was not adequately dressed—or undressed—Queen Victoria's chief weakness being her vehement sticking for court etiquette. The fashion of evening dress has so changed that ladies can no longer appear at other parties in the dresses which, by a rigorous exaction that the Queen, though often appealed to, refuses to relax, they have worn at Court.

#### STAGE CONFLAGRATIONS.

A writer, in *Harper's Magazine* says: "Conflagrations on the stage are easily and safely managed. I have seen many pieces in which terrific fires were simulated—from the "Madonna of the Roses," in Paris, to the "Streets of New York," in this city—but never knew nor heard of any accident from this cause. In the first-named piece the fire took place in a grand hall of a ducal palace, of severe but rich architecture, in imitation of ebony. The conflagration breaking out with terrible energy, smoke poured forth from doors and windows, the cornices cracked and fell down, the ceiling came tumbling upon the stage a burning mass, and every object the eye beheld seemed to be slowly consumed. Through the ruined walls which remained standing at the back the spectator now saw a second immense *salon*, apparently full of flames and smoke. The servants of the castle ran wildly about, seeking to escape; the leading actor, carrying his wife in his arms, slid down a spiral burning staircase while the flames burst through the balustrades.

"This scene was of course constructed in a peculiar manner. The frames of the flats and set pieces were made of two layers of wood held lightly together by means of cords passing through holes. At the pre-arranged moment certain parts of the frame were jerked down, leaving exposed the other parts, seemingly burning—an effect produced by small gas jets carefully arranged in rows around the edges of the frame. Behind the heaviest set piece at the back was a transparent curtain painted with fiercest flames, which, being lit up from behind, glowed through the smoke in a most lurid manner. Drummond lights and Bengal fires were turned on the stage in profusion, producing glaring cross-lights. Pots full of lycopodium were placed over furnaces, to which were attached huge blacksmith's bellows, worked by assiduous machinists with such vigor that the flames were at frequent intervals projected five or six yards high, where they caught at nothing. Vast funnels overhead threw out torrents of black smoke mixed with innocent sparks, which went out as soon as they took wing. Several machinists, costumed according to the epoch represented, personated the frightened servants running about and trying to escape, only they were actually throwing more of the innocent but fiery-looking sparks about in pre-arranged spots, and thus keeping things as hot as possible in appearance. And finally helmeted firemen with hose in hand stood at the back of the stage, ready instantly to extinguish any spark of real fire."

#### HOW DE GIRARDIN DINED DICKENS.

In one of his letters to Mr. Forster, published in Forster's recently issued "Life of Charles Dickens," that author gives the following description of a banquet given him by Emile de Girardin on the occasion of one of his visits to Paris, "No man unacquainted with my determination never to embellish or fancy such accounts would believe in the description I shall let off when we meet, of dining at Emile Girardin's; of the three gorgeous drawing-rooms, with ten thousand wax candles in golden sconces, terminating in a dining-room of unprecedented magnificence with two enormous transparent plate-glass doors in it, looking (across an ante-chamber full of clean plates) straight into the kitchen, with the cooks in their white paper caps, dishing the dinner. From his seat in the midst of the table, the host (like a giant in a fairy story) beholds the kitchen and the snow-white table, and the profound order and silence there prevailing. Forth from the plate-glass doors issues the banquet—the most wonderful feast ever tasted by mortal.

"At the present price of truffles, that article alone cost for eight people at least five pounds. On the table are ground glass jugs of peculiar construction, laden with the finest growth of champagne and the coolest ice. With the third

course is issued port wine (previously unheard of in a good state on this continent) which would fetch two guineas a bottle at any sale.

"The dinner done, Oriental flowers, in vases of golden cobweb, are placed upon the board. With the ice is issued brandy buried for hundred years. To that succeeds coffee, brought by the brother of one of the convicts from the remotest East in exchange for an equal quality of California gold dust. The company being returned to the drawing-room, tables roll in by unseen agency, laden with cigarettes from the harem of the Sultan, and with cool drinks in which the flavor of the lemon arrived yesterday from Algeria struggles voluptuously with the delicate orange arrived this morning from Lisbon. That period passed, and the guests reposing on divans worked with many-coloured blossoms, big table rolls in, heavy with massive furniture of silver, and breathing incense in the form of a little present of tea, direct from China—table and all, I believe, but cannot swear to it, and am resolved to be prosaic.

"All this time the host perpetually repeats, 'Ce petit dîner-ci n'est que pour faire la connaissance de Monsieur Dickens; il ne compte pas; ce n'est rien.' And even now I have forgotten to set down half of it—in particular the item of a far larger plum-pudding than was ever seen in England at Christmas time, served up with a Celestial sauce, in colour like the orange blossom, and in substance like the blossom, powdered and bathed in dew, and called in the *carte* (carte in a gold frame, like a little fish slice, to be handed about) 'Hommage à l'illustre écrivain d'Angleterre.' That illustrious man staggered out at the last drawing-room door, speechless with wonder finally, and even at that moment his host, holding to his lips a chalice set with precious stones, and containing nectar distilled from the air that blew over the fields of beans in bloom for fifteen summers, remarked, 'Le dîner que nous avons eu, Monsieur, n'est rien—il ne compte pas—il a été tout-à-fait en famille—il faut dîner (en vérité, dîner) bientôt. Au plaisir! Au revoir! Au dîner!'"

#### Religious.

During his term of power Mr. Gladstone appointed ten bishops and eight deans. All the schools of Anglican opinion are represented in those appointments, though, it is claimed, with a predominance of the High-Church school.

An interesting event in Geneva was the recent marriage of the Abbé Chavard, the third curé of the city. It will be remembered that under the new laws the people of the canton have chosen their own pastors, and given them possession of the state Catholic churches. The ceremony was performed by Father Hyacinthe, and witnessed by a select company, among them some Americans.

Two men well known all over North America as revivalists have recently passed away—Elder Jacob Knapp, on the 8th of March, and the Rev. Dr. Edward N. Kirk, of Boston. Elder Knapp was a Baptist, and in earlier life combined the occupations of pastor and farmer. In 1832 he began his work as an evangelist, preaching in our large cities and elsewhere to immense crowds, and producing extraordinary effects upon his congregations. Dr. Kirk was of Presbyterian stock, and was educated at Princeton. Soon after entering upon his ministry he became a co-labourer with Mr. Finney and the Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy. In 1837 he went to Paris, where he founded the well-known American Chapel. In 1842 he settled in Boston, where for more than thirty years he was pastor of the Mount Vernon Church. He died on the 27th of March, at the ripe age of seventy-two years.

No Christian community in proportion to its home resources does so much for missions as the Moravian Church. Its total of members in Germany, Bohemia, Great Britain and America is 27,753, but its total in foreign missions is 69,139, making an aggregate of 96,892. The foreign missions are in Greenland, Labrador, West Indies, South Africa, Australia, and Himalaya. The total number of missionaries is 322; the whole number of servants of the church is about 702. Forty-five boarding-schools are maintained. The "Text-book" for 1874 states that the home mission on the continent of Europe numbers "about 100,000 persons, who are in spiritual connection with the Moravians, but remain members of the state churches." The statistics of the American province for 1873 show a total of 8,259 communicants, 1,479 non-communicants over thirteen years of age, and 4,999 children, making a total of 14,737. There are in all seventy churches; of these, two are in New York, and four in Philadelphia.

#### Our Illustrations.

The group of SAMSON and DELILAH, from a Roman work lately on view at the Vienna Exhibition, is interesting as suggestive of a new treatment of this famous Biblical episode. Neither the shears nor the shock of the strong man's hair are in the hands of the harlot.

The GREAT BANQUET given, to Marshal MacMahon and the Duchesse of Magenta at the Palace of the Tribunal of Commerce is described by correspondents as having been one of the most gorgeous entertainments held in Paris for upwards of half a century.

Our views of the CARLIST WAR in the present number derive special interest from the fact that around Bilbao may be said to hinge the crisis of this long-protracted internecine struggle. Marshal Serrano seems to have determined on ending the war at that point, if not by arms at least by negotiation. Should he be defeated it will go hard with the Republic. Should Don Carlos be defeated it is probable that he will retire from the coast.

The ACHILLE WAR has been somewhat lost sight of, owing to the superior attractions of the Ashantee war. Our two sketches will give an idea of the people and their modes of habitation.

It is the intention of Mr. FRYMAN to open a restaurant in Montreal, which shall be on a footing with the best of Parisian saloons. Everything is conducted with tranquillity and order, and the most thorough decorum will be required of visitors, as it will be exhibited by the proprietor. The furnishing of the establishment is in very good taste. The woodwork is particularly deserving of attention, and reflects credit on Mr. Escoubé, the French workman who chiselled it. The specialty of the house is its cuisine. A cook has been brought directly from Paris, and his dishes are worthy of his reputation. The wines will also be found of a superior quality. The comfort of the visitor is guaranteed, and the charges are reasonable.