

He drove his tutor to despair by the obstinacy of his fingers in the "rudiments," while he might be caught picking out the overture of *Der Freischütz* by ear when alone. His studies were not confined solely to music, and he was reckoned in the Dresden University particularly apt at the Classics, Ancient History, and Heathen Mythology. To this affection for ancient lore much of his theory is doubtless due, as also the fact that he has invariably written his own librettos. Indeed Wagner began dramatic writing while a lad at Dresden, spending over two years in the compound of a most terrible tragedy—a combination of *King Lear* and *Hamlet*, and wherein forty-two persons were killed mostly to reappear in a spiritual form. From Dresden he went to Leipzig, and, fired by Beethoven's *Egmont*, put music to his play, and then began to write orchestral compositions. Having had his first essay in public—an overture at the Leipzig theatre—well laughed at by the audience, he began to feel the necessity for a regular musical education; and accordingly placed himself under Theodore Weinlig, and studied hard the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. In 1833 Wagner composed his first opera, *Die Feen*, and two years subsequently produced the *Novice of Palermo*, which at once caught the public taste. The following year he became director of the Magdeburg Theatre, where, in 1836, he brought out *Das Liebesverbot*, a musical transcription of *Monsieur de Meaux*—an unquestionable failure. In 1827 he went to Paris with the first two acts of his five-act opera *Rienzi*, but, notwithstanding letters of introduction from Meyerbeer, failed to get it accepted, and for some years had to make a living by writing articles for musical papers and composing musical pot-boilers, though in no way neglecting more serious work, as during this time, amongst other things, he composed the music to his *Flying Dutchman*—a work but of seven weeks.

In 1842 *Rienzi* was played at Dresden, where it at once proved an immense success, and Wagner at last found himself famous, fairly popular, conductor of the Dresden Opera House, and the King of Saxony's *Capellmeister*. The *Flying Dutchman* followed, and subsequently *Tannhäuser*, and numerous minor compositions. In 1848 Wagner, getting involved in political troubles, had to fly to Zurich, his *Lohengrin* being produced in his absence at Weimar by the Abbe Liszt, in 1850. In 1855 he came to London on an invitation to conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society for that season. He met, however, with no popular sympathy, and was bitterly assailed by the "orthodox" musicians. In 1856 he was enabled to return to Germany, and subsequently travelled through Austria and Russia, conducting concerts of his own works with remarkable success. He produced *Tristan and Isolde* in 1865, at Munich, whither the youthful King Ludwig of Bavaria, struck with the music of the *Flying Dutchman*, had called Wagner. King Ludwig has ever since remained his warmest patron, friend, and admirer,—the opera at Munich being noted for the splendour of its "appointments," thanks to the genius of the composer and the liberality of the Sovereign. Thus, owing to the monarch's aid, he was enabled to produce the *Meistersinger*, and subsequently to achieve the dream of his life, and build at Bayreuth a theatre after his own views, and, for the express production of his lyrical dramas, and to inaugurate the reforms, both as regards stage effects and the audience, which he had so long advocated. There in 1876 he produced his stupendous work—*The Ring of the Nibelungen*—not to jaded spectators who had come to the theatre to be amused after the labours of the day, but to audiences who had travelled far and wide to see and hear the much-talked-of tetralogy, and who were willing to devote the whole of four days—not mere evenings—and their complete attention to the performances. There at-o, thanks to his mechanical arrangements, Wagner could produce the stage effects after which his heart yearned, for he regarded his work to be as much a drama as an opera. What he aimed at was the abolition of the traditional air, duet, and trio as so many separate parts, and the blending of the whole composition into one long continuous strain of harmony. At Bayreuth, also, last year, his latest work, *Parsifal*, was produced, but he always had hoped to see his Bayreuth house acknowledged as the German national theatre, where German lyrical drama could be played as near perfection as might be humanly possible. Wagner was a Teuton to the bone, and was singularly disliked by the French, who in 1867 hissed his *Tannhäuser* off the Paris Opera stage before according it a hearing—an affront which Wagner never forgave, notwithstanding that much of his music has been since played with considerable success at M. Pasdeloup's concerts. He was immensely popular in Germany, and even more so in Austria, where his curious eccentricities, of which there are many hundred stories, were revered as the vagaries of genius. He will be deeply regretted even by the foes of the "Music of the Future," as the compositions of his school have been semi-contemptuously termed; while as a master he will be mourned by thousands of his followers not only in Germany but in England—which, by the way, he last visited in 1877, to conduct his *Nibelungen* concerts at the Albert Hall—and where the performance of all his principal works at Drury Lane last year excited genuine enthusiasm. In 1869 he married the daughter of the Abbe Liszt, and has left several children, who were with him when he died.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Herr. Fr. Hanfstenol, Munich.

### GENERAL MACADARAS.

#### THE ALLEGED MYSTERIOUS "NUMBER ONE."

We give on this page a portrait of General Macadaras who is suspected in England to be the mysterious "Number One" who directed the Irish murder conspiracy and was especially responsible for the Dublin assassinations. Gen. Macadaras commanded the French Irish Legion in the Franco-German war, having before that, in 1865, visited this country in connection with the Fenian movement. In 1872 or 1873 he returned here and married a wealthy lady of St. Louis, remaining some two years. They then went to Europe, although St. Louis is still regarded as their home, and since that time have, for the most part, lived abroad. General Macadaras is said to have a fine place at Bordeaux, France. Relatives of the family in St. Louis say that Macadaras is an invalid, and is almost constantly traveling with his wife and servants; that there is no secrecy whatever in his movements; and that if the English authorities wish to find him they can obtain his address from the Bank of England. A brother-in-law, Mr. Michael A. Doyle, states that he met General Macadaras in Dublin last August, where he and his family were staying in the most open manner at the Shelbourne Hotel, the most prominent house in Dublin. In speaking of the Phoenix Park tragedy at that time (and it was then the subject of general comment), General Macadaras condemned the crime in strong terms, remarking that such things could bring no good to Ireland. Mr. Doyle says he knows positively that the General was in Egypt during the whole time covered by the conspiracy revelations, and while the plotting against Mr. Foster was going on. He was at Grosse, a mountain resort in France, forty or fifty miles from Nice, when the Phoenix Park assassinations occurred, and had previously been at another resort. He had not been in Ireland from late in 1872 until August 1882.

### WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE, I PRAY?

By the AUTHOR OF "BLANCHE SEYMOUR," ETC.

#### PART III.—(Continued.)

By this time Georgie's eyes had recovered to some extent their normal appearance, and she had told Philip something of what had passed between her and her uncle,—something but not all. How could she tell him that he was accused of being a pauper, and of a design to marry her?

"My presence on the scene has not added to your happiness, I'm afraid," he said dolefully, adding a remark about an "old curmudgeon."

"Curmudgeon! What's that?" Georgie asked.

"A disagreeable old fellow," he answered, laughing a little.

"Well, he is disagreeable; but you mustn't dislike him too much, for my sake. He has been so kind to me, and I am so unhappy about his being angry."

"I suppose you would throw any fellow in the world over for him," rather gloomily.

"Throw over, throw over! Why should you use such an expression, or think such a thought? One's heart can take in more than one affection."

"No, it can't," he retorted quickly; "not of the absorbing kind, I mean."

"Is one, then, never to love but one person?" she asked.

"O Georgie, Georgie!" he exclaimed, laughing in spite of himself.

"O Philip, Philip! you want to be as exacting as uncle George. But perhaps that is men's way, is it? I know so little of them."

"Perhaps it is. It is my way, at any rate. I would like to steal you from that old fellow, and keep you all to myself."

"You mustn't do that," she answered simply. "I want to do something to let him see that, though I am so very glad to have met you, I like him still, and wish to make him happy if he would let me."

He didn't answer, and Julia came up to repeat her instructions about the calico ball. But Georgie had changed her mind about attending that festivity. Not only might it occasion a fresh collision with her uncle, but her dress, she was sure, from that afternoon's observations, could never be made to look anything like that of other girls of her age. Even if her pride would let her, which it would not, ask for money, Mattie was not equal to the task of making a fancy dress.

On hearing her decided refusal, Philip's face fell.

"But you are perfectly got up for a calico ball at this moment," he urged.

"Am I? I'm sorry to hear it, for I must look very fantastic and absurd."

"You look charming, if you would only believe me."

"I believe you, of course, Colonel Verschoyle;—with a gay smile, made more brilliant by contrast with the traces of the recent storm."

"Yet you won't be persuaded?"

"No."

"Not by the fact that you would see me in my uniform, which I was reconciled to wearing for your sake?"

"Ah, I shall be sorry for that!" her eyes going up deprecatingly to his face; "but what can I do?"

"Why, put your scruples in your pocket, and come."

"Ah, I can't do that!"

"Willful, like all your sex. I begin to think your uncle had a handful with you, after all."

"We never had a difference before, and shouldn't now, only it was about you."

"Flattering. It's lucky we are cousins, or I might resent you calling me a bone of contention."

"Are you affronted now?"

"Very much. I'll never forgive you unless you promise to stand my friend when my mother and Edith come."

"Stand your friend! Of course I will. But how can I? The idea of my being able to help you!"

"Oh, we can all do something to help each other. But I only want you not to deny our friendship. We are friends, are we not?"

"Yes, indeed," earnestly. "I hope so, at least."

"I hope so too. My greatest happiness would be to have you for my best friend always; remember that. And now I'll tell you how you can help me. My mother and Edith want me to marry Julia Aylmer;—looking at her as he spoke, and gathering from the sudden flush on the sweet eager face all he wanted to know."

"Julia! Why?" And despite her efforts there was a ring of pain in her voice.

"Because she is rich, and I'm very poor."

"Are you so poor?" she asked, raising disappointed eyes to his. How her uncle would triumph! Mistaking the cause of the look, his own fell.

"Does that annoy you? Did you think I was rich?"

"I didn't think about it; but uncle George said you were poor, and I'm sorry in this instance he should be right. I wondered how he could tell, too, as he doesn't know you."

"The light of impecunious families is not hidden under a bushel, but set on high, as an awful warning to imprudent young ladies," he answered, laughing. "Besides, he judges from analogy. He knows that there never was a Verschoyle who had a halfpenny. There is a natural antipathy between the name and money."

"Just what he said, I must admit, only in other words."

"And he spoke like a book. Well, this being so, my people would like me to espouse Julia, who is made of money, and, owing perhaps to that antipathy of which I spoke, I don't want to espouse her;" with another lightning glance at the lovely face beside him.

"I think I'm glad of that," remarked the owner of the face naively. "I like her so much, but somehow not as a wife for you."

"Precisely my view of the case. I like her immensely—as any one else's wife; and what's more, I believe she would only like me as some one else's husband."

Miss Georgie's face expressed, as plainly as face could, her sense of Julia's depraved taste.

"Don't think it's a case of sour grapes," went on Philip. "I could almost say I wouldn't wish to marry her if there were no other women in the world; but perhaps that is rather strong, for she is a nice girl, a very nice girl," condescendingly.

"Saving always her utter want of taste," put in the young lady, with a twinkle in her violet eyes which gave promise of some latent powers of sarcasm to be developed by time and circumstance.

"Saving her utter want of taste, as you judiciously observe," returned Philip, with a corresponding glance. "When I tell you that she seems to have set her affections on that idiot Chalmers, whose one object is to keep his boots clean, I think you will acknowledge that my renunciation of all claim to her hand is sincere. Fancy confiding one's future to a girl whose ideal finds a realization in Willie Chalmers!"

"I hardly noticed him; but from what I saw, I should say he is the very incarnation of silliness."

"That's just what he is. And he is welcome to Julia. Not for worlds would I stand in his light; but it will take some management to make my mother and Edith view this in the sensible way in which it presents itself to our unprejudiced minds, and it is here you can help me."

"But how?"

"When the time comes we must think of ways and means. For one thing, you must come over to Beechlands, if not for the ball, yet some other time."

"Of course I will. I must return Julia's call, I suppose."

"They come on Monday" ("they" related to his nearest living relations); "and if you could come to dinner—"

"Oh, I can't, on account of my dress."

"Well, we'll see about it. If you are to help me, you know, you must be guided a little by me; eh?"

"I will, of course, do all I can." But dinner, among all those fine people, in the present state of her wardrobe!

Georgie did not see her uncle again that night, but on her dressing-table—unexpected sight!—she found a note from him. Wonderingly and with a beating heart she opened it, and the sharpest pang she had ever felt shot through her when a cheque for fifty pounds fell out. The note was short.

"Dear Niece,—From what you said during our conversation at luncheon to-day, I gather that you do not think I have behaved as liberally to you in the matter of dress as you had a

right to expect. This may be so; I therefore enclose a cheque for fifty pounds, which will, I imagine, be enough to get you all that may be requisite for the present, and enable you to visit your new friends should they ask you to do so.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE ARNOLD."

After reading it Georgie sat down, feeling stunned. How could he do such a thing? What had she said or done that he should thus wound her? For more than an hour she remained unable to think or move; then when that sensation, as if she had received a blow on the head, passed away she resolved what to do. She would return the cheque, have a full explanation, and come to some sort of understanding with her uncle.

In her *culte* state she composed a great many speeches, eloquent, pathetic, all tending to clear up the misconstructions that were now making both their lives wretched. She would throw her arms round him, entreating him to let her be to him all that was in her power to be.

In the midst of her most touching appeal she fell asleep, to wake with its burning phrases still fresh in her mind. Alas, how false and melodramatic did they appear in the sober morning light! And how impossible would be eloquence and pathos before George Arnold, cold, repressive, with the hard lines round his mouth and all that wiry hair standing aggressively on end! However, he must be met and the cheque returned; so without giving herself too much time to think, she walked boldly into the book-room.

George Arnold never "took his ease;" never lay back, or bent forward, or, in fact, gave way to any human frailty. He was seated now bolt upright in a straight-backed chair, looking spick and span, as though he had just stepped out of a band-box. Georgie used to think sometimes what a relief it would be to see if only one hair out of place. At sight of him now even her burning eager excitement was quelled a little. There was no eloquence certainly, yet much simple pathos in the tone in which she began:

"Uncle George, I've come to you about the letter you wrote me, and that cheque—"

"It is payable to order," he interrupted in a business-like tone, "and you must endorse it, that is—"

"I don't want to know what to do with it. I won't keep it!" in a voice trembling with excitement. "I wouldn't take it for all the world! And why did you write me that letter?" indignantly. "I never thought you ought to give me more money for my dress or for anything else. If you would only let me be a little affectionate to you, that is all I ask."

"You must keep the cheque," he answered in the same business-like tone, and quite disregarding her passionate appeal. "It is made payable to you, and must be endorsed by you before it can be changed."

"I will never endorse it, never use it, never touch it!" vehemently. "Do you think that money can make up for telling me I have no affection for you? I, who would die to give you pleasure?"

He rose, half in alarm, half embarrassment, conquered, in spite of himself, by the dominating beautiful personality of the eager impressionable girl before him, as she stood, her soul in her eyes, defiant yet tender.

"Calm yourself, Georgie. Why this excitement, this scene?" he said. "Calm yourself, I beg, and take the cheque;" holding it out with a trembling hand. While urging her to calmness he was much in need of it himself. These storms before breakfast were quite too much for him.

She did take the cheque, but it was to tear it across the middle and throw the fragments on the table with an indignant gesture.

George Arnold sat down aghast, helpless before a girl who could thus recklessly tear up a cheque. "Oh, oh!" he exclaimed, and there his power of utterance ceased; partly from surprise, partly owing to the fact that Georgie's arms were round his neck, her fresh burning face in close contact with his own withered one, and a torrent of kisses falling on his aggressive hair, shaggy eyebrows, and wiry moustache, while a yet fuller torrent of loving words, tender reproaches, and eager entreaties swept away the clouds and mists between them—"Uncle George, why are you angry? Why are you cold? Why won't you believe that I love you? You, the only friend I have ever known in the wide world! How could you say I would throw you over for any one! Why do you give me money and cheques and things? I don't value them one straw!" And much more to the same effect, all interspersed with eager kisses and tender stroking of his wiry hair and brown forehead, in which even the wrinkles seemed to lie in geometric lines, as if conscious of the cut-and-dried nature of the precision on whose surface they had to impress themselves. But what is geometry and what is cut-and-driedness before the passion of a girl giving vent to the long-pent-up affections and repressed tenderness of years! She was hardly conscious of what she said, nor was he. Neither could recall afterwards any one phrase. Her eloquent appeals and burning words were all forgotten; but no eloquence could have been so moving, no appeal so touching; and George Arnold was conquered, tamed, and would henceforth be held by his niece in bonds of love which not even Death himself would sunder.

And Philip! How were his claims and Georgie to be reconciled? That day she did not see him, though he was out early on the