

House, where he enters at the Green-room door, and is lost to our view.

From the placard on the walls of the Opera House, we see that the "*pièce de resistance*," in the "*Dévin du Village*" is to be played, that it is its first representation, and that the King of France, Louis XV., and scandal whispers, his mistress Madame de Pompadour, the greatest wit, and most accomplished woman of the times, are going to be present, that the composer, who is yet young, is also to be there, and that this is his first introduction to a Parisian audience.

Introductory music ceases, the King enters, yes, scandal is right, Madame de Pompadour accompanies him. The audience rises, salutes the King, and with a second ovation to his companion resume their seats. In two minutes more the curtain will rise, and as our eyes wander round the house, they light upon the face which has excited our curiosity, strained and waiting with an eager, hungry, yet fearful expression, looking earnestly for the rising of the curtain. Something seems to say this is the composer himself, and as the curtain slowly rises we feel sure of the fact, for we mark how impatient he is at the actors, whom he thinks do not render justice to the parts assigned them, (what authors ever did) and as some silly women render their feeble praise, he turns round and looks at them, as if they were angels instead of insensate dolls. He is not used to the presence of royalty, and wonders that the applause does not come, forgetting that it is a breach of etiquette in the divine presence of Kings, and thoroughly disheartened he rushes from the house to the poor attic in which he lodges, and throws himself upon the truckle bed, thoroughly tired of life, feeling a second Ishmael, as if every man's hand were against him, and he in return could defy every man.

As we turn our gaze from the seat just vacated by the composer, our glance rests upon the royal box, and we can easily perceive that the piece is a success. The King is in ecstasies, while the face of De Pompadour seems bathed in sunlight and her eyes, (that friends and enemies alike acknowledge are the most fascinating

which ever graced mortal woman) fair dances with enjoyment at the intense luxury of harmony which has been deluged upon her ear. The King beckons an attendant and sends him to bring the composer, and finding he had left the Theatre, a messenger is despatched to the poor, lonely, desolate, heart-broken composer, with the command that he should appear before the king. Words cannot express the revolution of feeling that came over this *Bohemian* and *Republican* as he appears before the king, who is no shabby Brunswick, Hanoverian George who would put such a one on the back and slip a half crown piece into his hand, but a royal and generous Bourbon, who gives him one hundred louis, out of a purse anything but well lined. And Madame de Pompadour, is she less generous than her royal protector? not a whit! She dives her fair hand into her satchel and produces the last 50 louis piece she possesses, and presents it with a queenly grace to the young man, whom she makes feel as if she were receiving the favor, not he. She who was counted covetous in all else, (we believe most unworthily), whenever it was a question of encouraging art, was the ever ready and kind friend of genius, disregarded and despised, toiling patiently and hopefully on, knowing its latent abilities, but lacking the opportunity of convincing the world, which is always incredulous of genius, which it pities and treats like an amiable madman, until the flame becomes too powerful, and its divinity springs into being, defying alike time and space, and compelling men to fall down and pay worthy homage at its feet. And she, Mrs. Grundy, who had piously shrugged her shoulder and puckered her mouth into a gesture of half pity and contempt, falls upon her knees, and pays that which she before despised, the most fullsome of adulation. But while we thus moralize, we are keeping our hero looking with mute amazement and admiration at the woman who fascinated alike voluble Courtiers, grim statesmen, and, rumour even asserts, solemn dignitaries of the church. His admiration however gives way to gratitude when she, the greatest actress of the age, offers to act the part of *Colin* at Bellevue, her re-