

MADAME CARRENO.

This talented artist is about to pay us a more lengthened visit than usual during the Exhibition week. Her playing and herself are so familiar to and popular with all Montreal lovers of art that the accompanying portrait may prove acceptable to our readers, and seems not inappropriate at this time. Madame Carreno was born in 1858, and is of most aristocratic parentage, being the daughter of Don Manuel Antonio Carreno, at that time Minister of Finance of the Venezuelan Republic, who, owing to political troubles, expatriated himself, and came to reside in the United States. Having in his youth studied music for his own amusement he concluded to utilize his talent as a means of livelihood; at the same time he instructed his daughter, who soon became his best pupil, and who at the early age of nine years appeared with remarkable success in the principal cities of America. Having been introduced to Gottschalk, the latter was so pleased with her aptness that he gave her lessons, and advised her father to take her to France and introduce her there. About 1866 the youthful Teresa Carreno arrived in Paris, where she at first played in some of the salons of the nobility, and was very well received, soon after making her appearance in public with marked success. Since then she has travelled extensively, and been received everywhere with great favour, being acknowledged by the musical critics as one of the finest pianists now living, an opinion which Montreal, at all events, is ever ready to endorse. Madame Carreno is accompanied on this occasion by Mr. Oliver King, whose portrait has been already given to our readers, and of whom we need only say that he is a worthy companion of the fair artist.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Tunisian flags captured at Sfax have been hung in the Paris Invalides. One of these was the standard of the Prophet, and is of green silk, with a broad red stripe.

Two more streets of Paris have been rechristened—the former Rue Aux Ours losing that picturesque denomination for the name Rue Etienne Marcel, and the Rue des Deux Portes Saint-Sauveur now being more succinctly named Rue Dussoub.

A GENTLEMAN residing on a small estate not



TERESA CARRENO.

far from Paris, finding the water of a stream which runs through his grounds intolerably nasty and unfit for domestic purposes, conceived the idea that it possessed, perhaps, beneficial properties, mechanically speaking. Accordingly, the worthy man applied for an authorization to sell it as a mineral water; but, on being analyzed, it was proved to be simply bad and utterly unfit to be used either by the healthy or invalids. The water of this corrupted stream may be taken as a sample of what Parisians use daily, filtered, it is true, but too impure to be rendered wholesome by any amount of filtering.

As the critical moment of the general election approaches, M. Henri Rochefort becomes more and more excited *apropos* of the candidacy of his old friend M. Gambetta for Belleville. One of his latest leaders in the *Intransigeant*, called the "Gambetta Circus," is an excellent illustration of his peculiar method of writing. He writes: "M. Gambetta has just constructed at Belleville a circus capable of containing 8,000 persons. Is it to play the acrobat or to make a speech? When a simple keeper of a menagerie of learned dogs, or the proprietor of a number of wooden horses, is obliged to pay for the privilege of erecting his establishment on a public thoroughfare, it is strange M. Gambetta should be permitted to erect his circus without asking the consent of the mayor of the *arrondissement*, and without paying for the privilege of exhibiting himself."

THE Bal Mabille is in full swing again. The same profusion of gas lights illumines as of erst the gaunt metallic leaves of artificial palm trees whilst the votaries of Terpsichore—the "gayest of the gay"—trip it merrily on the light fantastic toe, to the sound of dulcet music, ever and anon hopping backwards and forwards through the many figured "cancan" quadrille or spinning round and round in the mazy waltz. At times some dancer may be seen to lead off his partner to one of the small circular bowers placed around, and treat the lady to a refreshing lemonade, so both may find a little repose and recruit themselves for subsequent exertions. An immense covered saloon and rooms adjoining afford the visitor a ready shelter and secure asylum from the malicious influence of the weather, should any such drawback supervene to interfere with the sports of the evening at this elegant garden.



LIFE AMONG THE APACHES.—MESSENGER BRINGING THE NEWS OF A DEFEAT.