

one day a great performer, a great composer, a great man! But who will push thee forward, in the world, poor unknown child; who will rescue thee from obscurity in which thou art plunged by my poverty? Who will protect thee?"

"I will!" exclaimed a voice from without. It was that of the stranger. On beholding him, Wolfgang ran and took hold of his hand.

"See," he exclaimed, "there is the friend of the great Nepomucene."

Scarcely, however, had the *maître de chapelle* set his eyes on the stranger than rising with an aspect of deep respect, he bowed profoundly, as he said,

"His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria."

Some days after this adventure, Madame Mozart was shedding tears, while she prepared for the departure of her husband and son.

"We are going to the Court of the Empress Marie Theresa, that queen so great, so wise, and so virtuous; we are going there at the invitation of her august husband himself, Francis the First."

"At six years old, to begin a life of labor," said the poor mother, stifling her sighs.

"But I shall work for you, dear mamma, and that will be a life of pleasure," replied Wolfgang, throwing himself on his mother's neck.

An hour afterwards, the *maître de chapelle* and his son were on their way to Vienna. On their arrival they were informed that the Emperor would receive them the next day. At the same time, orders were given for the arrangement of a concert, to which all the lords and ladies of the court were invited, to hear the wonderful child.

The next day the elder Mozart went out to visit his friends, and on his return he found his son cowering about the chamber.

"I have said my prayers and practised," exclaimed the boy, "and now I am resting myself."

"A pretty sort of rest," replied the father, laughing.

"Every one, papa," answered the boy, "follows his own fashion."

When the evening came, Wolfgang was conducted by his father to the imperial palace. The *maître de chapelle* was dressed in black. His son wore a court costume; a little coat of lilac cloth, with a vest of the same color, rose-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with buckles.

A master of ceremonies introduced them to the concert room, where nobody had yet appeared. The first thing that Wolfgang observed was a superb piano, before which he quickly stationed himself; his father went out into a balcony which overlooked the magnificent gardens of the palace. Wolfgang, alone in the vast saloon, lighted as for a royal fête, was seated before the piano, his little fingers flying with wonderful rapidity over the keys, when he heard the voice of a child near him say

"Oh how well you play! Are you the little Mozart that they have all been talking about?"

Wolfgang turned his head, and saw beside him a little girl of about seven years old very richly dressed.

"How beautiful you are!" was the reply of the Bohemian boy.

"Oh, never mind that!" said the little girl. "But tell me, are you Wolfgang Mozart?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And who taught you to play so well on the piano?"

"My father."

"And is it not tiresome to learn?" Are you not obliged to practise a great deal?"

"Yes, and sometimes that fatigues me, then I say a prayer, and ask for the help of the great St. John Nepomucene, that I may have courage and good-will, and he always gets it for me."

"And who is the great St. John Nepomucene?"

"The saint of Bohemia."

"Why is he called saint of Bohemia?"

"Because there is a statue of him on the bridge over the Moldau at Prague."

"That is no reason!" said the little girl, impatiently.

"I know his history, and can tell you all about him," said Wolfgang.

"Oh, tell me!" said the little girl. "I shall like to hear it!"

"Listen then!"—and the little Mozart proceeded to relate what he knew of the life and martyrdom of the Bohemian saint.

As Wolfgang was finishing his story, he heard a great rustling of silken robes, the sound of satin slippers, and the waving of feathers and flowers; and looking around him, he saw with astonishment that the saloon, which was empty a few minutes before, was now filled with beautiful ladies and fine gentlemen.

He rose, blushing and confused.

"Do you not remember me?" said a gentleman, approaching him.

"You are the king!" answered Wolfgang, as he looked at him.

"And this is the queen, Maria Theresa," said Francis, leading the little Mozart towards a lady, about forty-five years of age, and in all the lustre of her beauty; who received the child with the most unbounded kindness.

Little Mozart was then seated at the piano, and then, smiling at those who surrounded him, and particularly at the little girl, who still kept near him, he began to play. His execution was so perfect, his little fingers passed with such facility from a quick and difficult movement to a measure slow and melodiously accented, that the illustrious audience uttered a cry of admiration at the wonderful and precocious talent which he displayed.

"Wolfgang is so well practised on his piano, that he could play with his eyes shut!" said his father.

"Cover the piano, and you shall see!" answered Wolfgang, and then he played with the greatest accuracy under a cloth which concealed the keys. When he stopped, worn out and fatigued, his poor little forehead covered with perspiration, the Empress made him a sign to approach her.

Wolfgang got down from his chair to go to the Empress; but either from the confusion he felt amidst that brilliant assemblage, or through not being accustomed to walk upon a waxed floor his foot slipped, and he fell.

The little girl uttered a cry, and running to assist Wolfgang, she exclaimed, in a voice soft and full of tenderness, "Have you hurt yourself, my little friend?"

Wolfgang only answered, "You are more charming than all the world. Will you be my wife?"

The little girl burst out a-laughing. "That cannot be, poor little fellow!" she said.

"Why not?" asked Wolfgang: "we are both of the same age."

"You are only a poor artist."

"But I shall be a great man some day."

"But I am Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria."

"That does not matter: I will marry you all the same!" cried Wolfgang, to the great amusement of that imposing assembly, who were little used to such plain language.

Alas, that little girl, whom the infant Mozart so ingeniously chose for his wife, was not so happy as to marry an artist. Long afterwards, on the very day when Mozart, the great composer, was hailed with the acclamations of the people of Vienna, that little girl, become Queen of France, and wife of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, was insulted by a furious mob. Strange and mysterious destiny of human life, which God conceals from mortal eyes, and the end of which none can divine!

But to return to our little hero, who promised so early all that he afterwards became. Charmed by his precocious genius, the Empress Marie Theresa condescended to let him associate as a playfellow with the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, who was a year older than the little Mozart.

Wolfgang was not quite eight years of age when he appeared in 1767, at the court of Versailles: he played the organ in the king's chapel, and was considered to equal the greatest masters. At this epoch he composed two sonatas, one of which he dedicated to Madame Victoire, the king's daughter, and the other to the Countess de Tesse.

Mozart was but thirty-six years old when he died. It was while engaged in the composition of his famous *Requiem*, which had been ordered by some unknown person, that he felt his end approaching. "I am working for my own funeral," he said. In fact, the excitement of composing increased his fever to such a degree, that his wife, by the orders of the physicians, was obliged to withdraw him from the task. His health then somewhat improved, and he resumed his work in the hope of completing the design. Death, however, put an end to his labors. The *Agnus Dei*, which terminates that wonderful composition, was the song of the swan of the great artist: it breathes all the profound melancholy, the religious fervor that filled his heart.

A few hours before his death, he desired his attendants to bring him the *Requiem* Mass. "Well," said he, "was I not right when I said that I was composing for myself the song of death?"

He died on the 7th of December, 1791.

#### EDGAR POE.

The best information we have ever read concerning this unfortunate poet is the following from Jay Charlton, correspondent of the *Danbury News*. It deserves to be preserved. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that Poe was born in Boston. That event occurred in 1810 while his mother was playing an engagement at the old Federal Street Theatre in that city. But Poe was Southern to the core, and held the modern Athens and all its literature in the most supreme contempt. After making a reputation with his "Gold Bug," "Raven," and "Bells," he was invited by a literary club in Boston to write a poem and deliver it at the Tremont Temple for the benefit of the club. "How much will you ask?" inquired the club's representative, who came to New York to strike a bargain. "Fifty dollars and expenses," said Poe. "I'm authorized to offer you \$75 and expenses, Mr. Poe," said the club man. Then Poe looked sour, stamped his feet and ran his fingers through his black, piratical-looking locks. He never was pleased at anything. He was now simply mad that he had not demanded \$100. After a moment's pause he became reconciled to the offer by abruptly demanding pay in advance, saying that he would have \$25 added for expenses, making a clean \$100 in all. This was mildly refused, the representative saying that he had not the money or the authority to so act. Poe, however, was persistent, and finally the club man handed him \$50 on account. A few weeks passed and Poe was announced, and the *literati* of the Hub was all agog to see the author of the "Raven." A letter was written to him notifying him of the day and date of his announced appearance. He made no sign. Then the representative was sent to New York to see what the trouble was. After hunting round for some time he found the

noble Edgar tight as a brick in Sandy Welch's cellar in Ann street, spouting the "Raven" and surrounded by Hank Failing, Sam Porter, Ben Glasby, Frank Rae, George Morris, Mike Walsh, and several other printers and writers. When the club man approached Poe, he came near getting a black eye. Poe would not be interrupted, though it seemed he never would get through spouting and drinking. The agent explained his case to the company, and they assisted in helping Poe off with his Boston friend.

Poe went with the agent to Boston, spouting on the boat and spouting for whiskey all the way. Before they arrived at Boston, however, the agent had got Edgar into a calm and tractable mood. I should have stated that after leaving Sandy Welch's cellar, the agent inquired of Poe where the poem was that he had written for the coming event, and that he went to his rooms in Chatham street and got some ancient-looking manuscript out of his writing-desk. After reaching Boston, Poe and his friend went to the Tremont street House. Poe wanted to go to the barber's shop to get shaved. He went. Late in the afternoon he was found by his friend at the old Stackpole House, corner of Devonshire and Milk streets, in a very dilapidated condition, and insisting on ordering drinks, without any money to pay for them. That agent thought that the time had arrived for him to take things into his own hands. He took the noble Edgar in his arms, carried him out into the back yard, put his black, curly head under the pump, and let the water run. After holding him in that position for eight or ten minutes, he started off with him, considerably sobered. There was no time for toilet arrangements, for time was up and the audience was waiting. Poe was conducted to the top of a pulpit and introduced. He made no bow to the weak applause. He glared round with his big eyes. He looked besmirched and bedraggled. After waiting in bewilderment for a minute or two, not seeming to know what he was there for, his friend crept gently up to his ear and gave him a whisper. Then Edgar went for his pockets, and after rummaging behind and before he brought forth the poem. He numbed it off in a few minutes. There were few present that understood a word he said. Then he disappeared. Next day the Boston papers said that Edgar was a drunken, crazy Bohemian from the purlieus of New York, and that his poem, for which he received \$100, was outrageous trash, and they published it to show that they were right. Poe replied through the *New York Evening Mirror* that he wrote the poem when he was only twelve years old, and that he considered it good enough for Boston brains. But the Boston press continued to abuse him, and said that he wrote the "Raven" while in a fit of delirium tremens. This made him wild, and the only revenge he could find was the most unfair abuse afterward of the genial Henry W. Longfellow in the *Broadway Journal*, a paper which had a small sale, a brief existence, and in which Poe had not ten dollars of his own money invested.

I never saw a picture like Poe. He didn't look like a man. He had a light, boyish build, a small, nervous, thin face, with a sharp, hatchet nose. He always looked like woe, with his stomach up against his back bone, his hands in his trousers pocket, his body bent as if from a choice, and hopping quickly along, like a drenched rooster in a rain storm, looking for some whiskey cellar to drop into. He didn't know what a moral responsibility was, and he could tell lies faster than Lord Byron, who was hardly ever known to tell the truth. When Poe lived, "away from all temptation," in a tumble-down little house at Fordham, his wife was lying, without any nourishment, on a sick bed. Nathaniel P. Willis, who admired and appreciated the wayward genius, with the assistance of a few others made up a purse of \$60 and handed it to Poe to take home. This was on Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning Poe was found lying drunk on the sidewalk in Nassau street without a cent. He was nearly frozen. When some friends went to Fordham to give his wife a little money—not wishing to trust him with it—a few days afterward, his wife was lying on a poor bed with hardly any bedclothes, and a cat on her breast to keep her warm. She died soon after that. Then Edgar made love to a wealthy Providence widow, who admired his genius, and they were to be married. Then he went to Richmond on a visit and fell in love with another lady and engaged to marry her. Then he came to New York and soon went to Providence to see his love. He wanted to break the engagement, so he got beastly drunk, called upon the wealthy widow, went into the parlor, raised a row, took up a chair and broke the windows, knocked the pictures from the parlor wall, and raised the deuce generally until the good widow was forced to call in a policeman to eject him; but before doing so he insisted on her giving him twenty dollars to get back to New York, which she did. Then, when he became sober, he was a little ashamed of what he had done, and he called her "Annabel Lee" in his next poem. But I must come to a close.

#### SULTANA BASHKADDIN.

This lady, the wife of the new Sultan Abdul Murad, is, like most of the inmates of the Turkish harems, a native of Circassia, where she was born in 1854. She was purchased for Murad Effendi in 1864, when she was ten years old, for \$12,000, and has been the sole occupant of his harem since then. She has borne Murad three children, and it is a very promising trait in the new Sultan's character that he is extremely fond of his children, and takes intense interest and

pride in their education. Whether Bashkaddin, however, will remain sole mistress of his affections or will be supplied with a few dozen companions, remains to be seen. At the beginning of every Turkish Sultan's reign there are loud promises of reform, and especially of the abolition of the seraglio. But these have hitherto been empty words. Women are added by scores to the harem, and all the Turks do is to shrug their shoulders and say, "The Sultan is our absolute lord. He is above law. Whatever he does is right." Whether Murad, who seems to be a person of some culture and intelligence, will finally break away from the vicious precedents of former Sultans, the future alone can determine.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WEBER'S "Oberon" will follow "Dimitri" at the National Lyric Opera House in Paris.

MR. GEORGE HONEY having concluded his Boston engagement is acting in New England towns.

LISTZ, it is stated by the Paris musical journals, will pay his long-promised visit to London next year.

MISS ELIZA WEATHERS, who has been acting in burlesque at the Criterion Theatre, London, is shortly to return to this country.

MEYERBEER'S "Huguenots" has reached its six hundredth night at the Grand Opera in Paris, where his "Robert le Diable" is to be revived, with a most gorgeous mise en scène.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE'S travelling venture with "Brass" has ended in a financial failure, and the property of Matt. Morgan's troupe has been seized for debt in Louisville.

ANNA DICKINSON, in her new play, wears a diamond ring on each finger of her left hand and two rings on her right hand, which proves that she is a heaven-born actress.

BRET HARTE'S new comedy is to be brought out in Chicago by the Union Square Theatre Company, next month, and should it be successful will be played in New York in August.

"PARTEI" is much admired at the Eagle Theatre, N. Y., where Mrs. Chautau's personation of the heroine continues to charm lovers of sympathetic acting. Mr. Taylour's drama is announced until further notice.

MISS SARA JEWETT will accompany the Union Square Theatre Company to Chicago and assume the role of *Henriette* in the "Two Orphans." She will act in New York in August, in Bret Harte's new play.

JOHN T. RAYMOND will appear next month in San Francisco, the city where he first assumed the rôle of *Colonel Sellers*. Miss Marie Gordon (Mrs. Raymond) will accompany him to act *Laura Harkins*.

SIGNOR ROSSI'S engagement with Mr. Maurice Grau still holds good in spite of statements to the contrary. Mr. Grau is understood to have no disposition to forego the introduction of the great Italian in this country.

MR. CHARLES WYNNDHAM, the accomplished comedian, has been giving a series of plays with great success at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Wyndham is now playing "with remarkable spirit and ease," "The great Divorce Case" at the Criterion, London.

"A Scrap of Paper" has been revived in London with very great success. In the original of this adaptation of Sardou's ingenious comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouche," Mlle. Clarence was very successful during the French comedy representations in New York.

A tablet has been erected to the memory of Bartolomeo Cristofori, the harpsichord maker of Padua, in the cloisters of Santa Croce, in Florence. At the concerts given in his honor the pianists played on a piano made by him in 1720.

THERE is now in London, on exhibition, a volume containing water-color sketches of the costumes worn by Mrs. Siddons in the years 1802 and 1803. The sketches confirm the statement in Fitzgerald's biography of the great actress, that many of her costumes were exceedingly inelegant.

Miss Ada Dvay's personation of *Anne Carver* in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," at the recent Montague benefits, was one of the notable characterizations of the season. It possessed all the dramatic and comedy elements of the personation of Miss Charlotte Leclercq, *stars* that actress's affectation.

THE Balfé Festival Committee have held one or two important meetings to settle the preliminaries of the festival, which promises to be of great importance. Madame Christine Nilsson, in addition to her kind offer to sing gratuitously, is taking the liveliest interest in the success of the affair. Mr. Sims Reeves also will sing; and a performance of "The Bohemian Girl," with Balfé's most recent additions, will be given.

MR. D. CONWAY writes from London that a very keen regret is felt there at the death of Julia Matthews, who was not only a great favorite as an actress, but also was beloved and respected as a woman. She leaves three children, who will be in good hands. There never was a more brilliant theatrical success in London than this surprising Australian achieved about eight years ago—when she was about twenty-six years of age—as the *Grand Duchess*.

MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD'S success as *Henry V.* in San Francisco has been unequivocal. The critic of the *Morning Call* says: "Of Rignold as the *King* we have only to say that he filled the rôle perfectly. In person he is the mould of form—a model of manly beauty, grace, and dignity. But his voice and the reading of the few good speeches that occur in his part were to us the chief charm of the evening. His voice is a rich baritone, his utterance clear, crisp, and delightfully modulated."

M. OFFENBACH, last week, sent a despatch to the *Figaro*, of Paris, of which the following is a translation:

"Yesterday, thirtieth and last concert. Oh! Immense success—numberless ovations. My orchestra has presented me with a superb baton. On Monday I conducted first night of 'La Vie Parisienne' with Aimée. Tuesday I leave for Niagara. Returning Saturday conduct 'La Jolie Parfumeuse.' The following Monday first concert in Philadelphia, then Boston and Chicago. On the 8th of July I embark for France. In admirable health. I am gaining flesh. OFFENBACH."

DRAMATIC relics have attracted considerable attention in Paris lately, owing to the sales of the costumes and arms of the late Frederick Lemaître, and Madame Déjazet. As might have been expected, the relics of the lady commanded far higher prices than those of the great comedian. Thus the sword of Don César de Bazan sold only for nineteen francs, while Richelieu's rapier fetched nearly £8. The famous snuff-box of Robert Macaire was bought for nine francs, while the little lady's boots sold at £2 a pair. The gem of the sale however, was the costume of Lizette, with which character Déjazet's name will ever be associated. For this there was a sharp contest, and it was finally knocked down at £14.