

[FOR THE NEWS.]

EVENING ON THE BEACH.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

We sat by the fisher's cottage:
Oceanward wandered our gaze.
The evening mists, ascending,
Spread high their gauze-like haze.

In the lighthouse we watched the signal
All in a moment lit;
And away on the far horizon
We saw a white sail dit.

Then we spoke of storm and shipwreck:
Of sailors and sailor life;
How they hover 'twixt sky and water—
Joy ever with care at strife.

We spoke of shores far distant:
Of the South and of the North;
And of the curious features
Each curious race set forth.

Balm and bright is the Ganges,
And zant palm trees tower
Where a handsome, silent people
Worship the lotus flower.

In Lapland are dirty people,
Flat-headed, broad-shouldered and small,
Who crown round the fire, cooking fishes,
With screaming and caterwaul.

Earnestly listened the maidens
Till none spoke more—and the bark
No more might be distinguished—
It had grown so very dark.

A MORMON REUNION.

Upon a bleak hill-top in Northern Ohio, some four miles by wagon-road from the farm of Lawnfield, the home of the late President Garfield, and in Geauga County, there has stood, desolate and unclaimed, for nearly fifty years, a "temple" built by Mormons. In outward appearance it is not unlike the ordinary type of a country church. The interior, however, is divided into three stories, each of which forms one great room, devoid of all furniture save a couple of white desks, one at either end. Huge canvas curtains are said to have formerly divided these rooms during the ministrations of the Saints.

A few old residents of Kirtland—the village enjoying the distinction of possessing this temple—relate from personal recollection many strange and ridiculous performances by the leaders of the then new sect.

Public attention is called anew just at present to this weather-beaten, half-forgotten relic of superstition, as extensive repairs have been recently made in the structure, and preparations undertaken for a great reunion of Latter-day Saints, announced to begin upon April 6.

Although it is given out that the incursion of these reunionists is but a temporary affair—a simple visit to a Mecca of their religion—there is considerable agitation among the people of the Western Reserve lest it may prove that they propose staying. Possibly this alarm may not be without some good cause, for all communities wherein this pernicious sect has once entrenched itself have discovered in its strange vitality and capacity for standing persecution a most troublesome element.

Joseph Smith, the first "prophet" and founder of the Church of Latter-day Saints, claimed Vermont for his birth-place, his parents being illiterate residents of Sharon, with some notoriety as "diviners" and fortune-tellers. The young prophet, however, first received "light" in the form of revelations near Palmyra, New York, and later at Manchester, Ontario County, New York, at both of which places his family had lived. It was in the vicinity of the latter place that he claimed to have found by inspiration the book of golden plates hidden in a hill. For these plates, which were about the thickness of tin, and bound together by rings, the following origin was claimed:

Some six hundred years prior to the advent of Christ a band of Israelites was inspired to seek the "promised land," which proved to be Central America, where they greatly increased. Subsequently a vicious and ambitious Jew named Laman was detected in a conspiracy, whereupon he and his adherents were driven forth, and migrated northward. These were the progenitors of the American Indians. A portion of the tribe, however, became a "fair and delightsome" people, and withdrew from their savage fellows, who finally surrounded them, at the scene of the recovery of the plates, and slew them to the extent of two hundred and thirty thousand, Mormon and his son Moroni alone escaping. This son, obeying his parent's injunction, buried the tablets containing the sacred history of this wandering tribe, it being recorded that he who found them should become a "prophet."

Upon this table and the alleged purport of the mythical plates the excuse rested for the production of the *Book of Mormon*, which was printed at a country job office in Ontario County, New York, in 1830. Soon after its issue the widow of Rev. Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian minister, recognized its main features as those of a fanciful romance written by her husband chiefly for the amusement of his friends. It also transpired that one Sidney Rigdon, who was among the first promoters of the new creed, was a printer employed in a publishing office in Pittsburgh, whither the author had sent his work, under the name of the *Manuscript Found*, to be printed. Patterson, the publisher, died, and the manuscript disappeared, to come to the surface in its "inspired" form.

The original promoters of the Church soon collected a considerable following, and shortly set out for Ohio, setting at Kirtland early in 1831. After a colony had been formed, and a bank started by Smith and his confidants had been run long enough to fleece most of the faithful, another move was made to Missouri, which seems to have proven a rich recruiting ground, as the proselytes multiplied so rapidly that ere long the elders began to dictate public affairs for the people at large, and defied existing State laws. So it happened that in the summer of 1833 the people of the State dispersed them, after a severe conflict. They still hovered in various portions of the State, however, and raising troops from their number, fought the State militia, by whom they were defeated, and some of their leaders imprisoned. The whole Mormon host, now numbering upward of 12,000, concentrated at a point upon the banks of the Mississippi, in Illinois, and built, almost as though by magic, the city of Nauvoo, signaling their intention of staying there by rearing a splendid temple of stone, costing, according to the best authorities, not less than one million dollars.

In the mean time Brigham Young, also a native of Vermont, had acquired great ascendancy. The Mormon authorities had again assumed great arrogance: the "Saints" at large were recruited from the most lawless classes of the West, and "revelations" became frequent. It was here that the "divine right" of polygamy was first promulgated. Matters at length led to another great uprising, when this ulcer upon the body-politic was rooted out, as far as that section of the country was concerned. The leaders were imprisoned, and the Prophet Smith and his brother Hyrum were carried by force to Carthage, Missouri, where they were shot by a mob at the jail, after the most approved Missourian fashion.

The city of Nauvoo was laid waste, and the Mormon people, under Brigham Young, began a long winter march, to the westward, braving every danger and hardship, intent only upon founding another home where they might practice the peculiar tenets of their religion without interference. To what extent this indomitable if misguided people have succeeded in making the "wilderness blossom like the rose" is well known to the world. The writer, who visited Nauvoo but a few days since, found but a peaceful and scattering village, the centre of an agricultural region, its people living the simple life of the American rustic, and regarding the events of the "Mormon war" as something which happened a very long time ago. Of the splendid temple, "not one stone remains upon another."

Through the resistless onward impulse of civilization the "Gentile" has long since reached the Mormon stronghold in Utah. The will of Young no longer sets at defiance the United States government. Salt Lake City is now largely peopled by Gentiles, and the churches of many denominations are now to be found within its confines, and the question of Mormonism seems in a fair way to solution through absorption.

It is to the credit of this people that they have always exhibited great industry and singleness of purpose. The city of Salt Lake was wisely planned and built. Its broad streets are irrigated by pure mountain waters flowing swiftly down in open channels. Its great co-operative Store of Zion is a bazaar of trade worthy of any metropolis. There are also some large factories. One of the most imposing residences is the "Amelia Palace," built by President Young for one of his favorite wives.

ANECDOTES OF WAGNER.

At Baireuth last summer I saw Wagner a number of times, and, moreover, heard from the artists who took part in the *Parsifal* performances several characteristic anecdotes of the great composer.

In the evenings, after the rehearsals and representations of *Parsifal*, the singers usually met in a small room at the Hotel Sonne. One night Materna would dress a salad and Scaria brew a punch, and the next evening the roles would be exchanged, with equally gratifying results.

On coming from rehearsal one evening Materna related how Wagner, wishing to have a phrase sung in a particular manner, attempted to sing it for her himself. In the midst of the phrase his voice broke. Turning to Liszt, who stood by smiling, he said, "Excuse me, sir; I forgot to practice my *solfeggio* this evening."

Another time, after the second *Parsifal* performance, Scaria came from a reception at Wagner's house. He said an Englishman there had examined everything in the room with an opera-glass. When Wagner entered, the Englishman rushed up to him, and seizing him enthusiastically by the hand, exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Wagner, I am so glad to see you! I had such a good time hearing *Parsifal*!" "You should have seen Wagner," continued Scaria. "Hardly had he heard the words 'had a good time' when he turned, and rushed from the room, shrieking, as he threw up his hands in dismay, 'If you want to have a good time, go and hear something by Offenbach!'"

Another good anecdote was told of Wagner's experience as conductor of the London Philharmonic Society. This society had been joggling along its way of easy-going mediocrity, and Wagner's endeavors to infuse new life into it were received with great discontent. But he caused the greatest commotion when, at a rehearsal one day, he conducted a Beethoven symphony without a score. He had been familiar

with these symphonies for years, and could conduct any one of them by heart. But this was something unheard of to the London Philharmonic, and the protests came in so fast that Wagner apparently yielded. At the concert he appeared with a score-book under his arm, placed it on the desk, and while conducting turned over the leaves. After the performance one of the directors came up to him, and said: "Well, Herr Wagner, we were right after all. You must acknowledge yourself that the symphony went much better to-night." In reply, Wagner handed him the book from which he had conducted. It was the score of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*.

The first time I saw Wagner was at a dinner given to him by his artists and friends, in the large restaurant near the theatre. His personal appearance was very disappointing. He was short and slight, and very nervous in his actions. As he entered in a light spring overcoat and a beaver in his hand, he looked more like a little dandy than a great composer. A capacious brow was the only mark of genius; otherwise, he was insignificant-looking. I could not understand his influence over people, for as he mingled with the guests his remarks consisted mostly of eggregious puns and poor jokes. But when he began to reply to the first toast after dinner, I could comprehend his power. He seemed to grow in stature; every word, every gesture, was eloquent. His speech was in the main a eulogy of his artists.

"I am," he said, "under deep obligations to all who have contributed to the fund for the *Parsifal* performances, but I am under deeper obligations to my singers and musicians; for, after all, art is not created by money, but by artists."

That last sentence was surely worthy of the great man who all his life long had stood by what he believed to be the true and the beautiful in music.

GUSTAVE COBBÉ.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 31.

Mlle. LOUISE MICHEL has entered the ranks of dramatists. She has twins on hand, one is called *Le Cœur froid*, the other *Le Rouge*.

THE Marquis de Biron, the President of the Paris Jockey Club, died on Monday night at the advanced age of eighty. He was one of the pages of Louis XVIII.

A DUEL, arising out of a dispute about private matters, has recently taken place outside of St. Petersburg, between Count Bielozersky and Prince Dondoukoff-Korskoff, Governor of the Caucasus. Count Bielozersky was slightly wounded.

THERE is to be held in Paris this year, from the 1st to the 2nd of July, an Insect Exhibition organized by the Central Society of Agriculture and Insectology. There should certainly be one at Venice.

CANNES, in common with every other winter health resort, where pleasure is left out in the utter cold, is suffering from the "maiden blush" of rigours of Lent. This will pass away, away, after a short time, and become animated, as Easter, Holy Week alone causing the skid of religious propriety to be put on the fast-revolving wheels of semi-clandestine pleasures, dinners, concerts, *apris-midi*, lawn or rather tennis tournaments as they are called, being all the rage just now at Cannes.

It would seem almost impossible to vulgarize the duel more than it is, yet a way has been found of doing so. At a recent fencing bout in shirt-sleeves, and in the dirt, at Cateau, between a banker and what is called a clubman (for want of other passport to society), the cause of the duel—a lady—arrived on the battle-field, and witnessed the affray from her carriage. The first and second blood-letting did not disturb her equanimity; evidently she came to pick up the pieces.

A DAUGHTER of Napoleon I. and of a young lady of noble family whom Napoleon met at Cologne in 1811 has just died in that city. She was known as the Countess Falkenberg, and for the last thirty years of her life had been so poor that she was compelled to work as a dressmaker, and was buried at the expense of the parish. She lived in one small room, upon the "walls" of which were several portraits of the Bonaparte family, and just before her death she asked the woman who was nursing her to give her a packet of letters out of a drawer and had them burned. Napoleon had her educated in Italy, where she lived for many years, but having spent what little fortune she had she came back to Cologne about twenty years ago. A resident at Cologne who was acquainted with her circumstances sent a petition to the late Emperor Napoleon asking him to help her; but nothing was done, and the only pecuniary assistance she received of late was an allowance of thirty marks a month from a family living on the banks of the Rhine and related to Jérôme Bonaparte, King of Westphalia.

SOMNAMBULISTS have much to answer for, their little eccentricities often getting quite innocent people into trouble. They sometimes themselves are the sufferers, but, as they are the cause, the ground for complaint is dismissed when that is the case. One of the latest instances of the trouble they create occurred recently at Neuilly, where a lady of independent means was much exercised by the regular disappearance of her valuables. Jewels, lace, and other articles systematically were missed without the possibility of tracing them. At last the lady informed her son, who was an officer in the army, of what was going on, and he undertook to keep watch one night to try and solve the enigma. Accordingly he took up a position, where he could see without being observed, armed with a revolver, and bided the issue of events. After waiting three hours and nothing occurring he got tired of his job, and was about to go to bed, when he saw a figure stealing along the passage. Without waiting to see whether it was a thief or not he fired at it, but, although his shot was answered by a scream, it was found he had made a beautiful miss. Fortunately, indeed, was he in his indifferent aim, for the person turned out to be his mother, walking in her sleep and conveying a fresh instalment of her valuables to the same place of concealment, where all she had previously lost were discovered.

LITERARY.

DR. OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES is writing the life of Emerson for the "American Men of Letters" series.

MR. JOEL BENTON has written an enthusiastic and sympathetic essay upon "Emerson as a Poet."

SOMEONE has conceived the idea of forming a selection from the novels of "Ouida," to be called "Wisdom, Poetry and Pathos."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY is at work on an "Outline History of Ireland," which will go back to the earliest times and come down to the present decade.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S popularity is shown by the announcement of a complete edition of his poetical works in one volume, and also of a volume of selections from his prose writings.

MR. W. T. HIGGINSON who had engaged to write a life of Franklin for the "American Men of Letters" series, has felt obliged to postpone the writing of such a biography since the acquisition by the library of Congress of the Stevens collection of Franklin papers, which furnishes so much new material that it would be impossible to prepare an adequate life without a thorough study of these manuscripts. He has undertaken, instead, a biography of Margaret Fuller.

AT a breakfast given to the distinguished German actor, Herr Ludwig Barnay, in New York, recently, Mr. Harry Edwards urged that steps be taken to establish in New York a national dramatic library, and a committee was appointed to make a beginning. It consists of Mr. Edwards, Mr. J. Brander Matthews, Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. A. S. Sullivan and Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice. Before the gathering broke up, subscriptions were received to the amount of nearly one thousand dollars.

A MEMORIAL edition of the life and letters of Washington Irving, by Pierre M. Irving, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the intent of it being especially to celebrate the centenary anniversary of the birth of Irving. The memorial edition will be an exceptionally elegant piece of book-making. In addition to five portraits of Irving at different ages, it will include forty portraits on steel of distinguished people referred to in the narrative, as well as numerous illustrations upon steel and wood. The edition will be very limited, and issued to subscribers alone.

THE publishing firm of Glazounoff has purchased for twenty-six thousand roubles the right to issue a new edition of Mr. Turgeneff's works, to be brought out under the supervision of M. M. Stassyonovich. Mr. Turgeneff has again been suffering severely, according to reports from France. We see it noted also in the foreign mails that Mr. Sidney Jerrold has translated from the Russian two of Mr. Turgeneff's tales, entitled "First Love" and "Pinin and Baburin." The translation, which is made with the author's sanction, will be published shortly, with a biographical and critical essay.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LEVY, the cornetist, has been engaged for the Masonerchor Garden, Philadelphia, for next summer. He will come from Philadelphia Sunday mornings in time to play at the Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, Sunday concerts.

A. M. PALMER has secured for the opening piece at the Union Square, the American right of "Storm Beaten," a new play in a prologue and five acts, by Mr. Albert Buchanan, founded on his novel, "God and Man." It made an instantaneous success at the London Adelphi on the 14th ult. The scenery is said to be elaborate and some of the effects startling.

MR. PRATT, the distinguished physician, performed his opera of "Zenobia" for the first time on any stage, in Chicago, last week. It has been pronounced a great work by musicians abroad. Parts of the opera were played by an orchestra with great success last spring in London. Miss Nilsson considers the character of "Zenobia" beautiful, and expressed a wish to appear in it on some future occasion. Mr. Pratt engaged Miss Lillian Russell to appear in the opera, but her late illness prevented her from taking part.