

Cigale," revised by the composer, and set to a new translation of the libretto by F. C. Burnand. Special prominence is to be given to the tenor role.

BERNHARDT may be in this country next winter, and she may not. If she comes, she will play in "Cleopatra," and it is not yet known whether "Joan" will be in her repertoire. Miss Mather will make it the one great feature of her season. If she succeeds, other actresses will undoubtedly play other versions of the legendary history of the "Maid of Orleans;" yet few can invest it with greater grace than did Mrs. Rousby, whose performances some years ago cannot be wholly forgotten by the veteran theatre-goer.

THERE is much talk in London musical circles over the success of the revival at Covent Garden of Meyerbeer's "Prophète." Jean de Reske as "Jean de Leyden," and Mlle. Richard as "Fides" divided the honours. In England the principal personators of the great part of "Jean" were hitherto Mario, Gunz and Tamberlik. In this country the opera has been done in superb style, but no one ever surpassed La Grange in her noble personation of "Fides." Mlle. Brandt was another grand representative of one of the greatest roles in the whole range of opera.

MADAME PATTI'S reappearance in concert at Albert Hall, London, abundantly confuted the stories that she had lost her voice. She sang with all her charm, and the vast crowd, as usual, would have the old songs again. As an evidence of Patti's hold upon the masses, it is recorded that three thousand persons paid for admission to the gallery, at two shillings each, and within the area of half guinea seats there was not one unsold. This is why Patti sings "Home, Sweet Home" and the other chestnuts. She sings for the people who pay their money, not for the deadheads who criticise her.

PATTI, if she should revisit America next year, will only sing in concert, as she found her last opera tour very fatiguing. She sang lately at Albert Hall, London, the "Scène et Légende" from "Lakmé," "Oh luce di quest' anima," "The Banks of Allan Water," and the two inevitable encores, "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Home, Sweet Home." Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Patey, Mrs. Henschel, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Durward Lely, and Mr. Henschel were the other vocalists. The Lotus Glee Club and two violinists (Miss Marianne Eissler and M. Johannes Wolff) also took part, with Herr Emil Bach as pianist and Mr. Ganz as conductor.

EVERYWHERE on his American tour Herr Eduard Strauss is scoring great triumphs. At Chicago his first concert captured the public. This is not surprising. The dances commonly written for the ball-room are ephemeral, but these Strauss waltzes are spiritual, sparkling and delightful. They are dances not merely for the feet but for the head. Eduard Strauss seems a part of his music. His nerves tremble to it, and his whole body is cradled by it. Strauss will be at the Pavilion Sept. 17 and 18; three concerts. The prices for evening concerts are \$2. and \$3.; for the afternoon, \$2. and \$1.50. Subscribers lists are at Messrs. Nordheimer's and I. Suckling and Sons.

THERE is in London a Society of Arts with an Examiner in Music. This official says the replies of candidates to questions set on the examination papers are very curious. For instance, the answer to the question, "Who was Rossini? What influence did he exercise over the art of music in his time?" brought to light much curious and interesting intelligence. His nationality was various. "He was a German by birth, but was born at Pesaro in Italy;" "he was born in 1670 and died in 1826;" "he was a Frenchman, a noted writer of the French, the place of nativity was Pizarro in Genoa;" "he was an Italian, and made people feel drunk with the richness of his melody;" "he composed "Oberon," "Don Giovanni," "Der Freischütz," and "Stabat Mater.""

MINNIE HAUKE, who has not been heard in New York for the last four years, has accepted an offer from the committee of the Metropolitan Opera House to sing in a number of performances here next March, probably including "Carmen," "Kate" in "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Mrs. Ford" in "The Merry Wives," all three intimately associated with her name. Indeed, she is considered the best exponent of these characters all over Germany and England. She has been singing the parts last spring at Leipzig, Berlin, Dresden, Cologne, Bremen, and other German cities, with her accustomed success, and it is partly on account of this acknowledged excellence that her services were secured for these operas. Minnie Hauke, although American by birth, has made her career principally at the Court theatres of Berlin and Vienna, and is, therefore, probably the best fitted for the New York German opera.

A LITERARY curiosity of especial interest to musicians arrived recently by the *La Normandie* of the French line, it being the original manuscript of the oratorio of "Jeanne d'Arc," including 100 singing and 125 orchestral parts, all done in the handwriting of the famous Gounod. This manuscript was consigned to Mr. D. C. Willoughby, manager of Margaret Mather, and is to be used by Miss Mather in her production of "Jeanne d'Arc" at Palmer's early in September. The music was originally intended as an oratorio, being dedicated to the anniversary of the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims three years ago, upon which occasion it was executed at the cathedral at Rheims by a chorus of six hundred voices and an orchestra of one hundred pieces. Miss Mather's representative states that Mr. Gounod has been approached with a proposition to open his American tour by conducting the

work as it will be presented September 1st by Miss Mather and her company.

PROBABLY not one in a thousand of Helena Modjeska's admirers know how she spends her holidays. But I hope it will not interfere with the general esteem in which she is held if I divulge the fact that during her vacation our famous Ophelia is alternately a *modiste* and a photographer. Instead of hunting, as she might well do in the woods that surround her California ranch, or playing tennis, or counting cribbage with the count, Portia studies developers, and Rosalind has deserted Arden for the dark room. Mme. Modjeska is as much of an expert in the art of Daguerre as she is in that of Thespis. She is versed in blue prints, black prints, and bromides; she can manipulate a kodak, a front focus, a detective, a reversible back, or a patent duplex with equal facility. Modjeska's other diversion is dressmaking. She spends a great part of the summer season in designing costumes for the winter. Underneath a capacious awning in the back yard of her house she has a dressmaking establishment consisting of two sewing machines, a couple of seamstresses, a dressmaker's dummy, a work-table, an artist's easel and a camera. The latter appurtenances are directed by the fair and gifted ranch-holder herself. Mme. Modjeska first designs the costumes she wishes to wear in any particular character, and after her sewing woman has carried out her ideas in silks and satins and taffetas, she photographs the gowns on the lay-figure. This manikin, or as I might with more propriety say, womanikin, is built on the exact lines and measurements of Modjeska's figure, and by taking a picture of it she can gain a complete idea as to how her gowns are going to look at a subsequent period on the stage. Mme. Modjeska, however, intends her camera for a higher use than as an aid to artistic costuming. Her prentice hand is rapidly growing adept in all features of photography during her summer vacation at the ranch in California. This knowledge she intends to utilize while at her former home in Poland next year. As is well-known, Helena Modjeska is an enthusiastic and patriotic Pole. Poland esteems Russia about as much as Ireland reverences England, and Mme. Modjeska means to utilize her leisure and her camera in making an extended series of views in order to explain some papers she desires to write on the oppression of the serfs for our magazines. She has already tried the merit of her pen in the *Cosmopolitan*, and, although I cannot state it for a fact, I should not be surprised if a portion of the time spent in Poland by Mme. Modjeska next year were in execution of a commission from Mr. Brisben Walker to out-Kennan Kennan.—*The Theatre.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IN DARKEST AFRICA; or, the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria. By Henry M. Stanley. Two volumes. New York: Scribners; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company, George R. Lancelfield, General Agent.

The motto which this "man of action" has inscribed upon the title page of his book might fairly be taken to indicate that he does not intend to remain idle, nor to let others finish what he has so magnificently begun, viz., the exploration of the "Darkest Africa." When one looks through the two handsome volumes in which the records of well nigh the greatest exploring feat of the age are enshrined, the temptation to make extracts here, there, and everywhere has to be steadily resisted. The volumes are rich in maps and illustrations from the original drawings, of the making of which we were told but recently in *Scribners*, by Mr. Marston, Stanley's firm friend and publisher. The story is throughout indelibly stamped with the character of the writer. Curt and vigorous, picturesque and impressive, the style might be summed up in three words—*Facta, non verba*—and as action is the chiefest interest of any such book, it goes without saying that the interest never flags. How could it? A masterful man, Stanley compels his readers as he swayed his men, and neither regret it. By no means the least interesting is the story of the composition of the book (*vide* Mr. Marston in *Scribners*). The way in which Stanley concentrated his great powers on its production was but another token of the man's character, unrelaxing while work remained to be done. The real interest of the book begins when the known part of the Congo has been traversed and the junction of the Congo and Aruwhimi is reached near Yambuya and the explorers plunge at once into that awful forest, literally "the darkest Africa," where the daily track was "through a wilderness of creeks, mud, thick scumfaced quagmires, green with duckweed, into which we sank knee deep, and the stench was most sickening. . . . The rain was cold and every drop as large as a dollar." Here is Stanley's description of two or three of his officers: "During these days Jephson exhibited a marvellous vigour. He was in many things an exact duplicate of myself in my younger days. He is sanguine, confident, and loves hard work. A sybarite in civilization but a labourer in Africa. These young men, Stairs, Nelson, and Parke, are very much the same. Nelson is the military officer, alert, intelligent who grasps an idea and realises it to perfection. Nelson is like a Roman centurion, because he executes the will of his chief, not staying to ask the reason why; Parke, noble soul, tender and devoted, patient, sweet and brave, always enduring and diffusing comfort as he moves." Having such material, Stanley was fortunate. Now they encounter poisoned arrows.

"One man named Khalfan had been wounded in the windpipe by a poisoned arrow. It was a mere puncture and Dr. Parke attended him with care, but it had a fatal ending a few days after. Lieutenant Stairs soon after received a wound in the left breast from an arrow, smeared over with a copal coloured substance." The power of the native bows is such that Stanley was able to drive an arrow clean over the top of a high tree two hundred yards distant. At Ugarrorowa's Station the first specimen of the tribe of dwarfs is seen.

"She measured thirty-three inches in height and was a perfectly formed young woman of seventeen, of a glistening sleekness of body. Her figure was that of a miniature coloured lady, not wanting in grace, and her face was very prepossessing. Her complexion was of the colour of ivory; her eyes magnificent, large as those of a young gazelle. Absolutely nude, the little lady was quite self-possessed, and enjoyed inspection."

Food was now terribly scarce and the labour tremendous. The people were so reduced by hunger that over a third could do no more than crawl, Stanley himself lived on two bananas a day and dysentery and ulcers were making havoc among the men. Just here occurs the famous episode of Stanley's little dog Randy and the guinea fowl, which has been quoted so much, and also the somewhat moving incident of the prickly pears. But at last the Manyema were found and at Ipoto the first stage of the terrible journey was past.

From the attacks of wild animals the explorers were nearly free, the tumult of the camp scaring them into the recesses of the forest, and though the land was full of deadly snakes, they seem not to have been more troublesome than in India; but a more annoying enemy never fled. Africa is the paradise of venomous insects. Among them—

"We may mention the 'jigger,' which deposited its eggs under the toenails of the most active men, but which attacked the body of a 'goe-goe' and made him a mass of living corruption; the little beetle that dived underneath the skin and pricked one as with a needle; the mellipona bee, that troubled the eyes, and made one almost frantic some days; the small and large ticks that insidiously sucked one's small store of blood; the wasps, which stung one into a raging fever if some careless idiot touched the tree, or shouted near their haunts; the wild honey-bees, which one day scattered two canoe crews, and punished them so that we had to send a detachment of men to rescue them; the tiger-slug, that dropped from the branches and left his poisonous fur in the pores of the body until one raved from the pain; the red ants, that invaded the camp by night and disturbed our sleep, and attacked the caravan half-a-score of times on the march, and made the men run faster than if pursued by so many pigmies; the black ants, which infested the trumpet tree, and dropped on us when passing underneath, and gave us all a foretaste of the Inferno; the small ants that invaded every particle of food, which required great care lest we might swallow half-a-dozen inadvertently, and have the stomach membranes perforated or blistered—small as they were, they were the most troublesome, for in every tunnel made through the bush thousands of them housed themselves upon us, and so bit and stung us that I have seen the pioneer covered with blisters as from nettles; and, of course, there were our old friends the mosquitos in numbers in the greater clearings."

All Africa seemed hostile. Every tribe approached, even the very pygmies, became for no reason, or from fear for their food, tribes of assailants eager to kill, if it were only the feeblest straggler. A single sentence, dropped by Mr. Stanley almost casually in the second volume, tells more of their general temper than pages of description would do. On one occasion small pox had broken out in the camp, "and many a victim had already been tossed into the river weighted with rocks. For this was also a strange necessity we had to resort to, to avoid subsequent exhumation by the natives whom we discovered to be following our tracks for the purpose of feeding on the dead."

It is impossible to do more than roughly sketch the wonderful journey. To even touch the crowded detail would occupy more time and space than we can give. The reader will find that all the reviews of the book, and their name is legion, have but skimmed the surface. He must follow for himself the awful journey up the Aruwhimi and Ituri, in danger from rapids, reptiles, poisoned spikes in the grass, venomous arrows, cannibal tribes, rogue elephants, having to make blood covenant with friendly chiefs, contending against desertion, theft, mutiny, death; storm beaten and fever-burnt, hungry and thirsty, he will feel how their souls must have fainted within them. Surveying the two volumes the story is found naturally enough to divide itself into two parts, the journey to Albert Nyanza, where Emin is found and the return to Zanzibar. Of poor Barttelot's fate, the true history will probably never be known. Mr. Stanley himself does not explain, except by supposing that he "lost his head," and that is, in Central Africa, suicidal. We have not touched on Stanley's marvellous encouragement so frankly acknowledged by him (how like Gordon he is occasionally!), drawn from the book of Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage," nor on a multitude of other points of interest. Topographically there is no question of the immense value of the maps and records; the results to science are not so abundant. But it would be marvellous if we had everything. If the great explorer has not benefited actual science so greatly as he might, he has at least opened up