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THE CITY OF ROSES.

OUR "BACKWOODS BELLE" WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS.

What She Finds Beautiful and Amusing—The Wonderful Coloring of the Street Cars.

[Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION.]

Beautiful Santa Rosa! Show me the guilty wretch who could sojourn for weeks and moons in its classic shades and not be wildly enthused with its manifold charms. It must be some chronic, whose liver and lungs are not built to affiliate with any climate under the shining sun. It is a huge garden, where the air hangs sweet and heavy with the breath of flowers. On approaching it, the frowns and wrinkles imprinted by the wooing of the harsh dry winds of less favored sections are smoothed away from the weary traveler's countenance, and one wonders why people can live anywhere else, when real estate in Eden is on the market.

When you anchor your bark and your worldly plunder in this port, my Christian friend, exert yourself towards getting wharfage on MacDonald avenue. A home on the avenue is like the button on the summit of a Chinaman's cap—it denotes rank. You may occupy a ducal palace on Tin Can alley or Rue Defunct Feline, but to be thoroughly appreciated, you must move your goat and tomato vines up on Quality row. This is a broad street, that is ornamented with elegant homes; but they are not yet evened up correctly. Time and real estate agents will erase the blots on the landscape by having the row of handsome fronts unbroken. Across the street from a palatial mansion stretches a five-board fence, innocent even of the plebian whitewash, and glancing along these you read at a forty-rod glance, "Smith's Bile Beans," and many kindred legends quite as pleasing to the literary appetite.

Off and away, a field of dusty weeds leads to a patch of tall corn where the winds lash and thrash among the stiff leaves and scatter them to the earth. Poets have written whole crates of odes on the "rustling corn" and "the garnered sheaves," but a corn patch is a corn patch, after all. A group of mouse-colored Jersey cows rest their wet noses on a bar of the fence and gaze out wistfully into freedom with soft, deep eyes. Adjoining a delightful home rests an expanse of the homely fruit that is never so picturesque nor eloquent as when made into the genial pie—the pumpkins, with their horny yellow hides exposed to the sun and fog. The corn has been cut away and the pumpkins, like Maude Muller on a summer's day, "are left in the field alone"—scrambling around over the cloddy ground, rank and green, and here and there a huge yellow blossom gleams out with the audacity which a pumpkin alone can display.

There are people in the world who, when taken out of their own atmosphere of the very ordinary and placed among the quality, remind us all of a pumpkin blossom in a bouquet of exotics. How ardent must have been the youth in his first encounter with the tender passion, to have waded around knee-deep in the clods and dewy vines, and sitting on a yellow squash twanged his guitar and threw his voice with his soul in it at his lady's casement. And when she wound up an alarm clock and set it in the window in response, instead of her heart throbs, how he must have wished he was with home and mother!

The streets in this city are not built on the conventional cast-iron plan that so many towns have adopted. They go zigzagging happily around, like forked lightning. A street will come staggering into the main broad thoroughfare, and if there happens to be a little patch of ground left over by the street's capricious turn of mind, it is fenced, and made a thing of beauty. People took time to build their houses, and as a consequence there is an enjoyable scarcity of the stiff, military goods-boxes that are unhomelike and homely. The varied and jaunty architecture is in keeping with the queer style in which the streets run. Fancy has been given loose rein, and dreams of fairy land have materialized. Flowers! flowers! they will some day smother the city with their clinging arms and sweet, heavy breath. Nowhere could there be a greater profusion and with such brilliant jackets. The fogs that some see fit to fling vile epithets at, are even freighted with the incense from the flower-cups, and when the sun gains admittance through the gray bank it comes in a glorious bright flood, quite unannounced but very welcome.

In some parts of the city it seems quite the fad to have corn and beans, and other toothsome citrus fruits in the front yards. Pale, sweet roses, dreamy-eyed marguerites and honey-laden tuberoses dance in the same set with the self-assertive onion and the blooded dead beat.

And still the wonder grew
That one small mule could carry all he drew.
—*After Goldsmith.*

Santa Rosa has two street-car lines. One trundles down towards the cemetery, and the other vacillates between the baseball grounds and the heart of the city. Can you imagine a Market-street car halting in front of a grocery and waiting, like "Patience on a monument smiling at grief," while a passenger swapped half a sack of dried peaches for three bars of soap, asked the price of chickens, eggs and butter, asked after the groceryman's health and that of his family for three generations back, gave the health bulletins of her family in exchange, told him she "gethered her eggs twist a day" and that she thought it might rain next winter? Can you? Well, they do it, and that is one victory the country tallies over the great, big, fast city. When winter drew on his overcoat and declared war there were measures taken for the protection of the public from the bleak, cold air, and, to speak for one of the public, I would rather pay my big buck nickel and walk. The protective measure was a closed car; and such a car, my countrymen. The colors were abrupt; they fought, they grated, they rasped; they would cause even an esthete to

Curl up his nose and his toes to the roots of the the daisies. —*After Oscar.*

The upper part of the shebang drooped over the lower section disconsolately, and the colors would stop a train. One half is a sky blue and the other half sky red. They are as raw as a March wind, and cause a billious flush to rest on the fair city when they pass. The windows rest like soiled spectacles on the bridge of the critter's nose. Rain and dust and grimy fingers had decorated lavishly with a recklessness that was depressing to the eye. And the duty of manipulating the monstrosity devolved on one poor little yellow mule. His drooping ears and lifeless tail, his dejected pigeon-toed trot and sorrowing glance, all told too plainly the tumble his pride had taken. Sometimes his muleship would wreak vengeance by yanking the contraption off the track, and would stand meek as Moses while a crowd of three men and a boy collected and lifted it on the shining rail again, the passengers meanwhile munching peanuts. He has done this as often as three times in one block, and standing off and taking a bird's-eye view of his *bete noir* that was chained to him for the rest of his natural life, would sigh and sigh. Poor mule!

The hop-fields in the vicinity of Santa Rosa are well worth a visit. If you had a crop of hops this year you have a young fortune in your clutch. A goodly yield of this commodity augurs of all the joys that come with the possesion of the yellow coin. From cold facts to warm enthusiasm, a field of hops is one of the most beautiful sights to be seen anywhere—a waste of the green, undulating ocean where the waves became suddenly petrified. While you watch, it seems that the whole must start in motion and the white caps come madly chasing each other in—

A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud.
—*Hood* (not the author of the sarsaparilla).

Writhing and twisting like slender, green snakes, locked together in a tight embrace, climbing towards heaven until there is no longer a support, and then falling and swaying, rocked by every motion of the air. The poles are tall, green pillars, and, festooned on ropes and wires, the fluffy green bunches run riot.

In the drying-house the process is not complicated, but the huge quantities of the fragant things, when one has never seen more than perhaps what could be crammed into a bottle of frothy Buffalo, is quite surprising. The hungry mouths of the furnaces swallow wood like a tramp does pie. Would you believe it, they sulphur even the plebian hop to give it the right complexion. A pan flickers and flares with a lurid, impish light that belongs to the sulphurous regions alone. It creeps into the lungs like a thief in the night, and must necessarily wage war on the microbes that spawn and hatch in the interior of man. Let us not be disillusioned anyway. Since the modern Egyptian Queen has been using burnt cork and gum shellac in order to cater to the taste of the public, it is quite probable the hop-bleaching will be abandoned, as well as the bottles of blondina from the toilette tables. The air is full of hops. The bales that are taken through the streets throw out waves of pungent odors, very agreeable, unless one has a MacAllister nostril. A dismantled field looks like an ocean after a shipwreck—its glory takes wings with the arrival of the swarm of busy-fingered pickers. A. R. L.

THE REALM OF ART.

The sale of Richard Mansfield's collection of antiques brought $20,000.

Benjamin Constant, the famous French painter, has arrived in New York on his second visit. He has several orders that will busy him in New York and Boston some months.

A. Bruce Joy, the well-known Irish sculptor, is making a short visit in the United States, and is now in New York City. His statue of Bishop Berkeley in Cloyne Cathedral, as well as his statues of Lord Frederick Cavendish, John Bright, Mr. Gladstone and many other eminent men, have given him a high place among the sculptors of Europe.

Josef Israels, the brothers Maris, and Anton Mauve form the greatest group of the school of modern Holland, and all the other artists in that country are more or less influenced by them, and of these, Israels at present is my theme. Josef Israels, who still lives at The Hague, where he is greatly esteemed, is a member of that family whose banished inheritance is found in every country, and he is one of the few instances of a Jew who has obtained the highest distinction in the pictorial arts. Josef Israels was born in Groningen on the 27th of January, 1827, and for nearly the whole of the past fifty years he has been living and painting in Holland. Groningen is an interesting city in the far north of Holland, where all the sternness of the Dutch character finds full play. My own liveliest recollection of it, during a visit about eight years ago, is the immense crowd of men who attended service in the old cathedral. I remember rising early so as to have a good view of the building before what we would call, in this country, ordinary hours. But on reaching the cathedral by 7 in the morning I found it already crowded up to the door, and nearly the whole congregation, which must have been large, consisted of men and boys. Possibly it was some church festival, but I rather think it was a usual circumstance in that old-fashioned city. Even though trained in another religion Israels must have realized the more serious aspects of life when brought up among these staid and strict Dutch burghers, the descendants of the men who rallied round William the Silent to fight for civil and religious liberty. Israels' early history has been told by different writers, but the best authority is a recent work—"Josef Israels. L'homme et l'artiste," published by J. Schalekamp, Amsterdam, 1889-90, with etchings and other illustrations.—*The Magazine of Art.*

In a simple home in Paris, some fifty years ago, lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons. His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family, for they had four little mouths beside their own to feed. They were August, and Isadore, and Juliette, and, lastly, the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa. Her mother, tired with hard work, died when Rosa was about eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa didn't like to be shut up in a school-room, and spent most of the time playing in the woods, gathering daisies and marigolds. So her father thought if she did not love school she must learn something useful, and tried to have her taught sewing, but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing-school that she had to be taken away. Finally, she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio, copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly awoke to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing. At this she studied and worked with all her might. One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat. She found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only. She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter-pens of Paris, and sat on a bundle of hay with her colors about her, drawing and painting, while the butchers gathered around to look at her pictures. At home—where the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house Rosa made a little flower garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting it graze on the grass outside, would bring it back to its garden home on the roof. At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two pictures to the fine art exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and encouraged her to keep on painting. At twenty-seven her picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English Government. Her own Government presented her with a silver vase. Her father shared the success of his daughter. He was at once made the Director of the Government School of Design for Girls. Orders for work now poured in upon her, more than she could do. Four years later, after long months of study, she painted "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold first to an Englishman for $8,000, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart of New York for his famous collection. One day, after she had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the Empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck, and kissed her. After a short call, the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that, as the Empress had given the kiss, she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the cross of the Legion of Honor. This was the highest honor that the Empress could bestow.—*Home and School Visitor.*

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

PESTILENTIAL MARSHES SURROUNDING THE ETERNAL CITY.

Splendid Towns Existed and Millions of People Lived There Before the Christian Era.

What is known as the Roman Campagna is the country directly surrounding the Eternal City. The Campagna is especially noted for having an atmosphere so malarious that all living there are seriously affected, and only the strongest can stand it for any length of time. The extent of the section is from seventy to ninety miles, with an area of about 1,400 square miles. At one time it was an exceedingly rich and populous territory, but now it is nearly destitute of inhabitants. The decay began in the third century, B. C., when the vast plain was monopolized by Roman aristocrats, and agricultural pursuits abolished. The condition did not improve under the early Emperors, and history tells of part of the plain becoming pestilential marshes, as they remain to this day. The accounts tell to considerable length of what Claudius, Nerva and Trajan did in attempts to improve the condition, but nothing permanent was effected, the Campagna's desolation being made complete by the inroads of the barbarian hordes after the fall of the empire. In the Middle Ages the baronial castles of the Orsini, the Colonna, the Savelli, the Conti and the Cætani gave new life to this doomed region, but it was only for a time.

Being of distinctly volcanic formation, the surface of the Campagna is marked by gentle undulations, furrowed by little hills and low ground—"a humpy soil," as Montaigne calls it, "whose cavities are filled with fresh water." They were once limpid lakes, but now they have become unhealthy pools, producing an *aria cattiva*, an injurious atmosphere, to the influence of which the learned Brocchi attributes the "gloomy, violent and terrible temper of those who carry in their veins the germs of the fever of the Maremma." In this respect the same influence is supposed by some persons to be exerted upon all animals alike, for the buffaloes and oxen, with formidable horns, which wander about the Roman Campagna, are as savage as the herdsmen who tend them, and it is dangerous for strangers to venture within their reach.

In ancient times Italy was, and still is, the country of vast pastures, and the Roman Campagna to this day has its fierce shepherds whose sports Virgil has described. Their great festival, the *Palilia*, was celebrated on the day of the foundation of Rome, April 21st, and the royal hill of Romulus bore the name of their divinity (Palatine, from *pales*, a word itself derived from the root *pa*, which formed the verbs signifying "to pasture," in Greek, Latin and French). Rumina, the foster mother, watched over the sucking of young cattle; hence the name of the Ruminal fig-tree, beneath the shade of which the wolf had suckled the twins. Rubigo preserved the wheat from mildew; Vertumnus and Pomona caused the fruit to ripen in the orchard. Feronia appears less prodigal of useful favors, yet she was held in so great honor that Hannibal found a rich treasure to carry off from her temple at the foot of Mount Soracte. A coin bearing her image was struck, in the time of Augustus, by the monetary tribune, Petronious Turpilians, who did not bestow much beauty upon his goddess Feronia. But it is recorded that Roman artists, even at the time when they were under the influence of Greek art, did not seek their goddesses in the celestial regions, but preferred to take them from the Roman Campagna. The Minerva of the magnificent chest of Præneste, known as the Ficorini, has the appearance of a *Contadina*.

From the legendary times when Latinus, Æneas and the rest of Virgil's heroes are supposed to have occupied the great plain of Latium, down to the final settlement of the region by its subjection to Rome, in 338 B. C., the Roman Campagna was peopled by communities living in towns. Latium on the one side and Etruria on the other contained confederacies of independent cities, with one or the other of which the Romans were continually at war, but they one by one gave way before the relentless power of the conqueror, until finally the character of the population of the Campagna underwent a complete change. In the second period of its history the towns were gradually reduced to mere villages, the small farms disappeared and gave place to the immense estates of rich proprietors, which were cultivated by hordes of slaves. This was the condition of the Campagna in the time of Cicero. The great villas, the ruins of which may be seen on all sides in the vicinity of Rome, were then constructed, and were the scenes of luxury and pleasure. So also were the colossal aqueducts, the ruined arches of which catch the eye of the traveler as the train from Civita Vecchia approaches the Eternal City today. These aqueducts served not merely to supply the capital with water, but to irrigate the farms and country seats along the Campagna. During the later republic and early empire there seems to have been a constant tendency to reduce the amount of arable land and to increase the extent of pasturage. This change affected the salubrity of the surrounding country, and Rome became more dependent than ever upon foreign countries for her agricultural supplies.

The third and last phase of the Roman Campagna is the most melancholy. The magnificent acqueducts were more or less injured by the Goths at the siege of Rome under Vitiges, in A. D. 537, and the luxurious country seats of the Roman nobles and princes must have been devastated by the successive incursions upon the Roman territories during the fifth and sixth centuries, in which the Lombards played a conspicuous part. Agriculture was no longer encouraged, and the few villages and country houses that remained soon became uninhabitable during the greater part of the year because of the malarious exhalations arising from the uncultivated soil, and of the lawless bands of ruffian marauders who infested the country. Indeed, after the year 338 B. C., the Campagna lost all historical interest. Its history belongs almost entirely to the early times of the Roman Republic.

What is regarded as an astonishing fact is that from the early times of Rome down to the glorious Augustan age, the very sections of the Campagna where human beings now dread to spend a single night for fear of the deadly atmosphere, were then inhabited by a numerous population. In the second century of the City of Rome the population was estimated at 80,000, which would give 190 souls to the square mile of territory, and the population increased from that time at a very rapid rate, until in the sixth century of Rome it amounted to 1,400,000. Under the first Emperors the whole number of Roman citizens, including those in the provinces, was 4,063,000. This would seem to indicate that the population of Rome and the Campagna was from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 in imperial times.

Where Veil, Fidenæ and Gabii, the rivals and equals of ancient Rome, once stood there is nothing now but a few cattle-sheds and their poverty-stricken herdsmen. Ardea, Laurentum, Lavinium and Ostia once enlivened the coast with their numerous population, but the Ostia of today is a paltry village. Ardea can boast of but sixty inhabitants, while the sites of Laurentum and Lavinium are now marked by single towers. And yet, time was when these pestilential regions were sought by the Roman nobility in numbers equal to those now found at the most popular summer resorts of the world. Pliny the younger describes these magnificent villas and towns placed at intervals along the beach, and even boasted of the salubrity and convenience of his own.

The drainage of the Pontine marshes has been undertaken from time to time with varied success. As early as 160 B. C. they were dried up, but only for a time. It was resumed with partial success by canals during the pontificates of Boniface VIII., Martin V., Sixtus V. and Pius VI. In 1480 a law was enacted by Sixtus IV., severely punishing "any lay or clerical proprietor, baron, bishop or cardinal who forbade his tenants to sow the land and kept it under pasture." But the most beneficent improvements were effected under the orders of Popes Pius VI. and Pius VII., who endeavored, by law, to compel the cultivation of a large extent of land in the Campagna. This operated a manifest check on the fever, and the health of the entire neighborhood was improved. The planting of the eucalyptus tree has also had a beneficial effect in certain quarters. A splendid monastery at the Tre Fontane, deserted for many years, was bestowed by Pope Pius IX. upon a community of French Trappists in 1867. At first they only ventured to visit their new possession during certain hours of the day. One of the monks proposed planting eucalyptus trees around it. This was done, and in the course of time the monastery became habitable.

The tourist of modern times visiting the vicinity from June to October will find it deserted by all who are able to remove to the hills. No villages or cottages are now to be seen; but here and there, at long intervals, a dismal-looking *casale*, or farm-house, or, rather, a cattle ranch. As there is no fixed population in these plains, laborers are engaged during the farming season from the highlands of the Apennines, where a scanty soil, though under a healthy climate, does not furnish sufficient occupation for the native peasantry. These soon fall victims to the fell disease, and by the end of the harvest season scarce half the original number remains. These return to the mountains. Some die on the road, and others reach home, exhausted with illness and fatigue, to return, if they live, to go through the same ordeal next year.

The only stationary population in the Maremma consists of buffalo keepers. These are always mounted and armed with a lance, with which they keep in subjection the wild cows and fierce bulls which roam about this region. These keepers lead a life of freedom and comparative independence like the Arab of the desert. They are paid yearly wages, and they manage, besides, to raise cattle of their own, which are allowed to feed with the rest. During the heats of summer they retire to the shady forests which line the seeshore, and where the air is not unwholesome as in the open plains. The buffalo of the Campagna, originally from Southern Asia and Northern Africa, was introduced into Italy toward the close of the sixth century. It is an invaluable beast of burden in the marshy districts, where the great breadth of its feet—somewhat resembling in this respect those of the reindeer—gives it a decided advantage over horses. It grazes in herds in the Pontine Marshes, and will lie for hours immersed in water, with nothing but its head above the surface, and often enveloping itself in mud, as a protection against insects. The Roman ox, too, is a beautiful specimen—large and well-proportioned, always of a mouse-color—and with magnificent horns, white, with dark bases and tips, starting from the brow and winding in a most perfect uniformity with a graceful and really majestic spread to sometimes three feet apart at the points.

Akin to the peasants who come down from the mountains in the planting and harvest season to earn a few *lire* on the farms of the Campagna are the *Pifferari*, or pipers, who may be seen playing, singly or in groups, upon a sort of clarionet, very much after the fashion of the little German bands that have become so numerous in our large cities. Their garb, so tattered and worn, has a brigand air about it which never fails to attract attention and secure a few *soldi* for the performers.

Eph Got the Chickens.

"You Northern folks don't begin to know the Southern nigger as he is," observed the Colonel as he lighted a fresh cigar and leaned back in his chair.

"No?"

"They are not vicious, but they are without moral obligation. Confound him; he's a thief from head to heel; I never saw an honest nigger yet."

"That's very sweeping, Colonel."

"But it's truth. I'll defy you to find me an honest nigger in all Georgia."

"I should say that gray-haired darky over on the cotton bales could be trusted to watch a gold mine."

"You would, eh? Heah, boy, come heah!"

"What's wanted, Kurnel Peabody?" asked the old man, as he came over with his hat in this hand.

"Say, Eph, I want you to do me a little favor this evening."

"Sartin."

"I'll pay you for doing it."

"Bress you soul, sah."

"I want you to steal me a couple of young chickens and bring 'em to the store at 7 o'clock."

"Steal 'em for suah?"

"Yes. I'll give you a dollar."

"All right, Mars Peabody, I'll hev 'em dere by seben o'clock if I'm alive."

"What do you think of the nigger now?" asked the Colonel, as the old man moved away.

"I'm astonished."

"Well, you be on hand at 7 o'clock to see the chickens. He'll have 'em here."

So he did. He came to the back door of the store with a couple of pullets in a bag, and as he handed them over he said:

"Ize got 'em fur you, Kurnel, an' dey is as fat as butter. Don't reckon you'll nebber say nuffin' bout it, eh?"

"Not a word, Eph. Here's your dollar."

I had no argument to make that evening. There were the nigger, the chickens, and the dollar. What could I say? Next morning I went down to the Colonel's office, and I had hardly stepped inside when he called out:

"What do you think of the nigger now?"

"Anything new happened?"

"I should say so! Where do you think old Eph stole those chickens?"

"I have no idea."

"But I have. The infernal rascal stole 'em from my own coop, and three or four more with 'em!"—*New York Sun.*

A Landlord Who Squealed.

A Detroit drummer who was stopping at a hotel in an Ohio town found fault with the coffee, and the landlord said to him, in the presence of three or four other guests:

"You Michigan people drink so much root coffee that you can't tell the real stuff when you see it."

"What do you call it?" asked the drummer.

"O. G. Java, sir, and the very best."

"I'll bet you $25 it isn't."

"Done!"

"I am a chemist, and have part of my outfit with me. Get me a sample of that coffee and I'll tell you what it is."

He went to his room as a bluff, and in about five minutes the landlord came up and put a five dollar bill into his hand and said:

"Take this and call the bet off."

"But I want to anal——"

"Analyze be hanged! It's Rio, and second-class at that, but I don't want to be given away. I've bluffed over forty drummers in the last year, and if I hadn't been told that you traveled for a grindstone quarry instead of a drug house, I'd never put up the money."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HOW THE SEASON IS OPENING IN NEW YORK CITY.

Attractions that Hold the People Year After Year—Miss Eunice Goodrich—Flashes From the Footlights.

Rosalind May, the regular New York correspondent of the SUNDAY UNION, writing under date of November 8th, makes the following comments on the attractions now before the public of the great metropolis:

"The re-appearance of Franz Rummel, after an absence of five years, has been the recent musical event of most importance, and called forth a warm welcome and a full house at the Lenox Lyceum, where he played for the first time in connection with the Thomas orchestra. Rummel is a great student. That he is young enough to have made progress and excellent work in the way of greater repose, combined with greater breadth and rapidity of execution, is noticeable, yet still occasionally he is carried away by an ardent temperament, and needs yet further discipline.

"On the 11th of this month a series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Nikisch, the magnetic conductor, will be begun, greatly to the edification of music lovers here, to whom these performances are a real delight, as well, also, as a valuable study to artists.

"On the 27th inst. a climax will be reached by the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House, which will inaugurate the fashionable season. At

THE MADISON SQUARE THEATER

'A Pair of Spectacles' is received with favor and gives opportunity for hearty laughs, being preceded by a short piece entitled, 'Old Love Letters,' in which Mrs. Agnes Booth has an opportunity to appear. There is no part for her in 'A Pair of Spectacles,' and the house would seem not itself without her.

"'The Last Word,' at Daly's, is an unqualified success, full of humor, interesting in plot and worthy the manager to whom New York and the country at large are in more ways than one under real obligations.

"'Poor Jonathan,' at the Casino, continues on the flood tide of prosperity and the house is packed every night to its utmost capacity. Despite later attractions, however, 'The Senator,' at the Star Theater, is so successful that Mr. Crane finds himself excluded from the production of two excellent plays, one entitled, 'On Probation,' and a matinee will be given to introduce it to his professional brethren and sisters. He is now a fixture at the Star, and from present indications 'The Senator' has a long lease of life.

"'The County Fair,' at the Union Square, is likewise too popular for withdrawal, and in this, its third season, is kept on the boards with advantage and expected to run all winter. Excellent houses are the rule, and the quaint sayings of Neil Burgess provoke as much laughter as ever.

"'Nero' at Niblo's is quite another kind of diversion, since, founded on the spectacular, it astonishes the senses. The performing lions are an immensely strong card, and the grand old theater hardly accommodates the numbers who flock from all directions.

"Next week will be rendered brilliant by the production at Palmer's Theater on Monday night of 'The Middleman,' which will introduce to the American public Mr. Willard, the English actor, of whom so much is expected, and the management anticipate a degree of favor towards him in a succession of plays which will warrant his stay most of the season. Mr. Palmer's judgment in theatrical matters has long ago been established as of the best and his anticipations are almost sure to be verified.

"On the following evening, the 11th inst., Mr. Frohman's company re-appear at the Lyceum Theater, and it is superfluous to add that they will be heartily welcomed in their new play, 'The Idler.'

"The Kendals are doing a splendid business at the Fifth Avenue Theater and the date of their departure is not as yet given to the public."

MISS EUNICE GOODRICH

Is a native of Chicago, and has been on the stage since her early childhood, making her debut in the stock company at McVicker's Theater during the seasons of '79 and '80. The seasons of '81 and '82 she was specially engaged for the part of Angie Garden in the "Planter's Wife," and made many admirers by her charming impersonation of the role. For the past eight years she has been touring the country with her own company, which is credited with playing one of the longest continuous seasons on record, lasting a little over three years, giving 1,133 performances, without missing one regular or advertised date, the tour extending through the Canadas, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, New and Old Mexico, and all the Western and Southern States.

Miss Goodrich is a pleasing little body, full of charming grace and life, and is considered one of the most versatile actresses now before the public, impersonating with ease such an entirely different line of parts, as Lady Isabel and Topsy, Marie, in "The Pearl of Savoy," and Dad's Boy, in the comedy of the same name. One great advantage possessed over other repertoire stars by Miss Goodrich is that she is the authoress of several comedies which have met with the most flattering success. With unusual self-denial and modesty she has refrained from appearing in that class of plays known as one-part pieces, and although a general favorite and an acknowledged artist, she has divided the honors of her repertoire with the excellent company with which she has surrounded herself, preferring to sink her own identity rather than to injure the *tout ensemble* by elaborating her own role at the expense of the others, or resorting to the tricks and claptrap so commonly used by young comediennes to secure prominence.

Many of her intimate friends wonder at her close attention to her profession, being a daughter of H. C. Goodrich, the wealthy manufacturer and inventor of numerous sewing-machine attachments.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Minnie Seligman has left the "Money Mad" Company.

McKee Rankin, in "The Canuck," has made a big hit at Chicago.

Edouard Strauss and his Vienna Orchestra return to Europe December 6th.

Dan Sullivan's "Millionaire" is the most successful play he has yet starred in.

A new drama, entitled "A Midnight Alarm," started from New York on Monday.

Percy Grant has become the musical director for John Russell's Fay Templeton Company.

Stuart Robson has made a very great success with Archie Gordon's play, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

"Ship Ahoy," with Dora Wiley, Tullula Evans and Harry Brown, is being rehearsed at Philadelphia.

Lecocq's comic opera "The Red Bird" was seen for the first time in America at the Tivoli, San Francisco.

A new play by Sidney Grundy will be seen before long at the London Comedy Theater, with Miss Norreys in a leading part.

F. C. Burnand has abandoned his intention of writing a burlesque upon "Ravenswood." It is intimated that he was stricken with remorse after witnessing the performance of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

"Reckless Temple" is a failure at the Standard, and will be succeeded by the "Clemencau Case." This is going from bad to worse.

Miss Julia Marlowe is critically ill with typhoid fever in Philadelphia. Her physicians fear she is not strong enough to pull through.

Haddon Chambers' new play, "The Idler," will be produced in the Lyceum Theater next Tuesday by Mr. Frohman's admirable stock company.

Mrs. Bernard Beere has received an offer of an American engagement for next season, but has not made up her mind yet whether to accept it or not.

Charles N. Richard, comedian Wilson's well-known treasurer, was married on Tuesday at Chicago to Miss Anna M. Bradley, a non-professional.

Donnelly and Girard have engaged Richard Stahl, author of the "Sea King" and "Said Pasha," as musical director of the "Natural Gas" Company.

"The Middleman" has been produced at the Thalia Theater, Hamburg, with great success. The principal part was played with great power by Herr Fromes.

Laura Burt is yet playing the part of June in "Blue Jeans," and the heap of laurel wreaths thrown at her feet by her many admirers, since she, at a moment's notice, took the part, would fill a ship.

Harry Hamlin's "The Fakir" is said by the St. Paul *News* to be "the best of all farce-comedies, sparkling from start to finish." It is managed by Will McConnell, one of the cleverest men in the profession.

Booth and Barrett are said to be doing a very poor business this season, and it seems as if the novelty of the big team has worn off. Novelties, like freaks, are not good for more than one or two seasons running.

It is announced that A. M. Palmer has bought a new four-act play called "Flight," written by Walter Frith, son of the eminent English Royal Academician. The piece will soon be tried at a matinee in London.

August Harris, it is reported, has leased Covent Garden Theater for a year. He intends to produce "A Million of Money" there during the pantomime season at Drury Lane. He is now one of the Sheriffs of London.

"The Strike at Arlingford," a play written by George Moore, in which picturesque and effective use is said to be made of recent labor troubles in England, will soon have an experimental performance in a London theater.

A play containing the story of "Samuel of Posen," called "Plasterick & Co., of Posen," with M. B. Curtis as Samuel, will be produced in New York about Thanksgiving week. It was written by C. A. Byrne and Archie Gordon.

Beerbohm Tree made his first appearance as Sir Peter Teazle in the London Crystal Palace the other day, and is said to have been remarkably successful in the part. Warm praise is also awarded to the Charles Surface of Fred. Terry.

Jean Coquelin, the eminent actor's son, is to enter the Comedie Francaise, and will make his debut there December 6th, the anniversary of his father's first appearance there thirty years ago, and in the same role—that of Gros Rene, in "Le Depit Amoureaux."

The most remarkable advance sale ever known at the Broadway Theater, has been that for Mrs. Leslie Carter's debut, November 10th. Nearly the whole house was applied for by letter a week ago before the box sheet was opened. Tyson, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, had over 300 orders that he was unable to fill.

They Weren't His Mules.

I was in the smoking car of a train on the Louisville and Nashville road running from Decatur to Montgomery, Ala. Just as the train started a man came bouncing in, breathing hard and evidently pretty well tired out. After sitting down for a couple of minutes he rose and came over to me. We were alone in the car.

"Stranger," he said as he sat down in half of the seat, "I am dead broke and want you to pay my fare to Guntersville."

"Very well; here's the change, and you can hand it to the conductor."

"Thanks. I see you have an overcoat lying on the seat. Would you have any objection to my slipping it on for five minutes?"

"None at all."

"You are very, very kind. Suppose we exchange hats for a minute?"

"Certainly."

"Now lend me your glasses and that book."

"Here they are."

He had just got settled when the conductor came in. The stranger said "Guntersville" and handed out the fare, and the official received it and passed out. The man hadn't another word to say until the whistle blew for his station. Then he got out of the overcoat, handed over the other effects and shook hands and said:

"I can't tell how much I thank you. They weren't two minutes behind me."

"You were fleeing, eh?"

"I'd run two miles."

"And the—the cause?"

"Couldn't prove my ownership to a $250 mule team. Good-by, old chap. If you ever go into mules and get brought up short, send for me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Dead Wife to Him.

I was at the depot in Louisville, standing in the doorway of the ladies' waiting-room, when a stranger beckoned me out and said:

"I want you to do me a favor. See if there is a woman about 40 years old in there, wearing a black silk dress, a brown wrap, and a hat with two white feathers in it.

I sauntered in and looked around and returned and reported her there.

"Anybody with her?" he asked.

"Yes; a man and a little child."

His face was pale and betrayed great emotion, and his voice had a queer sound to it as he considered for a moment and then said:

"Take this pistol. I am her husband, and she has eloped. I was going to kill the man at first, but I have thought better of it."

He entered the room and the guilty pair rose up and turned pale as he approached. He did not look at either of them, but walked straight up to the child, took her in his arms, and went out, saying:

"We haven't any home now, darling, but we will go away somewhere and make one."

"Come, mamma!" called the child.

"Hush!" he whispered. "You have no mother. She died two days ago."—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Exercises.

"Do you believe in athletics?" was asked of a well-known business man who was found practicing with the dumb-bells at the back of the store the other day.

"Certainly I do," he promptly replied.

"Think it helps your health?"

"I know it does, and it has saved my bacon once or twice."

"Please relate."

"Well, a couple of years ago I took twenty-one lessons in boxing and worked up a big muscle and lots of sand. I was going home one night soon after graduating, when a man jumped out at me from an alley. In a minute he was nowhere."

"Hit him hard, eh?"

"No, I didn't hit him at all."

"Trip him up and fall on him?"

"No."

"Didn't kick him?"

"No."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Outrun him! But for my athletic exercise I couldn't have done it."

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

The new plan of the American Board is thus discussed by the *Andover Review:* "Its success is now dependent on the spirit in which it is worked. No plan can succeed which violates the spirit of comprehension which is now dominant in the churches. On certain disputed points it is settled that there shall be liberty of opinion. The value of the new method will ultimately be decided by its success in conforming the appointment of missionaries to the judgment of the churches. We believe that this can be done without violating the doctrinal instructions given to the committee at Des Moines, Springfield and New York, if due weight be given to the facts that at Des Moines there was adopted not a theological pronosition, but only a cautionary rule, and that the action at Springfield is controlled by that at New York, and especially if the committee realizes that the scope of its examination is defined and limited by the phrase of the Manual, 'the leading doctrines of Scripture commonly held by the churches sustaining the Board.' If it attempts to create a standard of examination, and not simply to ascertain what standard the churches recognize and apply, it will commit the error which has compelled the Board to make 'a radical change' in the long established method of examination, and protract a controversy which there is opportunity now finally and happily to close. We may be pardoned for adding a word more personal to ourselves. It was from an intimate knowledge of the facts, and a clear conviction that the best interests of the Board were imperilled, that we entered with others on that criticism of its administration which has brought about the present result. It was a painful task, and has brought its share of reproach and alienation of feeling. We allude to this but for one reason. The result reached by the Investigation Committee rested upon a digest or collection of documents and testimonies which is in existence, though not published, and which compelled the assent of every member of the committee to such a degree that all saw a change of method to be imperative. We have good reason to affirm that this body of evidence in the hands of the committee more than justifies the criticism in which we have been compelled to participate. The facts are as we have again and again stated them, only more abundantly and cumulatively. The full knowledge of this evidence brought the committee to unanimity. Directly or indirectly it revolutionized the action of the Board."

The *Congregationalist* says: "It was surely a prudent and Christian act on the part of Dr. Alden, and one showing his hearty desire to fall in with the apparent temper of the Board, that at the first meeting of the Prudential Committee after their return from Minneapolis he declined re-election to the office of Secretary of that committee—Dr. Strong being chosen in his place. For him to have continued to hold the office, as the committee would have been glad that he should do, would necessarily have thrust him into various correspondence, which might sometimes have involved inferences that would have confused official position with personal tendencies, so as needlessly to invite adverse criticism. An agreeable surprise awaits some good people who have been using very hard words about Dr. Alden, should they ever come to know him better."

The Rev. T. A. Waterman sends the following letter to the *Churchman:* "In the library of our General Seminary, and also at Alexandria, are copies of the original prayer book which John Wesley sent over for the use of the Methodists in this country. He wrote concerning it: 'I have prepared a liturgy differing but little from that of the Church of England (the best constituted national church in the world), and if any one can show me a more rational plan of feeding these poor sheep in the wilderness, I will gladly embrace it.' The whole edition of this 'Sunday service for the people called Methodists' was destroyed, it is said, by order of Francis Asbury, who feared that the wholesome doctrine contained therein would keep up the old longing for reunion with the church in this country, and like Job's messengers these two copies were the only ones which escaped. The custodian of this rare and interesting book, the Dean of the Seminary, it is believed would gladly consent to its being republished, and the work might be undertaken by one of our diocesan Church unity societies, as it would be a perpetual witness against secession and revolt by keeping forward the true intentions of one unjustly considered a leader in the same. The Sunday service is almost word for word like our own; there is a litany to be used Wednesdays and Fridays, with services for the festivals and saints' days. There is also a form for setting apart superintendents. The Methodists are agitating a return to liturgical usage, and if this book were in circulation, they would be forced to adopt it or else give up all pretext to be considered followers of Wesley, while churchmen can readily conceive of more lasting benefits in other directions in the development of historical Christianity."

The *Observer* (Pres.) says: "It is never worth while to congratulate a Roman Catholic official upon his independence of judgment in regard to ecclesiastical affairs. Few men in that communion have the courage of their convictions when convictions lead to censure and humiliation. Bishop Gilmour acknowledges having written a letter to Archbishop Elder regarding appeals by priests from his authority and severely criticising Rome. Among other things, it said: 'Now I am prepared for anything capable by a weathercock. I have not a particle of confidence in Rome's consistency either in law or in interpretation. * * * Bishops are treated like sophomores, and laws are only made to be explained by underlings. * * * After all Rome must learn there is somebody else to be consulted than Quigley, and that a Bishop is not a child nor a poodle.' This letter having been published by a paper inimical to the Bishop, he has issued a card to the public which thus concluded: 'To prevent as much as possible the evil intended by the publication of this letter through the malice of Joseph J. Greeves and his clique of counselors and backers, I hereby, and by these presents, withdraw every word in said letter of apparent disrespect to Rome and every word that could be construed as a doubt of Rome.'"

The Moderator of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Rev. Thomas Green, lately sounded a note of warning as to the tendency to overdo recreation in the English churches. He maintained that "the insistence upon the introduction of the secular element into our church life, with the contention that the church organization is incomplete without it, actually, though perhaps not logically, remits theology, including doctrinal teaching, to a subordinate place, and often to entire extinction, and threatens to hide Jesus Christ by a material benevolence." The new editor of the London *Independent* insists, on the contrary, that church amusements foster "new theological ardor, fresh missionary zeal and spontaneous social devotion."

The *Standard of the Cross* (P. E.) says: "It is not with any great pleasure that I hear certain clergymen spoken of as 'effective parish workers,' for this effectiveness has been gained at the expense of ability to preach the Gospel strongly and attractively. There is so much heterodoxy current as to the office and duty of a minister that one is sometimes disposed to ask, 'What is the business of an ordained servant of Jesus Christ?' I would not exclude from the answer to this question parochial work, calling, organizing, etc., but I would put these things in a secondary position. Before all else a minister's business is to preach the Gospel. Of course he can preach it by living it; but I mean something more. He must expound the Word of God. He must take the things of Christ and with all the force and eloquence at his command carry them to the heart and conscience of men. If he cannot preach he has no business to be a minister. Let him serve God in some other calling."

The *Advance* says: "Great is the difference between preaching at people and to preaching to people. Preaching at people assumes that persons are as unseeing and unfeeling receptacles into which truth is to poured as water is poured into pails. Preaching to people assumes that they are persons who appreciate and appropriate as hoppers in the grist mill, into which the wheat runs, which they are to convert into the fine flour of white character. Preaching at people assumes that people are an immovable target, at which the rifle of the Gospel is to be directly aimed, and which if aimed well will hit. Preaching to people assumes that they are as living game, whose habits and movements are to be studied. Preaching at people assumes that people are a steep precipice, the ascent of which may be made if muscle be strong and head clear on the part of the climber; they themselves have no part in the matter. Preaching to people assumes that people are a tender tree, the climbing of which must be done with care and judgment. Preaching at people is preaching as if they had no reason, no conscience, will. The revivalist is possibly more apt to preach at the people than to the people. The minister possibly is more given to preaching to the people than at them. Preaching at people may possibly in a short season specially increase the list of converts. Preaching to people in the long run results in the upbuilding of the noblest character."

The *Western Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "Christian people ought to be marked by true refinement of feeling. Our religious life is an education in courtesy and brotherliness, and a coarse and vulgar man cannot be much of a Christian. He may be saved so as by fire, but he is disqualified by his vulgarity for a Christian; that is, Christ-like influence. We ought to try to be courteous. In this matter the inner spirit and the outer conduct mutually help each other. Effort in this direction is the more needed because coarseness and unkindness are all about us. It is in the press, it is in politics, it is in the human air we breathe. Let us try to be kindly affectioned one to another. It is our calling, and it is our culture and growth in the graces that give life its sweetness."

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

The reason why a cow wears horns is because she has got two.

Jane—"Belle, why is it I haven't seen you oftener this season?" Belle—"Well, I spend all my time in society, you know."

Jangle—"I got acquainted with a lord when I was abroad." Fangle (who has enjoyed a similar honor)—"How much did he borrow from you?"

"Can you pay me that $100 you owe me? If you can't I'll sue." "I'll give you a pointer. Suppose you lend me another $100, and then sue for both."

Visitor (affably)—"Does your little girl take after you or after her fa——" Little girl (interruptingly)—"Oh, it ain't me that takes after father! It's ma."

"In what key is that song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' written?" asked Blykins of his wife. "The night key, I should judge," replied that lady with affable emphasis.

Tommy Judkins—"Papa, what do they mean by a selling race? Is anything actually sold?" Judkins—"Yes, my son, and it is usually the public."—*The Week's Sport.*

A.—"I thought you said you'd mail me that $5 bill you owe me?" B.—"I did mean to, but when I went to the Postoffice I found this placard on the walls: 'Post no bills.'"

Clara—"Jack intends to have everything his own way when we are married." Clara's Mamma—"Then why do you marry him?" Clara—"To relieve his mind of a false impression."—*Life.*

City Swell—"I fain would have thee for my very own." Country Girl—"Well, you can just get. You're not the first by several that's feigned the same thing, and I'm still doing the housework for ma."

Mrs. Quizine—"Gretchen, I am told Hans has given you a beautiful engagement ring. Where is it?" Gretchen—"Oh, Hans vear it himselluf He vas afrait I lose him mit anoder feller."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Mrs. Blossom (to her husband, who has come home with a black eye)—"That's what you get for riding a bicycle." Mr. Blossom (mournfully)—"No, my dear, it's what I get for not being able to ride one." —*The Epoch.*

Oldboy—"Young man, don't try to fly too high at first. Always begin at the bottom and work up." Flippant Youth—"That's all right if you want to climb a ladder; but what if you want to dig a well?"—*Light.*

McFingle—"How much is Brownson worth?" McFangle—"Nothing." "Why, I understood he had some very valuable property." "Oh, yes; his property is worth a good deal, but Brownson himself is worthless."—*Boston Traveler.*

Judge—"How far did the thief carry your pig?" Complainant—"Fully two miles from my house." Judge (to prisoner)—"What have you to say to this charge?" Prisoner—"It was only a joke, Judge." Judge—"Six months—because you carried the joke too far."

"How do you enjoy the symphony concerts this year, Mrs. Threestars?" "Oh, Mr. Binks, they are just lovely! So much nicer than last season. You know, I'm studying harmony and counterpoint. I've had three lessons already, and I can understand the orchestra ever so much better."—*Boston Herald.*

She was a schoolma'am, young and fair,
Well educated, culture fine,
And grammar was her strongest hold.
The hardest words she could decline.

But one fine day along there came
A man of handsome, noble carriage,
And she, alas! when he proposed
Could not decline that short word "marriage."

Jack Harduppe—"So you won't lend me any money! Don't you remember that when we graduated from college you promised to share your last cent with me if I needed it?" Tom Inluck—"Yes, and I'll stick to my word." "Then why don't you let me have $10?" "Because I am not reduced to my last cent yet. Wait until then!"

Mother (whispering)—"My dear, our hostess wishes you to play." Daughter—"Horrors, mother! You know I never play before strangers. I become so nervous and excited that my fingers get all tangled up, and I make all sorts of awful blunders." Mother—"Never mind, dear. Play something from Wagner, and then the mistake won't be noticed."

The summer girl has passed away,
The autumn girl is here,
And though she wears less fine array,
We hold her just as dear.

What if she doffs her summer dress
A heavier one to wear?
Does that impair her loveliness?
Does she become less fair?

It matters not what dress she wears,
Or how the seasons fly;
She in November hearts ensnares
The same as in July.