WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Poet Traveler "Going to St. Ives" Without Cats.

Loiterings in the Olden Cornish Seaport Town, Famous in Nursery Rhyme Memory—Glimpses of Glorious Scenery—Odd Bits of Antiquity and the Noted Pilchard Fishery of the Western Cornish Coast.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

ST. IVES, Cornwall, June 18, 1892.

In the tender realm of nursery rhyme lore there is a no pleasanter mysticism than that which clings to the pretty riddle:

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives—
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks and wives—
How many were there going to St. Ives?

So deep and lasting are the impressions of childhood that as I tramped around the southern reach of St. Ives' Bay, from the pretty hamlet of St. Earth, I found myself unconsciously scanning the highway far ahead for the same wicked old fellow who has puzzled the heads of millions of little folk. But he was not to be seen any more than the "kits, cats, sacks and wives" are to be taken in to account in the olden riddle.

In truth, no man, woman or child was visible upon the white and circling highway. St. Earth nestled there silent and apparently deserted against the copse and the hillside. The tide was out in the bay. A few fishermen's boats rocked idly beside mossy old piers. Long reaches of sand showed here and there shining and brown, like the backs of huge marine monsters. Gulls wheeled lazily above. Land and sea fowl chattered in the circling marsh edges, or dug in the sand and ooze. Only to the north, through the rift between the headlands, was there single sign of life. On the sapphire blue of the Irish Sea there were two far, white sails.

But I knew the ancient city lay behind the huge headland, and quickening my pace I soon stood at its sea-face and its highest acclivity. Here the highway tumbles into one of the oddest old towns in all Europe. No wonder that Londoners are coming this, to them, tremendous journey of 280 miles for summer loitering, and the grand promontories behind the town are piling up with brilliant terraces, or that artists swarm to the remote place for its bits of antique in architecture, its quaint groupings of fisher folk, and its outreachings of wild and glorious Cornish Coast.

There are pictures and pictures of the Bay of Naples. But were I an artist I would stake my hope of renown on the picture I saw as I stood above the bay and ancient town of St. Ives. The bay itself faces the north. At your feet are purple heather and waving ferns parted from the crystalline water by glistening sands. To the right and east the green hillocks of the Eastern Shore. Then the broad yellow beach of Porth-cocking, or the Foresand. Dominating this is the great headland of Rednolva. Beyond, gleaming like a field of gold, are the magnificent sands of Porthminster; and, further still, the headland and rocky islet of Godrevy, with the latter's white lighthouse setting cameo-like between the purple of the seawalls and the tremulous blue of the ocean.

Before you, the silent, shimmering bay, with a few white-winged craft scarcely moving, it seems the distance is so great from the hight where you stand; the ocean beyond, shining and blue and still, rythmic reaches of incoming tide-waves, miles in length, advancing and retreating and breaking softly upon the shelving sands in tiny ridges of sparkling spume; and here, to the west, a great mass of jumbled gray—old St. Ives crouching in a little pocket of the rocks, like a mass of mossy stone in some shadowy glen, sleeping away the centuries, unconscious of the thunderous sea.

Up here among the terraced villas you can form little idea of the quaint old town. The great road jumps into it at a leap, and is broken by the fall into the oddest closes and wynds of any coastwise nook in England. One could almost hurl a stone across its crowded tiled roofs, and yet it houses fully 9,000 people. The streets are so narrow, the pavements so meager, such queer turns are made, such shadowy arcades are penetrated, that the surest-footed stranger pedestrian will meet many a bump and bang in most careful descent.

Then when you have reached something like a level, you have simply increased your difficulties. All the lower thoroughfares are scarcely more than shadowy footpaths, leading bewilderingly from somewhere to nowhere. This one, opening promisingly, brings you squarely against a solid wall of rock. That one in half a dozen paces lands you upon a flat roof, from which you may easily step into the harbor an hundred feet beneath. Another winds about a single structure windowless as a tenth century fortress. Descending another, you find a nest of homes whose roofs are the passageway of a street above. Dozens lead squarely into open doors of fishermen's homes. Many are like galleries before others. Some wind through houses where living rooms of the same house will be found at either side of a public passage.

And then in what odd nooks the little shops will be found. There is not a single street one hundred yards in length where a half dozen shops are continuously located. Even in these you must needs often ascend or descend a story or more. The most are literally hidden or perched in outlandish and out of the way spots, where, if not stumbled upon, one must repeatedly come with a guide or find rediscovery hopeless. Here will be one perched in a half-timbered Elizabethan projection, away up there three or four stories from the street, and you cannot find an entrance. And there one will be seen as many stories beneath a tiny esplanaded way, but apparently you cannot reach it without rope and tackle. Others are where kitchens should be. And still others unexpectedly confront you from dormer windows. Everything of this sort seems bewilderingly reversed from its proper order. But nothing ever seems to be bought or sold in old St. Ives, the artists gloat over the curious jumble, and it is all most winsome and charming to the stranger.

If you come at last through this labyrinth to the waterside you will gaze back along the dormers, penthouses and roofs of the strange old city, and up and on to its terraced hights with increased enthusiasm for its rare quaintness and curious aspects. Tiny towers show here and there as if outjutting from natural rock. Bits of luxuriant foliage and masses of vines seem to spring from the roofs like rich clumps of emerald moss. Spires and wondrously high-peaked roofs stand out against the gray and green background like spearheads of unpolished steel. Above all, the handsome terraces and the grand old hights, where once the beacon-fires were lighted.

Gray and old as is this Cornish fisher town but two bits of extreme antiquity remain. Just in the rear of the White Hart Inn, by the wharfside, is a huge pile of greenish slaterock. Built upon this rock, which forms this basement, is a tiny ancient stone structure known as Carn Glaze House. It was the stronghold of a smuggling, freebooting family in Queen Anne's time, and the myriad weird fisher and sea-faring legends of St. Ives have nearly all had their origin, or bare some reference to, this grewsome old structure.

The parish church, built straight above the harbor edge, its east window sprayed with the foam of the wild northern tempests which often lash the harbor furiously, was built in the sixteen years between 1410 and 1426, on the site of an olden structure, founded by Saint Ivo, a Persian Bishop, who came over from Ireland in the ninth century to preach the Gospel to the Cornish Britons.

Some stone carvings and a most beautiful and curious font of the old St. Ivo Chapel are still preserved. Perhaps the quaintest carvings in England are to be found in the present church. They were the work of the then village blacksmith, "a handye and devoute man," who carved the oak of the benches and choir stalls, not omitting to carve the forge, the bellows, hammer and nails and pincers of his own sturdy craft. He threw in a fair supply of Tudor roses, monks and angels, but, as Saints Andrew and Peter are appropriate patrons of the church where countless thousands of fisher folk have worshiped, the good smith also put them into every conceivable beneficial attitude, and, as if to intensify their protection of the town of St. Ives and its people, also wove fishes, saints and arabesques into most generous and profuse relationship.

If these wood carvings are curious studies some of those in stone are equally outlandish. There are stone grotesques whose equals in strange and meaningless hideousness can hardly be found elsewhere in Europe. Seven represent mocking, leering faces of men and beasts. Two are distending their mouths with their fingers and protruding their tongues. One is a most horrible figure of an ape, and another wears a fool's cap of the period.

The stranger will be impressed with the extraordinary elevation of the soil of the tiny churchyard. When the place was first quite filled with the dead, the burial place was covered over with several feet of sand, and interment went on anew. Three times this was done, when it was finally found that to have repeated the process would have been to bury the church itself, when a cemetery was secured upon the hights.

History, tradition and legend have carved some grim pictures upon the dim background of the past in this old Cornish fisher town. One historical fact will be sufficiently illustrative. In the Cornish uprising of 1649, its object being the restoration of the Catholic religion, to which Cornubians remained greatly attached long after the Reformation, John Payne, Portrieve of St. Ives, was one of the inferior leaders. After the defeat of the Cornish, Sir Anthony Kingston, with a royal commission, was seeking out and punishing the rebels. He hung the Mayor of Bodmin before his own door. St. Ives' Portrieve received Sir Anthony humbly and prepared a great dinner in his honor at the venerable "George and Dragon" still standing in Market Square.

During the dinner the Portrieve heard the sound of hammering outside and being disturbed was quieted by Sir Anthony with the remark that they were only about to hang a rebel. Dinner over, history relates, the Commissioner invited the Portrieve outside to inspect the gallows.

"What say you, Master Portrieve?" quoth Sir Anthony. "Is you gibbet duly furnished for the hanging of a traitor?"

"All seems ready, a'nt please you," was the prompt reply.

"Then," said the Commissioner, turning to a man-at-arms, "secure Master Payne and hang him straightway, for such is the Protector's pleasure!"

Master Payne was hung straightway; but the Cornish, who are Celts, like the Celtic Irish and Celtic Welsh, unpleasantly remember these little after-dinner jests of English Protectors and Kings.

Great was the olden fame of St. Ives as a metropolis of fish and fishermen. It is still the most important of all Cornish fishing ports. Five thousand folk live here on what is harvested from the deep. For a thousand years or more, from father to son, from mother to daughter, the line has remained unbroken, has steadily increased, and so narrow is the life horizon of all these fishermen and families that not a score of them, it is said, ever see other English land than the hills and headlands of St. Ives' Bay, save when at sea in their own boats.

These boats are all two-masted, lug-sailed, with round sterns, and range in tonnage from twenty to thirty tons. With complete outfits they cost from £300 to £650. Between 600 and 700 men and youths are employed the year round in fishing. During the winter they engage in line fishing for conger, whiting and ling, also securing a few cod. In March the spring mackerel fishing begins, and the St. Ives men are always found on their own grounds, from thirty to fifty miles northwest of St. Ives in the Irish Sea. Here they remain until the last of June, when they set out for the East-coast Scottish herring fisheries, usually selecting grounds in the North Sea, opposite the Firth of Forth, or abreast of Coldingham and Berwick.

During August they will be found along the East English coast in the neighborhood of Whitby, Scarborough and the Yarmouth of Dickens' "Peggottys," but are always back to St. Ives for the autumn St. Ives herring fishing, and a large number of their fleet are home in time for possible runs of "pilchers" (pilchards), the "Fair Maids of St. Ives," for which the ancient seaport has been famous for half a thousand years.

As nearly as can be described the pilchard is the sardine of the Mediterranean waters. It makes its appearance at St. Ives, when it comes at all, in tremendous shoals, during the months of September and October. From daylight until sunset of every day during these months watchmen called "huers" are stationed at lookouts on Carringgladen and Porthminster Hills and Carn Crow's Island. Their practiced eyes never fail in discerning the approach of a shoal of these fish. They come in such vast numbers that the surface of the bay changes its color and often is broken into ripples and foam from the movements of the dense masses of fish.

On sighting a school of pilchards the "huer" first blows a terrific blast upon his speaking trumpet. One blast is sufficient. All St. Ives' folk tumble from their homes and rush wildly shouting "Heva! heva!" to the shore. Meantime the great seineboats, ready-manned, have put out and are guided wholly in surrounding the shoal by the signaling of the "huer" which is done with a hoop on which white muslin is stretched, to which a long, light handle is attached. It is called "the busn," for in olden times a bush was used instead.

Shooting the seines is so rapidly done at St. Ives that often the entire shoal of pilchards will be literally impounded within ten minutes time from the "huer's" trumpet signal. Single catches of pilchards have exceeded 6,000 hogsheads of salted and cured fish. Of late years the St. Ives pilchard fishery has been uncertain, but in 1889 there were 8,000 half casks of 214 pounds each taken. They are shipped to various Mediterranean ports for use in the Lenten season, Italy being the largest customer.

The St. Ives fisher folk are noted for their simplicity and piety. They are nearly all fervent Methodists, honest, superstitious, humble and good. They live in as great comfort as the fisher-folk of Newhaven in Scotland, and the man is more the master of his home and belongings. They are the most scrupulously clean and thrifty folk of this sort I have ever met. The women, though strong and brawny, have few of the billingsgate characteristics of the fishwives of the English east coast, of Scotland and of Galway and the Irish west coast. They mend the nets, and "bulk" or pack the pilchards. They are very domestic, and their prayer meetings and strict Sabbath keeping, though they are wofully ignorant, have done these St. Ives fisher folk no hurt or harm.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Angels Never Paint.

They were having a little conjugal argument about the fondness of women for cosmetics, when he thought to clinch the argument by exclaiming, "Angels never paint." "Perhaps not," she calmly replied, "but all the same, you never saw an angel that wasn't painted." And the only way he could get out of it was by declaring that she was an angel, which compelled her to admit that he had seen at least one unpainted angel.

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IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago has this to say on the hymn-book question: "'It may not be generally known,' says a foreign church paper, 'that the American Church has no common hymnal.' This is not quite true. We have a hymnal which is authorized by the General Convention and is in general use. But it is not altogether satisfactory, and as its use is not enforced by rubric or canon, some parishes are using the much better collection of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' The revision of the hymnal is the great subject with which the next General Convention has to deal, and unless the committee is wise above all precedent, there will be interminable discussion and disagreement. We cannot see why there should be serious objection to the adoption or allowance of the hymnal which has won such extraordinary popularity in the mother church. English churchmen have been free to sing what hymns they pleased, and this freedom of use has resulted in a degree of uniformity which should suggest to us a liberal policy. It is possible that, taking 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' as a basis, a better hymnal can be compiled. In these remarks we have no intention to disparage the valuable services of the committee to whom the revision of the hymnal has been intrusted."

The New York *Churchman* (P. E.), commenting upon the form of insanity which Dr. H. S. Williams calls "paranoia," says: "The great mischief of alienists' specialism and literature is that it tends directly to revolutionize education and the administration of the criminal law. Thus a bright child, for whom serious study, properly superintended, is precisely the balance required, and the best cure for 'morbid sensitiveness and great egotism,' is to be repressed, 'lest the mind be developed at the expense of the body.' But, even physically, what treatment could be better adapted to produce the 'delusion of persecution,' which Dr. Williams regards as the most marked and invariable symptoms of paranoia? But the worst effect of modern medical, or alienist, theories of insanity is a most shocking and dangerous relaxation of the criminal law. Thus the man who shot at Dr. John Hall is set down, not as an intending murderer, but a paranoiac. The young savage who recently committed a brutal and unprovoked murder in New Jersey was defended on the plea of insanity, a plea which, greatly to their credit, both Judge and jury promptly set aside. Even if a mistake should be made, and a man should be hanged for a murder which he undoubtedly committed when—possibly, but not certainly—he was of unsound mind, the danger to society is comparatively slight. Physical explanations of crime are subversive of religion and exclude morals, but they also destroy our physical security and defeat their own ends."

"There can be no alliance between the Church of Christ and the saloon," says the New York *Christian Intelligencer* (Ref.). "Dr. Rainsford's proposition that the church shall establish decent saloons, because the saloon is here and in every city and will remain, is impracticable. The church, as a Church of Christ, cannot make the sale of light wines, beer, and perhaps other liquors, a part of its philanthropic institutions. What some people may do no one can tell; but it is not possible to induce the church to enter the saloon business. One great need in this and contiguous States is that men should cease to be partsans on local affairs and vote together to limit the saloons and reduce the political importance of an agency that is everywhere an habitual violator of the law and a school of vice. The saloons are maintained by immigration and by the adherence of native citizens to partisan divisions."

On the same subject the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.) exclaims: "We have stated Dr. Rainsford's idea in our own words, but with every wish to do him justice, and believe that this fairly represents his scheme. What have Christian people to say regarding it? Their first sensation was, doubtless, one of amazed surprise that any minister should seriously propose that the church should engage in the sale of liquor. Time was, to be sure, when ministers drank liquor freely and without reproach, and when deacons distilled rum and sold it without losing standing in church or society. That day is, happily, long past, and right-minded Christians are few who would not shudder at a prospect of its return. Men have done almost everything bad sincerely, but the day will never come again when a man can deal out liquid damnation to his fellows for the glory of God. The gospel according to St. Boniface comes too late to meet with any chance of acceptance among Christian men."

"The proposition of Dr. Rainsford of New York that the best way to decrease temperance will be to divert drinkers from the use of hard liquors to lighter beers and wines, and that the church itself might well encourage and support saloons, has brought forth the criticism that might be expected," observes the *Christian Register* (Unit.) of Boston. Whether Dr. Rainsford's experiment be wise or not, there is no doubt that he offers it in the interest of temperance, and not of debauchery. This should secure for his plan at least respectful consideration. We know not why men who are temperate in the use of drinks should be intemperate in the use of language. For ourselves, however, we believe firmly that total abstinence is the best safeguard against the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and that the wisest education for children or their parents is that which enables them to get on without spirituous liquors in any form.

"There is a great deal of dissatisfaction in the Methodist Episcopal Church," according to the New York *Independent*, "with the action of the General Conference in sending down to the annual conferences the proposition concerning the admission of women. The proposition, as formulated by Dr. Hamilton and adopted by the General Conference as its last act, asks the annual conferences to vote on the question whether the words lay delegates in the second restrictive rule shall be qualified by inserting a phrase declaring that they must be male. The resolution provides that if three-fourths of the members of the annual conferences shall not decide thus to change the restrictive rule, it shall be construed to favor the admission of women. Several of the Methodist papers deprecate this form of submission as a parliamentary trick. The *Christian Advocate* calls upon the church to repudiate it. *Zion's Herald* and the *Northern Christian Advocate*, which are in favor of the admission of women, very much regret that the proposition was submitted in such a form. We have already expressed our own opinion. We think that it was unwise and improper. The General Conference had already, by accepting a report of a special committee, declared that the second restrictive rule could not be fairly interpreted to include women. In its last act, therefore, the General Conference stultified itself. It seems to us that all that the General Conference actually did in adopting the Hamilton resolution was to place an interpretation upon the second restrictive rule favorable to the admission of women. The General Conference of 1888 placed a different interpretation upon that rule, and so, also, did the General Conference of 1892, and it will be equally competent for the General Conference of 1896 to make its own interpretation. As to the proposition itself, we do not believe that anything will come of it."

"The notion of an Establishment must not be made offensive," says the *Christian Leader* (Univ.) of Boston, "by the assumption that High-Church Episcopacy, with its comical conceit of Apostolic succession, is the only proper notion of a thing established. In a meaning of the word not all revolting to common sense or common assumption, every Christian denomination is aiming, as it should aim, at something established, alike in its teaching and its methods of working. Surely the Universalists may aim at something fixed as the basis and the condition of going forward, without being accused of aping the ways of those who claim that the laying on of hands is the reality of an Apostolic touch and not merely its symbol. Archbishop Whately had as profound a contempt for High-Church conceit and assumption as has any dissenter, yet he was a prelate and a high authority in what he deemed an Establishment."

In an article on the goal of science, the Chicago *Interior* (Pres.) remarks: "It is a very remarkable illustration of the prophetic power of the human mind, the leap through darkness towards truth, which led the Greek philosopher to conclude that all things are God, Pantheism, like so much else of philosophy and of theology, is one of these leaps toward a truth which fall short of it. Metaphysical philosophy is held in small esteem by science; and yet metaphysics and proper science everywhere overlap each other. Metaphysics brings in her contribution to the solution of the problem: What is force? Metaphysics answers that there is but one original and ultimate force known in all the domain of existence, and that ultimate force is will, and will is personality. This, then, will be the end of scientific progress along the line which we have been so briefly surveying—that the ultimate constitution of all things is the will of God. The infinite versatility of the ultimate constituent of all things will thus become easily explainable. This, we shall see, is why it appears as a sun, as an ethereal sea, as a watery ocean, as a Bible, as mind, as a rose. We shall come at last back to the simple but sublime truth that God is all and in all, that he spake and it was done, that the universe is the outgoing of His will, that as he spoke all things visible and invisible into existence, at his word all would vanish into primeval nothingness, like the baseless fabric of a dream."

GAMBLING AT CHURCH FAIRS.

Chance Has a Peculiar Fascination for Human Nature.

The primary element in gambling is chance. Though bets may turn upon feats of strength or skill, physical or mental, games of pure skill cannot long lead the participants to bet, though they may stipulate the laying of wagers by outsiders. For when one player systematically and continuously beats the other in a contest of skill, the regularly vanquished becomes permanently discouraged, and will not risk his money when certain of loss. It is the chance element that enables the inferior player to hope, even in games that are partly chance and partly skill, that fortune will be more favorable to him the next time. Chance has a peculiar fascination for human nature. It is an element recognized in most forms of business, in the trial of cases before juries, in making ocean voyages, in a number of the sciences, and in large investments involving many contingencies. It stimulates the imagination, and, in the absence of industry, economy and caution, supports hopes, whose fulfillment is impossible without, in the long run, abstracting a part of their property from those whose possessions are the result of honest work or legitimate inheritance. The trusting of particular chances is akin to superstition, and a foe to every rational scheme of life. Monte Carlo is a monument which its victims have erected, and the Louisiana Lottery a fungus growth upon an imperfect civilization, of such proportions that, like a cancer, it has threatened the vitals of the State; and with the aid of the press and through the mails, infused its virus into the life-blood of the nation.

If these principles are true, the more nearly a game approaches pure chance the more corrupting it is, and the more it approximates pure skill the less pernicious. Gambling in the interest of the church was once regarded as right, and generally practiced, not only among Roman Catholics, who, in most parts of the world, do not at present condemn it, but among Protestants, as the history of several denominational colleges in this city will show. As an indication of public sentiment a hundred years ago, facts brought to light at the recent celebration of the centennial of the Newark Academy, a highly respectable educational institution in the State of New Jersey, are valuable. The institution was established in a tavern, money to build the original building was raised by a lottery, and a slave was sold to furnish funds to hire a professor to teach dancing. Most of the persons connected with the establishment of the academy were members of Protestant churches, and verily thought they did God service. The form of gambling employed for the benefit of churches, philanthropic schemes and the promotion of art, is always that of simple chance—the raffle of the picture, the quilt, the doll, the musical instrument or the watch, and, in the crude form, the grab-bag or the cake with the concealed ring. The element of skill is entirely absent. The principles already laid down, unless shown to be false, conclusively prove that the church and kindred institutions, in employing such a means, give their sanction to the very worst form of gambling.

The following statements have the force of an axiom: It is as right to gamble for a living as for "the cause of God." The majority of mankind are obliged to earn a living by some form of activity; if gambling is a right form it is right to gamble for a living. It is as necessary and just for a man to earn his bread as it is to earn money to support the institutions of religion. To assume that that which would be wicked for such a purpose is right for the cause of God, is to confound all morality. Traditions says that a monk who had vainly tried to induce a rich man to bestow his goods upon the church, reasoned himself into the belief that it would not be sinful for him to steal large portions of the wealth which he could not induce the owner to give, and devote them to charitable and religious uses. The legend may be false, but if true, the monk's method of reasoning was just, provided it be admitted that while gambling for a living is wrong, gambling for the church is right.

The gambling spirit pervades society and the church is too closely allied with it in various forms for its own moral weight and for the public welfare. In all its methods for raising money it should practice the strictest honesty and avoid the very appearance of evil. If all the funds which are supposed to be needed cannot be obtained for the asking, there is a defect either in the method of presenting the subject, or in the moral tone of the congregation, or in the estimate what should be forthcoming. Far better would it be to postpone works requiring the expenditure of money than to obtain it by means abhorrent to the moral sense, or constructively sanctioning the most harmful social and individual practices.—Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, in the New York Independent.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Announcements for the Coming Season Here and There.

A California-Born Actor Announced—Big Shows—Bible Story in a Circus—Movements of Actors—The Latest Parisian Play—A Satire on High Life.

Rosin Vokes' new play, "The Paper Chase," has proved a success.

Charles Tingay has returned to America after a two years' sojourn in England.

John T. Sullivan, Rose Coghlan's leading man, is managing the pyrotechnic show at Coney Island.

Roland Reed is in great distress. He has lost his splendid greyhound Peggy, and refuses to be comforted.

Dan Sully is to star the coming season as Justice McDuffil in Alexander Sweet's new play "Tammany Hall."

W. J. Scanlan is said to be improving so rapidly that hope is entertained that he may soon return to the stage.

Langtry won, it is said, £20,000 on the Ascot races. It will be well to take the story with a most liberal discount.

Alan Dale's newest novel, "Conscience on Ice," will be published in Chicago, and will be on the news-stands soon.

Truth, for stage purposes, is the conforming of action, diction, face, voice, movement and gesture to an ideal type, invented by the dramatist and frequently enhanced by the actor.—Dunlop.

The serpentine dance, so much talked of, and which has made such a positive sensation, was originally produced by De Lange Rising, in his comedy, "Tangled Up," at the Park Theater, Philadelphia, last December.

Mattie Ferguson, who has been concealing her talent in the "Irish Drama" and "Wilkinson's Widows" for several seasons, will, it is said, reveal it in all of its pristine glory next season in comic opera or burlesque.

The first American tour of Mervyn Dallas' "House on the Marsh," which has the unbeaten record of six years' continuous run in London and Great Britain, will begin at Hammerstein's Opera-house, New York, August 15th.

On the 4th instant Sells Brothers' great circus and menagerie will exhibit in Sacramento. The circus procession will follow up the Fourth of July procession—a novelty in the way of celebrations. But the Fourth of July Committee is willing, and there is no friction in the matter.

Next season we are to have plays written around: "A Steam Pump," "The Remarkable Likeness of Two Very Bad Actors," "The House of Entertainment," which the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst visited, "The New Fleron Movement," "The White Squadron," "The Deacon Murder," "A Case of Audacious Adultery," and "A Lump of Ice."

On the 5th and 6th instant, at the Metropolitan Theater, Sacramento, "The Witch" will be played for the 430th-31st times. It is the second anniversary of the play, and on those occasions Gustave Frohman will present every reserved seat holder with a souvenir witch spoon, silver, with oxidized handle, and a cameo of the witch picture as preserved in the Town Hall, Salem.

Richard Golden, as Old Jed Prouty, began an extended engagement at Proctor's Theater, New York, on May 23d. Though Mr. Golden celebrated his one thousandth consecutive impersonation of "Old Jed" on the 16th of May at the Hollis-street Theater, Boston, and has appeared in the character in the principal cities in the Union within the past four years, he has delayed until now his first visit to the metropolis for a lengthened stay.

A soubrette, says Dunlop's *Stage News*, is never at her best until she is 30, and none of them who have made any mark at all are less. Proof—Lotta, Nellie McHenry, Lena Merville, Alice Harrison, Maggie Mitchell, George Parker, Fay Templeton, Laura Burt, Jennie Yeamans, Katie Emmet, Amy Lee, Loie Fuller and Ullie Akerstrom. What is known as the fluffy-haired, chippy soubrette is really a chorus girl throwing out a great big bluff.

John Robinson's combined shows, which takes four railroad trains to carry, is en route to California. A new feature of the show is the spectacle of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, which Robinson says cost him the expenditure of $50,000 for wardrobe alone. He has 1,500 people in the procession he says. How these circus people can pile on the big things. However, we have no right to doubt John F. Robinson, who writes to us that this representation is on the square. This putting of Biblical tales into the circus ring is a novelty worthy the genius of Manager Robinson.

Verdi likes Mascagni's "Cavalleria" and says: "We older musicians have been obliged to write interminable grand operas, spread over four hours and a half, to introduce choruses which have nothing to do with the story, to elaborate simple situations, and to write lengthy arias with all sorts of accessories, instead of keeping to brisk dramatic action. And now we see spring up a young composer with immense talent and great facility of invention, to give us a serious opera in one act without all this tra-la-la, and in which the action never halts. I regard it as a happy innovation, and am not surprised that our public have accepted it with enthusiasm."

Fanny Rice, says Dunlop's *Stage News*, is having a great time in London through Mrs. Alice Shaw. She has received considerable social attention, and in a letter to a friend she says: "London has proved the biggest kind of a jolly surprise to me. From what I had been told about foggy London before leaving home I did not anticipate any surprisingly good time while here, and had made up my mind to go right to Paris and spend most of my time there, but since my arrival here I have met so many nice people, and have been treated so royally, that I am beginning to hate the thought of leaving dear old London, don't you know, and have postponed my visit to Paris for two weeks." Miss Rice adds in a postscript that she has secured a descriptive song which she thinks will create a sensation.

A new opera, by a new composer, has been produced in Milan with a success equal to "Cavalleria Rusticana." The composer is a young Neapolitan, Leon Cavallo by name, and he owes his introduction to the famous music publisher, Signor Gonzogna. The opera is called "I Pagliacci," and possesses in the first place strong dramatic interest. It is a two-act tragedy, in which there is not a superfluous word. The composer is his own poet, and has written a libretto admirably suited to musical treatment. The familiar theme of love and jealousy is saved from being commonplace by a novel situation. A strolling company of pantomimists enact the comedy of a faithless wife and a jealous husband before a group of villagers. But, secretly, they are playing the parts in earnest, and the comedy merges into and ends in a tragedy.

Charles B. Hanford, in "Julius Cæsar," is to star westward the coming season. Bennett Matlack, a protege of E. I. Davenport, is to be his Brutus, and E. K. Spencer the Cassius of the play. Marie Drouffel will be Portia. Mr. Hanford is a native of Amador County, in this State. Early in his youth his parents removed to Virginia. He entered the Columbian College, Washington, and on leaving it studied law, but left the bar for the stage, first appearing at the Old National in Washington, in May, 1881, as Cassius. He was Ægeon with Robinson and Crane, and Marc Antony with Barrett and Booth, and recently has been "leading" man in Miss Marlowe's company at the Chestnut-street Theater, Philadelphia. He has secured the costumes, properties and scenery used by Barrett and Booth in their production of "Julius Cæsar." Mr. Hanford opens in Washington, September 26th, at the Academy of Music. After a Southern tour and return, he will start West about Christmas time.

Paris is at present laughing over a bitter satire on its high life at the Vaudeville. The play is called "Prince D'Aurec," and the plot is *simple comme bon jour*. In the Prince D'Aurec, the blue-blooded mondain, we have a decidedly degenerated splinter of the "old rock." He even speaks disrespectfully of his ancestors, while the only use he can find for his famous heirloom—the Connetable's priceless sword—is connected with another less remote and less creditable relative, his uncle, to wit. In point of fact the Prince is by nature, if not by birth, what Englishmen call an "outsider." He is desperately hard up, a state of things toward which, it must be admitted, his charming Princess has done her best to contribute. To this embarrassed pair enters the Baron de Horn, the typical millionaire Israelite up to date. He has money and no birth—they have birth and no money. The Prince wants a few thousand louis, the Baron wants the entree of the Jockey Club. So a "loan" is negotiated, and now the Baron can walk proudly up the club steps, while the Prince can redeem a few of his obnoxious little pieces of paper. But the Princess has also dipped her pretty little hand into the obliging financier's plethoric money bag—the merest trifle, you know, only a hundred thousand francs or so for her milliner's bill. Now the Baron de Horn is not quite such a fool as would appear. He holds a prevalent opinion of charming ladies who airily "borrow" of strangers. But here he is wrong for once, and when he presses his suit rather too urgently this ungrateful Princess is so rude as to call in a *sale juif*, and show him the door. Then Horn has his little say to husband and wife. It is very brief, and to the point. He simply wants his money back. As may be imagined, there are difficulties in the way—difficulties which are at last removed by the Prince's mamma, who, not for the first time, pays up, and gets her precious son out of his difficulty. That's all. But it's extremely clever and extremely amusing, bristling with good things throughout, and played by all concerned to perfection.

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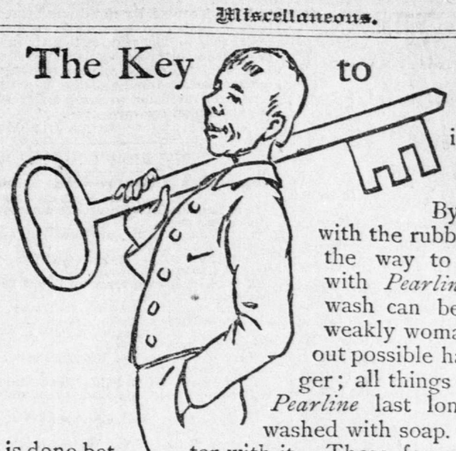

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BEFORE. AFTER.

ter satire on its high life at the Vaudeville. The play is called "Prince D'Aurec," and the plot is *simple comme bon jour*. In the Prince D'Aurec, the blue-blooded mondain, we have a decidedly degenerated splinter of the "old rock." He even speaks disrespectfully of his ancestors, while the only use he can find for his famous heirloom—the Connetable's priceless sword—is connected with another less remote and less creditable relative, his uncle, to wit. In point of fact the Prince is by nature, if not by birth, what Englishmen call an "outsider." He is desperately hard up, a state of things toward which, it must be admitted, his charming Princess has done her best to contribute. To this embarrassed pair enters the Baron de Horn, the typical millionaire Israelite up to date. He has money and no birth—they have birth and no money. The Prince wants a few thousand louis, the Baron wants the entree of the Jockey Club. So a "loan" is negotiated, and now the Baron can walk proudly up the club steps, while the Prince can redeem a few of his obnoxious little pieces of paper. But the Princess has also dipped her pretty little hand into the obliging financier's plethoric money bag—the merest trifle, you know, only a hundred thousand francs or so for her milliner's bill. Now the Baron de Horn is not quite such a fool as would appear. He holds a prevalent opinion of charming ladies who airily "borrow