charge me with robbery. Immediately I would be thrown into jail. By morning I would prove myself innocent, yet my honor as a gentleman is outraged. In India a gentleman is never arrested; there are no robberies; we trust every one until he proves himself unworthy. Here I find you trust no one until he proves himself honorable. I also find that a good bank account is the best recommendation an officeseeker can have, and that often a man will spend as much to be elected, and even more, than the office itself is worth. In India bribing is unknown. Talent for the place is the first thing we consider, and if by chance a fool gets into our council he is immediately put out. I think America is a wonderful country of natural resources, and there is no reason why it should not be one of the best developed of the nations of the world."

Dr. Gangadan is the author of several books, medical and otherwise. He left this city for Chicago, where he expects to remain two weeks, and then visit the Eastern cities. He will then go to London to write his book, travel through the European countries and return to his home next fall and start a medical college in Calcutta.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Lights Go Out.

All through the length of the city street,
Down by the wharf where the breakers beat,
Down in the alley's dumb distress
Or out on the ocean's wilderness,
Wherever the human voice is heard,
Wherever the foot or hand is stirred—
All in the night of dark and dread,
With only half of the prayers said,
With never a hint or a warning shout,
Softly and surely the lights go out.

The lights go out, and a solemn stress
Comes stealing over our weariness,
And loath to look and filled with fright
We peer out into the stormy night,
Watching the faint and fitful glare
Of the few and solemn lanterns there;
Till hither and thither and round about,
All in a hurry, the lights go out.

And oh! how many, near and far,
These dim and lifeless lanterns are,
And oh! how mournfully they swing
From creaking hook and rusty ring,
Along the street, before the stalls,
Or in the great and ghostly halls,
Where oft' their warmest glow was cast
Over the pageant of the past;
Till all in the midst of the merry rout,
With never a quiver, the lights went out.

And how shall the lights that still remain
Encounter the wrath of wind and rain?
How shall they meet the hurtling blast
That whips them into the dark at last?
Shall it be with a flame serenely fair,
With signs of panic or despair,
As out of the deep and hollow sky
The breath of eternity comes by?
For lo! with a leap of joy or doubt,
From cot to castle, the lights go out.

—Edwin T. Reed.

River Falls, Wis.

Before the Dawn.

A lion lurked in a ruin old:
(Oh, restless wraith of a vanished race!)
To idols of bronze and stone and gold
He lifted the stare of a monstrous face.

A snake lay coiled on a crumbling throne:
(Oh, serpent soul of the desert land!)
In a desolate wild by the whirlwind mown
He reigned in a kingdom of dust and sand.

A soul-sick man in a garden wept:
(Oh, torch in the night of the world's despair!)
And the beast and the snake through the darkness crept,
And snarled and hissed till they drowned his prayer.

But his sobs went up by the startled stars:
(Oh, listening ears of the God meeting high!)
And the lightning flamed, and the thunder jars
Shattered the silence behind the sky.

And the snake to the desolate atmoor fled,
And the beast to his drear campagna home.
(Oh, rest for the spirit of Carthage dead!
Oh, peace to the ghost of buried Rome.)

—Will H. Thompson, in San Francisco Argonaut.

The Wind's Song.

Sang the wind to the tree,
Oh, be mournful with me;
There is nothing can last or can stay;
And the joy of new leaves
Turns to sorrow that grieves
The bare bough—on a day,
On a day.

Sang the tree to the wind,
Oh, be happy—I find
There is nothing time fails to restore;
And the fall that bereaves
Makes the joy of new leaves
In the spring—evermore,
Evermore.

The wind sighed to the tree,
Oh, be mournful with me;
The leaves come not again that I blow;
And I mourn for the lives
No renewal revives,
The leaves fall'n—long ago,
Long ago.

—Charles Catty, in the Yellow Book.

A Song.

While sunset burns and stars are few,
And roses scent the fading light,
And like a slim urn, dripping dew,
A spirit carries through the night,
The pearl-pale moon hangs new—
I think of you, of you.

While waters flow, and soft winds woo
The golden-hearted bud with sighs;
And, like a flower an angel threw,
Out of the momentary skies
A star falls burning blue—
I think of you, of you.

While love believes, and hearts are true,
So let me think, so let me dream;
The thought and dream so wedded to
Your face, that, far apart, I seem
To see each thing you do,
And be with you, with you.

—Madison Cawein.

Spoken at Sea.

All men go down to the sea in ships;
With a trembling hand and faltering lips,
We spread our sails on the deep unknown,
Each for himself and each alone.
The strong tide floweth uneasingly;
God only knoweth our destiny.

And ships may meet, as yours and mine;
With a tender gleam, the deck-lights shine;
There are wide-spread words of kindly cheer,
A song, a smile, perchance a tear;
Then on, for the ever-hurrying sea
Sings of the shadowy yet-to-be!

And the light dies out of each shining track;
The course was chosen; we turn not back;
No hands are clasped o'er the soundless blue,
But hearts though severed may yet be true;
And a sweeter story ne'er shall be
Than of memory's ship-lights spoken at sea.

—Emma Huntington Nason.

Courage.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down i' the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em.
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming,
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming!
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow,
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

—Gerald Massey.

Regret.

Oh, could we but have seen, while they were ours,
The grace of days forever passed away;
Had we but felt the beauty of the flowers
That bloomed for us—before they knew decay;
Could we have known how we should yearn in vain
For looks and smiles no more to greet our sight,
Or how the fruitless tears should fall like rain
For hours of sweet communion, vanished quite;
Their worth to us—Had we but better known—
Then had we held them dearer, while our own;
Had kept some salvage from the joys o'erthrown,
And loneliness itself had found us less alone!

—Agnes Maule Machar.

Faith and Dogma.

Faith is a giant, serene and wise,
With starlit brow and an angel's eyes;
Mansions arise where his feet have trod
On the mighty rock of the grace of God.

Dogma, the dwarf, is a stubborn elf,
Who hugs all tenets that please himself;
He only builds for the world's vast deeds
Frail huts on the sand of unproved creeds.

—William Hamilton Hayne.

Rare Moments.

Each of us is like Balboa: once in all our lives do we,
Gazing from some tropic summit, look upon an unknown sea;
But upon the dreary morrow, every way our footsteps seek,
Rank and tangled vine and jungle block our pathway to the peak.

—Charles Henry Phelps.

The Family Health.

Chicago Tribune.

"How's this, Diggins—on a vacation?"

"Yes. I'm not feeling very well, and I thought a little trip East would do me good."

"Mrs. Diggins going with you?"

"No. She's hardly well enough to take such a journey."

"Fine weather."

"Delightful. Folks well?"

"Yes. How's Mrs. Diggins?"

"Oh, she's well!"

A MAGICIAN ON MAGIC

MR. BANCROFT TALKS OF THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE ART.

General Knowledge and Constant Labor Necessary—The Story of De Grisy Before the Pope.

Public interest in the magician and the magician's work is just as potent now as it was in the days when Pharaoh's necromancers duplicated the wonders done by Moses and Aaron. Such interest will always exist while the love of mystery, with its consequent accessory, inquiring curiosity, remains as the leading attribute of the human mind. I know whereof I speak by experience, for scarcely a city which I visit that I am not called upon by amateur magicians and scientific men either for instruction in the art itself by the former, or for approval of designs in illusory construction by the latter. In addition I have over a hundred letters from correspondents all over the country, inquiring the methods to be followed and the qualifications necessary to become a successful magician. As it is impossible to reply to these letters severally, in the press of my other engagements, I beg leave to trespass on your space to do so, mistrustful of my own ability to answer the question satisfactorily and yet believing that a response formulated upon my own experience may prove interesting to your readers.

To state the qualifications of a magician would best define the art of magic, and yet so limitless is the scope that the definition itself becomes vague in the consideration of the performer's methods. It were easy to explain the secrets of a few illusions, even to teach one a few simple passes in conjuring with cards or coins, but the knowledge of these rudimentary principles would never make of one a magician, and yet to appreciate how fully rounded in his art the magician must be, let the tyro with a knowledge possessed as stated attempt the practice of these minor details, and he will find that months of constant study are necessary for perfection in them. In autobiographies of magicians stated rules are given, as instruction in the art of magic, which, if read carefully are found to be as confusing as magic itself. They assume the perfect knowledge of the rudiments and remind me of a musical instructor who would explain his own methods and teach music by them, doing so by stating that to acquire a particular harmonious effect of his own creation, all that was necessary was to run a chromatic scale and follow it by a succession of trills. The novice would have great fun learning to play the piano by such instruction.

THE FIRST REQUISITE.

It seems to me that the ability to perceive the apparent contradictions of the laws of nature is the first requisite of a magician, and this instinct must be a gift of nature itself that comes with one's birth. A man might be a perfect palmist and yet not be a magician if he could not adapt his deceptions to catch the senses unawares. Electricity enters largely into composite magic, and yet a man might be an inventive electrician and never appreciate the magical possibilities of electricity. So chemistry, optics and all the exact sciences are utilized by the magician, and yet one might be master of these sciences and not dream of their application to magical illusion. And here again the contraries of magic supervene. The magician need only comprehend the rudiments of these sciences to grasp at their possibilities in his art of deception. The old drum beats and roll calls were worked by magicians by invisible electric wires long before Morse applied the same electrical current to the telegraph. The telephone was used by Pinetti nearly fifty years before Bell's or Edison's birth. Plane and concave mirrors seem harmless enough, and the laws of optics governing the scope of light in all its turns of refraction and reflection would seem to be proof against any deception of the senses, either by the use of the mirrors themselves or as exceptions in the laws governing light. And yet the most beautiful and at the same time the most puzzling deceptions—deceptions that trick one's eye-sight when its focus is perfect, have been wrought by magicians with the aid of the plane and concave mirror. They are effects from causes simply inexplicable to the man who makes the science of optics a study. I do not wish to overestimate the magician's general knowledge by claiming that he must be an adept in science with its rules and their application at his fingers' ends, but I do contend, as the reader will admit, that the magician, to perform scientific illusions, must at least understand the known rules of scientific cause and effect before he can reduce them to absurdities. But all these adjuncts, important though they be, are secondary considerations to the magician of the present day.

Time was when the magician was the priest, and his tricks were regarded as miracles. Religious awe and veneration pervaded his audience, and his deceptions, though skillful, were not attempted to be detected. Indeed, such a thought would be sacrilege, as to imagine the King's death would have been considered treason by the English law. Then time was when intelligence, growing away from such superstition, the magician was accepted at his true estimate as a clever impostor on the senses, but he was allowed the use of cumbersome apparatus, mystic symbols and flowing drapery on stage and person as part of his paraphernalia, accessories apparently harmless enough to the uninitiated, but in reality affording the magician proof against detection. Now all former conditions applying to the magician's art are changed. His audiences know well his efforts are delusions, and they attend his performances to discover his secrets. They insist that he shall give them every chance at discovery. No more curtains, no dark backgrounds, no flowing costumes are allowed. The magician who would appear nowadays in the loose robes of a Turk would be hissed by his audience. In evening dress he must work his wonders for the most part right in the midst of his audience. Doubting Thomases are his spectators from first to last, but if they remain so it is only after an insistence that they must handle everything within reach.

DE GRISY AND THE POPE.

This piercing scrutiny has exacted a new qualification on the part of the magician. He must be quick and ever on the alert, never to be taken unawares. Discovery would be in him what Fouche described to Napoleon as the acme of a mortal sin, "It would be more than a crime; it would be a blunder." As may be imagined this constant watchfulness above the possibility of discovery is only acquired after years of persistent practice. How constantly the magician must be on his guard to conceal his secrets and how watchful ever to evolve new designs from old artifices, simply localized that would be discovered otherwise, may be illustrated by the following story of De Grisy, a famous European conjurer: He was accorded the honor of giving an entertainment at Rome in presence of the Pope. His Holiness and his college of cardinals were to be present. De Grisy was at his wits' end for a new trick or the means of localizing an old one, for upon his success before the papal court depended his reception in the Catholic countries of Europe. On the afternoon prior to the evening of the performance he was in a jeweler's store purchasing some adornments for the occasion, when a gorgeously liveried servant of one of the cardinals entered for a watch sent there to be repaired. It was a large, old-fashioned watch, made by Breguet, the famous Parisian horologist, and had the cardinal's arms embossed upon it in brilliants. It was valued at 10,000 francs. A bright idea occurred to De Grisy. He took a mental pattern of the watch, and that very night had in his possession its fac simile in washed metal and paste brilliants. The cardinal, who owned the real watch, was present at the performance, seated next to the Pope. After performing several tricks De Grisy asked for a watch, and, after examining several offered, selected that of the cardinal, who only gave it after many admonitions for its care. De Grisy, having palmed the real watch and substituted the spurious one on his run back to the stage, pretended to examine it and declared it had stopped. There could be no doubt of the genuineness of the watch as he held it up before the audience. The paste diamonds forming the cardinal's coronet scintillated in the glare of the stage lights. The watch was too well known by all because of its rare workmanship. So perfect an imitation of the real was the spurious that when De Grisy rapped the supposed watch on the floor to make it go the owner actually protested, but the magician was deaf to protest and entreaty. The Pope and the other cardinals enjoyed the discomfiture of the owner of the watch the more De Grisy abused it. At last the magician cast it into a mortar and pounded it to a pulp, leaving a portion of the diamond crest untouched. He submitted the disjointed mass in the mortar to the Pope, and while his Holiness was engaged looking at it the magician cleverly slipped the real watch into the pocket of the flowing robe of his Holiness, making him an unwitting confederate in the trick. De Grisey then returned to the stage, emptied the contents of the mortar into a gun, and, firing it in the air, at the same moment asked the Pope to produce the watch from his own pocket. The amazement of all at its production, unharmed, was profound. De Grisy's cleverness was rewarded by an autograph card from the Pope reading: "I have much pleasure in stating that M. the Count De Grisy is an able and amiable magician."

THINGS THAT WERE NEEDED.

One may readily perceive the vast requirements of De Grisy in the performance of this trick, simple as were its methods. He must, first of all, have had quick wit to comprehend the environments of the situation; he must have been a clever mechanic to construct that most delicate of mechanisms, a watch, in fac-simile that would bear examination. He must have been a clever palmer to substitute the spurious for the real watch, undetected, before the gaze of men quick to see and quick to think. If the Pope had worn closely fitting clothes, the denouement to the trick would not have been so happy. The risk of his Holiness slipping his hand in the pocket of his loose tunic for a handkerchief was imminent to De Grisy's confusion, consequently to avoid this possible detection, the interval between the deposit of the watch in the pocket and the call for its production, including the firing process as a pretext for the disappearance, must be estimated in the briefest seconds.

This leads me to say a word on the possible discovery of a magician's trick, to avoid which adds another to his long list of requirements. When he is engaged in the invention of a new delusion, spending many months in its construction and reducing the possibilities of the discovery of the causes of its effects, he will know that the reward of his labors will be short lived because of the absolute certainty of such detection, the sole object of his audience nowadays, as I before stated, being to gratify curiosity by discovering the reasons for its cause. Indeed, discovery may follow on the first presentation. Here again the never-ceasing ingenuity of the magician must be invoked. He must be prepared to cover his confusion at once, either by giving a new turn to the effect of his delusion or by substituting an entirely different one. And so ingenious must he be that discovery must not follow his efforts over once or twice during his lifetime, under pain of his becoming a back number in the very zenith of his fame.

If I have not given any more than a negative definition of magic and the requirements of the magician, it is because the subject itself is so abstruse in its concreteness as to admit of no other. Like Caesar discoursing to Antony what was to be feared rather than what he feared, I can only tell, in discussing magic, what is to be known to acquire it, rather than how it is to be acquired. I have not drawn a rosy picture for the contemplation of the amateur about to become a professional magician. I did not intend to do so. There is no profession more exacting; none more demanding constant labor, thought and study; one more severe on nervous tension. Still, if it have its exactions it has its pleasures. Fortune is ever within grasp of the successful magician. He has little competition to fear. His work is universal in its appeals, interesting alike to sinner and saint, to childhood and old age. He has his own pleasure in deluding the senses no less than his audiences have theirs in being deluded, for as Butler says in Hudibras:

"The pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat:"

FREDERICK BANCROFT.

IN DELAGOA BAY.

Portugal's Antique Rules of Commerce and Navigation.

Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine.

When our ship at last cast anchor in the chief port of Portuguese Africa it was with a certain sense of gratitude for dangers happily escaped; for the Portuguese government regards lightly its duties touching navigation. Sometimes there is a buoy, sometimes there is not, and when the navigator finds one it may be a mile out of its place. The Portuguese find no satisfaction in promoting the commerce of others, and they do see at least some good in wrecks that occur at their door. English river flows into Delagoa bay at Lorenzo Marquez, and this is the stream that forms the port. There were some thirty sailing ships anchored here the day that I arrived, and also half a dozen steamships, beside a couple of Portuguese gunboats. The government acts for commerce here as it does for the ships entering port. It creates as much difficulty as possible; it embarrasses trade rather than helps it. When I landed at the government wharf, where the lighters are unloaded, I looked about me upon a scene that recalled Strasburg after the siege. Lorenzo Marquez appeared to have sustained either a bombardment or an earthquake. Fortunately I had a friend with me capable of explaining that what I saw was the result neither of war nor of a providential act of wrath. It was simply the Portuguese government acting as a forwarding agent.

First I saw masses of boxes containing tinned provisions from Chicago—they had been smashed open and were scattered about as by the effect of a well-directed shell. With them lay thousands of little rock drills, made also in America—they were scattered all over the sand and seemed to have here no more value than banana peelings. No doubt some mingers in Johannesburg were wondering what had become of their rock drills. A step further I saw a barricade of sacks, some containing rice, some lime. The lime was on top of the rice, and I could readily imagine the pleasant taste that would result from this unholy alliance in this tropical temperature. Then I stumbled upon the complete outfit for a mine railway—little cars, little wheels, little rails, little iron sleepers, along with innumerable bolts and nuts and carefully fitted parts that had been carefully packed in Birmingham or Philadelphia. Here they lay, all smashed, as though they had been wrecked in a railway collision. Up at Johannesburg hands were idle while waiting for this important consignment. There was wreckage on all sides, and I threaded my way among Portuguese officials and natives as though I were being guided among the ruins of some great warehouse.

Dreadful Thought!

Brooklyn Eagle.

Suppose all this fuss over the Seeley dinner proved to be an advertising scheme for the variety actors who took part in it? And it isn't a bit unlikely.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

SOUSA AND HIS GREAT BAND AT TOMLINSON HALL SATURDAY.

The March King Now on a Tour That Embraces 21,000 Miles—Affairs of the Music World.

Sousa, the peerless composer of American marches, conductor of the unrivaled band whose playing has aroused music lovers of every community in the United States, is, again on a grand concert tour, and before its completion the strains of his virile marches and the harmonies of his splendid organization will have resounded over 21,000 miles of territory traversed by the "March King" and his forces.

The coming concert of the band will be given in this city at Tomlinson Hall next Saturday night. This announcement means a quickening of the musical pulse and a brightening of the musical eye. Sousa's influence over every manner and kind of humanity which loves music is out of the common. Correspondents who were in the Orient when the Chinese forces retreated in disorder before the victorious Japanese reported that the military bands of the conquerers inspired their soldiery with the stirring strains of Sousa's marches. They are also played by all the famous bands of the armies of England, France, Germany and Russia.

As for Sousa's band it is now admitted about the finest in this country—if not in the world—without a rival in its magnificent playing of military music. The renowned musician at its head is a rare illustration of a born leader. To his grace and personal magnetism, allied with the individual talents of the band's membership, can be traced the surprising excellence of the organization. The band comes to this city flushed with the new triumphs it is winning on the present 21,000-mile tour, and is playing in superb form. The critical public, as well as that larger and more catholic body which loves and appreciates music of the lighter vein, will both be amply satisfied with the programmes offered at the Sousa concerts.

Sousa on the conductor's stand is unique. When he conducts one of his famous marches he does do it altogether with his his baton, but with his body and his arms. If any one else attempted to do it so it would seem incongruous. It strikes one as remarkably apt and fitting with Sousa. Every motion of his body means something. The spirit of the music flows from him to his musicians. The artistic balance of the organization is admirably maintaied by Mr. Sousa's soloists. They have always done him credit, and the promise of their appearance here is fraught with the assurance of satisfaction. In his soprano, Elizabeth Northrop, Sousa has a voice and personality that commands success. She sings with a beautifully finished style, and her voice is simply refreshing. Martina Johnstone, the violiniste, is one of the gentler sex who has distinguished the violin by her playing of that great solo instrument. Arthur Pryor, trombone, the announcement of whose name is sufficient; Franz Hell, fluegal-horn soloist, complete the admirable quartet of Sousa virtuosos. The advance sale for this one concert here will open next Wednesday morning at the Pembroke Arcade.

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One of the annual events in this city is the celebration of Robert Burns's anniversary. The concert to be given to-morrow evening at Y. M. C. A. Hall will be the seventeenth annual Scottish concert in this city, and it will celebrate the one-hundred-and-thirty-eighth anniversary. The concert will be given as usual under the auspices of the Caledonian Quoiting Club. The following programme has been arranged: Chorus, "Scots Wha Hae," Arion Glee Club; introductory remarks, President J. A. McGaw; quartette, "There was a Lad," Misses Galvin and Minthorne, Messrs. Nell and Meck; address, "The Secrets of Burns," Rev. J. Littell; song, "Loch Lomond," Miss Nellie Cameron; Highland fling, in costume, Messrs. Coutts and Stewart; song, "Battle of Stirling Brig," Mr. Peter Purvis, Scotch baritone; recitation, Miss Osman; song, "Scottish Blue Bells," Miss Georgia Galvin; chorus, "Ye Banks and Braes," Arion Glee Club; piano solo, "Black Watch Fantasia on Scottish Airs," Mrs. Caughthran; song, "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," Mr. Ed Nell; chorus, "A Highland Lad," Arion Glee Club; pantomime, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," Miss Ida Virginia Smith, Delsarte artiste, assisted by Misses Galvin and McElwee; song, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," Mr. Morris Meck; recitation (dialect), Miss Osman; song, "Burns and Scotland Yet," Mr. P. Purvis; quartet, "Robin Adair" and "Kelvin Grove," Misses Galvin and Minthorne, Messrs. Nell and Meck; song, "This is No' My Ain Plaid," Miss Nellie Cameron; chorus, "Afton Water," Arion Glee Club; "Auld Lang Syne." Accompanist, Mrs. Caughthran. Piper, Prof. James Bryson.

* * *

A Boston paper says of "Brian Boru," the Irish opera which has been the great hit in New York: "The opera made a success so pronounced on its first appearance here that it has been witnessed by some of the lagest and most fashionable audiences of the season. Nearly each individual member of the long cast has scored personal success, from the prima donna, Amanda Fabris, down. Grace Golden has probably never appeared more advantageously than she does as O'Connor's sister. Amelia Summerville as Baby Malone has made a hit, and in conjunction with Jefferson de Angelis, John S. Slavin and Thomas Ricketts, cleverly relieves the more serious scenes of the opera. Max Eugene, Samuel Slade and Bruce Paget, in addition to singing the music allotted to them in a very satisfactory manner, present striking pictures of the warlike chieftains of the period. The messengers, heralds, monks, fairies, elves and witches all act and sing as if each felt individually responsible for a portion of the success of 'Brian Boru.' The scenic production is a sumptuous one, carefully prepared, artistically executed. The first act, with its wild mountain scenery and glistening waterfalls, when filled with the spirits, good and evil, who are supposed to guard the fortunes of Ireland, presents one of the most complete stage pictures seen here for many a day. The great hall of Dublin Castle is an imposing stage picture, while the Irish camp outside of Dublin and the old Dublin street, with St. Patrick's Church and a view of the bay, are picturesque, interesting and imposing. The popular success of 'Brian Boru' has brought about a number of theater parties."

* * *

Lilli Lehmann's return after an absence of five years to America, where she won her first laurels as a great Wagnerian singer, marks an interesting event in the annals of the German opera. An illness at the time compelled a temporary retirement from all operatic work, but all her strength and health have returned, and, after a sensational success as Brunnhilde at Bayreuth last summer, followed by equally successful appearances at Munich, she returns to us to renew her triumphs as Isolde, Fidelio and the Brunnhilde in the Nibelung Trilogy. She is in the zenith of her powers, and Mr. Damrosch speaks enthusiastically of her present appearance. Herr Paul Kalisch, one of the tenors of Mr. Damrosch's opera company this year, came to this country seven years ago. He was a tenor of much promise, but little routine in the Wagner roles. He then married Lilli Lehmann, and she resolved to make a great Wagnerian singer of him. This people doubted, as he had hitherto gained his reputation in French and Italian opera, but enthusiasm and hard work have done wonders. He is now considered one of the best heroic tenors of Germany, and Munich papers, where he has just been singing, are full of the highest praise for the beauty of his singing and the intelligence and intensity of his acting. He will appear here in "Tannhauser."

* * *

After "El Capitan's" first appearance in Chicago last week a critic there had the following to say of his prima donna: "Nella Bergen, however, was the surprise—one man said the miracle—of the evening. Upon her first entrance the great, stormy audience which five minutes before had been riotously demonstrative in baring the heads of women, was lulled into a state of wondering reverence. Those who had heard of her whispered a little, but the others stared in astonishment. A tall, superbly formed young woman with a face of striking, if not perfect type of beauty, with a voice of bell-like sweetness and a dignity of bearing no woman but Emma Eames seems to possess, came down the center of the stage like some royal lady. She made her gilded surroundings seem poverty stricken, and the attendant men, women and girls were automatons. She dimmed the luster of the music, she almost suppressed the Hopper popularity. She acted now and then with brilliance, and again became stiff. In her songs was the expression of humanity, in the expression of her body was perfection. She is the new prima donna of the present generation. She was found in a Brooklyn church choir. Her place is the one being unwillingly vacated by Lillian Russell."

* * *

Leo Stern, a young Englishman, who has achieved much fame as a 'cello player, is en route to this country to give a series of recitals. Stern is thirty years old and is one of the most noted players of Europe. A story is told of him that he learned that Dvorak had composed a concerto for the 'cello and he went to the publisher and made arrangements to have the first copy. He took it home and learned it and later wrote to Dvorak asking if he might visit him and have him hear the concerto and give him instructions concerning his performance. He received no reply to this nor to two other letters, then he telegraphed Dvorak and received the reply "don't come." He immediately went, found the composer and it was only by the greatest persistance that he finally persuaded Dvorak to hear him. After a week of practice Dvorak took Stern to a house, where there were the finest musicians of Prague, and had him play the concerto, Dvorak himself playing the accompaniment. This concerto Stern afterward played with great success with the Philharmonic Club, in London, directed by Dvorak.

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Included in the obituary of 1896 were the following-named musicians and others connected with music: Composers, Ambroise Thomas, Carlo Gomez, A. Cagnoni, Crouch, Bruckner; conductors, Sir C. Halle, Sir J. Barnby, Henry Leslie, Leo Feld; pianists, Mme. Schumann, Plante, Dorrell, Bowley, Famfylde; other instrumentalists, Betjeman, J. G. De Swert, J. E. Vieuxtemps, E. Schuberth, Kettenus; vocalists, Campanini, Duprez, Barbot, Lewis Thomas, Alexandra Ehrenberg, Klafsky, Dorus Gras, Sabatier, Ernesta Grisi, Lenova, Michot, Villaret, Zoboli, Vitali, Makepeace, Bridson, R. Grover, C. Conyers, V. Rokitanski; writers, etc., Hersee, Wasielewski, Gumbert, Grist; also Sir A. Harris, Henry Abbey, William Steinway, Levi Fuller, W. B. Healey and Alfred Novello.

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The report of the British Museum shows that during the past year 8,398 titles have been written for the music catalogue, to which 194 new leaves have been added. The additions to the music library have been 1,391 volumes of books and 4,793 pieces of music. Among them were 250 books and pamphlets relating to the organ and its history, presented by the widow of Col. Lewis Conway Gordon, R. E. (the duplicates were sent to the Royal College of Music); 250 pieces presented by Mr. Barclay Squire from the collection of Sir George Scarfe, K. C. B.; Beethoven's autograph pencil sketches for his later musical works (1825-26), and several volumes of autograph compositions by Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Morley, John Travers, J. L. Ellerton and Sir Henry R. Bishop.

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Auguste Van Biene, for the first time in his career as a musician, was presented to New Yorkers last week in vaudeville. In the history of New York vaudeville it has had but few such notable additions. For twelve years continuously this noted 'cellist has played before the crowned heads of Europe, and even won the applause of Patti and the praise of Irving, who sent him cablegrams of congratulation on his first and second thousandth appearance in London at the Grand Theater. Auguste Van Biene has recently been appearing in his own play, called "The Broken Melody," which unfortunately has joined the funeral parade of this season's failures. Van Biene is engaged for thirty performances at Hammerstein's Olympia before he returns to England.

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Miss Irene Perry, the charming soubrette who made a success while with Rice's Excelsior Company, is having a comic opera written for her in which she will be the star. Miss Perry's action in becoming a comic opera star will cause Lillian Russell and Della Fox to look to their laurels, as Miss Perry, who is gifted with a sweet voice, a pretty face and fascinating manners, is quite sure to make a favorable impression. Miss Perry, it will be remembered, made a success while with Jefferson D'Angelis and the "Caliph" Company. Her voice is one of unusual sweetness, and the many encores she receives when she appears testify to her popularity.

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Mme. Nordica is having financial troubles on account of the numerous engagements she arbitrarily canceled about the time Indianapolis was disappointed in not hearing the soprano. The tour prepared for Mme. Nordica was to the far West, as far north as Oregon and Washington, and in order to fill an engagement she had made in the East she found she had no time to go on such an extended trip, and gave notice of cancelation of contract regardless of her obligations to the Western managers. Mme. Nordica is now in California with her concert company, and has already found herself face to face with a suit for $15,000 against her by one manager.

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Herr Ernest Kraus, who is to take Alvary's place in Mr. Damrosch's opera company this season, is only thirty-two years of age, very handsome and over six feet in height. He began his career in Weisbaden and Mannheim, and has just been engaged for royal opera in Berlin as first tenor, taking the place of Gudehus, who is getting on in years. After a sharp tussle with the Berlin directors Mr. Damrosch succeeded in securing Kraus for the winter, the Berlin people agreeing to date his contract from next spring. Kraus will appear in the roles of Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Siegfried, Faust, Raoul and Don Jose.

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The prize of Rome at the Paris Conservatory has been awarded to Alfred Bachelet, for his operatic setting of an Irish legend which was written in dramatic form by Leon Durocher. The libretto, which is mythical, deals with the adventures of Tiona, the shepherdess; Fiathal, the wicked fairy of the forests; Patrick, the hunter; Turi, the dwarf, and Tregar, the enchantress. The plot deals with the eternal conflict between pure and sensual love, and around the little opera Alfred Bachelet is said to have written such charming music that he is marked as a rising composer.

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A St. Petersburg dispatch to a Paris paper says that four wagonloads of musical instruments of various kinds, including pianos, have just been dispatched to King Menelek, and that a number of musicians and bandmasters have also been engaged to go to Abyssinia. King Menelek is evidently interested in music, and it would not be astonishing, some years hence, if some unripe aspirant for fame and American dollars should arrive in New York and claim attention on the plea of being his court pianist.

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Miss Leonora Jackson, the young American violinist who made a successful debut in Berlin recently under Joachim, appeared there Dec. 15 by special summons at a grand court dramatic and musical charity entertainment, given at the New Royal Opera House and Theater (formerly Kroll's) before the Empress, the court, the ministers of state, and the chief people of title in Berlin; and was honored by receiving the lion's share of the applause and special congratulations from her Majesty, the Empress.

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One of the most famous resorts in Paris—Le Chat Noir—is about to pass away. This resort is said by Parisians to have been the cradle of almost every song writer and composer famous in the French capital to-day. Rudolph Salis, who founded it and under whom it made its reputation, sold it in 1889 to a company under whom it nearly came to ruin. Salis bought it back for a song not long ago, but could never revive the interest in it, and now he has taken a place nearer the boulevards.

It is a growing fad in Europe to give recitals dedicated to one certain style of song. Thus there have been recitals of the "Songs of Spain," "Russian Folk Song" recitals, recitals of "Patriotic Songs," etc. The latest idea is the "campaign song" recital, at which the campaign songs of different countries are sung.

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Mme. Therese Carreno is receiving unlimited praise for her fine piano playing in the Eastern cities. She has added to her repertoire since leaving America, a number of years ago, and has improved in as many ways as it was possible for her to do so. She is conceded to be one of the greatest pianists of the world.

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Mme. Helen Hopekirk, the well-known pianist, will leave England shortly for America, and will arrive in Boston in the month of February. Mme. Hopekirk during her recent residence in Paris and London has been devoting her time almost exclusively to composition, and her repertory as pianist will include a recently completed concerto and a concertstuck for piano and orchestra, which was produced by Mr. Henschel.

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Manx national music was the subject of a lecture, illustrated by examples, recently delivered in London by Mr. W. H. Gill. The investigations of Mr. Gill and his colleagues have unearthed a good number of melodies, most of which had never been committed to paper, but had been simply handed down from father to son through generations. Many of the tunes are said to resemble Irish melodies.

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"The Two Jolly Cooks," the operetta by Leopold Jordan, in which the Ring sisters will shortly appear, gives them an abundant opportunity to display both their comedy and vocal powers. The young ladies have just had their photographs taken in the very pretty costumes they will wear in Mr. Jordan's operetta. Miss Blanche Ring appears as the boy cook and Nina as the girl cook.

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Musical Director Paul Schindler, of "Jack and the Beanstalk" Company, at the Museum, uses a baton with a small incandescent lamp in the end of it. During the dark changes he thus succeeds in keeping his orchestra and chorus together, while the dancing of the electric light produces a striking effect.

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Mr. Archie Crawford, the English baritone, will make his first public appearance in Boston at Steinert Hall next Wednesday. The programme for this recital will be made up of old English ballads and modern compositions by Thomas, Tschaikowsky, Gounod and others.

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Paderewski will return to London in March, and will then appear at the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts. He will also play at the Philharmonic on March 24, introducing there Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new Scottish fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra.

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Mrs. Emma Juch-Wellman has been singing in New York recently and she took part in the entertainment given in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the German Liederkranz.

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It is said that next season Mme. C. Chaminade, the pianist and composer, and Henri Marteau, the violinist, will appear in concerts.

BIG WEEK AT THEATERS

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON" AND STUART ROBSON COME TO THE GRAND.

"Darkest Russia" and "The Nancy Hanks" at English's—Strong Bills at Park and Empire.

Those Missouri folks who told Mark Twain's story, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," so charmingly last season in this city are to be at the Grand again the first half of this week. It is practically the same company seen here last season, except that Theodore Hamilton plays Pudd'nhead Wilson, and Emily Rigl, Roxy. The play made a good impression when here before. The strong characterizations, the interesting story and the way in which it is told entitles Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" to a place among the leading novelty dramas of recent times. Since it was seen last in this city "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has been given in all the large cities throughout the land. Dave Wilson, called by his neighbors a pudd'nhead, because they failed to understand the wisdom and quaint humor of the man, is made a unique character and never uninteresting. Though the play comes with a new man in the title role it is said that the character has lost none of its strength nor any of its droll humor, so admirably portrayed by the late Frank Mayo.

Miss Emily Rigl will be seen as Roxy, that dark-eyed creature who, though sixteen parts white, is yet a slave. Frank E. Aiken will be seen as the proud old Southern gentleman, Judge Driscoll, and Frank Currier will be the Howard Pembroke, the leading lawyer of Dawson's Landing. Tom Driscoll will be played by Frank Campau, who was seen in the part last season. That eccentric part, Patsy Mason, is still in the hands of Miss Lucile LaVerne. Miss Frances Grahame Mayo will be seen in her characterization of Rowy Mason. "O'der in the court" will again be heard from the droll Sheriff Blake. "The wise men of Dawson" and the well-remembered twins are still in evidence.

Stuart Robson in "The Jucklins."

In this broad country there are many isolated localities, which the vigilant writer, ever on the alert for a new and interesting theme, is fast uncovering to the mental eye of the omniverous reader. Perhaps no tale so true to the life of the North Carolina farmer has been read by more enthusiastic readers than "The Jucklins." Almost every one who has taken up that book, so true to provincial life, has pronounced it great. So it was with Stuart Robson, and his dramatic instinct also told him that it held merit as a play in its scenes, action and dialogue. Forthwith he set about its dramatization. When he broached the subject to others he was enthusiastically encouraged to make the story a living, breathing reality above the footlights. James Herne, the able actor of "Shore Acres" fame, exclaimed: "I consider it a truly Robson play. I can fancy Stuart Robson in the part of old Lem Jucklin." And so the fiat went forth, and those who enjoy a good comedy by a sterling actor and company will witness one in "The Jucklins," next Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee, at the Grand. The scenery used in "The Jucklins" shows one of those bright rural localities in the sunny South, which makes one long for the country's quiet content and dreamy languor. There is much that is humorous in this new play, and the quaint character of Lemuel Jucklin is said to be one of the best that Mr. Robson has essayed.

On Saturday night only Mr. Robson will appear