LONDON SOCIETY.

IX.

CONVERSATION AND THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF DIFFERENT PERIODS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
London, August 1.

Among many changes in the social life of London, none perhaps is more striking than the change in the fashion of talk. The note of to-day is not the note of twenty years ago, or of the generation which preceded. The literaure, the biographical literature, the reminiscences, of the last fifty years are full of the renown of great talkers. Macaulay may be taken as a type of them. He was the superior of all in his own style, but the style was one which prevailed, and it is fair to judge it by its best example or exponent. No fame, on the whole, is equal to his in his own manner. The world has had every means of judging of it and of him. Sir George Trevelyan's biography of his uncle has made him a familiar figure and a greater favorite with the world than he was before these records of his private life had been made public. No biographer could well have more of that permitted prepossession in favor of his subject than the brilliant nephew of his brilliant uncle had. He has, however, done his hero-worshipping with consummate literary skill. He does not shock his reader; he attracts him; the most indifferent reader cannot help sympathize with the hero. Yet I imagine few people have laid down the book without a vague wonder whether Macaulay was really an agreeable man in society; whether this marvellous conversation—marvellous it really was—was really conversation.

I have asked a number of persons who knew Macaulay well; who met him often, who made part of the world he lived in, who sat with him at table; who listened to him, whether his immense reputation was deserved, and whether he would now be thought a good talker. I quote nobody, but I sum up the general sense of all the answers in one phrase.—he would be thought a bore. Whether that is a reflection on Macaulay or on the society of to-day is an open question, but the opinion cannot be far wrong. "Macaulay," said a talker whose conversation ranged over three generations, "did not talk, he lectured. He chose his subject, it mattered little what, and he delivered a discourse on it; poured out masses of facts, of arguments, of historical illustration. He was not witty, he had no humor, he was not a critic, as he himself confessed, he was devoid of imaginative or poetic faculty. But he had the most prodigious memory ever possessed by a human being, and on this he drew, without stint and without end." People in those days listened to him, his authority was established, his audience docile, nobody interrupted, controversy was out of the question. "Now," continued the witness, "no dinner table would stand it; he would be stopped, contradicted, his long stories vetoed; no monopoly or monopolist is tolerated. If you wanted to know about Queen Anne you could go home and read a cyclopedia."

This is perhaps overstated; the picture is overdrawn. Macaulay is made as much too black as Trevelyan has made him too white. But it is true in substance and it will give you a notion of the change in the fashion of talk which, as I began by saying, has really taken place. Everything now is touch and go. Topics are treated lightly, and above all briefly; if you want to preach a sermon you must get into a pulpit or a newspaper; preach it at table you cannot. The autocrat who held sway over the company and forced them to listen, has vanished. Perhaps it is the democratic tendency of the age which has driven him out of the field, or out of the drawing-room; at any rate, he is gone and nobody wants him back. You may tell a story, but you must, in Hayward's phrase, cut it to the bone. The ornamental elaboration, the tricking out your tale with showy togs—purpureis pawnis—the leisurely prolongation of the narrative once practised, can be practised no more. If you do not cut it short you will be cut into, and before you are half way through another man will have begun and finished his, and your audience will have gone over to the enemy. Worse still, if you persist, you may for once have your way, but it will be for once only, your host makes the appalling discovery that you are impossible, and he asks you not again,—neither he nor any of the company. No reputation is so universal as that of the bore; no other criminal is so shunned by his fellow men.

It is this rapidity, this lightness of sound, which makes it so difficult for the provincial or the foreigner to catch the note of modern society in London. Seldom does either succeed at once. Of the provincial I will say nothing, he shall be left unsung. But the transient visitor has painful experiences at times, because he insists on bringing with him to London the manners and customs which he has found avail in his native land. Women make few mistakes; their preternatural quickness of perception, their instantaneous insight into the real condition of things perfectly new to them, their intuitions, are so many extra senses and safeguards. It is the male foreigner whose tact cannot always be depended on to carry him safely over the social reefs and shoals which surround him in the sea he has never navigated before. He comes, let us say, from Central Africa; the Congo is his home. He is a cultivated, an accomplished man; but not quite what is here understood by a man of the world. He belongs, in fact, to that same past generation which had so heavy a hand or such a genius for getting to the bottom of a subject; and sometiems staying there. He is asked to an evening party. He goes correctly attired, and bent on conquest. He is not content with the silent bow, or the word or two of commonplace greeting to his hostess which here are thought sufficient. He comes to a dead halt at the top of the staircase; sets forth in elegant language his pleasure at seeing her, his pleasure at being asked, the pleasure he expects from seeing so many pleasant people, his pleasure at having quite unexpectedly found the English so civil to the tribes of Central Africa. Long before he has finished, the pressure of guests arriving behind him has carried him on into the middle of the drawing-room, and the compliment which he began to his hostess is completed in the ear of a stranger.

His friend introduces him to the stranger; a woman of the world, and of the London world. She receives him precisely as she receives nine-tenths of her acquaintances. Perhaps she even shakes hands with him, seeing that he expects it, then, after two or three of those vapid sentences which do duty for conversation in such a crush, turns to a new-comer. Our friend from the Congo thinks she does not care for conversation, and, if he be sensitive, that she does not care for him. Again he is introduced,—presented, I may say between dashes, is only used here for introductions to royalties—and again the English lady, young or old, does her best to be civil to him, but her civilities, too, are of the same fleeting kind. It does not occur to her that this dark cousin from over the sea expects to exchange opinions with her on the Irish question, or to extract a full account of her views on the correlation of forces. She also turns away, and after one or two more such experiences he announces sadly that he is not a success in London society. He has not caught the note—that is all. The very women whom he thought rude to him took his measure, made all allowances for his unacquaintance with customs necessarily new to him, liked him, and before they slept sent him nice notes to ask him to lunch next day, or, more probably, next week.

He is puzzled, but pleased, and accepts and goes. What does he find? He is welcomed cordially but without fuss; if there be anything which English women dislike more than another, it is making a fuss. They do not gush over a new acquaintance or over an old one; it is the avoidance of fuss and gush and sloppy compliments which has gained them a reputation for coldness of manner. The coldness of manner is simplicity of manner; that and nothing else, and it is simplicity of nature which dictates the simple manner. Lunch may mean a party of twenty people, but whether twenty or two, there is no ceremony. The ladies walk into the dining-room by themselves, the men straggle after, and find their way to such seats as suit them. The talk is as easy as if you were sitting about a fire; or more so. If the lunch is a small one, the talk ripples about the table; if large, you have to take your chance with the two fellow creatures next you; men or women, as chance, you or superior strategy may have determined. Not even to these or to either of these will the cousin from the Congo have a chance to expound his notions on the correlations of forces, unless he can do it in half a dozen phrases. He may have to carry them back again to the tropics unexpounded; at no entertainment of a purely social kind will he find hearers for these valuable views. If he has anything to say, people will hear it with interest, on one condition; that it be said in the manner of the society amid which he moves for the time being. Society does not object to serious topics, or even to the serious treatment of them, what it objects to is pedantry, pretension, dulness; to that which is heavy as distinguished from that which is serious. It has preferences and strong preferences; but it will endure much. What it will not endure is the professor who brings into its presence the solemnities of the lecture-room, or the man who arrives with a mission.

I mentioned democracy and I shall have to mention it again. I refer to it at this point in order to add an anecdote which has no relation to what has gone before, but which I fear may get into print otherwise if I hold it over too long.

It is an English lady of high position who tells the story. Dining out the other night, she saw in the hall as she went in, a servant who for a long time in earlier days had been butler to the late Lady Waldegrave, whom she had often visited. She spoke to him; an act in no way remarkable among people between whom and their servants there is margin enough. At dinner there were ortolans and this lady's neighbor asked whether she eated for them. "Oh, yes," answered she, "I am fond of all delicacies. I would dine if I could like Nero on nightingale tongues." As she finished the ortolan and the sentence she became aware that Lady Waldegrave's butler was leaning over in that respectful attitude proper to the British servant handing a dish, and he murmured: "I beg pardon, my lady, but Cicero says it was Vitellius."

I have repeated this little anecdote to a number of persons who have had large opportunities of observing the manners and customs of the British butler. They one and all refuse to believe it. "If it had been in France it might be possible, in England, never." Such is the comment of more than one expert. Yet it did happen and the sceptic must say with Tertullian, Certum est quia impossibile est. The explanation of this gentleman's classical learning is simple. He is supposed to have occupied his leisure—for he retired upon a pension—in the perusal of the classics in English versions; the sometimes respectable but generally wooden translations supplied to the public under the name of the late Mr. Bohn. The amazing thing is, not that he should have known about Cicero and Vitellius, but that he should have so far departed from the cast-iron etiquette of English service as to say anything while on duty that duty did not require.

G. W. S.

ON THE CAPE ANN ROCKS.

AMONG PINES AND PUMPS.

Cape Ann, Aug. 16.—There were never more delightfully soft rocks than those of which this granite cape so justly boasts. They slope down to the water, after the fashion of terraces, smooth and pleasant to walk over, and made expressly to be sat upon. They always furnish a comfortable back to rest against and a footstool if desired, so that no acute sensations as of sitting upon a picket fence detract from a full enjoyment of the ocean view. Off toward Halibut Point may be seen a large boulder, so perfectly balanced that with a slight pressure it can be rocked back and forth. The young people have a way of perching on its top, while they enjoy the sunset and the motion at the same time; in this way killing two birds with one stone.

Here is a glorious combination of woods and rocks, country roads and sea beach. One has only to cross the street to pass from a morning upon the rocks to an afternoon in the woods. Inexhaustible woods, too, networked with paths and fascinating cart-roads in every direction. Strolling along some shady path, through dense woods, you suddenly emerge into an opening where the pathway is blocked by the familiar granite rocks. A second glance shows a large, deserted quarry, which a few steps more would have allowed you to descend with surprising rapidity. You look over the edge of a precipice of perhaps 100 feet, and see that the old quarry is filled with water, which is sometimes over thirty feet deep. Cape Ann, however, has not deserted quarries only. There are plenty of them in all directions which are energetically worked, and you can drive only a short distance upon any of the woody roads before the penetrating sound of stone-breaking greets the ear. Everywhere the great derricks rise above the trees, and piles of granite paving-stones are heaped up near the road. There are two sizes of paving-stones, "the large ones," said a stone-breaker, "for New-York, the small ones for Boston." My New-York companion looked at me with a smile, but I only murmured, "So you go in for quantity, even in paving-stones." He got even, however, by asking the man if the Boston paving stones were any better quality of granite. Every native seems to have a quarry of his own, and a continual sound of blasting introduces a kind of Fourth of July atmosphere into the sea-beaten quiet. There is a famous granite quarry at Rockport, which extends under the roadway and allows the passer-by the satisfaction of crossing upon this fine stone bridge, which is simply a huge arch hewn out of one great block of granite. Out from Rockport is building an immense stone breakwater, which in the future is to give the inhabitants a fine harbor, a thing they are much in need of. From the top of Pigeon Hill, if it is a clear day, the coast of New-Hampshire can be plainly seen, and the Hotel Wentworth looms up distinctly, with the Isles of Shoals in the distance. Not far from Pigeon Hill is a delightful resting place, known as "Cathedral Woods," the pines rising like beautiful columns in measured stateliness. "Pumps" form an important feature of this place. The visitor can hardly walk for five minutes in any direction without coming upon a rustic summer-house containing the characteristic "pump." The water generally holds a good deal of sulphur, and the different springs vary in taste and mineral quality, the latter usually being announced by an inscription surmounting the pump. The "intelligent residents" drive about with a little hook beside their whip-socket, to which is attached the indispensable drinking-cup.

Sign boards here are as abundant as wild roses; I never saw a greater profusion of both. The sign-boards are everywhere, large and imposing; in fact, they are much more important than the streets themselves. If in driving you chance upon a sign-board which announces "Bay View Avenue," and think to drive therein, you will be apt to discover that "Bay View Avenue" is a grassy road, which passes between two cottages, and soon after ends abruptly, leaving you without either bay or view. If you have been indiscreet enough to drive down with a wagon which does not "cut under," your only resource is to unharness the horse, and lift the wagon round.

This is a place in which to be independent, to wear old clothes, to go to bed early, and to live out of doors, forgetting that formality exists. It has, however, its moments of wild dissipation. Professor Von Jones announces that he will in spite of his unsurpassed ability and immense reputation as the finest living elocutionist favor the good-for-nothing residents with a few choice selections, which are chosen with the most exquisite taste as being specially adapted to the intelligence of the listeners.

Such an attraction never fails to draw to the favored hotel parlor an enthusiastic audience. The doors and windows are closed to keep the warm air from getting out, and they do it with a success which is only approached by Mr. Von Jones's delivery of "Farewell, Brother Watkins," "The Chariot Race" from "Ben Hur," "Barbara Frietchie" and of many other selections which he does equal justice to, before dropping breathless into a chair, swallowing a glass of water and gazing into space, while some one passes a hat around into which the victims would willingly drop their last quarters for the sake of escaping further torture.

I needn't mention the baseball games, which are the most popular of all the enjoyments at every summer resort. The poorer the ground the greater the enthusiasm is. Every man on each nine expresses his opinion audibly with regard to the correct movements of all the men on bases. The ladies from the "northeast corner" make unfavorable criticisms on the personal appearance of the nine from the "southwest corner" loud enough for the ladies from that locality to hear it all. The gentleman who has kindly consented to be "umpire" regrets that he ever was born, and all return contentedly to a cold supper, glorying in a score of 31 to 47.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.
A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

UNDER VOLCANIC ASHES.

HUNDREDS OF LIVES SNUFFED OUT BY AN ERUPTION.

Tokio, Japan, July 23.

News of an awful and destructive catastrophe has just been received. In the province of Tukushima, near the city of Wakamastu, about 165 miles north of Tokio, a terrible and most calamitous eruption of the apparently extinct Bandai-san volcano has taken place, resulting in the burial under volcanic mud and rocks and ashes of a region of about seventy-five square miles, and causing more or less damage and devastation within an area extending over more than 675 square miles. It was on July 15. The morning was unusually hot and sultry. At this season of the year peasants from the adjacent regions frequent for the purpose of health and recreation the little mountain hamlet of Iwase and its three hot springs which are, besides a few weather beaten and partly decomposed scoriaceous rocks cropping out on the surface, the only indications of the volcanic character of a mountain that has been quiescent for about a thousand years, and the crater of which had been filled up long ago by the slow processes of nature. There was no ground for apprehension of any kind, and a few earthquake shocks, felt two or three days previous to the eruption, presented also nothing unusual or abnormal. Earthquake shocks and seismic tremors are common throughout Japan. Some of the people were quietly enjoying the hot baths on the slope of the mountains, others conversed with the visitors that had come from a distance, while a majority were lying on their mats, talking, smoking, dreaming, dozing, sleeping. Old Bandai-san presented his usual appearance, and nature herself, dreamy and drowsy, seemed about to fall into slumber.

Suddenly, a few minutes past eight o'clock, a low rumbling was heard like the sound of distant thunder, actually believed to be such by some; but before there was time for an interchange of words, the earth was heaved up and began to tremble violently, the ground undulating like water shaken in a bowl. From the peak of Bandai-san there then shot up into the air, as though discharged from the cannon's mouth and accompanied by a noise as of a hundred thunderstorms combined, a huge mass of red volcanic mud, mixed with fire and rocks and sulphur and smoke, carrying with it the very peak of the mountain, and hiding for a time the broad and brilliant canopy of heaven, and then, in its fall, covering the green earth below with a bluish-gray winding sheet of volcanic mud, heavy rocks, hot water, burning sulphur, red-hot sand and glowing ashes of a bluish tint. Under this mass, varying in thickness from seven to twenty feet, were hidden 600 men, women, and children, dead at once or writhing in the last agonies. Among these there were no less that 150 visitors to the hot springs who thus found a horrible death in place of the expected cure from sickness and disease. Within a fatal circle, described by a radius of five miles around the mountain, few people were able to escape unhurt, but even beyond that distance persons were killed or injured. Dense black smoke continued to issue from the aperture through which the subterranean forces had found vent, and black clouds soon covered the sky far and wide, while constantly recurring earthquake shocks increased the fright of the trembling fugitives. Whoever could fled at once in every direction, away from the smoking crater. Some, stark naked and ashy pale, ran at the top of their speed over the glowing cinders; women fainted and fell from sheer exhaustion and terror; a few, crazed by fright or injured by falling beams and stones, hopped or crept away like so many animals set at large. To increase the horrors of the scene, pine trees, tall and stately and centuries old, were torn from the ground and thrown upward, while sulphurous flames blazed forth between their crackling roots, presenting to the wild and excited imagination of the people the spectacle of weird-looking snakes, hissing and writhing in the unearthly glare of the abysmal fire.

At 10 o'clock the scene had reached its climax, but eruptions and earthquake shocks did not cease until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The landscape then presented a piteous aspect. Within a distance of five miles around the mountain trees and shrubs as well as all the tea and rice plants—the entire crop of the year—had been destroyed. Forty-four houses were found buried to a depth of twenty feet, and many more were covered to a less depth. Strange to say, few or no small stones were found among the debris; heavy rocks seem to have been numerous; one of them is said to measure seventy-eight feet in length. The village of Iwase seems to have suffered most, then Yozan and Hibara. Three hamlets near the latter place were covered completely. Not a soul was saved. At Hibara itself, the river Nagase was blocked up by falling debris, and by the sudden rise of a natural bank, 400 feet high and several miles long, across the river's course, obstructing the flow of its waters. Unless the imprisoned river is promptly liberated the entire region will be flooded, and a lake formed where once fine rice-fields stood. At Inawashiro and in its neighborhood the people, though not in danger, escaped, at the time of the eruption, with all their furniture, as though a military invasion had taken place. The people state that the noise as heard there was appalling, resembling the simultaneous discharge of thousands of cannon. As a matter of fact, the lesser peak of Bandai-san has been blown off by the terrific explosion of the subterranean gases and vapors. On the 19th of July—this is the latest news—another eruption took place without, however, doing any damage. By it two new craters were formed. Black smoke continues to ascend from the mountain.

The survivors of the catastrophe were so dazed and bewildered by the sudden disaster that had fallen upon them that most of them were unable to give any coherent account of their escape. One man was, by the first shock, pitched headlong out of his house, and, terrified by this sudden eviction, he ran at once for his life, and never knew what had really happened until after his arrival in Inawashiro. Others had similar experiences; in fact, nobody was likely, under such circumstances, to inquire into what was the matter. Thus far 476 bodies have been recovered. The dismal records speak of fractured skulls, of broken limbs, of faces and bodies battered beyond recognition, of bodies literally cut into halves or quarters, or into still smaller pieces, of bodies actually parboiled by the seething water that fell upon the unsuspecting victims of the eruption. Some bodies were found suspended from the trees into which they had fallen when descending from the air. Harrowing details there are many, but one case, sad and dismal enough, must suffice. A mother with her child tied to her back stumbled onward, in hot haste, under a storm of glowing ashes, burning cinders and falling rocks. A large red-hot stone struck the child, and bespattered the mother with blood, without, however, harming her. Holding fast, with a desperate grasp, the red burden on her back, the mother succeeded in reaching Wakamatsu, but only find that her child was dead.

The damage done to life and property is not yet exactly known, but it is appalling. The Emperor at once contributed three thousand yen for the relief of the suffering people, and dispatched a special commissioner to the afflicted region. Through the prompt initiative of Captain Brinkley, of "The Japan Mail," money to be forwarded to the distressed district is now being rapidly collected among the foreign residents here and in Yokohama. The vernacular press is also doing its duty in this direction. The police and local authorities at Wakamatsu have already taken steps to provide for the desitute, some of whom have in very truth saved nothing but their naked life.

AN EARLY LOVE FOR SLAUGHTER.

BOYISH PRANKS, INSPIRED BY AMBITION TO EMULATE A BUTCHER.

"I do not think I was naturally cruel," said a gentleman to an old crony, speaking of his boyhood. "In fact I have fainted at the sight of suffering, yet when I was a lad about eight years old, I witnessed the killing of some cows in the slaughter-house back of my grandfather's barn on the old farm. The sight filled me with horror at first, but it soon gave way to a feeling of fascination and I was filled with an ambition to emulate the stolid butcher who so coolly cut the throats of his victims. I remember I had to feed the pigs, and as they grunted about in their trough, grunting their content over skim-milk and corn, I revolved in my mind various plans by which I might confer upon at least one of them the honor of a martyr's death.

"The tragedy, wherein the pig and myself were to be the principal actors, occupied my whole thoughts for nearly a week, at the end of which time I reluctantly gave up the idea of sacrificing my friend the pig and turned my attention to smaller game. Not far from the house was an old rustic arbor, and this I fixed upon as the future scene of my operations. Securing a large spool I fastened it on an axle about four feet from the ground, then I rigged a windlass in the same manner, about a foot from the floor on the opposite side, and driving a stake with a ring in it under the spool, over which I placed a fish line with a noose in it with one end fastened to the windlass, and my slaughter-house was complete. I go into this detail to show how much I had thought and studied, in a childish way, upon the subject.

"For a few days I spent all my time playing about the old arbor and tastefully arranging a small graveyard for the expected 'honored guests.' At last the opportunity came that I was waiting for. A neighbor had three kittens who used to play about the yard and sometimes would wander into the woods, where I found them one morning and picked out the largest. The kitten died hard, much to my surprise, for I had proceeded in its execution in the same way the butcher had with the cow. After I was convinced the kitten was really dead, I held a funeral and wept tears of genuine sorrow, and after its funeral in the cemetery started off in search of more victims. During the next month two more kittens, one puppy, a large number of mice and one rat were disposed of and 'planted.' The rat was exceedingly savage and bit me on the finger, although I handled him tenderly and with care.

"About this time I found a volume of fairy tales in the garret and read it with a great deal of interest. One story especially produced an impression. It was about a prince and princess and toads with jewels in their heads. From this story I conceived the idea of getting rich by collecting the precious stones contained in the heads of toads, and so furnished my slaughter house with a chopping block and a hatchet and proceeded to investigate. But though I never found any jewels my grandfather found me in the act of looking for them and the consequences were so unpleasant that I was convinced the business did not pay, and so returned to my friends, the pigs, who were hunting in the woods for acorns. For a long time I felt a sneaking sort of regard for my raveyard, and even now think the cherries of the tree afterward planted there the sweetest and best on the whole farm."

A DAY AT CLUNY CASTLE.

HOW MR. CARNEGIE'S GUESTS ARE AMUSED.

Cluny Castle, Kingussie, July 27.

Mr. Blaine has had a cheery and carefree visit at Cluny. This, estate which is now Mr. Andrew Carnegie's summer residence, contains eleven thousand acres, and is situated in Inverness-shire, in one of the most romantic regions of Scotland. The castle stands upon an elevation nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, and it was the home of the ancient Cluny Macpherson, the former chief of the renowned Clan-Chattan. It is surrounded by a towering range of mountains and overlooks a fertile valley through which runs the beautiful River Spey. The valley assumes the shape of a horse-shoe, in the centre of which the high bluff projects, and in front of the castle upon the edge of the bluff is planted a flag-staff from the top of which waves the Stars and Stripes. For miles in either direction of the curve can be seen the most beautiful flag of all nations. A significant fact in connection with the unfurling of the flag is that the son-of-law of the present Cluny, an officer of high rank in the British Navy, presented it to Mr. Carnegie.

The castle is built of granite and the hallway contains many trophies of war and of the chase. Among the former may be seen hanging upon the side wall swords, one of which was used in the American Revolution by the elder Cluny Macpherson, also guns, pistols, dirks and coats of mail. The target made for and worn by Prince Charlie at he Battle of Culloden; the "black chanter," which, it has been handed down by tradition, had fallen from the heavens during the battle between the clans of Macphersons and Davidsons; the celebrated Feadan Dubh, which always stirred the valor of the Clan Macpherson in battle; the world-famed charmed sword worn in the "Black Watch," of which it was said that no leader carrying it was ever killed in battle; these are some of the interesting relics of war found within the walls of Cluny Castle.

Among the trophies of the chase are the heads of deer, and specimens of all kinds of game found in early times among the Highlands. Here, too, are many curiosities of historical value—an autograph letter from Prince Charlie; the colors of the 42d Highlanders, carried at Waterloo, also the colors carried in the Crimea and in the Indian mutiny. The candlestick and snuff-mull used by the elder Cluny Macpherson are among the antiquities. This brass candlestick was used by him for nine years while hiding among the caves in the Highlands. The Macphersons were allies of Prince Charlie and Cluny Macpherson was obliged to hide away in the mountain fastnesses with Lochiel. There were only four trusted friends who had knowledge of his whereabouts; his wife even was kept in ignorance of his hiding place. A reward of a thousand guineas and a regiment was offered to any chief who would produce Cluny Macpherson, dead or alive. After hiding in the caves for nine years he fled to France, and died at Dunkirk in 1755. The clan has been steadily represented by his descendants, and the present Cluny Macpherson has command of a Highland regiment.

These days in the Highlands are full of enjoyment and no guests were ever more hospitably entertained. Morning is ushered in by the music of the bag-pipe; it is the Highland custom for the piper to play under the windows of the sleeping household and thus arouse the inmates of the castle. This way of calling the guests, instead of by the conventional sudden knock at the door, is a great comfort to the sound sleeper, who is thus gradually awakened from a Highland sleep. At 9 o'clock breakfast is served, and the twenty guests march into the dining-hall, with the piper piping a Scottish air at the head of the procession. After the morning meal all assemble in the drawing-room, and soon the horn sounds from the top of the coach and the four-in-hand appears at the door. The ribbons are held by a famous Scotch driver, George Burton, who has recently accomplished the feat of driving a four-in-hand from London to Cluny, a distance of over 700 miles, in three weeks, not losing so much as even a shoe. Saddle horses and wagonettes are also at the door, so that all can join in a morning's ride. A fifteen-mile jaunt is quickly made to some loch, and all alight from the coach to bait the horses and prepare lunch. The fishermen of the party cast their flies until lunch is served. The other day Mr. Blaine from a boat cast the fly for the first time, and he and Mr. Carnegie succeded in catching in half an hour a fine string of lake trout. One of the most expert fishermen at Cluny is George W. Jenkins, of Morristown, N. J., who with Mr. Blaine and Mr. Carnegie succeed daily in bringing home enough trout to supply the large family with fish for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Within an hour the other day thirty-eight fine trout were caught in one of the many "burns" a few hundred feet from the castle. After lunch is served and the horses rested the horn blows as the signal that the four-in-hand is ready to start for the homeward run. On the way home yesterday the horn sounded at the beautiful lodge of Ardverikie, the residence of Sir John Ramsden, the gates were thrown open and the four-in-hand carried its occupants up to the house to accept an invitation to tea from Sir John. The distance from the lodge to the house is two miles, and a more romantic and delightful drive along the shore of Loch Loggan could not be imagined. This estate is bounded by lochs, which afford the best protection for a deer forest, because the deer cannot be driven into a neighboring estate. After the 12th of August Ardverikie has been rented to Lord Burton to stalk deer over, for which amusement a rental of $15,000 is paid, upon the condition that the tenant can only shoot eighty stags. This would make Lord Burton pay nearly $200 for the privilege of shooting one stag. Lord Burton was Arthur Bass, the brewer of Bass's ale, and can afford it.

After a smart drive of fourteen miles Cluny is reached and all hurry to look for their New-York mail, which is brought from Kingussie by the mail-coach running daily from that place across country to Fort William, a distance of forty-three miles. This is one of the most beautiful drives imaginable and tourists can't do better than plan to take it, as the coach is run twelve miles an hour and on time, with four changes between the two points. At seven the guests assemble in the large drawing room and the piper again leads the procession into the dining hall. After dinner Mr. Walter Damrosch goes and fills the room with very different strains—those which Wagner gave to the world. Thus the day ends and all go to rest in the assurance of a night of unbroken sleep. With a thermometer of 40 F., snow in full view, and sleeping under four woollen blankets with no mosquitoes to molest, slumber is certain.

The beauties of Cluny are many, the flowers are now in full bloom, the lawns are a rich green, the burns about the castle supply tinkling music, the Highland peaks are tipped with snow, the River Spey winds gracefully at the foot of the terrace, and the valley as far as the eye can reach extends in unbroken fields of rich verdure. Here, away from the noise of the locomotive and out of the reach of the telegraph, perfect rest and enjoyment are to be found, and the bracing air of the mountains, hundreds of feet above the sea level, supplies ozone to those in search of health.

The household at Cluny has included Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, the Misses Blaine, Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), Mr. and Mrs. Harry Phipps, jr., of Pittsburg; the Rev. Dr. Eaton, Mr. Walter Damrosch, Dr. and Mrs. Frederic S. Dennis, all of New-York; Mr. George W. Jenkins, of Morristown, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Lander, of Dumfermline; Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Barr and Miss Wallace, of Orange, and Miss Franckling, of St. Louis. They were awakened on the Fourth of July by the firing of cannon at daybreak; the Stars and Stripes were displayed and there were fireworks in the evening.

TWO JUVENILE VIEWS OF SUNDAY.

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

I heard of two little girls the other day who unconsciously illustrated two views of this (Sunday) question. One of them left her gay city home to stay over Sunday with the family of a country parson. When she went home she remarked: "Mercy! the B's are such blue Presbyterians they wouldn't take a pin out of the pincushion on Sunday!"

The other was the daughter of that same parson. There had been numerous burglaries around the country, and the child had been so frightened by these reports that she had scarcely slept any all week. On Sunday night after supper the child came to her mother and said: "Mamma, please put me to bed now. I'm so glad I can get some sleep to-night, for the burglars won't come on Sunday."

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

NOTABLE MUSICIANS AND MUSIC LOVERS AT WAHNFRIED VILLA.

MR. ELSON CHATS WITH FRAU WAGNER, FRAU MATERNA, HERR RICHTER AND M. LAMOUREUX—WAGNER'S FIRST OPERA REVIVED AT MUNICH.

Munich, July 31.

Aladdin's palace did not rise up more suddenly than did Bayreuth from its normal lethargy into life and action during the first days of the festival. Naturally some of the results were not altogether pleasant; hostelries made for fifty guests were stretched into containing five hundred. Food at the restaurants was a scarce commodity, and happy was the man who at feeding-time got a solid grip on the coat-tails of a waiter. Still, the novelty of seeing princes and kapellmeisters struggling for a glass of beer and a sandwich made up in some degree for the discomfort. Bayreuth was a veritable republic in which rank no longer counted for anything. "Angermann's" is the name of the favorite gathering place of the artists, and there, during festival days, one may find Wagner and beer discussed with enthusiasm until the early morning hours. To illustrate: when I came there on the second night of the feast, every nook and corner of the place seemed full, yet the hostess gave me a friendly signal to wait, and in a few moments a plank was laid on two beer kegs, to serve as a table, and another plank similarly adjusted did office as a seat. Upon that seat there were placed Alexander, Prince of Hesse, one of the most musical of potentates; Edward Lassen, the great Weimar kapellmeister; Hans Richter, probably the greatest living conductor, and your correspondent. Almost all of the artists of the festival were there, and those who were not, soon came in. A wild shout announced the arrival of Frau Materna, who had made such a success in the part of "Kundry." Oddly enough, the name of the hostess was also Kundry, and at the door of the inn the greater "Kundry" was met by the lesser, and quaffed a foaming beaker that was handed to her to the health of the company. "Gruss Gott! lieber Herr Elson," said the singer as she espied me, "wie geht alles in Amerika?" And we were soon in hearty conversation about the success of the festival. But another "Hoch!" is heard, and Herr Friedrichs, who won such a triumph as "Beckmesser," appears, and receives his ovation with becoming modesty. A little knot of Bostonians is soon after found in a side room, and Messrs. Gericke, Kneisel, Foote, Svecenski, Whiting, Johns, Faelten, Hubbard and myself are soon forming a kneipe, which in America would mean that we were going straight to the "demnition howwows," but here signifies only that we are becoming acclimated. By-and-by, Mr. Otto Floersheim and Mr. Michaelis, of New-York, join the set, and it continues to enlarge until an hour in the morning which shall be nameless.

In the morning Mr. Kneisel and I set out to visit Herr Richter. His number in the Richard Wagner Strasse was 277 1-8. I did not know into how many fractions a house could be divided, but after finding 277 1-2, 1-4, 1-5, 1-6, and 1-7, I felt that the city must have been founded by some great mathematician who wanted to enforce an arithmetical problem on everybody searching for a residence. Herr Richter was out when we called, but I made sure that I should find him at Madame Wagner's reception in the evening, and therefore did not search for him in the park where he had gone for a promenade. At noon I again met the Prince of Hesse, and, although not formally presented (such is the democracy of art), we entered into a comparison of notes about the festival. Prince Alexander is one of the best-informed Wagnerians even in this stronghold. He told me that the great march of the meistersingers had been discovered to be almost identical with a march of the fifteenth century, and that the most rigid study of "Die Meistersinger" only led him to wonder more and more at the fidelity with which every detail of mediaeval life had been followed. He inquired after Mr. Walter Damrosch and the success of his Wagner lectures, and showed great interest in the spread of the cause in America, just as Madame Wagner had done two days before.

How little of stuffy dignity and pomp there was in the upper circles of the Bayreuth gathering! It was only the bourgeoisie who tried to inflate themselves and carry as much of a title as the law and the alphabet would allow. The wife of an assistant sub-notary would not abate one jot or tittle of her grandeur, whatever dukes or princes might do. If I were to write out the titles of some of these as given in the "Fremdenblatt," I should cause your typos to die of brain-fever.

And now the evening came, and with it the great reception. Madame Wagner emerged from retirement and was to give a party at Wahnfried, the great villa in which Wagner's later years were spent. On jumping into a cab, I was not in the least astonished to find that the driver did not know where this famous place was. I had become accustomed to stranger Jehus from Nuremberg, and came to expect that after engaging the team I was to guide the driver to his destination, and this I accordingly did. My span looked rich enough for me to obtain a salute from the guards at the door, and a little attention from the butler, who soon ushered me into the presence. The rooms were crowded, but before greeting the hostess in the library I took a look of curiosity at the music-room and reception-room. The former was a magnificent, very high-studded room, in the centre of which stood a grand piano of American make, and at the side a large organ. In the reception-room were spread out a large number of silver wreaths which had been sent to Wagner from various admirers. Entering the library, I found Madame Wagner the centre of a group of distinguished guests whom she was receiving with a courtesy quite natural to the daughter of Liszt. She looked very noble, even though her personal bereavements of the past five years have left their mark as she stood there, tall, slim and lithe, clothed in black, with black lace on her gray hair. If I were a fashion reporter, I could give you some account of the toilettes which were round about, but I am innocent of the knowledge of flounces, bodices, and trimmings, and can only say that many beautiful ladies and distinguished-looking men were present. Madame Wagner was very courteous to my salutations and even accorded me a few moments especial conversation, asking me how the festival impressed me in comparison of those of former years, and inquiring after various American friends.

As my friends and acquaintances began to appear, the feast became delightful enough. But first I must needs "put my foot in it" in the most innocent manner possible. I had been chatting pleasantly with a rather grave-looking personage, and, to keep the conversation going, began to eulogize Herr Freidrich's performance of "Beckmesser." The party of the second part did not echo this quite so vehemently as everybody else in Bayreuth had done, and I prepared to withdraw, asking him, however, if he took an active part in the festival. "Yes," said he, rather gloomily; "my name is Kurrner! I am to play 'Beckmesser' day after to-morrow!" I had chosen just the one party in that whole room to whom Herr Friedrich's praises were a bitter potion! But I found relief in a corner of the room where a little knot of Americans had gathered. Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Messrs. Foote, Johns, Hubbard, and a few others represented the United States in that cosmopolitan gathering. Polyglot it was also, for at least five different languages were being spoken within those walls.

Herr Van Dyck, the handsome tenor who had played the part of "Parsifal," began talking to me in French, and to my astonishment proved that he scarcely knew any German at all, even while acting the hero of the most exalted German opera. He told me that there had been some communication between Mr. Stanton and himself upon the subject of singing in the New-York opera, but it had come to naught. Up came Frau Materna then with her hearty salutations and began to speak of America as if she dearly loved it. She hopes to see our shores again soon. Sure enough! I knew Herr Richter would be here! There he stands, brusque, hearty, inelegant, but sincere; a form from which the waist has long since disappeared, a huge tawny beard, a heavy shock of blonde hair, a typical German. He was as straightforward in his conversation as in his looks. When I told him that we needed him in America he shuddered and said, "Not till the ocean is abolished!" Like Verdi, he has a mortal dread of Neptune and mal de mer. But now another character comes on the scene. It is a short, fat, good-humored, gray-haired, spectacled man, who beckons me to sit down and chat a bit, and eat an ice, apart from the throng. It is M. Lamoureux, the musical hero of Paris, the man who ran into actual danger for the sake of giving performances of "Lohengrin" in France. I speak to him of this and express my admiration roundly. He makes a deprecating gesture but says: "Yes; there would have been actual danger, possibly a veritable riot, had I given another performance." I ask him if he will try it again, and he says very emphatically: "Yes; I shall give many orchestral numbers from Wagner's works this season. C'est drole! the French do not get enraged at that. It seems that Wagner only becomes dangerous when given in costume. As for me, I make music, not politics, and I do not think Wagner should enter into politics at all."

M. Lamoureux returned my compliments with compound interest. He has the French gift of flattery, and he unblushingly praised my French, which is of a quality to make the inhabitants of Paris shed tears, and began speaking of America with rapture. "I want to go there some time. It is very audacious of me, considering what great musicians you possess, but I am fond of travel, and I must yet see your great country."

Then the music began. I cannot describe that part of the evening. Herr Scheidemantel sang Schubert's "Sei mir Gegrusst" in most excellent style, giving each strophe a different expression, and moderating his great baritone perfectly to the room. Then Miss Fritzsch, of the Carlsruhe Opera House sang a Liszt number.