CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIM IN HIS OWN HAND.

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PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAREWELL OF AMENEMHAT TO HARMACHIS; COMING OF HARMACHIS TO ALEXANDRIA; EXHORTATION OF SEPA; THE PASSING OF CLEOPATRA ROBED AS ISIS; AND THE OVERTHROW OF THE GLADIATOR BY HARMACHIS.

Now the long days of preparation had passed, and the time was at hand. I was initiated, and I was crowned; so that although the common folk knew me not or knew me only as Priest of Isis, there were in Egypt thousands who at heart bowed down to me as Pharaoh. The hour was at hand, and my soul went forth to meet it. For I longed to overthrow the foreigner, to set Egypt free, to mount the throne that was my heritage, and cleanse the temples of my Gods. I was fain for the struggle, and I never doubted of its end. I looked into the mirror, and saw triumph written on my brows. The future stretched a path of glory from my feet—aye, glittering with glory like Sihor in the sun. I communed with my Mother Isis; I sat within my chamber and took counsel with my heart; I planned new temples; I revolved great laws that I would put forth for my people's weal; and in my ears rang the shouts of exultation that should greet victorious Pharaoh on his throne.

But still a little while I tarried at Abouthis, and, having been commanded so to do, let my hair, that had been shorn, grow again long and black as the raven's wing, instructing myself meanwhile in all manly exercises and feats of arms. Also, for a purpose that shall be seen, I perfected myself in that magic art of the Egyptians and the reading of the stars, in which things, indeed, I already had great skill.

Now, this was the plan that had been built up. My uncle Sepa had, for a while, left the Temple of On, giving out that his health had failed him. Thence he had moved down to a house in Alexandria, to gather strength, as he said, from the breath of the sea, and also to learn for himself the wonders of the great Museum and the glory of Cleopatra's Court. There it was planned that I should join him, for there, at Alexandria, the egg of the plot was hatching. Accordingly, when at last the summons came, all things being prepared, I made me ready for the journey, and passed into my father's chamber to receive his blessing ere I went. There sat the old man, as once before he sat when he rebuked me because I went out to slay the lion, his long white beard resting on the table of stone and sacred writings in his hand. When I came in he rose from his seat and would have knelt, crying, "Hail, Pharaoh!" but I caught him by the hand.

"It is not meet, my father," I said.

"It is meet," he answered. "It is meet that I should bow me before my King. But be it as thou wilt. And so thou goest, Harmachis? My blessing go with thee. O my son, and may those whom I serve grant it to me, that my old eyes may, indeed, behold thee on the throne! Long have I searched, striving, O Harmachis, to read the future that shall be, but naught can I learn by all my wisdom. It is hid from me, and at times my heart fails me. But hear this: There is danger in thy path, and it comes in the form of woman. Long have I known it, and therefore hast thou been called to the worship of the heavenly Isis, who bids her votaries put away the thought of woman till such time as she shall think well to slacken the rule. Oh, my son, I would that thou wert not so strong and fair—stronger and fairer, indeed, than any man in Egypt, as a King should be—for in that strength and beauty may lie a cause of stumbling. Beware, then, of those witches of Alexandria, lest, like a worm, some one of them creep into thy heart and eat its secret out."

"Have no fear, my father," I answered frowning; "my thought is set on other things than red lips and smiling eyes."

"It is good," he answered; "so may it befall. Thou now farewell. When next we meet, may it be in that happy hour when, with all the Priests of the Upper Land, I move down from Abouthis to do my homage to Pharaoh on his throne."

So I embraced him, and went. Alas! I little thought how we should meet again.

Thus it came about that once more I passed down the Nile, travelling as a man of no estate. And to such as were curious about me it was given out that I was the adopted son of the High Priest of Abouthis, having been brought to the priesthood against my will, but I refused the service of the Gods, and chosen to go to Alexandria, to seek my fortune. For be it remembered, I was by all those who knew not the truth still held to be the grandson of the old wife, Atoua.

On the tenth night, sailing with the wind, we reached the mighty city of Alexandria, the city of a thousand lights. Above them all towered the white Pharos, that wonder of the world, from the crown whereof a light like the light of the sun blazed out across the waters of the Mother to guide mariners safely through the wine-dark sea. The vessel, for it was night, having been most cautiously made fast to the quay, I disembarked and stood wondering at the vast mass of houses, and confused by the clamor of many tongues. For here all peoples seemed to be gathered together, each speaking after the fashion of his own land. And as I stood a young man came and touched me on the shoulder, asking me if I was from Abouthis and named Harmachis. I said, "Yea." Thereon, bending over me, he whispered the secret password into mine ear, and, beckoning to two slaves, bade them bring my apparel from the ship. This they did, fighting their way through the crowd of porters who were clamoring for hire. Then I followed him adown the quay, which was bordered with drinking places, where all sorts of men were gathered, tippling wine and watching the dancing of women, some of whom were but scantily arrayed, and some not arrayed at all, but we were hurried through the laughing throng till at last we reached the shore of the great harbor, and turned to the right along a wide way paved with granite and bordered by strong houses, having cloisters in front of them, the like of which I had never seen. Turning once more to the right, we came to a quieter portion of the city, where, save for parties of strolling revellers, the streets were still. Presently my guide halted at a house built of white stone. We passed in, and, crossing a small courtyard, came to a chamber where there was a light. And here at last I found my uncle Sepa, most glad to see me safe. When I had washed and eaten he told me that all things went well, and that as yet there was no thought of evil at the Court. Further, he said, having come to pass that the Queen that the Priest of On was sojourning at Alexandria, she sent for him and closely questioned him—not as to any plot, for of that she never thought, but as to the rumor which had reached her, that there was treasure hid in the great Pyramid that is by On. For, being ever wasteful, she was ever in want of money, and had bethought her of opening the Pyramid. But he laughed at her, telling her the Pyramid was the burying place of the Divine Chuis, and that naught knew he of its secrets. Then she was angered, and swore that so surely as she ruled in Egypt she would tear it down, stone by stone, and discover the secret at its heart. Again he laughed, and, in the words of the proverb which they have here at Alexandria, told her that "Mountains live longer than Kings." Thereon she smiled at his ready answer, and let him go. Also my uncle Sepa told me that on the morrow I should see this Cleopatra. For it was her birthday (as, indeed, it was also mine), and, dressed as the Holy Isis, she would pass in state from her palace on the Lochias to the Serapeum to offer a sacrifice at the shrine of the false God who sits therein. And he said thereafter that the fashion whereby I should gain entrance to the household of the Queen should be contrived.

Then, being very weary, I went to rest; but could sleep little for the strangeness of the place, the noises in the streets, and the thought of the morrow. While it was yet dark, I rose, climbed the stair to the roof of the house, and waited. Presently the sun's rays shot out like arrows and lit upon the white wonder of the marble Pharos, where the light instantly was quenched, as though, indeed, the sun had killed it. Now the rays fell upon the marble palaces of the Lochias where Cleopatra lay, and lit them up till they flamed like a jewel set on the dark, cool bosom of the sea. Away vanished the light fleet, leaving the Soma's sacred dome, whereon Alexander sleeps, touching the high tops of a thousand palaces and temples; past the porticos of the great museum that loomed near at hand, striking the lofty shrine where, carven of ivory, is the image of the false wise Serapis, and at last seeming to lose itself in the vast and gloomy Necropolis. Then, as the dawn gathered into day, the great flood of brightness, overbrimming the bowl of night, flowed into the lower lands and streets, and showed Alexandria red in the sunrise as the mantle of a king, and shaped as a mantle. The Etesian wind came up from the north and swept away the vapor from the harbors, so that I saw their blue waters reeking a thousand ships. I saw, too, that mighty mole the Heptastadium; I saw the hundreds of jewels, the countless houses, the innumerable wealth and splendor of Alexandria set like a queen betwixt Mareotis and the ocean, and dominating both, and I was filled with wonder. This, then, was one city in my heritage of lands and cities! Well, it was worth the grasping. And having looked my full and fed my heart, as it were, with the sight of splendor, I communed with the Holy Isis and came down from the roof.

In the chamber beneath was my Uncle Sepa. I told him that I had been watching the sun rise over the city of Alexandria.

"So!" he said, looking at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows; "and what thinkest thou of Alexandria?"

"I think it is like some city of the gods," I answered.

"Aye!" he replied fiercely, "a city of the infernal Gods—a sink of corruption, a bubbling well of iniquity, a home of false faith springing from false hearts! I would that not one stone of it was left upon another stone, and that its wealth lay deep beneath yonder waters! I would that the gulls were screaming across its site, and that the wind, untainted by a Grecian breath, swept through its ruins from the ocean to Mareotis! O Royal Harmachis, let not the luxury and beauty of Alexandria poison thy nature; for in their deadly air, Faith perishes, and Religion cannot spread her heavenly wings. When the hour comes for thee to rule, Harmachis, cast down this accursed city and, as thy fathers did, set up thy throne in the white walls of Memfi. For I tell thee, that for Egypt, Alexandria is but a splendid gate of ruin, and while it endures, all nations of the earth shall march through it, to the plunder of the land, and all false faiths shall nestle in it and breed the overthrow of Egypt's Gods."

I made no answer, for there was truth in his words. And yet to me the city seemed very fair to look on. After we had eaten my uncle told me it was now time to set out to view the march of Cleopatra, as she went in triumph to the shrine of Serapis. For although she would not pass till within two hours of the midday, yet these people of Alexandria have so great a love of shows and idling that had we not presently set forth by no means could we have come through the press of the multitudes who were already gathering along the highways where the Queen must ride. So we went out to take our place upon a stand, fashioned of timber, that had been built at the side of the great road which pierces through the city, even to the Canopic Gate. For therein my uncle had purchased a right to enter, and that dearly.

And with much struggle we won our way through the great crowds that were already gathered in the streets till we reached the scaffolding of timber, which was roofed in with an awning and gayly hung with scarlet cloths. Here we seated ourselves upon a bench and waited for some hours, watching the multitude press past shouting, singing, and talking loudly in many tongues. At length came soldiers to clear the road, clad, after the Roman fashion, in coats of chain armor. After them marched heralds enjoining silence (whereat the populace sang and shouted all the more loudly), and crying that Cleopatra, the Queen, was coming. Then followed a thousand Cilician skirmishers, a thousand Thracians, a thousand Macedonians, and a thousand Gauls, each armed after the fashion of their country. Then passed five hundred men of those who are called the Fenced Horsemen, for both men and horses were altogether covered with armor. Next came youths and maidens sumptuously draped and wearing golden crowns, and with them images symbolizing Day and Night, Morning and Noon, the Heavens and the Earth. After these came many fair women, pouring perfumes on the road, and others scattering blooming flowers. Now there rose a great shout of "Cleopatra! Cleopatra!" and I held my breath and bent forward to see her who dared to put on the robes of Isis.

But at that moment the multitude so gathered and thickened in front of where I was that I could no longer clearly see. So in my eagerness I leapt over the barrier of the scaffolding, and, being very strong, pushed my way through the crowd till I reached the foremost rank. And, as I did so, Nubian slaves armed with failed staves and crowned with ivy leaves ran up, striking the people. One man more especially, for he was a giant, and, being strong, was insolent beyond measure, smiting the people without cause, as, indeed, is the wont of low persons set in authority. For nigh to me stood a woman, an Egyptian by her face, bearing a child in her arms, whom the man, seeing that she was weak, struck on the head with his rod so that she fell prone, and the people murmured. But my blood rushed of a sudden through my veins at the sight, and drowned my reason. In my hand I held a staff of olive wood from Cyprus, and as the black brute laughed at the sight of the stricken woman and her babe rolling on the ground, I swung the staff aloft and smote. So shrewdly did I strike that the tough rod split upon the giant's shoulders and the blood spurted forth, staining his trailing leaves of ivy. Then, with a shriek of pain and fury—for those who smite love not that they be smitten—did he turn and spring at me! And all the people round gave back, save only the woman who could not rise, leaving us twain in a ring as it were. On he came with a rush, and, as he came, being now mad, I smote him with my clenched fist between the eyes, having naught else whereswith to smite, and he staggered like an ox beneath the first blow of the butcher's axe. Thereon the people shouted, for they love to see a fight, and the man was known to them as a gladiator victorious in the games. Gathering up his strength, the knave came on with an oath, and, whirling his heavy staff on high, struck at me a blow of a fashion that, had I not by nimbleness avoided the blow, I had surely been slain. But as it chanced, the staff hit upon the ground, and so heavily that it flew in fragments. Thereon again the multitude shouted, and the great man, blind with fury, rushed at me to smite me down. But with a cry I sprang straight at his throat—for he was so heavy a man that I knew I could not hope to throw him by strength—aye, and gripped it. There I clung, though his fists battered me like bludgeons, driving my thumbs into his throat, round and round we turned, till at length he flung himself to the earth, trusting thus to shake me off. But I held on fast as we rolled over and over on the ground, till at last he grew faint for want of breath. Then I, being uppermost, drave my knee down upon his chest, and, as I believe, should thus have slain him in my rage had not my uncle and others there gathered fallen upon me and dragged me from him.

And meanwhile, though I knew it not, the chariot whereon sat the Queen, with elephants going before and lions led after it, had come even to the place, because of the tumult had been halted. I looked up, and thus torn, panting, my white garments stained with the blood that had rushed from the mouth and nostrils of the mighty Nubian, I for the first time saw Cleopatra face to face. Her chariot was all of gold, and drawn by six milk-white steeds. Upon it she sat with two fair girls, clad in Greek attire, standing one on either side, fanning her with glittering fans. There she sat in the splendid car. On her head was the covering of Isis, the golden horns between which rested the moon's round disk—and the emblem of Osiris' throne, with the uræus twined around. Beneath the covering was the vulture cap of gold, the blue enamelled wings, and the vulture head with gemmy eyes, under which her long dark tresses flowed toward her feet. About her rounded neck was a broad collar of gold studded with emeralds and coral. Round her arms and wrists were bracelets of gold studded with emeralds and coral, and in one hand she bore the holy symbol of life uræus-wise, fashioned of crystal, and in the other the golden rod of royalty. Her breast was bare, but under was a garment that glistened like the scaly covering of a snake, everywhere sewn with gems. Beneath this robe was a skirt of golden cloth, half hid by a scarf of the broidered silk of Cos, falling in folds even to the sandals that, fastened with great pearls, adorned her white and tiny feet.

All this I discerned at a glance, as it were. Then I looked upon the face—that face which seduced Cæsar, ruined Egypt, and was destined to give Antonius the sceptre of the world. I looked upon the flawless Grecian features, the rounded chin, the full, rich lips, the chiselled nostrils, and the ears fashioned like delicate shells. I saw the forehead, low, broad, and lovely, the crisped, dark hair falling in heavy waves that sparkled in the sun, the arched eyebrows, and the long, bent lashes. There before me was the grandeur of her imperial shape. There burnt the wonderful eyes, hued like the Cyprian violet—eyes that seemed to sleep and brood on secret things as night broods upon the desert, and yet as the night to shift, change, and be illumined by gleams of sudden splendor born within their starry depths. All these wonders I saw, though I have small skill in telling them. But even then I knew that it was not in these charms alone that the might of Cleopatra's beauty lay. Rather was it in a glory and a radiance cast through the fleshy covering from the fires soul within. For she was a Thing of Flame like unto which no woman hath ever been nor ever will be. Even when she listened, the fire of her quick heart shone through her. But when she woke, and the lightning leapt suddenly from her eyes, and the passion-laden music of her speech chimed upon her lips, ah! then who can tell how Cleopatra seemed? For in her met all the splendors that have been given to woman for her glory, and all the genius which man has drawn from heaven. And with them dwelt every evil of that greater sort, which, fearing nothing and making a mock of laws, hath taken empires for its place of play, and, sowing, watered the growth of its desires with the rich blood of men. In her breast they gathered, together fashioning that Cleopatra whom no man may draw, and yet whom no man, having seen, ever can forget. They fashioned her grand as the spirit of Storm, lovely as Lightning, cruel as Pestilence, weak with a heart, and what she did is known. Woe to the world when such another comes to curse it!

For a moment I met Cleopatra's eyes as she idly bent herself to find the tumult's cause. At first they were sombre and dark, as though they saw not, but the brain reeled beneath. Then her awoke, and their very color seemed to change as the color of the sea changes when the water is shaken. First, there was anger written in them; next, an idle noting; then, when she looked upon the huge bulk of the man whom I had overcome, and knew for the gladiator, something, perchance, that was not far from wonder. At the least they softened, though, indeed, her face changed not a whit. But he who would read Cleopatra's mind had need to watch her eyes, for her countenance is as a veil to her spirit. Turning, she said some word to her guards. They came forward and led the broken man away, while all the multitude waited silently to see me slain.

I stood before her, my arms folded on my breast. Overcome though I was by the wonderful loveliness of her face, I hated her in my heart, this woman who dared to clothe herself in the dress of Isis—this usurper who sat upon my throne, this wanton squandering the wealth of Egypt in chariots and perfumes. When she had looked me over from the head to the feet she spake in a low full voice and in the tongue of Khemi, which she alone had learned of all the Lagides:

"And who and what are thou, Egyptian—for Egyptian I see thou art—who darest to smite my slave when I make progress through my city?"

"I am Harmachis," I answered boldly—"Harmachis the astrologer, adopted son of the High Priest and Governor of Abouthis, who am come hither to seek my fortune. I smote thy slave, O Queen, because for no fault he struck down the woman yonder. Ask of those who saw. Royal Egypt."

"Harmachis!" she said, "the name hath a high sound—and thou hast a high look;" and then speaking to a soldier who had seen all, she bade him tell her what had come to pass. This he did truthfully, being friendly disposed toward me, because I had overcome the Nubian. Thereon she turned and spoke with the girl bearing the fan who stood beside her—a woman having curling hair and shy, dark eyes, very beautiful to see. The girl answered somewhat. Then Cleopatra bade them bring the slave to her. So they led forward the giant, who had found his breath again, and with him the woman whom he had smitten down.

"Thou dog!" she said, in the same low voice; "thou coward! who, being strong, didst smite down this woman, and, being a coward, wast overthrown of this young man. See, thou, I will teach thee manners. Henceforth, when thou smitest women it shall be with thy left arm. Ho, guards, seize this black coward and strike off his right hand."

And, her command given, she sank back in her golden chariot, and again the cloud gathered in her eyes. But the guards seize the giant, and, notwithstanding his cries and prayers for mercy, struck off his hand with a sword upon the wood of the scaffolding, and he was carried away groaning. Then the procession moved on again. As it went the fair woman with the fan turned her head, caught my eye, and smiled and nodded as though she rejoiced, whereon I wondered somewhat.

The people cheered also and made jests, saying that I should soon practise astrology in the palace. But as soon as we might I and my uncle escaped, and made our way back to the house. All the while he rated me for my rashness; but when we came within the chamber of the house he embraced me and rejoiced greatly, because with so little hurt to myself I had overthrown the giant.

(To be continued.)

HOW SHAKESPEARE IS MUTILATED.

Mr. Boucicault Reports an Interview with the Shade of the Poet.

From the North American Review.

The words of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Euripides, and of Aristophanes come down to us out of the times of Greece as those poets gave them to the world, and, so far as we have any record, the players of succeeding centuries continued to present them textually. So it fares with the Roman dramatic writers; we can find no trace in history or in contemporaneous criticism that any of their works underwent, during the centuries that followed their production, any reformation. The change of times, which the Roman poet claims would cause a change in the minds of men, did not seem to affect those monuments of literature. Regarding other arts, we do not find the paintings and sculpture of our great masters are subjected to alteration by the hustle and bustle of their successors. On the contrary, they are preserved with costly care. How would a new edition of Dante, of Cervantes, or of Milton, interpolated, mutilated, and remade by Mr. Napoleon Tate be received and considered?

What then is there in the works of Shakespeare that Messrs. Colley Cibber, David Garrick, John Kemble, during the last century should have found it proper and necessary to treat them as architects treat ruins, when they pull them down to use their materials for new structures. It is significant that these reformers of Shakespeare were actors. And it is to actors of the present day we owe the new acting edition of the poet.

The actors of the last century cut and curtailed sundry plays so as to leave projected the figure of the tragedian who performed the principal role. Cibber worked with that object for Betterton and the group of tragedians that figured during the beginning of the eighteenth century. Garrick and Kemble tailored to fit themselves. With the advent of Macready there came a brief conservative period, when the efforts were made to restore the great Elizabethan poet and to remove the crust of pigment which obscured his work.

But this movement degenerated into a spectacular show. It seemed necessary to envelop the poet in overwhelming vestments and sensation scenery. The more recent productions by Henry Irving and by Charles Kean are mere puppet shows when compared with the spectacular pageantry of Macready's "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "Henry V.," and "Lear." But, as I remarked at the time to Douglas Jerrold, who sat beside me to witness one of these revivals, "This is not reviving Shakespeare, it is laying him out in state."

I can understand, and can very unjustly sneer was! The profusion of great actors at that time rendered us blind to their merits. Macready, Vandenhoff, Phelps, Warde, Elton, Anderson, Helen Faucit, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. W. Clifford, Miss Vandenhoff. Ten great tragic artists at one time cast! But, in truth, the poet disappeared under the trappings and the splendid escort. Nevertheless, the passion for the original text of Shakespeare, for his restoration, was very sincere on the part of the public. I remember, when a youngster, of hearing produced "Macbeth" at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and, returning to the original stage directions, caused *Macduff* to enter in the last scene of the tragedy bearing the head of *Macbeth* upon a pole. This ghastly object proved too much for the public stomach. It would resent the sight, that in the time of Shakespeare the people beheld the heads of culprits exposed in a row on Temple Bar. Such spectacles being familiar had lost their horror. If a row of nude female figures, such as we may see nightly in any burlesque, had been exposed in a similar fashion at the Globe Theatre at Eankside in one of Shakespeare's plays, there is no doubt that the Elizabethan public would have revolted. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

During my short lifetime I have remarked that the sense of delicacy has shifted from the ear to the eye. Fifty years ago language on the stage was unrestrained, and frequently we heard gross and blasphemous expressions. Such would not be tolerated to-day; but the dancers of that period wore their skirts down to their ankles, and Mme. Taglioni, in her bourrée costume, wore tunics which did not disclose the knee. Nowadays, the ear is sensitive; so if the public can discover a phrase to which a double meaning can be applied, it is saluted with censure, while a nude exhibition is applauded which a few years ago would have produced upon the spectators the effect of the head of *Macbeth*.

Could we interview Shakespeare on the question of his mutilation by his various undertakers, the ghost might deliver himself in this wise: "If I must be disembowelled and embalmed to be retained on the stage, it is very little matter to me by whom the operation is performed! Mr. Cibber and Mr. Garrick and Mr. Kemble are and were entitled to remember me than are Mr. Irving and Mr. Kyrle Bellew! I feel under many obligations to Mr. Alma Tadema of London and to Mr. Worth of Paris. But, in truth, while walking in ghostly hours the other night in Paris, I wished to enter a *bal masqué*, when I perceived on the door a notice that no one could enter without a disguise and a mask, part of the entertainment being that each personage should remain unrecognized. 'It is in this fashion,' quoth I, 'that I enter an American theatre.'

"But I cannot fairly complain of mutilation! My fellow managers and the actors of the Globe treated all the plays we introduced there in a similar fashion. Such works were not held in much respect by us. The Gothic drama, which at that time was coming into existence, was a shapeless and sometimes a monstrous thing; its chaos contained a heap of fine materials, but all was confusion and disorder. If it had not been so the actors would not, during three centuries, have been employed as we see them to-day in changing, cutting, and adding to my works, which had little or no symmetry of form. If, by accident, we treated a subject like "Othello," or "Romeo and Juliet," which shaped itself because the action was composed of consecutive incidents, all necessary to each other, you will find there has been no attempt to reconstruct, or to take any liberties with such works. If no one has taken liberties with Sophocles or with Molière, it is because their plays were perfect in design. Ours represent packages of jewels, which may be reset to suit the prevailing fashion of the period. If you will consider the English monarchs, and even many of the churches that remain as specimens of our taste in architecture, they will be found to contain half a dozen styles stuck together. The Norman will be found to be patched with Elizabethan, eked out by the Tudor, closed in by Gothic. If you imagine any Greek or Roman building, say the Parthenon at Athens, restored or completed by the addition of an Arabesque peristyle or a Gothic wing?"

"Then you do not object to actresses such as Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter appearing as your heroines?"

"If Venus condescended to appear as *Rosalind*, and Hebe consented to perform *Juliet*, I should be there to see and delight in their efforts. The boys who originally played *Cordelia* and *Juliet* were stunted through those plays in a grotesque manner. So *Cleopatra*, foreseeing that she will be made an object of derision in Rome, to which city she will be brought a prisoner to be shown to the populace as an Egyptian puppet, exclaims:

> "The quick comedians
> Extemporally will stage us and present
> Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
> Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
> Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness—

"But did you find the ladies equal to the task they undertook?

"I could not see for looking! Mine eyes were made the fools of the other senses, and were worth all the rest."

"By the way, before you go, may I inquire if you wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra'?"

"The middle of mists and styles of expression that you perceive throughout the play answers the question. I had a hand in it."

"I recognize it in the description by *Enobarbus* of the galley of *Cleopatra*."

"Wrong again," replied he; "that was written by Ben Jonson. I added the last five lines."

And so ended my interview with the spirit.

DION BOUCICAULT.

THE DAINTIEST OF THEM ALL.

MISS CAYVAN HAS THE MOST ELABORATE OF THE THEATRICAL DRESSING ROOMS.

Beautifully Decorated All in Blue—The Routine of a Leading Lady on the Evening of a Performance—The Lyceum's Happy Company—A Night Behind the Scenes.

Back of the ladies' parlor in the Lyceum Theatre, through the stuffy little green room, which has lost its traditional prestige, and is no longer the rendezvous for choice spirits in wig and war paint, no longer the scene of brisk encounters of repartee and sparkling sallies of wit, but is as deserted as a country way station and as forlorn as a parson's parlor, down a narrow passage and at the end of a corridor there is a doorway framed in with blue and closed with a painted screen, which, in answer to your rap if you are a woman, and so favored as to be accounted a friend, will be folded back upon itself and admit you to the most charming and dainty dressing room in the city, and to the gracious presence of its possessor and designer, Miss Georgia Cayvan.

In the centre of the ceiling a soft abundance of pale-blue cloth is caught in a big rosette, from which full fluted folds radiate in every direction to a broad border of plain blue cloth, which meets the cornice, and is studded at regular intervals with large brass-headed nails. The frieze is a valance of blue cloth set in with a brass band, from beneath which full folds cover the walls of the room from the ceiling to the floor. Along one side the room, closed in with doors covered outside and in with blue, are the wardrobes, in which hang, each on its own particular hook, the dainty dresses in which *Miss Gilflillan* flutters about the stage. At one end of the blue boudoir a full-length mirror rests upon the floor, framed in blue, and above it hangs a pretty fac-simile of Miss Cayvan's face smiling out from a tangle of painted daisies. The mirror is flanked on one side with a tiny chest of drawers concealed by a blue curtain hung on brass rings and on the other by a marble wash basin. At the other end of the room a couch cushioned in pale blue and écru stands against the blue wall, the big painted screen at its foot, and between the couch and the mirror, all along the side, is a succession of shelves and brackets, each covered with blue and bound with brass, whereon in the daintiest of receptacles and all in exquisite order is arranged the wonderful paraphernalia of curious little implements required to meet the exigencies and emergencies of a woman's toilet.

Not until the curtain has already risen on the first act of "Sweet Lavender" does Miss Cayvan's carriage drive to the stage door and its occupant come strolling leisurely into the little blue dressing room, and not until she has greeted her guests and glanced over her mail does she put herself into the hands of her maid. Owing to the lavish generosity of her Creator in endowing her graciously with all that is essential to form a beautiful woman, her make-up is scarcely as elaborate as that of many a ballroom belle or stately lady in the grand row at the opera, though, owing to the peculiar effect of footlights, it is more pronounced and less delicate. Simply an accentuation of her natural beauty in eyebrows and lashes, a touch of rouge on cheeks and lips, a dash of powder, and the face is done. Then, while her maid smooths on the silken hose and slippers, with both arms curved above her head, the slender fingers twist up deftly and quickly the soft fluff of shadowy hair, toss back the tresses from the face, fastening it all with one or two pins, and the coiffure is made. Then she slips into an écru lace frilled silken skirt that will not go on over her head, being fashioned after the latest approved models of the Jeness-Miller reform, over it the delicate fawn-colored dress, then the hat with its white plumes, and with a witchery in her eyes and a gracious, winning smile she chatters away to the little group of young girls who love to crowd her dressing room to be coached for little dramatic efforts of their own, or to watch their divinity at her toilet, herself the gayest, merriest, most unaffected of them all.

Just back of Miss Cayvan's tinted toilet room is a long, narrow commodious room in which no attempt has been made at ornamentation, where Mrs. Whiffen covers up her blond hair with *Mrs. Gilfillan's* gray wig and endeavors to paint the expression of tragic kindliness and good humor out of her face and to rub in with rouge a look of frigid dignity, which attempt is something of a failure. Across the corridor is another long, narrow room decorated with cigar boxes and a cyclonic arrangement of shipping tags. Mr. Kelsey Bostows that peculiarly dignified and inimical curl to the moustache of which so many maidens dream, and arrays himself in the immaculate splendor of the dress suit to a running fire of grim jokes from Mr. Le Moyne, and small talk from Mr. Miller, who, when the fair occupants of the other side the corridors, for dividing walls are thin, and, as in a dormitory at boarding school, the events of the day are discussed as the toilet progresses, in a more classic manner, but along with our classicism in this respect and in the matter of limp draperies we will wear paint, powder, and patches. At least, so we are told by our Paris correspondents. Worse still, it is predicted that wigs will be worn, and that the hair will be dressed in imitation of the wigs, so that it will be difficult to decide when a lady is wearing her own scalp hair or the hair of her wig. However, it is always predicted what we are to wear "next season," when in reality the prophecy applies to several seasons ahead; and frequently the most astute prophets in matters of dress and fashion are misled by the signs of the times and their own wishes playing father to their thoughts.

The fact is, American women, particularly New Yorkers, are rapidly acquiring the art of creating their own fashions without being chained down to European fashion plates or Paris dressmakers. What is worn and adopted as fashionable in New York is as often accepted as a "set fashion" as the fashions "set" by society leaders in Paris or London.

Now, Napoleon I. had been married to Maria Louisa, the Austrian Princess, just one year, and had been divorced from Josephine only two years at that time. His Austrian wife had become a mother, and the ex-Empress Josephine was holding her informal, graceful, and powerful court at Malmaison. So with two Empresses on the throne of France we may rest assured that fashion designers knew how to depict and to make an Empire gown. London women who could afford to dress in the fashion probably dressed in a style closely imitating those of the French Empresses and the ladies of their courts and families. Who would dare to wear such gowns now? But we take hints from them and from the gowns of other periods and fashion them into ball gowns similar to the one seen at the bottom of the first picture, and we call such dresses Josephine and Empire gowns, and half of the women who wear them fancy that they are robed as Napoleon I.'s Empresses were in 1811—that is, if she knows the history of those days.

There is no doubt but we are to have styles for the next season that will be an approach to those of 1789 to 1812, for the prevailing "motif." We will make up those exquisite *mousselines de soie* that look like woven wind, which the French looms are producing, into evening gowns of even more diminished size than those that are worn now. The waists will be shorter, the sleeves more puffed; the cut about the neck and shoulders squarer and probably lower. We will wear wider belts and sashes, and the hair will be dressed lower and in a more classic manner, but along with our classicism in this respect and in the matter of limp draperies we will wear paint, powder, and patches. At least, so we are told by our Paris correspondents. Worse still, it is predicted that wigs will be worn, and that the hair will be dressed in imitation of the wigs, so that it will be difficult to decide when a lady is wearing her own scalp hair or the hair of her wig. However, it is always predicted what we are to wear "next season," when in reality the prophecy applies to several seasons ahead; and frequently the most astute prophets in matters of dress and fashion are misled by the signs of the times and their own wishes playing father to their thoughts.

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It is not at any of the large public fancy balls, the Liederkranz, or the Arion that such costumes are seen as those seen in the picture above. They are taken from the *Season* for March, and illustrate the ideal fancies of the Berlin makers of character costumes. The girl on the right personates a postillion; the one on the left a carrier pigeon. It depends altogether on the ingenuity of the designer and costumer in carrying out these costumes and the adaptability of the wearer to the character assumed to make them a brilliant success or a dismal failure. The suggestions are good, and, carried out in either cheap or costly materials, such costumes can be made excessively interesting, picturesque, becoming, and pretty. Moreover, deviations from the details would not be objectionable, as they certainly would be if indulged in with an historical costume. Liberties may be taken in the make up of ideal character costumes, but not in historical, dramatic, or romantic character dresses. Such models as "Poesie," "Music," "Day," "Night," "Winter," "Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn" are once forever old, forever new, for the masquerader may express in her own manner her ideal of such conceptions, and may carry them out in almost the model made by those, if she attempts to personate Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Queen Elizabeth, or Mary Queen of Scots who must study her histories, her old pictures, and follow out her copy faithfully, or she must go to the best costumer she knows and yield herself to his control.

Among other suggestions for new character costumes found in the *Season* is one for "Millionaire," which must be personated by a golden-haired blonde to be in correct form. Her corsage must be of gold net over cloth of gold and studded with diamonds. Her shoulder straps, armlets, bracelets, and necklace belt, and all her jewels or ornaments, must be of diamonds. Her gloves must glitter with Venetian ducats. Arabian sequins, and diamond stars. Her skirts of gold net must fall over a slip of gold colored satin. The draping must be accomplished with gold and diamond clasps. Her slippers of gilded kid must have golden heels and diamond buckles, and her gold-colored stockings must be spangled and wrought with gold on the instep and up the ankles.

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