# EUROPE.

## The "International World" of Paris—Its American Interests and American Representation.

## Catholic Church Councils and the Coming "Council of the Vatican."

By steamship at this port we have the following special correspondence and mail advices in detail of our cable telegrams from Europe dated to the 19th of November:—

In London, on the 16th of November, there was a sitting in the Bankruptcy Court for proof of debts and choice of trade assignees under the bankruptcy of Eugene Caire, of Rose Cottage, Kingsroad, Chelsea, and described "as of various provincial towns, vocalist and operatic manager." The debts were under £300. Mr. John Morton, described as of the Alhambra Music Hall, Chatham, Kent, "music hall proprietor and beer and wine retailer," came up by adjournment from the 12th of August on the question of order of discharge. The debts were about £670. After a brief discussion it appeared that the bankrupt was still in default with his accounts, and the court adjourned his examination *sine die*, with protection from arrest for two months.

It is reported from Compiegne that the Prince Imperial of France has smoked his first cigar, on November 16, and that his "papa gave it to him."

The Emperor Napoleon sent a diamond snuffbox to Dr. Ricord, together with an autograph letter, thanking him for his attention to his Majesty during his recent illness.

The manifesto of the French "Left"—already published in the HERALD—has been well received by the Paris press, even by the semi-official organs. The *Soir*, the *Patrie*, the *Moniteur* and the *Public* speak favorably of it, and even the republican organ, the *Reforme*, accords it a qualified praise. The *Patrie* considers that the document throws a new light on the state of affairs. "It must, however, be admitted," it says, "that it is a sign of a very confused situation when we find ourselves compelled to register the manifesto of the Left as a relatively moderate document." In the *Débats*, *Temps*, *Siecle* and *Avenir National* the manifesto receives high praise. The *Temps* says that "the reforms claimed by the Left are practical and necessary."

A correspondent at St. Petersburg says:—

The Jews here have at length, after much negotiation with the government, obtained permission to erect a synagogue. This will be the first building of the kind that has ever existed in Russia. Hitherto the Jews have legally had no right to reside in the empire, and were consequently obliged to account for their presence under various pretexts, for the admission of which by the authorities they had to pay large sums, and they were not allowed to build any permanent house of prayer. A committee, consisting of the wealthiest Jews of St. Petersburg, has now been formed to collect funds for the new building, which is to be got up on a scale of magnificence.

Monsignor Hassoun, the Armenian Catholic patriarch, left Constantinople with ten bishops on the 13th of November for Rome, to take part in the Ecumenical Council.

The *Italian Correspondence*, of Florence, has the following:—

The re-establishment of the King's health and the birth of his grandson are two happy events for the royal family and for Italy. The numerous addresses from the municipalities and other constituted bodies show how dear the monarch's life is to the people.

## FRANCE.

### The "International World"—Foreigners and Parisians—Americans in Paris—How and Where they Live—The Liberte on "Fast" Americans—The Grand Hotel—An American Club—American Bankers—Minister Washburne on Fish and Rochefort.

PARIS, Nov. 13, 1869.

"The international world" reigns at Paris. In wealth, high position and talent it surpasses the native element. As for the Parisians they have their kingdom, too, but the tendencies of the modern age are rapidly undermining it, as it is based only on frivolities and gayeties no longer in season except for minors. The latest fashions, purple and fine linen, the finest residences and equipages, the best of the market, operas, balls and grand *fêtes* are all for the foreigners, the natives taking their share in laughter, merriment and witticisms. The former have a capital of hard cash; the latter enjoy a capital of *bon mots*, which, at the rate things are now going, will soon no longer be bankable.

So stands the ledger. Of course that portion of the native population which receives the dollars and cents brought here by foreigners never once dreams of attempting to rule the roast; no, they are content with being well paid underlings. I do not mean to say that there are no Parisians making a big turnout in the capital, or in the enjoyment of riches; but it is their own fault that they do not stand a more advantageous comparison with the outside barbarians flocking here from every nation and corner of the globe and forming the said "international world." The barbarian works day and night in Kamtschatka or Sitka, wherever he may be, until he collects a good-sized bag of gold; then he says unto himself, "Let us go to Paris." To Paris he comes, alone or with all his family and his "wife's relations," and here the money is spent. The bag of gold astonishes all eyes. On the other hand, a great many of the Parisians—those who are not paid by foreign gold—still follow an old custom in use here of idling away their days without work of any kind. They parade the boulevards, throwing puns or peals of laughter at each other during the day, and at night frequent the theatres, to be amused by or to amuse "the gallery." In this way their revenues, far from increasing, have dwindled or are dwindling so rapidly that it is no longer their privilege to take rank side by side with the Americans, English, Germans and Russians congregated here in such respectable numbers as to form each a colony for the mother country. Now and then, however, the natives so eclipsed have an occasion afforded them to take a little revenge. Last month, on account of a certain demonstration threatened by them on or about the 26th of October, it is estimated on all sides that they frightened 20,000 "internationaiers" outside of the city walls, scattering them in every direction. A good many of these, from fear of other like manifestations, are still kept away, and assert that they will remain absent all the winter. Now, the estimation has also been agreed to on all sides that these 20,000 persons of the foreign floating population yield to the inhabitants of Paris a revenue of 60,000,000 francs per month; so, taking them only into calculation, every day of their absence costs the city 2,000,000 francs. This state of things, in a great measure due to the uproar of citizen Rochefort and the republican opposition, is not or cannot be satisfactory to the city, and in fact Paris is grumbling about the winter prospects.

Undoubtedly the largest of the foreign colonies nestling here is the American. Americans never cease from coming; they go and come, come and go, all the year round. They are the great travellers of the day. Yet the colony of them resident here is always kept *au complet;* and I have just been informed at the offices of the American bankers that this winter the American world would be fuller and gayer than ever. Another item, which somewhat consoles the hearts of the unfortunate trades people, now so cast down, is the fact that the Americans in Paris are first class spendthrifts, lavishing money on anything and everything that comes in their path. Reliable persons estimate that there is an average American population of 10,000 in the city throughout the year, which throws into Parisian coffers a round hundred million of dollars. The American families live here in the costly style of the aristocracy that they see in vogue—a style, by the way, which they not unfrequently raise upon or increase. Indeed, the aristocrats say openly that Americans have spoiled things by painting the lily a little more gorgeously than necessary or natural. The market prices are sent up beyond their due limits. Not only is this complaint to be heard, but the other day no less a paper than the *Liberté*, generally favorable to America and Americans, asserted that Americans by their extravagant, fast and reckless living in Paris, far away from the restraints of home influences, were the first to create the order of cocodettes in high society. The journal of M. de Girardin intended the assertion to be complimentary.

American residents are to be found in all the most fashionable quarters of the city. The Champs Elysées and the avenues in its neighborhood, the new Boulevards Haussmann, Malesherbes, &c., are their favorite resorts. A great many also reside in boarding houses and private families, where they enjoy some of the pleasures of homelike society and are enabled to learn the language. Of course the transient travelling colony register at the hotels. At the Grand Hotel, the Louvre, Meurice, Bristol, Westminster, on the first class order, Americans are always to be found. Besides these there are fifty other respectable hotels where they "put up." (Not to speak of that infinite number of "gargottes" for man and beast, where no American would think of going.) The Grand Hotel is the centre of the United States of America in Paris, the general point of rendezvous for all our countrymen in the city—it is almost an "American club." In visiting the establishment the other day, and while procuring a few details from "the office," the jaunty little Frenchman who officiates in the corps of clerks (by the way, not such grim and awful personages as those on your side) informed me that it deserved that title.

CLERK—All the Americans come here. The people who go to the Louvre are travellers through necessity; it is true the Louvre is a first class hotel; that and this are the two first. Over one-third of our boarders are always of American nationality. To the Grand Hotel come all the wealthy travellers—*voyageurs de luxe*. We always have 200 Americans on hand, winter or summer; our departing customers are daily replaced by new arrivals. Every steamer that leaves is compensated by the arrival of one from New York. The Pereire arrived yesterday at Brest with 197 passengers. To-night we will have two-thirds, or, at least, half of them in our rooms. Go across the courtway over to the café and you will find there out of a lot of thirty twenty-eight Americans. Half of our *table d'hôte* guests are at this moment Americans. There are few Russian travellers now. We have at present only one family of that nation. Most of our guests are Americans and English, the latter being renewed very often after a night or two of stoppage. The *voyageurs de luxe* of all other nationalities form say one-third of our guests. All the employés can speak English, and the Americans finding English spoken on all sides prefer not to speak French. They can speak it, however.

Leaving Mr. Clerk I went over to the café, and sure enough the first words that struck my ears told me that Americans were about. The following is a stenographic report of the same:—"He made $25,000 * * they failed * * I read the HERALD * *" Smoking, newspaper reading, billiards and the language of Yes going on in the café. Outside, sitting on the peristyle of the hotel, were ladies taking their after breakfast chat with the young gentlemen, and rolling in and out of the vast glass-roofed courtyard, liveried equipages, modest *fiacres* with red numbers and hotel omnibuses.

Going to the Hotel du Louvre I found the scene far less animated. I also met with a surprise. In answer to my inquiries for information the clerk said that he had on hand not more than fifty Americans, most of his customers being English. He also said that most of the Americans arriving in Paris go to the Grand Hotel. This was a shop-over-the-way piece of liberality for which I was unprepared.

Two or three little American papers are published here weekly as organs of the colony, and there are five American banking houses for the accommodation of the transient and resident members of the colony, viz.:—Munroe & Co., Bowles Brothers & Co., Drexel, Harjes & Co.; Tucker & Co.; Lherbette, Kane & Co.

The legation is now at No. 95 Rue de Chalilot.

Mr. Washburne is at present a guest at Compiegne, having been regularly invited, by order of the Emperor, among the first series of visitors. The day before his departure for the imperial residence I had occasion to see our Minister at his office, when he laughingly remarked, in regard to the rumor started at Washington that he had requested additional funds for the contingent expenses of the legation, "The next time they occupy themselves about me they might get up a bigger lie than that!" In regard to the Cuban business he said he thought everything would turn out all right, as he regarded Mr. Fish to be an able and wise statesman. His wife has been an invalid ever since her arrival in Paris last September. In regard to Paris politics he is of the opinion that citizen Rochefort is fast running *la republique* into the ground. Mr. Washburne resides with his family in a very fine hotel, of the avenue de l' Impératrice; and he has just had his office quarters snugly fixed up for the winter season. He reports that his health has improved.

General John Meredith Read has the Consulate under his charge, at No. 55 rue du Cardinal Fesch, the words "Consulat General des Etats Unis d'Amerique," with the national arms, being well displayed on the railing of the street balcony. Just next door is a modest looking little shop, with the following sign on the door:—"Magazin de Tiffany, Reed & Cie." Mr. Reed, who travels between the two cities in the transaction of business, is now in your city with his family. He is expected back here at the end of this month.

### Traupmann, the Murderer, Examined by Phrenologists.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 18.]

It may interest the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim to learn that Traupmann, the *assassin à la mode* in Paris has been subjected to the scrutiny of M. Berger, a French professor of phrenology. The results of his investigations are at least startling, and to the uninitiated might appear contradictory. The most highly developed organ of Traupmann's head is the love of children. With the memory of his recent exploits fresh in one's mind this announcement is calculated to take one by surprise, but the learned professor explains that an abnormal development of the bumps of combativeness, secretiveness and acquisitiveness enables an otherwise benevolent person to overcome his philanthropic tendencies. The well-known M. Desbarolles has also been admitted to examine the hands of the Pantin murderer, but his report is less favorable. In the lines of the palm he reads the sign of many evil passions, and traces a general resemblance between his fingers and those of the notorious Dumollard, who was executed a few years ago for having murdered sixteen girls in seven years.

## ENGLAND.

### The Catholic Church Councils—Our Special History of the Eighteen Papal Assemblages—The "Leading" London Press and Its Opinion—Hierarchical Travel Through the City—The Infallibility Question.

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1869.

In my last letter I finished, as you may remember, the slight history sketch of the eighteen general councils which have been held in the Catholic Church, commencing with the first Council of Nice, which began its sittings in the year A. D. 325, and ending with the Council of Trent, which began in A. D. 1545. This brings me down to the prospects of the Council about to be held in Rome, of which nothing can be known positively respecting its workings or decisions, inasmuch as it is yet a matter entirely of the future. But still I believe that what will be brought before the assembly is in some respects pretty correctly surmised at, in any case as regards one topic of interest among Catholics, and that is the question of the personal infallibility of the Pope when speaking what we should term officially, or, as the Catholic Church call it, *ex cathedera*, upon all matters of faith.

And first let us observe that in all matters respecting Rome, Roman matters, the Council at Rome, and all kindred subjects, let Americans take one rule, and that is never to believe a single word of what they read either in the *Times* of London or any other English papers. The British press is treating the subject of the General Council exactly as it treated that of the American war. It will not allow those most concerned in the matter to have the ruling of their own affairs. For instance, the London *Times* of this morning has a leader on the subject which is as utterly false in its premises as it is illogical in its inferences on the subject of the General Council. The writer first attempts to prove that what he is pleased to call the bishops of the Latin race will outnumber the German or Teutonic element, and that therefore whatever Rome and the Papal court have already decided upon with respect to the personal infallibility of the Pope will be agreed upon at once, even without discussion. Of course his object is to condemn the action of the General Council before that Council shall have even commenced to work, just as in American questions the same paper so often predetermined that measures would be taken or that battles would be fought, condemning them beforehand, very much to its own satisfaction.

Now, here in London we see a great many persons passing through this great "Babylon of bricks" on their way to various parts of the world, and among others not a few Catholics from the East as well as the West have been, during the last month or two, passengers to Rome by way of London. Having taken the subject in hand, and being anxious to master it throughout, I have made it my business to question every bishop, priest or layman I have come across on the subject. Among many men there are, of course, many opinions, but the final result of the whole inquiry is uniform almost to a letter. One and all say that if the General Council does decide in favor of the infallibility of the Pope, when speaking officially on matters of faith, they and the whole Church will be bound, and they will receive the definition as a dogma.

Not twenty-four hours ago I was speaking on the subject with a venerable English Catholic priest, who is very much against the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, looking upon it as both anti-Scriptural, anti-Catholic and utterly at variance with the traditions of "the fathers" of the Church. He hopes and trusts most fervently that it will not be declared as of faith by the Ecumenical Council. He told me that a large body of the German bishops are opposed to it, and that the Bishop of Mayence has declared that, as far as he is concerned, the Council shall last twenty years before he will allow it to pass. He believes, does this priest, that if the doctrine or dogma was promulgated it would be found not only to work badly, but that the Pope himself would have to define, of his own office, many hundreds of questions that might be submitted to him, and that his authority would, in consequence, be infinitely lessened in the eyes of the Catholic and the non-Catholic world. In a word, nothing could be stronger than the way this clergyman spoke on the subject, and his hopes that it would not be passed were expressed in warm and most urgent words. But then I asked him the question, "What will you do if it is passed, and if the present idea or opinion becomes a matter of faith, as so defined by the Council?" His answer was, "in that case, I shall accept it. A general Council of the Church cannot err; and therefore what it decrees we must all accept, or we cease to be Catholics."

On the other hand, I have seen a great many Catholics who wish that the infallibility of the Pope should be declared a matter of faith. They urge that if the episcopate, the clergy and the people are, with very few exceptions, unanimous in receiving with submission and assent the acts or decisions of the Pope there can be no risk of promulgating the doctrine as one of faith. The Pope, as they urge, is the head of the Church; and when he speaks it is in the name of that Church which they all consider infallible. Therefore, as they declare, the mouthpiece of the Church ought to be considered as infallible as the body for which he speaks. Erroneous or doubtful opinions, they argue, give rise to complications; but once declare a doctrine to be true, and all doubt and absurdity is excluded from the question. The only hope, so they say, of reuniting the Eastern with the Western Church is to be found in the explicit declaration that the Pope, when speaking as chief pastor of the Church, is infallible, for as now some declare him to be only infallible when speaking in the words of what a General Council has promulgated, and others assert him to be infallible whenever he speaks *ex cathedra;* that the difference of opinion, where there should only be one doctrine, causes the Orientals, to say nothing of the Protestants, to hold more aloof from Catholics.

On this point Archbishop Manning is very decided and strong on the pastoral, to which I have before alluded. "The return of Protestants," he writes, "to the Church is more retarded now by the apparent contradiction among Catholics on the subject of infallibility than it could be by the definition of the infallibility of the Pope. They now reject the infallibility of the Church altogether, because they believe we are divided, and therefore in doubt about it. What we seem to doubt they are encouraged to deny. We seem to be in doubt, because we are divided; not about the infallibility of the Church, but about the infallibility of its head. They (Protestants) believe this answer to be a subterfuge. So long as the infallibility of the Pope is not authoritatively declared they cover themselves under the shelter of those Catholics who deny it."

And in another part of the same pastoral letter I read:—"Where this Church has spoken its faithful are not open to seduction. While the Church is silent the spirits of error are clamorous and plausible. A definition would silence all voices but the voice of the Church."

From these extracts you will perceive at once how strong Archbishop Manning is upon this question, and how strongly he fights that the doctrine of the infallibility should be declared to be an article of faith. And yet even he—as he told a friend of mine not long ago—would, in the event of a decision being arrived at that was adverse to his views bow in obedience to the General Council and the decision thereof.

And now we come to the two questions—that is, an Ecumenical or General Council? and will the Council of the Vatican prove itself to be one—that is to say, will it have those special peculiarities about it which in the eyes of Catholics constitute a General Council?

A French author, from whose works I quoted in a previous letter, the Abbé Jaugey, thus defines what is meant by a General Council:—"It is," he says, "an assembly of bishops, of all bishops belonging to the Church, convoked together by the Pope, as head bishop of that Church, who alone has the right or the power to call the episcopate together."

## ROME.

### The Hierarchical Assemblage for the Council—American Prelates in the Holy City—French Finance—King Victor Emanuel's Case—Church History.

ROME, Nov. 10, 1869.

American bishops are now flocking into Rome in considerable numbers for the approaching Council. Since my last letter the following arrivals from your side of the Atlantic have to be registered—Monsignors Macfarland, Bishop of Hartford, Conn.; Henry, Bishop of Milwaukee, Wis.; Quinlan, Bishop of Mobile, Ala. The ecclesiastical element is decidedly developing its importance among the population of the Eternal City, but the expected crush of lay visitors has not yet commenced, and of "distinguished foreigners' we have only the Queen of Wurtemberg to boast of hitherto. Her Majesty had an audience of the Pope on Monday morning. But we are assured that Rome is to overflow with all sorts of celebrities in the course of the winter, and the last number of the *Correspondance de Rome* contains the following announcement on this subject:—"Great personages from various parts of Europe have ordered apartments to be engaged for them, and visits from several sovereigns are spoken of in the course of the winter and spring. A letter written by a missionary informs us that several Indian princes, accompanied by rich lords, propose visiting Rome. There is no point of the globe which the Council does not agitate in opposite senses. Everywhere men declare themselves enemies to it—everywhere men are influenced with holy love towards this Church."

The French Ambassador has returned to Rome, accompanied by the French Commissary, M. Sheureux, charged with regulating the outstanding financial differences between the Papal and Italian governments. The latter gentleman has already commenced his conferences on this subject with the Italian Commissary, Signor Moncardi.

The Austrian Ambassador, Count Trautmansdorff, has also returned to his post and will present his credentials officially to the Pope and hold his first state evening reception at the Palazza de Venezia towards the end of this month.

The Peruvian Minister, Baron Sigmond, has been recalled by his government and transferred to the Hague, in consequence, it is said, of a request of the Papal government, who considered the Baron too zealous a propagator of Prince Hohenlohe's principles. He will be succeeded here by Count Taufkirchen, hitherto Bavarian Minister at St. Petersburg.

The King of Italy's dangerous illness has excited various conflicting sentiments here as well as in his own dominion, and pious people have been deploring the fact of his Majesty's possibly dying out of the pale of the Church, his annexation of her dominions having brought him *ipso facto* under the heaviest ecclesiastical censures, and even excommunication. But we know that he confessed on the 7th instant, and received the holy sacrament, which he could not have done without absolution having been conferred upon him, so that it is to be inferred that the Pope especially authorized his Majesty's chaplain, the Abbé Stellardi, to exercise that act of indulgence, probably *sub conditione reincidentiæ*, that is to say, that if a person laboring under ecclesiastical censure should recover, instead of dying, after receiving the eucharist, the absolution conferred is null and void, and he returns into his state of excommunication as before.

The Pope went in gala train to the Church of San Carlo, according to annual custom, on the 4th inst., it being the festival of that saint. The Queen of Wurtemberg was present at the ceremony, and it was currently reported, and indeed announced by the *Correspondance de Rome*, that a very excommunicated person indeed, no other than the annexing General, Enrico Cialdini, was among the spectators in plain clothes—he being on his way through Rome at the time—it being considered rather *trop fort* for this uncompromising officer, the conqueror at Castel Fidardo, to be gazing quietly at the despoiled Pontiff. Another Roman journal, the *Osservatore Romano*, declares itself authorized to contradict the report of his presence in the church.

The officers of the Zouaves gave a grand banquet on the 3d inst., at the barracks of San Silvester, to celebrate the second anniversary of the battle of Mentana. The Minister of War, the superior officers of the Pope's army and several bishops from those countries which have sent most volunteers to the corps of Zouaves, were among the guests, Monsignor Bourget, of Montreal, representing Canada. Colonel de Charrette made an eloquent speech after dinner, and the healths of his Holiness, his army, the bishops and the Catholic committees were rapturously drank.

The Cardinal Vicar, Pertrizi, has authorized the commencement of official proceedings for approving the worship of the two Popes, Eugenius III., of Pisa, elected in 1145, and Urban V., of the *Gevandeen*, in France, elected in 1362, held *ab immemorabile* in odor of sanctity. The general congregation will meet on the 22d November to discuss the heroic virtues of the venerable Juvenal Ancina, an intimate friend of St. Francis of Sales.

STATISTICS OF THE TRADE WITH CHINA.—According to a report by Dr. Von Scherzer, of Vienna, 14,075 vessels, with a burden of 6,413,500 tons, were engaged in the Chinese trade in 1868. Of these, 7,155 ships and 3,382,000 tons belonged to Great Britain and 1,772 and 267,000 to Germany. In 1867, 2,252 German ships with 611,800 tons were engaged in the trade, but the competition of steam vessels sailing under the North American flag has reduced their number. The merchant fleet of the United States in the Chinese waters amounted to 2,926 and 1,673,000 in 1867, and had increased to 3,623 and 2,257,000 in 1868. Dr. Von Scherzer estimates the value of the entire Chinese trade, exclusive of Hong Kong, at 421,000,000 Austrian florins—viz., 214,000,000 florins imports and 207,000,000 exports. Nearly fifty per cent of this is in the hands of Great Britain—*i. e.*, 74,000,000 of the import and 127,000,000 of the export trade, in all 201,000,000 florins—while the European Continent is only represented by 1,000,000 of imports and 14,000,000 exports.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES.

English opera, under the experienced management of Mrs. Richings-Bernard, is flourishing handsomely at the Grand Opera House. The attendance during the past week was extremely large, and it is more than probable that the present week will witness a decided augmentation in the number of those who can appreciate English opera when well rendered. "The Bohemian Girl" will be given this evening, with its original cast, and will be followed later in the week by the "Huguenots," which opera has never before been sung in English in this country.

The leading dramatic feature of the week will be the reappearance this evening of Mr. James H. Hackett before his old friends, the New York public, at Booth's theatre, in his renowned Shakspearian character of Sir John Falstaff. It is several years since Mr. Hackett favored our citizens with a glimpse of the jolly knight, and as his present engagement here is necessarily short the opportunity to see him in a round of his great and popular impersonations will doubtless be taken advantage of by the lovers of the legitimate. During the present week Mr. Hackett will appear as Falstaff, in the historical play of "Henry IV.," and will be supported by Mr. D. W. Waller as Hotspur, Mr. Theodore Hamilton as Prince Hal and Miss Fanny Morant as Dame Quickly.

The Union League theatre will be aglow with fashion and beauty to-morrow evening, the occasion being the reappearance, after four years' absence, of Miss Ida Jerome. An excellent programme, consisting of comedy and farce, has been arranged, and the entertainment promises to be one of rare enjoyment. Miss Jerome will sustain the *rôle* of Alice Devereaux, in John Brougham's comedy of "Flies in the Web," which will be followed by the farce of "More Blunders than One."

Mr. Lester Wallack is still at home in the comedy of "Home," which continues to attract large audiences to the handsome theatre which bears his name. He also appears nightly in "A Regular Fix," and is ably seconded in his efforts to please the public by the full strength of his excellent company. The enjoyable comedy of "The Wonder" is underlined at this house and will be produced at an early day.

Another week of novelty and variety is announced at the Fifth Avenue theatre. This evening we are to have "A New Way to Pay Old Debts;" to-morrow night "London Assurance" will be given; on Saturday evening "Everybody's Friend" will hold forth, with the comedy of "Daddy Gray" filling up the interval from Wednesday to Friday evening. This last named play has never before, we believe, been produced in this country, although it achieved quite a brilliant success some years ago in London.

Lotta this evening enters upon the fifth week of her successful engagement at Niblo's Garden, where she continues to attract and delight large audiences. The military drama of "Fire-Fly" is still upon the bills, and will probably prove sufficiently attractive to crowd the house during the remainder of the sprightly Lotta's stay in this city. The piece is superbly mounted and the acting all that could be desired.

The realistic drama of "London" is doing a liberal business at the French theatre, where its scenic beauties and its dramatic interest command ready appreciation. A number of important changes will this week be made in the text and business of the drama, which will infuse into it a more active spirit of humor and a strong element of fun. A troupe of Italian street minstrels, a German band, an Ethiopian troupe and a "Punch and Judy" show have been specially engaged to illustrate some of the humors and incidents of street life in London.

Yankee Robinson makes his bow this evening at the Olympic theatre as Darius Dutton in the Down East comedy of that name, which piece will be followed by the roaring farce of "A Bull in a China Shop." Mr. Robinson is a genuine comedian of the New England stripe, and is brimful of drollery, which, above all other things on earth, is just the thing most relished by the lastidious Olympians. "Under the Gas Light" is underlined at this theatre and will be produced next week.

At Wood's Museum a new fantastical spectacular burlesque, entitled "Kenilworth," will be submitted this evening for the approbation of the patrons of this establishment. This burlesque is after Scott's novel of the same name, but such a long way after it that all resemblance to it is said to be lost. However, between the burlesque and the menagerie, Wood's Museum is certain to be crowded throughout the week.

The lovers of the perilous will be regaled at the Tammany Wigwam for another week by the Hanlon Brothers in their great act upon the trapeze. This is "positively the last week" of these daring gymnasts at this house. Next week we are to have Miss Fanny Herring as "Bad Dickey," which, in contradistinction to its name, is credited with being something really good.

The Bowery theatre presents to-night a new magical spectacular melodrama entitled "Faustus," which will undoubtedly prove an attraction to the sensation lovers of the east side. Between the acts the Torries Brothers, gymnasts, appear, and the performance will terminate with a "roaring farce."

Tony Pastor still maintains his hold on the affections of the Bowery boys, and by constant novelty—and that of the best kind—continually crowds his house, week in and week out. Nelse Seymour has proved a great acquisition, and in his comic acts with Frank Kerns elicits the heartiest kind of applause. The prolific Poole presents a new piece to-night, entitled the "Bouquet Girl."

The Théâtre Comique is an evidence of what enterprising management will effect for the success of a theatre. Since Mr. Butler assumed charge of this theatre the fortunes of the establishment have been uniformly prosperous. The secret of this success seems to be that he is constantly presenting a stream of novelties to his patrons which acts like a magnet to attract their attendance, and thus, by giving a first class entertainment, he receives in return a large share of the public's patronage.

Although Dan Bryant is continually singing "Shoo, Fly! Don't Bodder Me" to the crowded audiences which nightly assemble in his hall in Fourteenth street, the people still rush there like flies around a lump of sugar, and he is compelled to hang out the card of "Standing Room Only" every evening.

The San Francisco Minstrels find but little change necessary to their last week's programme, for no matter how often any one visits their establishment the comicalities of Birch, Bernard and Backus are so irresistibly funny that it does not require novelty very often to attract their patrons, who nightly fill the hall to repletion.

The Waverley theatre reopens again to-night, this being the fifth or sixth reopening since July. The attraction to-night consists of a new minstrel company, the principals of which are well known to the New York public—Allen, Pettingill, Delehranty & Hengler is the title of the organization, and they hope by giving an amusing entertainment to meet with success and to change for the better the hitherto declining reputation of old Hope Chapel.

The New York Circus, although it announces no novelty for the present week, nevertheless presents its patrons with a varied programme of equestrian and acrobatic feats which will doubtless prove acceptable to the lovers of the sports of the "sawdust arena."

The Russian vocalists, under the management of Mr. Agreneff Slaviansky, will appear this evening at Steinway Hall, with an ample programme of national songs and instrumental music, which will be heightened by the gorgeous costumes worn by the performers.

The New York Harmonic Society will perform the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus" to-morrow evening at Steinway Hall.

Miss Bateman on next Friday and Saturday evenings will favor the Brooklynites with her great impersonation of Mary Warner at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Miss Lucille Western commences a short engagement at the Park theatre, Brooklyn, this evening, appearing in her famous dual character of Mme. Vine and Lady Isabel in the sensational play of "East Lynne."

Hooley's Minstrels, Brooklyn, are out with a new programme this week, which includes some rare morseis in the way of songs, jokes, jigs and eccentric Ethiopian sketches.

## THE DRAMA ABROAD.

### English Theatricals and a General Theatrical Review—Gossip of the Stage and Behind the Scenes—What is in Favor with the Public and What is Promised—The Opera.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1869.

*"Telle est l'injustice des hommes, qu' ils punissent, comme un crime l'envie de leur plaire quand cette envie n'a pas reussi."* Never and nowhere was the truth of this saying made more apparent than on Saturday at the Lyceum theatre, when and where an English version of M. Emile Augier's famous comedy called "Paul Forestier" was produced under the title of "Forbidden Fruit," and put a crowded audience into the dumps. Stolen kisses, they say, are sweet, and the flavor of forbidden fruit is supposed to reside mainly in the interdiction; but this play is not likely to tempt the public to violate any law of abstention. Forbidden the fruit is; forbidden let it be. On the first night of representation everybody looked miserable and malignant, as though they could have found it in their hearts to wreak bodily vengeance upon the author if he had but fallen into their hands. Nor is it to be wondered at; for with much experience of bad plays I never saw a worse. The fault is in the translator, even as the fault of a bad dinner oftentimes dwells with the cook. The French piece, written in majestic verse, which sounded most melodiously upon the stage of the Théâtre Français, has been transformed into the thinnest, coarsest, most inelegant prose, and in order to adjust the piece to our national sense of decorum (nowhere so visible as at the play) the plot has been changed in a manner not only destructive of dramatic interest, but subversive of common sense. Never was there such a kettle of fish. An adulterous intercourse—that is the Anglo-Saxon of it—between Forestier, a young painter, and Lea, a married woman living apart from her husband, and her character is the very backbone of M. Augier's comedy. In the English drama this wicked *liaison* is toned down to an innocent courtship, both parties being unmarried at the opening of the play—the artist a bachelor and the lady a widow. This change, however commendable in point of morality, is the utter ruin of the play; for the translator not having the skill to remould the subsequent scenes and situations of the drama so as to adapt them to the prodigious alteration in the moral attitude of the chief personages, nothing can be more motiveless and inconsistent than the whole tone and tenor of the piece. The cause is eradicated, but the effect remains. The tree is torn up by the root, but the foliage goes on blooming in rank luxuriance. The woman who has been regenerated from a faithless wife into a chaste widow goes on talking and acting as if she retained her former character. She is madly in love with the artist after he is married to another woman, and though she would have us believe that she is pure as unsunned snow, she keeps tearing her hair and wringing her hands as though she were no better than she should be. She would pass for Lucretia, yet she behaves like a conscience-stricken Lais. Altogether the play is simply nonsensical, and though there was no storm of howls and hisses at the close the sulky silence of the audience was ominously significant of the doom of the drama, intimating as plainly as in the language of Launcelot to Jessica, "Be of good cheer; for verily I believe thou art damned." No one has profited by the piece except Mr. C. Coghlan, who by his excellent acting raises an insignificant character to importance.

Mr. Allerton, the present lessee of the Lyceum, to whom belongs the responsibility of having brought out his ponderous play, attempts to impersonate the sentimental painter, but only succeeds in proving that, however learned upon other points, he knows nothing about acting. He is a stage-struck aristocrat—the son of a lady of title. Allerton is only a *nom de guerre*. His manners are easy and gentleman-like, and you may see at a glance that he has been accustomed to good society; but of histrionic talent he has not a particle, or if he has he keeps it to himself. His faith in himself, however, is unbounded. Last season he took the Princess' theatre, and every night for six mortal weeks demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the town that he could not play Hamlet. Nothing daunted, he has now taken the Lyceum; but he will purchase his whistle at rather too dear a price, for the cost of keeping up such an establishment must be enormous. One cannot but wish that his enthusiasm had taken a direction more profitable both to himself and the public. Mr. Allerton is not the only person upon the London stage who is connected with the titled orders. Mrs. Fitz Henry, as she is known in the profession, is Lady Smith, the widow of a military knight; and Lady Don, now playing in the provinces, is relict of Sir William Don, an eccentric baronet of gigantic stature, who commenced life as an officer of dragoons and ended it as the tallest, and by no means the least amusing, of low comedians. His greatest character was probably Toodles, which Mr. J. S. Clarke is now performing with such signal success at the Strand theatre.

Of a verity our nobles have come to win peace. We Britishers, whose greatest glory is that our inviolate island of the brave and free gave birth to William Shakspeare, are now unable to boast of one dramatist worthy of the name. Night after night is made hideous by the production of some wretched play, so spiritless in its dialogue, so inartistic in its plot, so outrageous in its portraiture of character, that a man could not wish his worst enemy worse luck than to sit it out. Speaking the other day upon the subject of "Intellectual Corruption," one of the Saturday reviewers had a fling at "Formosa," still in course of representation at Drury Lane, and thus delivered his indignant soul:—"We wonder how any man can see 'Formosa' without blushing for very shame, not merely that he is present to listen to such balderdash, but that such balderdash should have been composed by a fellow man and could attract an audience of his fellow men." Pretty "not" that, and rich in virtuous vehemence. Nevertheless, the author of "Formosa" is, beyond all comparison, the best of our playwriters. Let their faults be what they may, there is, at all events, some dash and "go" in his plays, and when he thinks it worth his while to do so Mr. Boucicault can put brilliant and vigorous language into the mouths of his dramatic personages; but what shall we say of plays such as that brought out the other night at Charing Cross theatre under the title of "Won at Last"? The force of twaddle could no further go. What a story to build a play upon! "Gracious goodness! goodness gracious!" as Mr. Buckstone is wont to say, what a story! A young man falls in love with a young woman—as many young men have done ere now and will again if young women will only mind what they are about—and after a long courtship, undiversified by one solitary incident of interest and unenlivened by one solitary remark worth listening to, they win one another at last and get married. There's the whole story. *"Voilà ce qu'il y a dans le beurre!"* as the French say. It reminds one of the eventful history famed in nursery lore:—

There was a little cobbler,
And he had a little awl;
And he stuck it in the wall—
And that is all.

There is not a character in the piece respecting whom the audience are not in precisely the same state of enlightenment as the old lady in the "Beguinage" in Belgium was respecting Sebastopol. When that dear old soul heard that Sebastopol was taken she inquired, "Who is Sebastopol? And what did they take him for? And what do they mean to do with him?" We just know as much about the personages of Mr. Wybert Reeves' play, and care as much. The critics are quite at sea about the drama, which must have been haunting Mr. Reeves' fancy while he was engaged in the composition of this trumpery work, some maintaining that he had in view Mr. Thomas Taylor's drama of "Still Water Runs Deep," and others declaring that he was thinking all the while of Mr. Whyte Melville's story, "The Brookes of Bridlemon." The beauty of it is that it does not matter a briar blossom which of these conjectures is true, or whether either is so. The play, however originated, is worthless. There must be metal more attractive upon the stage of Charing Cross theatre if Miss Fowler, the manageress, would draw money to her treasury.

A new burlesque, called "Ino," now being played at the Strand theatre, deserves notice, chiefly for the fact that it does not come from the pens of any of the small band of writers who, for no other apparent reason than that their names all begin with the letter B, are permitted the monopoly of writing burlesques for the London theatres. It is pleasant to find that "the little busy B's," as they are called, are not to have it all their own way, but that there is at last some chance for the other letters of the alphabet. Mr. B. J. Spedding, the author of the present extravaganza, has chosen for his theme the story of the famous daughter of Cadmus and Hermoine who became the second wife of the Theban King Athamas, and who was ultimately transformed by Neptune into a sea goddess. Mr. Spedding has of course turned this veracious story "the seawy side out," even as love turned Rodrigo, copiously interpersing the narrative as he goes along with puns which sound the lowest depths of verbal turpitude; but the day for such conceits is gone. The highest compliment that can be paid to a pun is to hoot or groan at it, and those tributes used to be paid to Mr. Planché and the early masters of the art of burlesque punning, but the public has had a surfeit of their attempts to patter with them, and the most execrable puns that ever sinned against sound and sense now pass without the distinction of a reproof. For the rest, Mr. Spedding's fun is none of the raciest, nor is his wit either affluent or refined, but there are in his burlesque some laughable "topic songs," some grotesque breakdowns and one or two passable parodies, and as the piece is well danced, richly costumed and picturesquely illustrated, it gives entire satisfaction to the audience, who seem to think it very excellent fooling. Mr. Thorne, whose strange professional fate it is always to appear in petticoats, cuts a ridiculous figure as the domineering Queen of Thebes; Mr. David James, the best of the Strand comedians, plays the hen-pecked King with lugubrious humor; little Miss Newton dances and acts charmingly in the character of Jason, and Mr. Turner turns to comic account the amiable peculiarities of the assassain Dionerges.

The Royal Italian Opera has opened for a short winter season of operatic performances. The first opera of the season was Donizetti's ever popular "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mlle. Ilma da Murska as Lucia,