THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Guides to the City and to the Buildings.

MANY KINDS OF TOURISTS.

Need of a Good Map—Where and How to Live.

QUIET QUARTERS AT FAIR RATES.

PARIS, April 5, 1878.

If the great International Exhibition could take place without the addition of new Paris guides being necessary to the excellent ones already published what a delightful thing the prospect of our coming Exhibition would be! But the guides that have already cropped up around us are like a labyrinth of sign posts at the meeting of numerous dials and cross roads—each and all point a different way. My belief is that if Caleb and his friends had gone out to search the land of Canaan on the Parisian guide principle they never would have come to the brook of Eshcol, nor have found their way back to the wilderness of Paran with the grapes they brought with them as specimens of the good land they had visited.

Now, opinions differ about guide books. There are not many such good ones as "Hare's Walks," nor many such places as Rome in which "Hare's Walks" can be enjoyed, while Fetridge, Boedecker, Murray and Appleton can scarcely be surpassed. Such guides as these should be studied during long runs in railway cars, before leaving home or on quiet afternoons with a pencil in hand, but they should not be carried about like an umbrella in places where there is any likelihood of people falling in with the *gamins de Paris*. There is no one whom these disrespectful urchins more delight to meet with than a foreigner with his guide book bound in glaring colors.

IN THE BUILDINGS.

A guide to the Exposition itself can by no means be dispensed with; it is as necessary as a catalogue to a museum. Neither should any visitor be accused of looking absurd if he suddenly stood turning over its leaves in search of the key to some article that perplexes his judgment. It is irksome to have in one's party a slow thinker, who lags over the stalls and always dawdles behind, but it must be remembered that at French expositions there are always things which the minds of men down in depths unfathomable are not always familiar with, articles, for instance, that beautify the female form and figure. It takes time to find out what they are and how they are put on. Serious thinkers are no duller than other men when they get to understand the secrets of female fascinations. It is hard for them to realize such abstruse ideas, but when they do they laugh over them until their eyes water.

A SAMPLE TOURIST.

A tendency to refer to one's catalogue should therefore be sympathized with and tolerated; but the slaves of guide books should be avoided. They are most wearisome company, and never leave a stone unexamined if described in their *vade mecum*. The name, the style, the period of a particular curve in architecture being given, they make it a part of their duty to get to the particular spot in the particular part of Paris in which this curve on a particular building or tenement is said to be visible. The place is at length reached, and when the tourist finds himself in front of the wall it once occupied it happens to have fallen out of the line of the city improvements, and instead of the curve he finds only blackened spaces which show where the chimney flues led. Still determined to discover what he is in search of his tall hat drops back on his head, his handkerchief dangles out of his pocket and irritable *marchandes des quatre saisons* push their handcarts before and behind him growling audibly that some people can't move any more than rent day. The tourist perseveres, props himself up against an advertising poster and fancies that all the people of promiscuous callings who collect around him are reading the bills pasted up behind. Not a bit of it. They are all staring at him, a fact he notices when his corns are walked over, or when he observes that an artist-looking fellow with a soft knocked-in beaver has been taken the silhouette of his figure and upturned nose.

VALUE OF MAPS.

The best thing to carry about with one is a map. It is so easy to do without the rest and to study architecture in all its details when the fit comes on. This should never be done under trying circumstances; Notre Dame, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Clothilde and other edifices are imposing *en masse* and can be minutely analyzed in all their component parts in the calm early or late hours of the day when *tout Paris* is not on foot. In other capitals cases differ. There are cities in which the patrons of guide books can take root in a public square, in which municipalities are not always rechristening the avenues and streets, and where palaces are not royal for one set of years, then imperial for another, then national, then royal again and so on. I can also point out a circumstance in which a guide book is not only useless, but positively dangerous. At public gardens, where the fair whirl about too unreservedly and the art of raising the extreme tip of the cothurne to a level, with a foreigner's top lock of hair has attained perfection, the use of a guide book marks out its holder for sacrifice. While he counts the candelabra and festoons of colored lamps, mentally congratulating himself on their number being all right, he will find his book come down with a thump at his feet and that a danseuse has left the galop to hang herself on his arm; neither will his studious aspect have the slightest power to free him from her attentions, and he will leave that tall a different and wiser man as regards his portemonnaie. But it will be said "no one can be expected to go on an Exhibition trip to Paris and not see the most he can." Assuredly; but after a few preliminaries, a few leading principles, have been laid down for our benefit in a newspaper article, the best way is to find out the rest by one's self. There is nothing like being lost once to avoid its recurring often, and there is nothing like being cheated at the début of one's journeyings to teach us how it need not happen twice. Any tourist could travel the world over with a good map, good boots and a good temper. A few general hints for his guidance may be useful, but they can be summed up in a brief space.

WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?

It is undeniable that the three principal necessities of life, in a material sense, are a good bed, breakfast and dinner. It is precisely these three elements of material comfort which are just now occupying most of the attention of the foreign visitors who are already beginning to pour into the French capital in anticipation of the Exhibition. The following may be accepted as a pretty fair index of the preoccupations which are besetting them as well as of the reflections of those who have already marked them out as their prey:—

American reflections—Whether is it better to seek lodgings in a boarding house or hotel, and there give one's self up to be housed and fed for a stipulated sum per month and per head; or, to take furnished apartments and a cook, or to have one's meals out?

French hotel keepers' reflections—Whether is it better merely to let out one's rooms for a good round sum per week and per day and give one's lodgers nothing to eat, or charge them less for their rooms if they consent to pay double price for their meals?

Restaurateurs' reflections—Whether is it better to increase one's *prix fixe*, or prevent foreigners from taking their meals at their hotels by maintaining our usual prices, and, as food will be dear, by decreasing the size of our *portions* by hanging the *culotte* of beef until it is as tender as *filet*, and by transforming our viands so as to make them palatable on economical principles known to ourselves?

Coachmen's reflections—Whether is it better to take Americans and other foreigners up by the *course* or the hour, to tell them that the prices do not include *pourboire*, or take them in by saying nothing about rules until we let them down?

Reflections of theatrical managers.—Whether is it better to draw money out of American and other foreign purses with plays à *femmes*, or genuine good acting? (The thoughts of all box openers, stick and cloak keepers, bill sellers, &c., are not dubitative, they mean to draw the money out any way.

Reflections of actresses—Whether is it better to be high souled, retiring and get over head and ears in debt for fascinations, or take in the foreigners by the *furia francesa?*

Reflections of café waiters—Whether is it better for the sale of ices and *bocks* to wear our partings down the middle of our heads, to be frizzed à *la* Capoul, or to brush ourselves up à *la* Brutus?

Reflections of semi-mondaines—Shall we captivate them by our plastic charms, or by paint and diamonds?

Reflections of very respectable *rentiers*, who have placed their small funds out at three per cent—Would it not be advantageous pecuniarily to go to some out of the way place and rent our flats furnished?

Such reflections as these are selected from a varied *répertoire*, but they show how numerous will be the arts and industries called into full exercise during the Exhibition.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS.

As regards lodgings everything must depend, first, on the length of time to be spent in Paris; second, on the length of visitors' purses; third, on the number of persons in a party and the age of those to be provided for. People who do not care to "do" Paris cheaply have hotels in the Place Vendôme and Rue de la Paix, which rank with the best in London. A little lower in the hierarchy stand two good hotels—the Grand, on the Boulevard des Capucines, with not very excessive charges, and the new hotel called the Continental, which is on the Rue de Rivoli, and occupies the site of the Ministry of Finance, burned down during the Commune. The latter is somewhat inferior in point of size to the Grand and the Hôtel du Louvre, but of the large caravansaries it is nearest the Exhibition, has reception rooms, parlors, reading rooms (for ladies and gentlemen), halls, bathrooms on every flat, a gymnasium, bar and steam elevators. A large conservatory on the roof affords a fine panorama of Paris. The central court is roofed with glass, and altogether, after a view of the general management projected, this new hotel offers a combination by means of which visitors need not change their accustomed habits of life.

PREFERENCES.

I wish to say nothing that could be unfavorable to hotels in any quarter of Paris, as there are many first rate places on the left bank, to which I will return presently; but a writer should be actuated by a desire to inform his readers accurately, and therefore I will say *en passant* that the Rue de Rivoli is to be preferred to other situations, and for many reasons. It is closer to the Exhibition than the Boulevard quarters, and everything is at hand. Omnibuses pass by continually in front of a whole range of family hotels, from the Louvre to the commencement of the Champs Elysées. If it rains there are the stores under the colonnade, with the Palais Royal close by. If it be fine there are the Tuileries, and parallel with this public garden the Seine, on which run the boats for three sous to the Champ de Mars. At the Louvre a dinner of thirteen courses costs, with wine, six francs; a *déjeuner*, wine included, four francs. In an incredibly small space every convenience is to be found, including schools, Protestant and Catholic churches and every kind of conveyance. A bachelor would be the hardest of bachelors to please if he did not like the *déjeuner* which can be obtained at any point of the neighborhood, and including three courses with half a bottle of wine, for two francs and a half. The Grand, which affords excellent accommodation, is unfortunately surrounded by first rate dealers, who are compelled to maintain high prices, and there are no arcades to protect one from the heat and rain.

A FEW HINTS.

So far I have said nothing to uproot the settled convictions and prejudices of holiday seekers, but I fear that what is coming will not please them so well. Why should visitors who use their legs at home show themselves so fastidious when they come abroad? Why must they have things in Paris they never dream of in well-regulated families bred and born in the States? Have habits become so exotic in America that conservatories are as needful as daily bread? Sitz baths a necessity? Hot curling tongs at eight A. M. the forerunners of coffee, eggs and toast? Is the generation yet so near to Washington already dying of anemia and so weak that a walk is out of the question? If not, then let the daughters of blithe Columbia—those beautiful girls one loves to look at—leave the English-speaking houses and quarters and try the Boulevard St. Michel, the Boulevard St. Germain and round about the Luxembourg. Better still, let them try residences and flats near the Parc Monceaux. I know, too, of a totally unexplored region—unexplored of course by Americans and English families, not forgetting bachelors. It is near a *bois* which shall presently be named. There are thickets, lakes, avenues, fine prospects and that sort of solitude which educated people cannot help apostrophizing, however idiotic this may sound. Tramway carriages roll down the principal avenues every five minutes, and, while I think of it the dethroned King of Naples lives at one end of it and there is a verdant isthmus, tiny, but lovely at the other end of it. In the space of an hour's drive there are villas to let by the dozen. If they are unfurnished a French furniture dealer will undertake to furnish them in forty-eight hours by monthly contract, and not a saucepan will be found wanting nor a peg for the master's hat. The place is almost deserted on week days, but there are schools for young people, and beautiful markets, and there is a fine river for lovers of angling and for boating. Each house has a garden or part of a garden attached, and there are beautiful views for the album. The localities I mention are not fashionably populated, for the tenants are retired tradespeople, government annuitants, &c.; but a few Americans and American ladies, with homes separated by a garden, meadow, field or so, would as promptly alter the jog-trot ways of these amiable French people as a party of Englishmen would clear the site of a ruin by carrying away in each of their pockets a bit of the walls *en souvenir*.

OUT OF TOWN.

Well, I am talking about the Bois de Vincennes and the Park of St. Maur, especially of the latter, reached by the Bastile station in twenty minutes (express train) or by tramway from Vincennes to the Louvre. Trains start for Vincennes every quarter of an hour, and for St. Maur every hour; but from Vincennes to St. Maur the walk is a succession of admirable scenery. There are detached houses at Park St. Maur from 500f. a year to 2,000f., but the latter are mansions like chateaux, with shrubberies, lawns, stabling, &c. For a family nothing could be more advisable, particularly where salubrious air, plentiful food and freedom are desired. A day of rest in such a place comes in delightfully between Exhibition days. Provisions are brought by the cartfull from Paris, or from the surrounding villages, or from dealers in the locality. Wine is cheap, the meat and bread excellent. Being struck by

EXPENSES.

The average expenses per day for a single person should not exceed 16f.; for 25f. superior attendance and style should be available. These prices include wine and every extra, while on the left bank of the Seine the same accommodations can be obtained for half less.

Mechanics will be as well treated as *milords*, at places called *rôtisseries*, where fat poultry and large joints are to revolve incessantly before a timber fire, will offer substantial food for more than reasonable charges. I am told that a fabulously bulky drumstick will only cost ten sous and a half bottle of claret only twelve.

Crèmeries will supply soups, milk and coffee, milk and chocolate, and rice and milk for five sous per portion, and a quarter of a yard of bread will cost four sous. *Friteries* will supply fried potatoes and fried sausages (in paper bags) for two sous.

GENERATIONS OF PANCAKE MAKERS.

A man who makes pancakes in the Rue St. Martin has had a diploma framed showing that his father was rewarded with a medal for excellence in this business; and there is also a picture of himself mixing up batter with the paternal spoon. A pancake hot and light is to cost but one sou. A neighbor next door but two is considerate enough to offer amateurs an empty table before which the said diplomed pancakes may be discussed. The hot one sou *brioche* of La Porte St. Martin will not diminish in size. The famed butter cake (*galette*) of the Boulevard Poissonnière will not change quarters, three successive generations of its makers having become millionnaires by remaining on the same spot, while *galettes* better made a few steps further down have always been the ruin of rival speculators.

CONCLUSIONS.

Finally, there is no chance of getting ruined or starved at Paris unless visitors try to be so. Those who have wits will naturally find they are in requisition; but this is the case at every World's Fair. A word about theatres. Americans are apt to fancy that because they are not French scholars it is useless to go to a French play. This is a mistake, for acting here is so full of meaning that speech is often superfluous. Visitors to Paris, who come with few, perhaps no introductions to French families, can form at the theatres an idea of the ease and grace, the taste and tact for which Parisian ladies are famed, while the beauty of the actresses' toilets and the charm of their motion will furnish lessons to the uninitiated. None should leave this capital without having been once to the Théâtre Français or the Vaudeville or the Variétés, while the farces at the Bouffes and Palais-Royal will reveal the wonderful aptitude of the French for broad jokes devoid of vulgarity.

ACCOMMODATION FOR THE PRESS.

[From the London Globe.]

Great preparations are being made for the reception of visitors; and the Paris press, at a meeting held yesterday, was informed by its syndic, M. Janicot, that he had been able to make some arrangement which, with proper support, would enable a press club to be founded within the precincts of the Exhibition. The French Commissioners have agreed to find an eligible space for the club house, and give a sum of £800 toward the expenses of building, subject to their approval of the plan. The pen is powerful in France. Everybody is proud to do anything which may bring his name into print and place him conspicuously before the public, so that the newspaper world can command the services of our best architects, and builders will be pleased to do their utmost at the lowest possible price. It is proposed that the club shall be a rendezvous for all the children of the fourth estate, no matter what may be their nationality or opinions. There will be writing rooms and every facility for carrying on correspondence. Postal and telegraphic offices will be provided, and the leading newspapers of every nation represented will be laid on the table in the reading room. According to the idea of those who have been mainly instrumental in organizing the club, the *fumoir* and *salle-à-manger* are to be marvels of the decorative art, while dinner and breakfast will be served at a minimum cost. Each candidate will have to be proposed and seconded after having produced credentials proving his claims to be considered a member of the press, and during the Exhibition at least the scattered family of newspaper men will be brought together and be able to discuss in which country things are best ordered. The sanction of the Commissioners having been obtained there will be no difficulty in getting the necessary permission to open the club from the Prefect of the Police, without whose leave no meeting, even for social purposes, of more than nineteen persons would be tolerated. The journalist will be able to write and post his articles without leaving the building; he will be able to retire and indulge in a brain-refreshing cigar or cigarette; he can find a good dinner and meet men from whom something can always be gleaned. No games of chance or hazard will be allowed by the committee. Cards are to be limited to whist and *écarté*, while billiards and chess will serve to amuse those who have a wholesome dislike to handling pasteboard.

A PERMANENT DELIGHT.

The Salle des Fêtes on the Trocadero is nearly finished. In another week the upholsterers will be at work fitting up and covering the seats for the grand opening ceremony. Every modern improvement will be taken advantage of for the heating and ventilating of the vast hall during the warm and cold weather, for the Salle des Fêtes is destined to remain even after the Exhibition is over. The garden of the Trocadero has been sketched out and within a few days will be planted with bulbs and seed, which will transform the slopes into one gay parterre. Some of the choicest tulips from Haarlem have been imported and the Dutch gardeners are about to endeavor to revive that fancy for the gaudy flower which, in 1634, when tulipomania was at its height, and a "Semper Augustus" bulb commanded £5,000, nearly drove the sober, phlegmatic Netherlanders out of their minds. The Dutch have determined to prove that they are not all descendants of Rip Van Winkle. They are building a model cottage, such as serves for a home to the Frieslander and the inhabitants of the shores of the Zuyder Zee. This will be almost as great a curiosity to the Parisians as the home of the Esquimau, for even the old Dutch masters omitted to paint those households in the north where even a century has failed to change quaint manners, customs and architecture. All the woodwork, such as doors, windows, cupboards, fireplaces and wainscoting, with the furniture, have been brought from Holland. The splendid specimens of oak carving will excite the wonder of our cabinet makers in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and these poor imitators of their predecessors will find fresh models to work on, reproducing the antique for the benefit of the rich amateur, who is unaware of the effect of certain stains and pigments on new oak carving. In the Dutch cottage the walls are being covered with paper imitating the blue tiles and reproducing canal boats, windmills and pastures the Hollander loves to gaze on. To enhance the reality of the scene the table is to be laid out as if for a meal, and the father of the family, represented by a lay figure dressed in national costume, with his long china pipe leaning against the back of his chair, will be surrounded by his children, while his *vrow*, in silver skullcap and gold butterfly hairpins, will be seen swathing up the last olive branch, displaying a *tout ensemble* worthy the brush of any painter.

THE CHINESE HOUSE.

The Chinese house is rapidly building. Each separate piece is fitted in the workshop, and the Celestials have nearly completed their task. They seem quite proud of what they have accomplished, and one or two of them regret that the inmates of their cottage are to be lay figures when they could have induced Mrs. John to bring some of her children over with her and settle down in the midst of the Babel of tongues, reminded of home by the style of her house and the rare native plants which have been sent all the way from Hong Kong to represent the Chinese flora. The Japanese and Persians are very busy, for orders have been received from home to have everything ready for the opening day, and in one or two cases some of the work has had to be given out to Frenchmen, who have to carry out the designs of the native architects. Each day makes a wonderful difference in the aspect of things on the Champ de Mars and on the Trocadero. The quays on either side of the Seine are being gradually built over, and the light bridge across the river is completed. One bank of the Seine will be exclusively devoted to a marine exhibition, including fire engines, apparatus for saving life at sea, &c., while a certain portion of the river will be enclosed with stout palisading to serve as harborage for the steam launches, yachts, rowing boats and other small craft exhibitors are going to send over. The opposite bank will be occupied by one vast aquarium for sea and river fish. We are to have oyster parks, specimens of the octopus and other monsters of the deep, including a "learned seal," lent for the occasion by the Jardin d'Acclimatation. The sea water is to be brought up from Havre to Paris in barges, and, owing to the great expenses which would accrue from the frequent renewal of salt water, some attempt will be made to make the first supply last during the whole period of the Exhibition. Immense reservoirs have been placed under the aquarium and will be filled with salt water, which will be kept constantly running through the fish tanks by a powerful steam engine. There will be hundreds of sights to be seen during the Exhibition, and the public owe a meed of thanks to the Commissioners, who have determined that every portion of the grounds and buildings shall be thrown open to those who pay their franc at the turnstile.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—FIFTH NOTICE—THE WEST ROOM.

Of the ninety-six pictures which are hung in the West Room of the National Academy of Design certainly the most attractive and important work is David Neal's exquisite and masterly study of a female head (620), already spoken of. A. H. Wyant's very excellent "Pool in the North Woods," which is treated with much delicacy and is full of sentiment, we are glad again to return to. Benjamin Eakins has in "The Chess Players" (612) a very notable little picture, one of the best pieces of *genre* painting in the exhibition. Its chief defect lies in a somewhat photographic appearance. It is admirable in its deep tone, and masterly in the treatment of the faces and figures, as the players bend intent over the game in the dying light. The faces, evidently portraits, are worthy of study. The chess men are carefully arranged on the board in the exact positions of a game. The accessories are very finely treated; note especially the decanter and glasses on the table by the players.

An excellent little picture in the same line of painting is Rudolphe E. Piquet's "Castres at Work" (558). Charles H. Miller's "Long Island Landscape" (575) has a good distance and general effect. Though we would have liked to see Frederick Dielman represented in a more important canvas there is still a neat little story and a careful and pleasing treatment in his "Two Cowards" (576). "The Cascade, Franconia Mountains" (56), is a fine little Casilear.

Seymour J. Guy is represented in this room by "The Biter Bit" (578), a thieving boy who has got hold of a jar of pickles by mistake, and by "Born Tired" (585). Though neither of these examples approach his very admirable "Sunday Lesson," in the East Room, they still possess those enduring qualities in composition, drawing, form and color, which are always to be found in his work. We can, however, hardly say that we like the motive of either work, and would prefer to see so excellent an artist confine himself to depicting the graceful and beautiful in life rather than its commonplace phases.

Frank B. Mayer has some good action in his "The Continentals" (557).

Mr. William Hart is represented by several canvases, of which his "Alderney Cattle" (560) may be taken as an example. In these small canvases Mr. Hart does not represent nature, for it never was so spick and span. Leaving this question aside, there is rich and pleasing color and excellent drawing. However this jewelry of painting may please the general public its artistic value is small. In his larger and less miniature-like pictures the artist to our mind does himself much more justice. An A. C. Howland (559) is a charming little "Vista on the Connecticut"—delicate and faithful. George Henry Hall's "An Oven at Pompeii" has some excellent color; the figure, though weak and badly posed, is pleasing, and there is some good drawing in the oven. Volitz's "Landscape and Cattle" (566) is a good example. There is a good deal of pleasing work about A. T. Bellows' "Old Chine Inn, Chanklin, Isle of Wight," but it resembles too much in style his water color drawings.

Julie H. Beers has a very commendable picture in her view of a southern creek, with huge trees, wound about by lianes, to which she has foolishly given as a title a poetical quotation. By the way, the Academy this year seems to be afflicted with a mania for poetical tablets. Though slightly hard the color of Mrs. Beers' painting is pleasing, and the drawing is very excellent. It is just such a scene as you find in Mississippi and Louisiana, with the ducks flying up the creek.

Mr. Miller has a fine sunset effect, but shows us too much of his canvas in "The Poet's Mill" (592). We can hardly understand why Jennie Brownscombe sends her "June" (599), or why it is hung. Miss Conant's "The First Snow" (607) is a neat idea well enough carried out. In his "On the Saco, White Mountains" (608), Samuel Colman has a broadly and effectively treated little study.

William Sartain's "Venetian Scene" (594) deserves another mention for its pure and true coloring and good drawing.

F. Schuchardt's "A Reverie" is very pleasing. It is well drawn and modelled; the girl's pose is excellent, and her face looking happily up is charming. The Hanging Committee very absurdly have hung John Lasarge's study, "Anaromeda" (617), so high that it can hardly be seen, and the result is that this gentleman's admirers declare it to be more than his author intended, and rave over its drawing and modelling. As a study of color it is certainly very interesting.

Mrs. Dillon's "Apple Blossoms" (619) are fine in color and pleasingly treated. There is good work in Henry E. Loop's "Portrait" (623), and William H. Powell has in No. 625 a true likeness of a bold little boy. M. J. Burns shows a good deal of strength in his "Fishers of the Sea," and some excellent drawing. The arrangement of the figures in the boat and of the fishing tackle is good, as is the water. The color is somewhat monotonous.

David Johnson's "The Brook at Byfield," Massachusetts (621), is an excellent example, careful in drawing, if we except the man's figure, and fine in tone; the cattle are very good. It is to our mind a better picture than his large lake scene in the South Room, which we, however, like much better than we did at first. There is a wealth of very fine drawing and very conscientious work in it. Sonntag's Kaleidoscopic "A Passing Shower" (633) has many good qualities which are almost nullified by the affectation of his style and the chalkiness of his coloring. Gilbert Gaul's "Repose" (635) has a good motive, some really excellent work, a fine tone and quiet color. Why Mr. Hahn's absurd productions, of which we have an example in his "New York Newsboys" (634), are hung we cannot understand. A really excellent little picture of the school of Frère is Mary L. Stone's "Kitchen Corner"—a quaint conceit of a little child surrounded by garden stuff. F. S. Church's "Sketch from Nature" is real. The cattle are well posed in Henry C. Bispham's landscape. George Gidden's "Twilight" (649) is pleasing in sentiment, and finally Cora Richardson's "The Nargilee" (648) has some good work in it.

NEW MUSIC.

"Silver Leaf;" Mazourka Caprice. By J. N. Pattison. A graceful and brilliant composition. Oliver Ditson & Co.

"Easter Anthem," for quartet choir, with solo. By Albert Woeltge. Oliver Ditson & Co.

Rondo, "I May Be Princess." From the chimes of Normandy. Oliver Ditson & Co.

"The Turk's Exit from Europe;" galop. By A. E. Warren. Oliver Ditson & Co.

"Christ the Lord is Risen To-day," Easter hymn. By W. H. Hoppock. Martens Brothers.

"Easter Carols." Ten Easter Carols. By A. P. Howard. Ditson & Co.

LONDON IDOLS AND IDYLLS.

The Vicar of Wakefield on the Stage.

ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

An Irish Idyll Evoking Saxon Tears.

POETICAL REQUIEM OF THE EURYDICE.

LONDON, April 4, 1878.

The dramatic event of the season, casting even "Louis XI." and "Diplomacy" into the shade, has been the production at the Court Theatre of Mr. Wills' "Olivia," an adaptation from the "Vicar of Wakefield." One might search the files of the London papers in vain for a long time back before finding such a unanimous pean of praise and congratulation as this play has called forth. Without a single dissentient voice "Olivia" has been pronounced an emphatic success and a "credit to English art," and the critics vary in opinion only in so far as they are more or less enthusiastic.

Wisely, no doubt, Mr. Wills has not insisted upon completely identifying his play with the immortal romance of Goldsmith; he has derived from it the main incident only, the flight of Olivia with the unprincipled Squire Thornhill, and has followed the original words in only a few parts of the dialogue. He has dramatized the characters, introduced with charming ingenuity new and harmonious incident, and constructed, if not a thorough acting play, certainly a fascinating dramatic poëm. At the same time the tone and spirit of the original are preserved in all their freshness and beauty. The result, says the *Morning Post*, is no flashy sensational melodrama, but a play of the purest domestic interest—delicate in design, lucid in arrangement and perfectly idyllic in the gentle grace and quiet beauty of its pervading sentiment. Who, says another critic, could tell the story of Olivia better than Mr. Wills, a poet gifted with a wealth of inspired fancy, an Irishman, and as such an admirer of his countryman, Oliver Goldsmith?

AN ART PLAY.

Nothing that refined artistic taste could suggest has been omitted to make the piece perfect. In the first place Mr. Hare, the lessee and manager of the Court Theatre, has a strongly developed love for all that is elevated and noble in his profession, and unites to the business instincts of a manager the cultivated taste of a *litterateur*. When, therefore, he pitched upon the "Vicar of Wakefield" as the source of dramatic inspiration he turned to those who could assist him in giving adequate expression to his idea. Mr. Wills, a dramatic poet of the first rank—among those now living, at least—wrote the play; Mr. Arthur Sullivan, also an Irishman, the most popular of living composers, added the music; Mr. Marcus Stone, an eminent artist, whose specialty is the particular period in which the Vicar of Wakefield was supposed to flourish, designed the costumes with such scrupulous accuracy that the characters look like pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough.

TRUE TO HISTORY.

The scenery is charming; the furniture is of the period, and includes an original harpsichord made in 1768, and that the realism should be quite complete a live blackbird hangs in his wicker cage outside the flower-embowered porch of the vicarage.

The first scene—the vicarage garden—is a perfect marvel of stage setting. The old fashioned, cosey looking house, surrounded by a wealth of flowers, roses, honeysuckle, sunflowers and hollyhocks; the landscape of hill and valley, dotted with snug little homesteads, the village church embosomed in trees, the whole lit up by the soft light of an autumn sun, form a picture perfectly idyllic and thoroughly English. Scarcely less charming is the next picture, the "Vicarage Parlor." The stage presents an "interior" which is a delight to the artist, with its panelled walls, quaint cupboards and clocks and old china. Another interior represents the "Dragon Inn," decked with Christmas garlands and offering in its comfortable fixings a pleasant contrast to the "winter and rough weather" outside. So much for the setting of the play, to which one is tempted to give priority of description from the mere fact that the story is too well known to need any.

THE CLIMAX.

The acting, as might be expected, is excellent throughout, and in the case of Miss Ellen Terry, the Olivia, first class. This lady has sprung at a bound to the top of the dramatic ladder. For tenderness and simple, unaffected pathos the impersonation has not been equalled for many years, while in one scene, that in which her betrayer makes known his deception, her acting rose to absolute genius. When Thornhill approaches to console his victim she turns upon him and, with a quick, impulsive movement of horror and rage, strikes the scoundrel with both fists on the breast. The effect of this scene—the supreme moment of the play—upon the audience is electrifying; a roar of spontaneous cheering, preceded by something very like a deep sob, bursts from the spectators. Indeed, the effect of the play upon the audience is throughout something quite extraordinary, and it is difficult to say which is the more interesting sight within the walls of the Court Theatre, Mr. Wills' play or its effect upon the audience.

THE OPERA.

The Italian operatic season will soon be in full swing. Mr. Gye, a synopsis of whose programme I sent you some time ago, opened at Covent Garden on the 2d inst. with a performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera" to a pretty good house. The Prince of Wales was present and chatted with his acquaintances back of the stage quite a while. Strange to say he failed to put in an appearance at the Adelphi during the eight weeks of admirable performances of English opera under Mr. Carl Rosa. Mr. Mapleson opens his season at Her Majesty's on Saturday, April 20. His announcement fills up a column and a half of the leading papers and is of a more "promising" character than Mr. Gye's, who, to tell the truth, secures his subscriptions so easily that he has little occasion to advertise.

AN IMPRESARIO'S TROUBLES.

One is compelled to admire Mr. Mapleson's perseverance in overcoming the obstacles that seem to place themselves in his way. M. Faure and Mlle. Nilsson have seceded from his management. Mme. Titiens is no more, and yet he issues a prospectus that apparently leaves nothing to be desired. In place of Titiens Mme. Pappenheim; in place of Mlle. Nilsson we shall hear for the first time in many years Mlle. Minnie Hauck, and Mme. Etelka Gerster, who established her reputation here last year, is coming back. Miss Nilsson's demands are £200 per night when she appears, and these terms, though secured by Patti, are found excessive in her case, for she fails to attract such large audiences as she did some years ago. Mr. Mapleson, I understand, gave "Lohengrin" performances last season when the house contained scarcely £100, out of which £200 were due to Miss Nilsson. Naturally enough, opera does not pay at this rate.

A THIRD OPERA HOUSE.

It is possible that another Italian combination with Miss Nilsson may be made for Drury Lane this season; but as the prima donna refuses to reduce her terms the possibility is somewhat remote. Colonel Mapleson seems to rest his hopes of a successful season chiefly on Miss Hauck and Mme. Gerster, and if the rest of his company were able to support them efficiently he might calculate on a good return for his outlay. Campanini appears in the prospectus as principal tenor, this first appearance these two years. Mme. Marie Roze-Mapleson returns to London in June, and Whitehall thinks she will be the one among the company to be "asked to wear, if not to succeed to, the crown and kingdom." The coming of Mme. Pappenheim is an event looked forward to with much interest; on her is expected to fall the mantle left by Titiens.

FORTHCOMING NOVELTIES.

Mr. Mapleson promises to produce three new operas. His first novelty will be Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," in which we are told several important alterations have been made under the direction of the composer. The second novelty, or rather revival, will be Gounod's pastoral opera "Mireilla," which was given with great success at Drury Lane some years ago. Mr. Mapleson likewise promises to give M. Georges Bizet's "Carmen," with Miss Minnie Hauck in the title *rôle*. Mr. Gye's list of promises also includes this opera, with Mme. Patti for the principal part. Mlle. Hauck (Mr. Mapleson spells the name incorrectly Hauk) will give besides the title *rôle* of Carmen, Edith Plantagenet in Balfe's "Talisman," Violetta in the "Traviata," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," Pamina in the "Flauto Magico," Cherubino in the "Nozze," and Leonora in "Fidelio." Mme. Pappenheim will give Alice in "Robert," Leonora in "Fidelio," Elsa in "Lohengrin," the Countess in the "Nozze," Alice in "Der Freischutz" and Valentina in the "Huguenots." For Americans, therefore, Mr. Mapleson's season promises to be of more than usual interest. In conclusion, it may be of interest to state that Mlle. Hauck made her début at Covent Garden some ten years ago, during the Gye-Mapleson coalition, in "La Sonnambula," "with a considerable degree of success. She sang very courageously all through the work, many parts prettily and effectively; but she made a failure in 'Ah! non giunge,' because she was unable, on our stage, to execute those *tours de force* which had heretofore astonished the Berlioz, because of the difference between the English and the continental piton. Thence arose the revival of the 'pitch battle,' about which much was said and so little done. In fact, the whole business was *mis in pice*."

A WELL DESERVED SNUB.

The Amateur Pantomimists have received a well deserved snub. Mr. Gilbert, the Harlequin, is disheartened. The Eurydice went to the bottom of the sea; a Eurydice relief fund was started, and the noble army of amateurs who recently displayed their gambols at the Gaiety proposed to repeat their entertainment for the benefit of the above fund. Sala was the first to denounce the projected performance. "I confess," he wrote, "that it grates upon my feelings to think of the fashionable world rushing to a theatre to see a bevy of noble and gallant amateurs in preposterous garb grinning through horse collars and cutting capers over the new made grave, so to speak, of 400 British sailors." The amateur clowns, pantaloons and breakdown dancers will probably be heard of no more for a while. No incident or calamity has for years past evoked such deep felt sorrow in England as the loss of the Eurydice. It is a sorrow that is expressed in silence and prayer and the outpouring of true poetry. The so-called war enthusiasm has so far produced nothing but unmitigated trash and doggerel, the work of music hall rhymsters. But the Eurydice disaster touched the heart of the poet, and I do not remember to have ever read anything more affectingly beautiful than some of the verses published in the weekly papers. Here is one:—"In Memoriam—Sunday, March 24, 1878":—

Ho! merrily home with her gallant crew,
The dear old coast line full in view,
Up Channel under a press of sail
She sped, careering before the gale.
Taut and trim as a ship should be,
For Spithead bound, the Eurydice!

The church bells chimed on the distant shore,
And the mariners dreamt that toil was o'er;
Of cheery greetings and loving smiles
For the sun-burnt lads from the tropic isles:
And all was sunshine, hope and glee
Around and aboard the Eurydice.

A change in the sky! A sudden squall!
And the blinding sleet's bewildering fall!
Down, down in a vortex of foam and spray
Three hundred souls have been swept away!
Gone down in the doomed Eurydice—
Parce, precamur, Domine!

The storm flies over: the sunlight streams;
The treacherous bosom of ocean gleams;
There is little in sky or sea to tell
Of the terrible deed they planned so well.
Only some timbers, floating free,
Are left of the poor Eurydice!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT VENTNOR.

[From Vanity Fair.]

Oh, sweet church bells! the earth is fair,
And death and winter we beguile,
When life and spring together share
The glories of this sunny isle.

Along the landslip lovers walk,
And, hand in hand, smile out their sighs;
As, sweetly silent oft, they talk
The language of the loving eyes.

Ring out, sweet bells! The ships go past
With swelling sail and foaming bow;
Gay pennons stream from tapering mast,
And lee-rails to the waves dip low.

And, loveliest of them all, oh, see,
Racing and plunging through the foam,
Towed by the sweethearts' hands at home,
The Queen's brave ship, the Eurydice!

* * * * * * * *

Ring slow, oh, bells! The earth is white—
All ghostly white with sudden snow;
Dark is the air as if with night,
And bitterly the wild winds blow.

A cruel squall has blown away
The lovers' vows, the lovers' sighs.
Gone is the glory of the day;
They cannot see each other's eyes.

* * * * * * * *

The blessed sun shines out again,
We seaward turn. Ah! where is she?
Ploughing so gaily through the main,
The Queen's brave ship, the Eurydice!

'Twas a passing knell, and we knew it not;
'Twas the cloud of Death, and we never knew.
And the sunlit waves dance o'er the spot
Where lately home in hope she flew.

Ring on, oh bells! this solemn day!
Shine white, on snow! beneath our feet!
Three hundred souls have passed away,
And Heaven hath sent us winding sheet. D.

Surely these tender poems form a better and more fitting requiem for the hapless company of the Eurydice than the vulgar antics of spangled harlequins and bedaubed clowns.

LORD LEITRIM'S FUNERAL.

RIOTOUS AND DISORDERLY CONDUCT OF THE MOB—POPULAR PROTEST AGAINST INTERING THE EARL BESIDE THE MARTYRS OF NINETY-EIGHT — HOW THE EARL'S "DOMESTIC SERVICE" WAS RECRUITED.

DUBLIN, April 11, 1878.

The terrible tragedy of Lord Leitrim may be considered to have closed, at least in one sense, yesterday, by the interment of his murdered body in the family vault at St Michan's Church, in this city. The last act was very different indeed in almost everything from that first one performed some ten days before on the lonely shore of Mulroy Bay, amid the wilds of Donegal. Yesterday a yelling, hooting, half frantic mob surrounded the coffin; nobility and gentry were there, as if to throw a pall over the murdered noble's misdeeds; representatives of the government were present as a protest against the crime which removed him from life. To crown all, the police were there in force, indicating by the mere fact of their presence that the career of the murdered man had alienated from him all public sympathy and invited popular vengeance. With the worst taste and most reprehensible folly the persons having charge of the funeral had advertisements announcing the hour and place published in the tory newspapers—a thing quite out of consonance with Irish habits. They selected for the hour of its performance the most idle time