AN OCEAN FREE LANCE

Croffut Writes of People He Meets at Sea Grumbles at His Accommodations, and Drops Into Poetry.

Plans of Henry E. Abbey and the Artists He Will Bring from England—The New York Opera House.

Americans and High Art—Meissonier's Pictures and Promises—The Review of Napoleon's Army.

A Glance at Liverpool—The British Parliament—Its Oratory—Gladstone and Northcote—Lady Wilde and Mr. Lowell.

STEAMSHIP ALASKA, At Sea, Special Correspondence, May 23.—Here I am, on the swiftest ocean steamer, a few leagues from the coast of much-troubled Ireland, which lies far off in the sun, like a piece of blue flannel in a particularly large and serene tub. What to write about now is the question. We have had a rather rough passage for this season—head winds and a choppy sea all the way—but you don't care much about that. To say that one of the Wiggins storms prevails—that is, the ocean is like a mirror, shimmering with ripples of light—but you don't care a red cent about that. The last passenger with a greasy stomach has crept on deck and is now reclining and sunning himself on one of those wooden grass-hoppers called a "steamer-chair"—result of the careful interbreeding of a rocking-chair and saw-horse. I am writing, in the great dining-room, on one of the five seventy-five feet long tables, on a bright red spread that dazzles my eyes. And every few minutes, all day, a steward comes along and says to the writers that he really must have the tables now, to set them for coffee, or breakfast, or lunch, or dinner, or supper, or some of the other specimens in the everlasting monotony of feeding. [Only three things are ever done on a steamer—eating, uneating, and betting. So we are remorselessly swept away, to collect our shattered ambitions again after awhile. A vessel like this ought to have a room where quiet people can write letters and read undisturbed. And the state-rooms ought to be larger; they are fearfully cramped and uncomfortable. But then, one can't expect everything. We have seen four other steamers going the same way, that left three days before we did, and have passed them all as if they were tied to posts; and for this blessing I suppose we ought to be willing to write in an anarchy of bread and butter, and sleep in coffins on the hot side of stuffy vaults. The Alaska is a great steamer, and as she has tremendous engines whose fires are fanned by a head wind, and as from her build she is capable of enormous displacement of water, she goes like a deer; but when I build my steamer it will be an improvement on the Guion racers to some extent. Now I have told you positively all there is to tell about the passage; let us see about the passengers:

MR. ABBEY'S PLANS.

Among the passengers is Henry E. Abbey, the impressario, Langtry's sponsor, Col. Mapleson's vis-a-vis, and heir apparent to the big new Opera house in New York. He moves about amid the sympathy of all, as you may guess, for he came from the funeral of his wife direct to the ship the day we sailed. He is not more than five feet nine, but he is what the discriminating Mrs. Ponsonby would call "a fine figger of a man," and he must be firmly and stoutly knit, for he has not had an overcoat on him since we started, and he is the only passenger who has no deck-chair and no rug or other wrap. In an olive cutaway suit, close-fitting, he walks vigorously up and down the long hurricane deck, never sitting for a moment, talking only with those who will walk with him. He tells me there is nothing new about his plans for next winter, but that he can probably give me something new next week. He will return in September, bringing Nilsson, Lembricht, and various other eminent prime donne, contraltos, tenors, etc., with him, and will be followed in October by Irving, Miss Terry and their select company of fifty. I shall meet Mr. Irving next week, and will get his pre-impressions of America, which like Bolger's pocket-knife, will be "not valuable but curus." Mr. Abbey thinks the new Opera house, which the Vanderbilts, D. O. Mills and other millionaires of New York are building for him, and will finish by September, will lay over anything else in America by a great ways. He insists that the brick facade on Broadway is going to be a beautiful and impressive bit of architecture, but I don't see how it ever can be. The stage will be the largest in America—100 feet square! It will have nearly 100 feet of practicable depth, and the drops, Mr. Abbey says, will have a fall of forty-five feet, and a width of seventy-one feet. He doesn't know what the drop-curtain is going to be—that is left to the taste of the owners—but Mr. Abbey will furnish all the scenery.

The new Opera house will seat 3,200 people, and will have three tiers of all-around boxes, 125 in number, and every box will have a salon or private vestibule of its own. The house will be lighted by Edison, and will be equipped, furnished and finished in the most modern style. The auditorium will be mainly lighted by a crown of electric bulbs over the center, but gas will probably be retained for the present in the dressing rooms, ante-rooms, etc. Within, I have no doubt, this house will be very magnificent, quite overtopping the old Academy on Irving place.

AMERICANS AND HIGH ART.

There is on board a noted connoisseur of the fine arts from Hartford, Mr. A. D. Vorce, whom I knew in the treasury department at Washington twenty odd years ago, a gentleman of culture, but not of leisure, for he could never be still ten minutes at a time if he were worth a million dollars. He comes to Europe with a view to seeing the best purchasable pictures and buying here and there. Of course this is the very time to come to see everything there is. In London the exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open during these seven weeks, and there are five shows at the water-color galleries, to say nothing of the galleries of sale and exhibition at Wallace & Sais', Arthur Tooth's, Colnaghi's, etc., and the visitor to Paris finds the Salon presenting to the lover of art a view of its treasures from May 1 to June 20.

There are, as is well known, two distinctive schools of painting—the school of the close filling in of details, of which B. C. Koekkoek in Germany is an eminent master, and the broad, suggestive school of Diaz, Rousseau and Corot, which has had a striking modern development, and is a sort of remonstrance against the Dutch masters of minutiæ. Both of these have their devotees in America, but there is, especially in our country, a growing taste for the moderate middle school. As to English painting, it is scarcely represented at all among us, probably because our people prefer French and German art, which harmonizes more with our spirit and tendencies, and partly because the best English paintings are held very high. Mr. Norce says:

"There are not more than three first-class English paintings sold to America in a year. Sir Frederick Leighton's price for a portrait is $15,000—that is what Disraeli and Gladstone paid him—but if I were a New York or Chicago millionaire I would have one of Sir Frederick Leighton's great mythological paintings. I have seen some of them in the Royal Academy that would make you hold your breath. Like all English art they are somewhat painty and heavy, but they are real creations."

A PAINTER'S PROMISE.

"Do you know the history of that superb picture—Napoleon's Review—by Meissonier, in Mrs. A. T. Stewart's gallery?"

I answered in the negative, and he went on:

"French and German artists have, as a rule, no consciences—no financial moral sense of any sort. They do not scruple to break their engagements, if they can get more money by doing so. That painting of Napoleon's Review was begun a good many years ago for Mr. Probasco, of Cincinnati, and was ordered through Mr. Knoedler of New York. Probasco said to Knoedler 'I want something good of Meissonier's. He is a rising man and is going to be a great painter. I want nothing small or commonplace; I want a large historic picture, on an important theme, rich in detail, and I am willing to pay well for it.' Knoedler went to Meissonier, who was not then very widely known, to order the picture. They agreed on $10,000 as the price of it, and the grand review of the first Napoleon as the subject. They also fixed the size three feet by four, or whatever it is. It was to be done the next spring. Well, the next spring Mr. Knoedler went over to England to see about it. Not done. Not begun. Busy. Hadn't been able to think about it. And had concluded not to think about it for less than $20,000. 'But we agreed on $10,000.' 'Yes, I know, but it is worth more; $20,000 or no picture.' K. telegraphed to Probasco, 'Yes, yes; pay it and get the picture.' So $20,000 was agreed on as the price; the next spring as the time. The next May Knoedler went across the ocean. Meissonier had not touched it. Hadn't had time. Hadn't felt like it. Couldn't feel like it for less than $25,000. 'O, you know yourself I couldn't paint such a picture for $20,000. Do you say $25,000?'

"'Really, Mr. Meissonier, you are trifling with my principal. He may think I am trifling with him. You do not keep your promises.'

But there was more telegraphing to America, more remonstrances, and the concession of the extra $5,000. The picture was to be ready the next spring to go to Cincinnati. The next spring Knoedler went to Paris. Again Meissonier engaged by telegraph to meet him, and failed to do so. Was busy. R. called at his studio. Not there. Finally, failing to secure audience, called at his home and cornered him. Same old story. Not done. But well begun. Hard art. Would make a splendid picture—figures—composition—spirit—oh, grand, grand! But he must have $30,000 for it!

"The same now monotonous negotiations with Cincinnati were gone through with, and the final result was a promise by the patient and long suffering Probasco to pay the $30,000.

"The next spring—let me shorten this—the cheeky Meissonier, who had now received special honors in the salon, demanded $40,000! Probasco got mad. He told Meissonier to go to the artistic heaven of liars and swindlers, to get out, that he wouldn't have one of his pictures at any price.

"So the bargain with Cincinnati was off. Meissonier finished his picture and sold it for $35,000, and it cost Mrs. Stuart $78,000 in America. That's the way with a good many continental artists. I hear that she had a standing offer of $135,000 for it."

Here we are, thumping against the bar in the Mersey, and trying to make head for Liverpool.

W. A. CROFFUT.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

LONDON, Special Correspondence, June 2.—It is a week since the Alaska touched land and I sent off my first letter. Just before finishing that letter in the dining room, I went on deck and found that the betting mania, which had manifested itself for three days rather strongly, had grown into a frenzy. Some thirty of the passengers, who had now became pretty well acquainted, were seated in a circle on deck hotly discussing the contingencies of landing. In the smoking-room below deck were other groups gathered around tables in a cloud of smoke, watching an ever-growing pile of gold and silver in the center of each table, uttering strange, mystic cries, solemnly dealing more cards, and occasionally raking in the little piles of specie thus exposed. Their faces were white and unsullied by the sun. But the group on deck wore upon their noses the hectic flush of solar blandishment, and each one was shedding skin enough to make a pocketbook. When the steamer lands, the visitor can easily distinguish the poker players from the rest, because each ardent poker player bears aloft a blanched and undecorated prow. But there are are other ways of gambling beside poker playing. Here sit the ruby revelers on deck—staid people from New York, Boston, Vicksburg and Oshkosh—railroad men, merchants, ministers, drummers, professors—fighting time with a new diversion. They all talk English money, now, for they have it in their pockets.

"I'll bet a guinea," says the stout doctor from Chicago, "that the number of the pilot's boat at Queenstown (pronounced Queenst'n) is even."

Taken by a little man in spectacles, walking up and down the deck, and they exchange cards. And the little man adds, "A pound to a shilling that the pilot doesn't wear a silk hat." This is discussed by nearly all the group, and, finally, it being thought that the odds are not great enough, the bet is made two pounds to a shilling. "What'll you bet he doesn't wear a swallow-tail coat and white neck-tie?" put in a man in a red fez. But this is thought too preposterous and is not insisted on. Bets are now made in rapid succession, of a shilling to a pound, that the pilot is married; that he will have his pantaloons tucked into the top of his boots; that he will have red hair; that he will be clean-shaven; that he will have five children (at the time of meeting the vessel, of course); that he will carry an umbrella; that he will step on the ladder with his left foot first.

"I'll bet $2 even," says a theatrical manager, who has been ill most of the way, and has not yet learned the new language, "that the pilot don't wear any socks or undershirt." Even this queer bet finds a taker.

"Let's bet on the number of his boots," says Henry E. Abbey, languidly. "I'll bet a guinea he has twos," says Moore, president of the Mutual Union.

"I'll bet," exclaims Sansome, "that you'll find out the size and weight of his boots when you try to verify some of your other bets!" [Laughter.]

"Let's bet on his name," suggests a reckless young fellow with a nose like a full blown rose.

"I'll bet," said a lady in a yellow rug, turning softly in her steamer chair and lifting her head from her pillow, "that this pilot's name is Pontius."

And so they went on by the hour, while the lilac band in the distance broadened and deepened in contour and color, and the sailing vessels we had passed faded away to the west, and the big gulls, harbingers of land, came out and greeted the great ship, flitting before it like heralds and dashing joyfully after it along its silver train.

LIVERPOOL.

A glance at Liverpool. I stayed there two days and was not very deeply impressed. The public buildings are adequate, and some of them even stately; the streets are irregular enough to be picturesque: the two parks—Princes and Sefton—are sizable and well kept, and the Liverpoolians are fond of exclaiming that the latter-named is "the finest city park in England." The choicest inner portion of these parks is locked out from the public and reserved for the exclusive use of the gentlemen whose mansions encompass it, in the midst of beautiful and fragrant gardens. I called at several of these which were to let, and found that they could be had for $300 to $1,000 a year. Imagine an imposing stone mansion, in the midst of lovely gardens and lawns, and opening down through a grove to one of the most charming parks in the world—a mansion large enough for a family of a dozen— to be had for a rental of $75 a month. But this very fact, attractive as it seems at first sight, is an infallible sign of bad times in England. Her day of prosperity is past. It is hard work to make a living in "the fast-anchored isle." High rents are a sign of thrift. The streets of Liverpool, "the chief commercial city of Great Britain," are very still, and to a New Yorker every day seems like Sunday. The first question an American asks is, Where are all the drays? Where are the carriages? Is this a holiday? We drove for hours in the afternoon through the fashionable streets and up and down the famous park roads, and did not meet more carriages than we could count on the fingers; in New York or Chicago, St. Paul, Detroit, or St. Louis, they would have been ten times as numerous. The great Percheron-Norman draught horse, with one of his shaggy feet as big as a half-bushel, still moves slowly through the town—a huge, hairy reminiscence of the times before decay set in—what Mr. Huxley would call "an obvious survival." Of course we visited the tremendous granite docks that loom along the Mersey like a fortification, impregnable and imperishable. The docks are not exactly a part of Liverpool; they are Liverpool; without them Liverpool would not exist. They are the source of her pride, and of whatever prosperity she has left. They bring to the subscribers an income of $5,000,000 a year. But this, I find by inquiring, is not three per cent on the investment; and as for the ships which find shelter here, they do not return two per cent to their owners. The fact is that Liverpool is in the position which Venice occupied in the sixteenth century—her power is departing. She is the complacent mart of a bankrupt nation. England to-day is levying, not on her earnings, but on her savings. She grows poorer year by year. It will be several generations before Macaulay's New Zealander will squat triumphantly on London bridge and view the ruins of St. Paul's, but he is not nearly so preposterous a figure as he was.

IN PARLIAMENT.

I delayed availing myself of Minister Lowell's offer of an "order" to visit the houses of parliament, and last evening the notion siezed me to go, notwithstanding, and take my chance to get in. A friend was in similar mood, and we started of. My "guide" says, "Nobody can be present at a debate in the commons without an order from a member of parliament." I had met two of the members in New York, my friend knew another, and had a letter to still another; but, on sending our cards in from the lobby, we discovered that none of them were present.

My friend said to the doorkeeper, in his sweetest voice, laying his hand on my shoulder:

"This is a distinguished stranger from America. He is one of our most celebrated redacteurs."

I straightened up and looked modestly away.

"Hime truly sorry I cahn't let ye hup, gentlemen. Hime very frenly to 'Mericans. But it wud be much ez my head wuz wuth to let ye hup without a order."

"I can't get used to your blamed money," said my friend, taking out a two shilling piece; "now just tell me how much that is in American money."

"That," said the doorkeeper, slyly taking the coin and biting it; "his about ekle to your arf a dollar."

"Now you give me a couple of orders," said my friend, "for us two distinguished Americans, and we will go in and sit with Mr. Gladstone while you figure on this. I'll leave the coin with you till I come out."

The doorkeeper smiled, calmly lifted up the gold-fringed flap of his side pocket and fished out two printed orders, saying:

Ez luck would 'av it, 'ere's a couple some Honble Member give me to give to some friend of 'is'n wich was a coming in to-night wich 'as n't come.

We took the orders and passed in. Among the vices we are compelled to practice in order to get along with any degree of comfort, I let my friend do all of the bribery—not so much on account of moral as financial scruples. It costs something to get through a land which doesn't apparently contain a man with strength of mind enough to refuse a shilling.

Well, here we were, classified as "members' friends," in a gallery at one end of the house of commons—a room seventy-five feet long and forty-five wide. I should think it about one-thirtieth as large as the house of representatives at Washington, though the commons contains one-half more members. Just below us they sit—an hundred or so—mostly with hats on, curled up in grotesque attitudes on uncomfortable benches. At the other end, facing us, sits the speaker in a little sentry box in the middle aisle, with what looks like a bunch of pine shavings on his head. At his right slopes upward the bank of Liberal (government) benches to the wall; and at his left (our right) the corresponding bank of Conservative benches. In the middle of the front bench on the Conservative side sits the Conservative leader—Sir Stafford Northcote—a tall man in Prince Albert coat and gray "trousers," with long, gray beard, and small eyes that are concealed most of the time by the stove-pipe hat pulled forward and resting on his enormous nose, as he sticks out his legs, thrusts his hands deep into his pockets and listens. He listens to Mr. Gladstone, immediately opposite, who stands in front of the lower Liberal bench, and says a few words in favor of the agricultural bill. He speaks in a conversational tone, quietly, with correct rhetoric and small inflection. Presently he sits down. It is noticeable that, all the evening, the premier is about the only man who does not put on his hat, always excepting, of course, the man with the crown of pine shavings who sits in the sentry box. Extending from the sentry box to the center of the hall are the desk of the "clarks" (three clerks, O, American congress!), and tables containing a hundred or so of books; and next to these, in front of the premier, is elevated the great mace of the sergeant-at-arms. It is a gilt club, about the shape of the conventional picture of Cain's, six feet long and a foot through at the butt, and if it is of metal it weighs at least a ton. Mr. Gladstone does not try to swing it around his gray head, but he bows under the shadow of it, and writes in a memorandum book in his lap—probably writing up his diary. To this work he sticks earnestly, while the gabble goes on. He is thin and feeble-looking, but his clearly cut face shines with intelligence, and he glances up every now and then to catch some fleeting scrap of the debate.

The members of the English parliament are notoriously the worst talkers in the world. Daniel O'Connell must have had a fine background of dullness against which to show off his florid brilliancy. The members all talk in a conversational tone; they hesitate in speech; they hem and haw; they go back to pick up the dropped stitches in their vocal knitting-work; they say "I am—ur—trooly sorry—ur—not to—to be able to agree—ur—with the honorable gentleman—ur—below the gangway—ur"—but let us remember that to "ur" is human.

The house of commons—like the hall of peers at the other end of Westminster palace—is small, cramped, meager; and the commoners, like the lords, talk badly; but, after all, one cannot but have respect for this British parliament. It legislates for the whole of the great realm, and it works cheap. It keeps a firm grip on the empire, but its annual expenses are less those of any American legislature that I happen to be acquainted with. They are not a quarter as great as those of New York. A road can scarcely be laid out without permission of parliament; a new bridge cannot be built without act of parliament; a new dock cannot be erected on the Mersey at Liverpool without act of parliament; and yet all the legislation of last year amounted to only forty-seven pages, while that at Albany made more than 2,200 pages.

BITS OF EXPERIENCES.

I called at Lady Wilde's on Wednesday. She is a stately lady of great force and earnestness, and is a popular entertainer. She bewails the condition of Ireland, and says: "We have not received a single pound from our Irish estates for four years. Our poor tenants cannot pay." Oscar is back from Paris, in quarters on Charles street. His mother tells me that he has cut off his hair. Miss Adelaide Detchon, noted in New York for great beauty and dramatic vivacity, reads at Lady Wilde's reception to-morrow.

This afternoon I have been around to the regular weekly reception given by James Russell Lowell, the American minister, and Mrs. Lowell. It was a characteristically pleasant affair. The residence of our minister is at No. 10 Lowndes square, close by the picturesqueness of Hyde park and the frivolities of Rotton Row, but it is plainly furnished, and the reception was as simple and unceremonious as it could be with any propriety.

Among the Americans whom I have met during the last two days are Theodore Tilton, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Edwin Booth and Miss Agnes B. Huntington, who has been studying music three years in Dresden, and who has just sung there and in Leipsic and Paris. She is said to possess a phenomenal contralto voice, and shortly returns to America.

I have not seen a shawl worn by any woman in England. They are altogether discarded.

W. A. CROFFUT.

AMERICAN PAINTERS' WORK.

The Summer Exhibition at the American Art Gallery in New and Its Advantages—A Fine Display of Notable Though Unambitious Work of American Artists—Some of the Notable Pictures.

NEW YORK, Special Correspondence, June 13.—The summer exhibition of works by American artists, now open at the American Art gallery in Twenty-third street, fills a want long felt among our painters. The opportunities of exhibiting pictures confessedly for purposes of sale are entirely out of proportion to the large number of works produced every year in the New York studios, and each new exhibition of original work should be regarded as a means of widening the channel of communication between the producing artists and the consuming public or picture buyer. Then, again, at the close of the season, after the winter's work has been sent in to the important spring exhibitions, almost all artists succeed in finishing another picture, less ambitious, probably, than their "Academy" or "American artist" work, before they leave town for the summer sketching trip. It is no small advantage for them to send these demi-saison works to an exhibition where they will be seen, and perhaps sold. Although New York picture buyers are not apt to be in town during the summer, the city is, at this season, full of wealthy Western and Southern visitors, whose interest in art is constantly on the increase; and who, if they buy pictures at all, prefer buying them in New York, rather than in any of the provincial and local exhibitions.

The present collection consists of 150 works, a small proportion of which have been seen before in other recent exhibitions, and a few of them were among those rejected by the jury of the Munich exhibition. Most of the works are small and unambitious, but good. One of the most important pictures is F. A. Bridgman's La Plantation du Colza, exhibited some time ago at the Academy. It shows a French field of colza planted in furrows on a slope of land with figures of peasants and horses. It is in an entirely different vein from that usually worked by this artist whose name is generally identified with Eastern interiors and heads, painted in the manner of Gerome; and to my thinking he is seen to much better advantage in this natural, honest, vigorous representation of proletarian life, than in his over-colored and over-finished harem scenes. The tone and effects of light in the Plantation are particularly good. The figures, both of the peasants and the horses, are firmly drawn, strongly modeled and full of nerve. The work, as a whole, possesses qualities of artistic conscientiousness and truthfulness which give it more than ordinary value.

OTHER NOTABLE WORKS.

Another excellent work, which might serve as a companion picture to The Plantation, is called The New Year, by H. R. Poor. It shows a bare New England hillside, so early in the spring that the snow still lies in patches on the sere ground. Two sinewy oxen are in the foreground, attached to a rusty hand plow, directed by a farmer. Another farmer stands at the oxen's heads. This is a remarkably truthful, vigorous and forcible piece of work. The chilly March atmosphere is admirably rendered; the color is excellent, the oxen are finely modeled, and the whole, while highly satisfactory as regards technique, is no less worthy of praise as a purely American subject, treated simply and with singleness of purpose, unmarred by foreign mannerisms or affectations. Bridgman has three Eastern subjects, Young Timbuctoo, a head and shoulders of a black in a rose-colored mantle; a small Turkish Interior, very carefully painted; and a Jewish female head, well-modeled, with careful painting of a veil. Walter Blackman has a good small head of a Munich girl; a decorative panel—a slender female figure in a white robe called Spring; and an ideal head. A small head, well modeled and good in effect of light, is J. Wells Champney's Bertha. R. C. Minor's Souvenir of Italy is a small, mystical landscape, good in color and tone. Another excellent landscape by this artist is called A Quiet Nook. William Hart's Midsummer, a small work, is one of the most satisfactory examples of this artist I have ever seen. It shows a placid stream with tall trees and a few cattle. Mr. Hart repeats himself constantly, and for this reason his larger works are frequently tame and monotonous; but Midsummer is a little gem of landscape art. J. R. Brevoort sends a large landscape—an English heath under a threatening sky, with a thatched cottage in the middle of the canvas and a few figures. George Wright's Smoking-room of a Steamer on a Wet Day at Sea is a good character-study, and presents well-individualized types. S. R. Gifford's Villa Malta is a good study of Italian architecture and atmosphere. S. M. Wiles has a creditable piece of work in an unusual vein, being a view of the Yosemite from Inspiration Point, treated with subtlety and delicacy and good in color. Good flower studies are Daisies, by A. D. Abbott; and Snowballs, by E. M. Scott. An Anxious Mother, by Percival de Luce, is a charming little picture of a ruddy-haired child feeding her doll; good in technique. Upland is a small good landscape by J. Francis Murphy. Moonlight, is a deeptoned bituminous small study by Charles Melville Dewey. William A. Coffin's Close of Day, the large study of the church and churchyard. A Grez, with the figure of an old peasant which was in the Academy, is in this exhibition. It has excellent qualities, but lacks depth of tone and has a certain rawness of color. Another work by this artist, exhibited for the first time, is Waiting—the figure of a girl in black, seen against a stained-glass window.

MORE AMBITIOUS.

William Sartain has an excellent architectural study, good in tone, color and effect—An Arched Street in Algiers. Another strong work by this artist is a landscape, Near the North Shore, Nonquitt, painted in a sober and vigorous manner, full of thought and knowledge. Walter Shulan's Peggy is a sinewy female figure dark in tone. F. D. Millet's Salina is a well painted head of a Roman girl. Constant Mayer's Idyl shows a young girl crowned with ivy, seated on a wall above a stream, with a black dog standing on a stone at her feet. The dog is well given, and there is some good painting in the work. Arthur Quartley sends a marine, A Breezy Day, a space of water swept by the wind, with a rocking fishing boat. Another marine is On the Sands, by Harry Chase, not a favorable example of the artist. A Mother's Cares is an excellent cat picture by J. H. Dolph, which shows a cat and several kittens on a cushion against a pale yellow and green brocaded curtain. W. S. Macy has a winter road scene, hard and wooden in effect. Bruce Crane sends a good landscape—a spring effect, subtle and delicate in treatment. M. F. H. de Haas has a marine—a view on the New England coast. Two small, good works, by Ben Foster, are Nantucket Cliffs, and An October Day. An excellent work in the line of historical genre is Wordsworth Thompson's Noonday in the Olden Time, which shows a roadside tavern, with travelers grouped on the porch, horses drinking at a trough, a boy approaching with a pack of hunting-dogs, and all the accessories of the scene and period excellently rendered, so that the work seems actually alive with historical feeling. Hamilton Hamilton's Peddler's Visit shows a peddler in front of a flower-grown rustic house displaying his wares to a young woman. The color is harsh and raw and the picture lacks tone. Taking Your Picture, by J. H. Witt, shows a pretty little girl with long, fair hair in a red dress drawing on a slate. E. H. Blashfield has a sketch of the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, which is excellent as an impression. The Field is a careful study of a pasture in full sunlight, by C. M. Dewey. Beside the Still Waters is an excellent landscape impression, showing much sentiment, by E. A. Moore. Roses and Peacocks' Feathers, by Mrs. T. W. Dewing, is smudgy and painty. Nasturtiums, by E. M. Scott, is an excellent flower study. Out in the Fields, by Lyell Carr, is a good out of door effect. A child with a blue pinafore is seated on the grass, plucking dandelions. This is an eminently artistic and conscientious piece of work. Mamma's Pets, by C. Adele Fassett, shows a lady and children with birds in a tasteful interior. Grandma's Advice, by T. W. Shields, is not badly painted, but is ridiculously incongruous in the costumes and accessories. John La Farge's large, life-size, full length panels, St. John and St. Mary, which were shown during the winter in the exhibitions of the art club are here. They are treated in a hierarchical manner in imitation of the old masters, are fine in tone and in knowledge of the figure, particularly the St. John, Near Stockbridge, Mass., is a careful, serious study of a quiet landscape by Albert Insley. Noonday on the Marshes, by M. de Forest Bohner, is a work rather monotonous in character and evidently purposely treated in such a way as to intensify the character of monotony. The Young Recruit, by Eastman Johnson, is a nice little genre of a child in uniform, admired by his relations. C. R. Grant has two landscape hits with a single figure in each in the artist's peculiar manner. Waiting, by S. H. St. John, is a life-size study of a red setter. The head is expressive and not ill-painted, but the figure has no firmness and the texture rendering is bad. The artist has evidently aimed at breadth to the exclusion of precision or knowledge. E. Leon Durand's Le Chef-d'œuvre du Grandpere, which was in the academy, is included in this exhibition. D. W. Tryon's South Dartmouth from the Shore, is a good literal reproduction of nature. The Portrait of a Lady by C. Adele Fassett, is not without merit. A. F. Burmer has one of his enamelled silky views of Venetian boats with a Dias sky. Charles Warren Eaton shows several landscapes. J. Carroll Beckwith has a small, well-painted head of a pretty Spanish woman called La Chula. George H. McCord has several landscapes, rather crude in color. Tracy's Fox Terriers are not bad as his dog pictures go. Kruseman Van Elten has a somewhat monotonous landscape, An Afternoon in Connecticut. Charles H. Miller has several landscapes. J. G. Brown has a picture of a child called Give Me a Swing. J. F. Cropsey's View of Lintern Abbey, England, is rather crude in color, as is also his small autumn landscape. Edward Gay has several lanscapes of average merit. Henry P. Smith has a moonlight marine, rather good in treatment of water and in effect of light and shade. Another good marine is a New Jersey Beach, by F. K. M. Rehn. Frank Fowler's View in Venice is better in the distance than in the foreground. Reconnoitering, by Newbold H. Trotter, shows a stag in a landscape. The beast appears to consist only of a head, four legs and the forequarters, so very bad is the foreshortening. Ernest W. Longfellow's Misty Morning, Cambridge, has a Corot-like quality. The Wood Faun, by S. W. Van Schaick, is a quaint decorative work, not without artistic merit. Where Ignorance Is Bliss 'tis Folly to Be Wise, by George H. Story, is a good character study, showing an old man trying to light his pipe with a piece of burning paper. John Lafarge's study of an old tree trunk, though merely blocked in, is an excellent example of truth in values. F. T. Lent's view of the old bridge at Grez, though somewhat mannered in color, composition and treatment, is artistic in effect. Some fair still-life studies are by Marston Ream. Benoni Irwin has a large female head. Bessie is the head of a fair-haired child by C. B. Owen. On the St. Lawrence River, is a good landscape by J. C. Nicolls.

SONNET.

When Philomel her evening psalm hath ceased,
Whilst raptured Echo sinks to sleep again,
And men return to consciousness of pain,
On glow worms doth she solitary feast.
E'en so the poet in his deepest breast
Seeks for that mystic light which, not in vain
Bestowed by him whose wisdom, as his reign,
Is boundless, leads to everlasting rest;
And of this gift celestial weaves such charm
As penetrates the clouds of earthly night,
Stealing the souls of men from vain alarm,
And heav'n discloses to their erring sight—
Song born of light to light is turned at will,
For poetry is silent, music still.

NOTABLES IN NEW ENGLAND

Where Many of the Prominent Authors and Actors Will Pass Their Summer Vacation.

The Homes of a Number of the Leading Writers in Pleasant New England Towns.

BOSTON, Special Correspondence, June 13.—Vacation time is now full upon us, and already the residents of the sultry-aired city are rapidly becoming "birds of passage" and are flocking to the seashore and mountains as fast as social and business engagements permit, to obtain an invigorating breath of cool, fresh air and a sun-browned complexion—Dame Nature's token of health—that even Whittier's "barefoot boy with cheek of tan" would envy. The first to go, usually, are our men and women of note—personages who desire to escape as soon as possible from the constant and tiresome gaze of the ever inquisitive and expectant publin, to some spot where the pleasures of private life may be enjoyed and where the tired frame and brain may be rested and strengthened for another season's work. But where are they going and where have they gone? Whittier has left this city, where he passed the winter, and has gone to his old home at Amesbury, Mass., where he will remain until the 1st of July. The poet loves this old-fashioned house in which he has passed so many of his years, and does not leave it until compelled to by the hot weather. The house is an ancient structure, painted white with green blinds, and partly covered in front by creeping vines. There is a small flower garden in front of a few bushes. Whittier spends most of his time in his small closet-like library, which, to a stranger, is quite a curious place. It is furnished with old-fashioned carpets and furniture, dating almost 100 years back. There is a small table, in front of which is a large armchair—the poet's favorite seat. There is a picture of Whittier's mother on the wall, besides a moderate-sized book case, in which are the poet's complete works and a few works of ancient authors badly worn by use. There is but one window, and that looks out upon the side of his neighbor's house—a not very picturesque or romantic view. Whittier invariable spends his vacation somewhere in New Hampshire, either along the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee or up on the sides of the mountains. One of the mountains near Madison has been named in his honor, and he has written many of his charming poems in compliment of the magnificent scenery to be viewed from their summits. Last year he stopped for a few weeks at the Asquam house, Holderness, N. H., and has engaged rooms there again this year.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of the Atlantic, has already settled down in his picturesque seaside home at Deer Cove, King's Beach, Lynn. In winter the author of From Ponkapog to Pesth, lives on aristocratic Mount Vernon street, at the West end, next door to Charles Francis Adams, Sr., but moves to the beach as soon as hot weather makes its appearance. Until within a few years, Mr. Aldrich has spent his summers at Ponkapog, the place which the author did not think worthy of description in his book. Mr. Aldrich still owns an old house in this rural village, and may later on spend some of his time there. It is quite near Canton, and may be called part of that town, which is some eight or ten miles from Boston. It is two miles distant from the railroad station, and is easiest reached by the tumble-down stage connecting. The house is a quaint, two-story building, built at the beginning of the present century, and is partially screened from the road by cherry trees and by a hedge of arbor vitæ. Back of the house the grounds fall away to a stream and an old mill pond, on which stands a deserted and decaying mill, which was used during the late war for the weaving of soldiers' cardigans. Along the margin of the stream, which, after wandering around the grounds, finds its way ont in the great Neponset meadows, and so to the ocean, great quantities of water cresses and curious wild flowers grow, the cowslip and the pictcher plant among them. Mr. Aldrich's nearest neighbor is Henry L. Pierce, the mayor of Boston, who gave his entire official salary to the public library of that city.

SOME FEMALE NOTABLES.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is one of Mr. Bailey's literary neighbors, occupying Camp Cottage, Ocean street, King's Beach, Lynn. This brilliant authoress leaves her "den" in Washington and goes to the sea shore with her husband and two children, Vivian and Lionel, very shortly. As summer approaches each year, the author of Fair Barbarian and That Lass o' Lowrie's longs to escape from the close quarters of Washington, with its tiresome frivolities, and go to the cottage by the broad Atlantic, where she can breathe the salt and invigorating air and regain her wasted strength. In Washington she lives in a three-story brown front house on I street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Her cottage at King's Beach is of the ordinary style of summer cottages, prettily painted without and decorated within. It is said that Mrs. Burnett will begin upon a new novel while summering on the seashore.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has her summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea. It is a two-story brown cottage, with doors and windows opening upon a piazza facing the sea. The interior decoration exhibits the artistic handiwork of the author. The parlor is a long, narrow room, tinted with a delicate green shade. In other rooms of the house the same taste has directed that one should be rose-pink, another robin's-egg blue, another the delicate shades of buff and brown, while another glories in the native colors of the wood. It is in this house, filled with pictures, bric-a-brac, and love tokens from friends, that the author of Gates Ajar and The Story of Avis lives during the hot weather, breathing the saline breath of the ocean, whose wavelets break calmly on a summer's day upon the charming stretch of beach which greets the peaceful eye.

J. T. Trowbridge lives in a neat, brown house, two and a half stories high, in Arlington, Mass., both summer and winter. Arlington Lake, or Spy pond, noted in history, is to be seen from the side and rear windows of the house, affording a charming view. A drawing room furnished with elegance and taste occupies the front half of the house, which is a large dining room. From the east window in the upper hall, Bunker Hill monument and Charleston can be seen, with a good part of the old Hub itself. From the southeast window of the author's study, Mount Auburn, the city of the dead, Cambridge observatory, the hills of Brighton and Brookline form an interesting prospect. It is at this quiet and beautiful place that the author lives contentedly, writing at his leisure, and enjoying life at all times.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and her husband, Mr. R. S. Spofford, have a beautiful summer home on Deer island, in the Merrimac river, just at the edge of Newburyport. They have just returned from a visit to Miss Booth, the editor of Harper's Bazar, in New York, and have settled down for the summer. The house itself is one of those rambling, spacious farmhouses, built to last almost as long as the island itself. In its earlier days it was used as a tavern, and many a tankard of cider has been drank by jovial parties within its walls. It has been remodeled somewhat, and now stands in quiet, half-stately grace. The staircase is broad and quaintly constructed, and above it is open clear through the house, giving grand opportunities for the circulation of the fresh country air. Below, too, it is wide and cool, and offers a delicious retreat in the heat of the day. To the left of the wide hall is the parlor, not particularly attractive in an artistic sense, but cheerful and homelike. This is the most frequented room of the house, and where visitors are entertained.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the novelist, lives the year round in a retired manner in the town of Milton, a few miles from Boston. The estate is about midway between Mill village and the Center, and is most pleasantly situated. The house is large, and cost $275,000 to build throughout, some years ago. It is a brown, double house, with an L and a veranda at the back, while in front is a broad piazza, around the pillows of which twine luxuriantly growing woodbines, and up the side of the house woodbine brought from the Milton woods by her children years ago and planted. Roses and other flowers grow about the place, while gnarled old apple trees and dwarf pears abound at the back. There are also magnificent old elm trees, which shade the house and have given the place the name of Elm Corner. Directly across the road in a curious old house is where "Faith Gartney" used to live.

Mrs Celia Thaxter is now at her cottage at Appledore island, off Portsmouth, N. H. For years she has spent the summer months upon this picturesque island, that dots the surface of the mighty Atlantic some ten miles from the main shore. The island is much more interesting than the cottage of Mrs. Thaxter. It is a plain, homely, two-storied wooden affair perched on a rock in sharp relief against the sky. There are no bay windows or balconies, no vines or trees, nothing but an ordinary seaside cottage with a small yard filled with flowers. But there is a magnificent view to be obtained of the sea, and during a storm the powerful and savage waves, lashed by a fierce wind, can be seen breaking in sheets of spray and clouds of foam over the rocky shore below. There is nothing to interest one particularly on the island, but a better place in which to live in repose and drink in Neptune's nectar could not be found if search continued for 100 years.

THEATRICAL PEOPLE.

The members of the theatrical profession also have recognized the advantages of the various New England summer resorts at which to rusticate. Edwin Booth will reach the United States from Europe some time this month, and after seeing his daughter bound with matrimonial bonds to Mr. Downing Vaux, will at once go to Newport, where he will occupy his new cottage which has just been built for him there. Kate Claxton and her husband, Mr. Charles Stevenson, have already settled down for the season at Hull, Boston harbor. They own a very pretty cottage at that much frequented resort, but spend much of their time on board their yacht, which is said to be quite fast. "Kate" is quite a sailor and can take her "trick" at the wheel and cock her weather eye at the coming squall with the oldest sea-dog afloat. Next season they will take a theater in New York and produce a new melodrama from the French, as yet unacted on this side of the Atlantic. This and another new piece will be added to their repertoire, and Frou-Frou and The Double Marriage will be dropped. William Warren, Boston's veteran comedian who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage last fall at the Museum, has been invited to visit Joseph Jefferson's new summer house in New Brunswick, but will probably not do so, as he intends to go to Chicago shortly to see his sister, who is the widow of the late J. B. Rice of that city, a well-known theatrical man, who has been mayor and a member of congress. Joe Jefferson, now in this city, will soon go to his island home, some four miles from Canterbury, N. B. He recently purchased an island in an inland lake there, and will spend the summer in pursuit of his favorite sport—angling. A number of New York actors will be his guests during the summer. Sarah Jewett, late of the Union Square company, New York, and her mother have taken possession of their picturesque cottage at Pigeon Cove, Mass. For a number of years past she has spent her vacation months at this well-known seaside resort, occupying an aesthetically decorated cottage. She reads during the heated portion of the day, and in the evening indulges in a game of croquet, a stroll along the beach or a row upoon the water. There is nothing that quite comes up to Pigeon Cove in her opinion. A near neighbor is James E. Murdoch, the well-known old-time actor, who owns and occupies a cottage not far away. They are good friends, and visit each other quite often. Pigeon Cove is on Cape Ann, and some ways this side of it is Manchester-by-the-Sea, another popular summering place for actors. J. B. Booth, the elder brother of Edwin, and his wife, Mrs. Agnes Booth, of the Madison Square theater, New York, have already settled down in their cottage near the Masconourd for the season. The veteran John Gilbert, of Wallack's, takes a cottage near them this week sometime. J. C. McCollom and his wife, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, have occupied a cottage there for years, and are now there. Joseph Proctor, "Old Jibbenainosay," is also there, besides a number of lesser stage celebrities. At Cohasset, on the south shore, some twenty miles from Boston, Robson and Crane have already settled themselves for the summer. Stuart Robson owned a small cottage near Charlie Thorn's, but a year or two ago he purchased Charlie's. Crane's habitation is close by, as is also that of Lawrence Barrett. Barrett, however, will not occupy his cottage this season, as he intends to remain in Europe until the theatrical season opens in September. At Ocean Spray, which is a new watering place a few miles from this city, two of the Hanlon brothers—William and Alfred—will pass the summer with a number of other smaller fry. Denman Thompson, Uncle Josh Whitcomb, is "laying off" at Swanzey, N. H., his native village and the place where the character of Uncle Josh was discovered. "Den." has a fine country house, and makes hunting and fishing excursions into the interior. He begins his season Sept. 20, at Indianapolis. John Stetson of the Globe theater, this city, has purchased a handsome cottage at Nantasket for himself and father. John claims to have made $30,000 clear this season on the Globe, besides a sum larger than that in other ventures. He hankered for a trip to Europe, but is a little afraid that his stomach will go back on him as it has on many a better man. Stetson, it is said, will start in heavy next season and will push some of the New York managers pretty hard. It is rather uncertain where Mrs. Annie Louise Cary-Raymond will pass the summer this year. She has a deep affection for her old home in Durham, Me., but may go to the mountains or the beach.

NELSE.

THE PRINCE OF JOURNALISTS.

The Beautiful Home of the Late Emile de Girardin, and the Notables Who Visited It—The Journalist's Wives and Their Receptions—Exploits of Abbe Sicard—A Parisian Managerial Shark.

PARIS, Special Correspondence, May 29.—It was in 1875 that I visited, for the first time, Saint Gratien, the country residence of the late Emile de Girardin, and I again visited it in 1880. On the latter occasion I was invited to do so by a very charming lady, a representative of the photographer Von Bosch, who had to arrange with the master of the house to sit for the picture, which proved the last one that he ever had taken. On that occasion I had a long and pleasant chat with the "king of journalists," as his French confreres used to call him, and it was he himself who showed me over the place. This charming visit was forcibly recalled to my mind the other morning when I read that all the interesting souvenirs of the long and busy life of the celebrated publicist that he himself had shown me at Saint Gratien were about to be sold at auction. There has probably never been a man who had a more passionate admiration for Paris than had M. de Girardin, and he never went further away from it for any extended period than his country villa, where he had for neighbors two ladies, who were the most Parisian of Parisiennes, and his two oldest and warmest friends, Madame Fould and the Princess Mathilde, sister of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and which, when he was there, became as it were a corner of Paris, for it was a neutral ground where all the various mondes of the capital used to meet. I did not know M. de Girardin at the time when his salon was presided over by his first wife, the celebrated Delphine de Girardin. Later, when literary rivalry led to a separation between M. and Madame de Girardin, and the latter had passed away, a new mistress ruled at Saint Gratien in the person of Mina Tiffenbach, a daughter of the duke de Nassau, who has survived him, and who never caused him any anxiety on the score of his literary laurels. She is a handsome woman and did the honors of her salon with a truly royal grace. On the days when she was at home she received her guests in a little boudoir hung with purple damask and filled with pictures by the greatest artists of the day. This boudoir opened on her bedroom, a magnificent room hung with blue silk and furnished in the Louis XVI. style. The cabinet de travail of M. de Girardin was in striking contrast with the luxuriousness of his wife's apartments—not that its appointments were any less sumptuous, but because it was severely simple. This cabinet de travail was hung with heavy black velvet, and the only decoration on the walls beside the cases filled with handsomely bound volumes, was a large portrait of a handsome child, an only daughter, whose death just as she was passing into womanhood, was a blow from which her father never recovered. On more ceremonious occasions Mme. de Girardin received in a grand salon decorated and furnished in the somewhat severe Louis XIII. style, with a vast mantlepiece that towered up to the ceiling, and wide sofas of red plush around the walls. From this opened a gallery filled with rare pictures and statuary, the gem of which was a magnificent life-size statue of Rachel.

PROMINENT VISITORS.

But of more interest than salon, cabinet de travail or boudoir were the persons who were to be met there. Among them was Emile Olivier, the first minister of the liberal empire that Napoleon attempted to found in order to save his crown, and to the support of which Girardin, in spite of his life long republicanism, consented to lend the support of his pen. All the ministers of that famous cabinet used to be frequent guests at Saint Gratien, and all the members of the diplomatic corps were only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunities which were to be found there for catching those little and seemingly unimportant words that play so great a part in European diplomacy. The most constant of all these was the Chevalier Nigra, the brilliant representative of Italy, and it was while under the roof of M. de Girardin that he discovered many of those state secrets which he is accused of having betrayed to Bismarck. As Madame de Girardin was a very pious woman, it may be that the pleasure of talking religion with her had quite as much to do as had diplomacy with the regular attendance of Cardinal Chigi, the papal nuncio, at her receptions. Of the literary celebrities for which, in the days of the first Mme. de Girardin, this salon was famous, there was still remaining toward the end of the second empire Emil Angier, Arsene Houssaye, Meilhac and Halevy. Later the statesmen of the third republic made their appearance, and the whole of that truthful and ardent tribe of writers and artists which the last twelve years have produced; and no foreign prince or potentate who passed through Paris ever failed to beg for a presentation into the salon of M. de Girardin, which one of them said seemed to him to be the quintessence of civilization. Music was not as much cultivated as conversation in the salon of M. de Girardin, but what music was to be heard there was of the very highest order. Mme. de Lagrange, Mme. Carvalho, Nilsson, Mme. Krauss, Mons. Viardot, are among those who used to sing there to the accompaniment of such masters as Gounod, Delibes, Saint Saens and J. Cohen. On great occasions the world of fashion sent its most prominent representatives, Mme. Salomon de Rothschild, the Princess Troubetskoy, Mme. Canrobert, and there was always a flying detachment of the most charming of the ladies of the American colony, including Mrs. Wagner and a beautiful daughter, Mrs. and Miss Bates and the beautiful Miss Radcliffe. But that salon has now passed away forever, and the auctioneer's hammer has scattered all the rare paintings, statues and bronzes in which its master used to find so much delight.

A SPECULATING ABBE.

All abbes are supposed to be good men, but sometimes quite the contrary is the case. In the good old days when the Bourbons ruled in France, it was not at all uncommon for a lively and lusty abbe to be the lover of one of the grande dames of the court; but that, along with many other good things, has long since gone out of fashion, and if there is any billing and cooing between priests and petticoats, it is done in France sub rosa, just as it is in other countries, and we hear little, if anything, about it. But if the French priesthood of the nineteenth are in this respect better than those of the eighteenth century, when, if we may credit the racy memoirs of those days, they did not take the trouble to hide their licentious doings under a bushel, those of to-day are quite as much men of their times as their predecessors were, and as the lust for wealth is the besetting sin of these latter days, it is to that form of lust that they would seem to be addicted. This reflection has been suggested to my mind by the exploits of Monsieur L'Abbe Sicard, one of the priests of the parish of Notre Dame des Bonnes Nouvelles whose darks ways and tricks are now under investigation by the criminal authorities of this capital. The abbe is one of those active, energetic priests who mixes a good deal in society, and who has the oily, insinuating and obsequious manners that are so often found in gentlemen of his cloth. One of the favorite lounging places of Monsieur l'Abbe has been the stock exchange, and he was not at all averse to taking a flyer in Panama, Suez or any other of the stocks that have a fluctuating tendency. His flyers of late have not panned out satisfactorily, and as his salary as first vicaire was insufficient to keep up his margins with the brokers, he hit pon a means of raising the wind, which not only shows that he is a man of genius in financial matters, but also illustrates the old saying that all the fools are not yet dead. To carry out his little game the abbe needed an accomplice, and he found just the one he wanted in a young Parisian gentleman and the grandson of a deceased statesman of prominence. This young man was presented everywhere by the priest as an orphan who was soon to come into a handsome estate, and for whom he had arranged a marriage with a wealthy heiress, with a dot of 5,000,000 francs. On the strength of these assertions the abbe induced a wealthy banker, Mr. Hoas, to advance his protege the sum of 60,000 francs. He also induced a fashionable dressmaker to advance to the same person 16,000 francs, on the condition that she was to have the making of the trousseau, and that she might include that sum in her bill. A jeweler was found who was confiding enough to part with diamonds and other jewelry to the amount of 20,000 francs, which the young gentleman has a desire to present to his fiancee. As the marriage did not come off, the banker, the dressmaker and the jeweler began to be afraid that there might be something wrong, and they at last ended by doing what they should have begun with; that is, by going to the young lady whose name had been given them by the abbe as the fiancee of his young friend. This young lady, Mlle. Marson, was an heiress and the man who gets her will get with her a dot of 2,000,000, but it happens that not only is she not engaged to the abbe's protege, but she has never even heard of him or of the abbe! The victims began by going to the archbiship, who could not help them, so they went to the correctional police court, where the matter was turned over to one of the judges d'instruction, as the officials are termed who, in this country, investigate criminal charges and do the work of the grand jury in deciding whether there is or is not a case for the courts to take hold of. As the judge d'instruction has decided that there is something in the charge, Monsieur l'Abbe and his accomplice are now under bail to answer at the next term of court to the accusation of cheating by false pretenses.

A MANAGEREAL SHARK.

The performance at the Gymnase theater came to an abrupt end last night. The spectators, who had assembled to hear Madame Caverlet, received back their money and were sent away at the conclusion of the first piece. After a long wait the stage manager came before the curtain and announced: "Mr. Marais having refused to continue to play the role of Caverlet, the money will be returned at the box office." He had hardly got the words out of his lips when Marais himself appeared and declared that he did not refuse to play. The audience waited to find out whether the performance was going on or not, and like all French audiences amused themselves by making as much noise as possible. This lasted over an hour, when the lights were turned out, and for more than another hour there was a surging crowd around the ticket office and innumerable disputes, in which the commissaire de police had to interfere, before every one got back his money and went away. According to Manager Koning, the only side which has yet been heard, the actor refused to play the role on the ground that it was not in his line, which is that of a jeune premier, and that for him to play it would injure him professionally, and the manager adds that this is only an excuse in order to get out of a contract, which binds him to the Gymnase for several years to come, in order to become the leading man with Sarah Bernhardt at the Porte St. Martin. But those who know Koning feel very sure that there is something more in the little incident than he is willing to admit. There was probably never a theatrical manager who has had more law suits with the artists of his troupe than this same Koning, and there is none who has a greater skill in devising iron-clad contracts which place his pensionnaires at his mercy. It is generally among the ladies of the profession that Koning finds his victims, and as a sample of his manner of proceeding I may cite the following recent case: When he took the Gymnase Mlle. Tessandier was the leading lady of the company, and knowing she desired to leave, Koning begged her to stay, offering her a long engagement, but inserting in the contract a penalty of $4,000 in case she should leave him before its termination. Months, passed on and Mlle. Tessandier was not cast for any of the new pieces that were brought out at the Gymnase. One day she was offered a short engagement at the Oden, and had to pay Koning 1,300 francs a month and relinquish her salary before she could get his permission to accept it. He then made matters so uncomfortable for her at the theater that she determined to leave him at all risks. Koning agreed to let her go for 10,000 francs cash and an equal sum in notes, and it was only the other day that the furniture and wardrobe of the actress were sold by the sheriff in order to pay three notes. It was only recently that the courts decided a law suit between this same Koning and Victor Capoul, who sang for a few months at the Renaissance under the management of the former, and, as usual, the manager got the better of the actor. A case similar to that of Mlle. Tessandier was that of Mlle. Lequide Leblanc, and as the lady has a wealthy friend, who is a prominent member of a family that once sat on the French throne, Mr. Koning made a clear 40,000 francs by the transaction. Mlle. Julien, Mlle. Duverger and M. Achard are among the best known of the many victims of Koning's managerial career. It is therefore more than probable that Marais' contract calls for a handsome sum of forfeit money and that Koning has so arranged matters that it will either have to be paid or that Marais will have to consent to a big reduction in his salary.

J. H. HAYNIE.