

18 months since. It is one of those *proverbes* in which the French delight. Raoul de Moriere ran off with Mme. de Themines. She died leaving a child—a girl of 15, about to leave the convent—the offspring of her illicit amour. What can he do with that child? He asks a friend, Mons. de Briou, whose wife is a model of virtue to take this daughter under his roof. Mons. de Briou consents. His wife refuses. The whole piece is a discussion between Mons. de Moriere and Mme. de Briou, one urging the reasons why she should take the poor child, the other suggesting the objections against it; at last Mme. de Briou consents.

A young Belgian songstress, Mlle. Lembelé, is soon to bow before the footlights of the Theatre Lyrique.

The Ambigu is rehearsing "Le Juge de Munich" by Mons. Jules Barbier.

It was said the Italian Opera would admit nobody to its masked balls besides gentlemen and ladies. The question arose, how were the ladies to be discovered, how was the wheat to be separated from the tares? Some mischievous fellow spread the rumors in the *demi monde*, that whenever a woman appeared, her ink and paper would be presented to her, and she would be required to write the phrase dictated to her. If her orthography was correct she would be admitted. The *demi-monde* exclaimed unanimously: "Then we are done for! None of us can stand that test."

The Baroness de Maistre has just completed a grand five act opera, "Nineveh, or Sardanapale;" there are two ballets in it. The score fills 1000 MS. pages. The manager of the Grand Opera has heard one act, and promises to hear another.

M. J. Reynier is the contractor for the International Theatre of the Exhibition. The costumes, scenery, etc., will be considered as contributions to the Exhibition, and appear on its official catalogue. The costumers, scene painters, etc., will be stimulated to exert themselves.

The orchestra of the Court Opera, at Munich, have adopted the turning fork (diapason) of the Paris Conservatory.

The Gaité has brought out a posthumous drama, by Leon Gozlan, put on the stage by M. E. Plouvier. It is interesting and successful. The most amusing scene in it is laid at the Prefecture of the Police. A man in a blouse is brought up charged with being a vagabond. He was found sleeping in the gutter. "Who are you?" "I am a waker by trade." "A what-waker?" "I'm the man what's wakes the market gardeners at the great markets. My business is to pinch 'em when they sleep, and I get one sou for every market gardener I wake."

"How comes it then you were found asleep?" "That's just what I was going to tell you. Sometimes I go to sleep, too—a fellow is a fellow after all, you know—so I have a deputy waker who receives half a sou every time he catches me asleep." "How comes it then he didn't wake you?" "Well, you see, a fellow is a fellow after all, and my deputy he went to sleep, too, and he's got no deputy under him to wake him when he goes to sleep, and that's how 'tis."

When M. Delaunay (who, by the way, has temporarily retired from the stage in consequence of the loss of his daughter, a charming child of nine years old), refused to play the part written for him in "Henriette Marechal," the French Comedy engaged young Delessart to play the character. Delaunay changed his mind, and Delessart did not appear until the play was dead, when the Comedy allowed him to appear in "Peril en la Demeure," when he made a very satisfactory appearance. He has quit the Comedy, and has been engaged by the Vaudeville to play a part in M. Theo. Barriere's "Les Brebis Galeuses."

Mlle. Camille Davenay (the Fantan Benoiton), has played the child's part in "Le Malade Imaginaire," at the Odeon, with great success.

The theatre of Namur has been destroyed by fire.

The annual banquet of the actors, in honor of Moliere, took place a few days since at the Trois Freres Provencaux.

The rehearsals of M. Gounod's new opera, "Roméo and Juliette," are actively prosecuted at the Theatre Lyrique.

M. Verdi has lost his father; he died at Busseto, in the 80th year of his age.

The manager of the Porte St. Martin has informed Mlle. Georges' sister she will have an annual benefit at that theatre as long as she lives, and \$500 will be guaranteed to her as its profits, which sum she may draw for monthly.

M. Strauss recently fainted while leading the masked balls of the Grand Opera; he is now better.

The Gymnase has played "Nos Bons Villageois;" above 100 consecutive nights.

It is said M. Marcelin, the editor of *La Vie Parisienne*, is the author of Mlle. Silly's letter.

GAMMA.

ART MATTERS.

With the incoming of the Lenten Season, balls, parties, masquerades and other pomps and vanities will be laid aside, and the fair daughters of Japonicadom will be forced to rest upon their laurels until Easter brings back to them gaiety and the "German."

Having used their feet to good effect during the past season it might be well for them now to go to the other extreme and exercise their brains a little. No pleasanter mode can be found of accomplishing this end than by visiting the studios of our city artists, who are always happy to receive visits from the fair ones and listen to their, very often, amusing criticisms on their pictures. Not but what, now and then, one finds a member of the gentler sex who can converse quite learnedly on the subject of art and artists, interluding her talk with technicalities and quotations which somewhat astonish the painter. There is no earthly reason why the female portion of humanity should not be as well posted on art matters as the sterner sex; every opportunity is offered them, studio doors are always open to receive them, and artists are always willing to give them information, and were they but to profit by the advantages offered we would hear less ridiculous small talk and more sensible conversation in society, where, as everybody knows, the charming dears invariably take the lead in everything.

Having delivered myself of this short, but instructive, moral lecture, let us take a peep into some of the ateliers and see what there is in the way of novelty.

Edwin White has nearly finished his fine picture of "Leonardo di Vinci in his Studio," and one can now form a pretty fair estimate of its general merits. The subject is one fraught with considerable interest and must always prove so to the art student and connoisseur, embodying, as it does, a lifelike representation of the great master "in his habits as he lived," surrounded by the masterpieces of his hand and dispensing wisdom and advice to his many pupils.

In the first place, as in all of Mr. White's works, the grouping of the figures is both easy and graceful, devoid of all stiffness, natural and lifelike to the last degree. Leonardo forms the centre of the group, palette in hand, he has just turned from the portrait of Mona Lisa, on which he is engaged, to give instruction to Luini, his favorite pupil, in regard to the drawing of a cartoon which the young student is showing him; in the middle distance stands Mona Lisa, fair and

beautiful, while in the background are seen various pupils at work upon the large cartoon of the "Last Supper;" suspended from the wall, on the left, is the grand picture of the "Battle of the Standard," while scattered here and there are pupils, friends and admirers.

The composition, it will be seen, is a fine one, and Mr. White has treated it with a master hand. The portrait of Leonardo is strong, vigorous and characteristic, while the other figures are one and all treated with consummate skill. The color, too, is rich and luminous, qualities which Mr. White infuses into all his pictures, and which go a great way toward giving them that distinctive breadth and power by which they are all characterized. In the judicious use of color Mr. White takes high stand among American artists, we never find in his works tameness and artificiality, but a strength and richness which attracts the eye, both by its truth and beauty, and lends a great charm to all the products of his brush.

J. Hope has just finished a picture which he calls the "Passing Shower," a picture possessing many good individual points, but greatly lacking in the excellence of its *tout ensemble*. Mr. Hope's theory of landscape painting is undoubtedly correct in its general principles, but he carries the spirit of preraphaelitism too far to make his pictures at all times acceptable; there is a too evident display of laborious finish, a lack of feeling and *abandon* running through all, and, while one accords all praise to his patience and perseverance, there is still that want of truthfulness to nature and wealth of imagination felt in every one of the gentleman's productions that while, to a certain extent, we may admire, we can never accord to the artist entire commendation.

In the picture in question this is strongly apparent, the composition is clever, and in many places there is displayed considerable artistic skill, but for all this we feel there is something which it would be difficult to explain but which nevertheless withholds any feeling of sentiment or impressiveness which the subject, from its very grandeur, should create.

This, I think, can, to a certain extent, be accounted for. A man, to paint a thoroughly good picture, must feel his subject, must become fully and entirely imbued with it, thus the canvas becomes but the reflex of his mind, a mirror on which we see the innermost workings of his brain. Again, I firmly and candidly believe that no man can paint a really great picture who is not, to a degree, a sentimentalist—painting is but another form of poetry, and it is sheer nonsense to contend that the man whose every thought is purely practical can produce a work of art which shall impress and elevate the mind of the beholder.

Judging from his pictures, Mr. Hope possesses this poetic feeling to but a limited extent; we find in them finish, patient labor and careful study, but we do not find sentiment, impressiveness or poetry. Through all we see the conscientious, practical worker, who is working out a theory, a theory which has its good points, but art is not a theory, it is an inspiration, and until Mr. Hope can come to feel and believe this his pictures can never receive, from the candid at least, that praise which they otherwise would undoubtedly deserve.

R. Swain Gifford has on his easel two pictures, "The Light Ship," and "Cliffs, Bay of Fundy," which are marked improvements on any of the gentleman's former efforts. In the "Light Ship" we have some excellently painted sky and water, while in the "Cliffs" there is a boldness of design which is remarkably effective. Another good picture is a view near Cape Cod; a lonely, desolate moor, unbroken by any object save a small log house which is seen in the distance, bathed in the solemn darkness of a twilight sky; nothing disturbs the grandeur of the scene, where Nature, silent and lonely, reigns supreme. This is a good case in point of the statements advanced some few paragraphs back—here we have a sentimental picture, a picture where the artist evidently painted under the inspiration of the moment—and what is the consequence? You are fully impressed with the grandeur of the subject, and come away with the work of the artist firmly stamped upon your mind.

A. C. Howland has just finished a pleasing picture of the Connecticut Valley, fresh sunny and atmospheric.

J. G. Brown, too, has just completed another of his exquisite little *genre* pictures, which he calls "The Peacemaker." A bright faced little girl is separating two belligerent urchins and administering to them a sound lecture on the wickedness of their ways. The picture is beautifully painted and tells its simple story admirably.

Pickett has just finished, in the clay, the portrait bust of a child, which fairly breathes with merriment and childish innocence.

Happening to go into the new building of the "Harmony Club," in 42d Street, I found there a most beautiful specimen of fresco painting by Angero, representing the meeting of Apollo and Diana, which for beauty of design and execution has never been surpassed, in this branch of art, in the country. In Europe fresco painting is immensely popular among artists; many of the public buildings being thus decorated by the greatest painters, but here, in the New World, it would appear to be one of the lost or rather undiscovered arts; save among house decorators, it has been used but little, if at all. This is undoubtedly a great mistake—to figure painters in particular it affords great scope for largeness of design and breadth of treatment of which it would be well for them to avail themselves. Mr. Angero has amply displayed this in his "Apollo and Diana," here we have the subject treated with a truly classical and artistic feeling, while the color is rich, strong and luminous, never exaggerated but always effective.

PALETTA.

MME. DE LA GRANGE.—A farewell visit is rumored from this lyric artist to America, but no time is named when she will commence her professional labors or in what place her *rentree* will be made. We hear of this accomplished prima donna singing in Milan with all her accustomed brilliancy and truly artistic spirit.

MADAME COLSON.—This very popular lyric artist is said to have retired from the lyric stage, with ample means to enjoy life and repose from years of exertion as prima donna.

MUSIC IN CINCINNATI.

Those excellent Professors, Charles Kunkel and Henry Hahn, have commenced their third annual series of Concerts de Salon, with very flattering prospects of success. In these excellent and classic entertainments they have the assistance of Messrs. J. M. Strobel, L. Schwebel, M. Brand, and J. Kunkel. The programmes of the two first concerts, which we append, are very interesting, as they indicate a high state of cultivation of musical taste in refined society in Cincinnati.

Programme of First Concert de Salon.—Sonate, D major (two pianos), Mozart, Charles and Jacob Kunkel; Intermezz, Op. 4; Book 2, Schumann, Charles Kunkel; Sonate; A major (piano and violin), Op. 6. Gade, Charles Kunkel and Henry Hahn; Rapsodie Hongroise, No. 10, Liszt, Charles Kunkel; Rondo (two pianos), Op. 76. Posthume, Chopin, Charles and Jacob Kunkel; Quintet, E flat, Op. 44, Schumann, (piano, two violins, viola, and violoncello), Charles Kunkel, Hahn, Strobel, Schwebel, and Brand.

Programme of Second Concert de Salon.—Sonate, C major, Op. 14 (four hands), Mozart, Charles and Jacob Kunkel; 7th Concerto, Op. 76 (two movements), De Beriot, Henry Hahn; Grand Polonaise, Op. 22, Chopin, Jacob Kunkel; Sonate, Op. 5, No. 1, F major (piano and violoncello), Beethoven, Charles Kunkel and Michael Brand; (a) Berceuse, Op. 57, (b) Polonaise, No. 1, C sharp minor, Op. 26, Chopin, Charles Kunkel; Quartet, E flat major, Op. 16, Beethoven (piano, violin, viola, and violoncello), Charles Kunkel, Hahn, Schwebel, and Brand.

LATEST PARIS GOSSIP.

The French Post Office receives daily 1000 letters whose address is illegible; two clerks are constantly employed in deciphering these charades; about 2,300,000 letters annually defy all guessers.

An inventor named Becker has introduced a new champagne cork, which has none of the inconveniences of the present cork, with its noisy "pop," disagreeable wax, inconvenient wires and tin foil. 'Tis said the wine makers like it.

A German iron master will send to the Paris Exhibition a house made entirely of iron, and engages to make as many others like it in ten days, for \$5000. It can be taken to pieces, and is easily heated, for the walls are hollow, and may be connected with a furnace or a hot water chamber.

The Cathedral Notre Dame is nearly rid of the masons, etc., who have been repairing it these last twenty years, and for the first time since 1846 it may be seen in its full beauty, unveiled by scaffolds. Along the southern side of the Cathedral is still to be seen the Latin inscription cut in the stones, indicating the date of its construction, and the builder's (Jehan de Chelles's) name.

M. Galoppe d'Onquaire, a literary man of some promise, twenty-five years of age, is dead.

The school boys of Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev and Kazan, have sent letters of thanks to M. de Bismarck for simplifying the study of German geography, which was formerly most difficult.

Mons. Dano, the French Minister to Mexico, is engaged to marry M'lle Bestegui, an heiress with \$2,000,000 dowry.

Count de Vaulchier, one of the most zealous sportsmen of France, has married M'lle de Raincourt, one of the oldest families of La Franche Comté.

The Count de Busserolles died a few days since filling the post of hog reeve of a French village; another Busserolles, grandson of a major in the Army of Condé, is a carpenter in Paris; Count Louis de Montmerency is a clerk in a Government office at Vienna; the grand son of a French marshal, cordon bleu, duke and peer of France, is an inn-keeper in a French village—his wife is a peasant's daughter; a Spanish Baron is the porter of a house in Paris. Coachman and master, said Johnson, change place once every fifty years.

"Father, what is a political secret society?" "My daughter, it is a society formed of men, who meet as secretly as possible to bawl their secrets as loud as they can into each other's ears."

Mons. Noel des Vergers, the author of *Etruria and the Etruscans*, is dead.

Ten years ago the Bœuf Gras of Paris fetched \$2,000—the price is now some \$6000 or \$7000.

The friends of Mons. Bellange, the painter, who died a few months since, are organizing an exhibition of all his works.

Mons. Paul Dubois, a promising young sculptor, is hard at work on the monument to Gen. de Lamoricere, which is to be erected in the cathedral of Nantes.

There is one house in Paris where sixty newspapers are printed.

In the days of Louis XIV. it was the fashion for gentlemen to wear muffs to keep their hands warm while hunting. The King, however, never wore one even in the coldest winter. Two peasants met him while hunting; one expressed his astonishment that the king should not guard his hands against the cold. The other replied: "His hands cold? There is no danger of that—ain't they always in our pockets?"

A man has proposed to the municipal authorities of Paris to remove the trees which now line the streets of that city, and supply their places with painted tin trees.

The name of the Dutch Minister of Finances is Count Schimmelpennink van der Oye.

M. Daudet, a literary man, has married Mlle. Allard, an heiress. The Viscount de Villele (grand son of the Minister,) has married Mlle. de Mouléon. The Marquis de Turgot (son of the late Ambassador), has married Mlle. de Montaignac.

The French Emperor and Empress are living much more like private people of rank than monarchs. It was thought something wonderful in the days of Louis Philippe that he should walk two or three times on the Boulevard. Napoleon III. and the Empress have walked to the exhibition, walked about the Luxembourg, walked to the Hotel Canterbury in the Rue de la Paix, as if they were plain Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte. They go to the theatres two or three times a week. He has evidently a hold on the French no monarch has had since his uncle. The usual State banquets have commenced at the Tuileries. Every Monday 40 or 42 persons, chiefly field officers of the army. Every other Wednesday there is a ball. Every Sunday there is a private dinner party to which six guests are invited.

In consequence of his duel with M. Rochefort, M. Paul de Cassagnac has been obliged to resign his clerkship in the Ministry of the Interior.