



AMUSEMENTS

Both theatres have been dark all of the week. Whether the managers have kept their houses closed out of deference to Holy Week we are unable to say. Mr. Church and Mr. Zehring are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Next week there are two big concerts, orchestral and band, a war play and a brilliant spectacular exhibition in prospect.

Gilmore's band, under the leadership of Victor Herbert, will open the week at the Funke. The following night "Shenandoah" will make its appearance at the Lansing—its third or fourth presentation in this city. The new "Shenandoah" is said to be considerably amplified. Wednesday, at the same theatre, "The Black Crook" is due, and Thursday Theodore Thomas' Chicago orchestra will be heard at the Funke. Gilmore, Thomas, "Shenandoah" and "The Black Crook" constitute a good hand to draw from.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Gilmore's band, under the direction of Mr. Herbert, will come to the Funke opera house Monday night. Mr. Herbert has not only maintained the old standard of excellence for which this organization was noted in the days of Gilmore, but has given the band a greater reputation. It ranks with Thomas orchestra and Sousa's band. The mantle of Patrick Gilmore has fallen upon the shoulders of one worthy to wear it. Victor Herbert is the most versatile musician now before the public. As a composer he is strong and original and scholarly; as violincello soloist is elegant and forceful; as conductor, discreet, selfpoised and masterful. The variety of tone coloring he obtains is really astonishing. The singing of Madame Louise Natali is a delight to cultivated listeners. Her method is above reproach, and her voice is singularly flexible and sweet.

When Dr. Dvorak announced a few months ago that he thought the negro melodies might prove a good Volkslied foundation for the development of a characteristically "national" school of music in America, the true gist of his remark was very widely misunderstood. Many, if not most, people took him to mean by "negro melodies" the popular songs of our older "negro minstrelsy", such things, for instance, as "Old Folks as Home", "Old Uncle Ned", and other familiar tunes by the last Stephen Collins Foster, but such was not the case. The symphony "From the New World," which is Dr. Dvorak's tribute to the American people, was performed for the first time about one year ago at a concert given in New York by the Philharmonic Society. It has since been played in Europe. During the present season of 94-95 the new symphony has been repeatedly played in the larger cities and many times by Mr. Thomas during the present tour of the orchestra, and everywhere has met with the most enthusiastic reception. It is not only a great but a beautiful work. This symphony will be the opening number on the program at the Thomas orchestra concert at the Funke opera house Thursday evening April 18th.

The coming to this city of that famous spectacle "The Black Crook" will recall to the old timers the "Black Crook" academic premiers, its full-skirted coryphees, and its amply draped figurantes, and those who last year gazed upon the spectacular carnival at the Academy of Music, New York, with its succession of scenes, are moved to reflection on the change in the times. Prior to the initial production of Charles Barras' spectacle, there had never been a regular ballet of any size in this country. Lola Montez had flitted across the stage, and Fanny Ellsler had danced a few characteristic steps, but a complete ballet with prima assoluta, secondi and ballerini was unknown. The little the public had seen of women in was confined to the performance of "Mazepa," in which either Adah Isaacs Menkinci a Kate Fisher or a Leo Hudson was lashed to the back of a wild, untamed Barbary steed. The sensation can be imagined when all at once the stage at Niblo's Garden, New York, was filled with what seemed to be myriads of women in short skirts,

in trunks and in breeches. It was a beautiful spectacle and it appealed to the senses as no theatrical performance ever had before. The present revival is superb, in fact it is superior to the initial production. The allegorical ballets are all gorgeous, and those with an illustrative significance are most entertaining. The Black Crook will be presented at the Lansing, Wednesday, April 17.

The next attraction at the Lansing theatre will be "The Greater Shenandoah," by Bronson Howard, in its grand spectacular form with twenty-five horses and three hundred soldiers in the Sheridan ride scene. In its present amplified form it ran in New York with great success for 150 nights at the Academy of Music. It then went to Chicago where it ran successfully for fifty nights at the Columbia theatre, and for the past four weeks in Philadelphia, from where it comes to this city. The four acts of the drama give an excellent idea of the scenes in camp and trench and field during days of the early '60's. The battle of Cedar Creek, where General Sheridan won his song embalmed victory, is fought over again and the famous ride from Winchester "twenty miles away" is made over the same rising and falling hills that "Fighting Phil" dashed across 30 years ago.

"And there in the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steed of night,
Passed as with eagle's flight,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away."

Twenty-five horses and three hundred soldiers participate in the Cedar Creek battle. And Sheridan is there, too. The gallant commander rides in on a mad gallop, dashes up and down the line, rallies his retreating forces and soldiers, cavalry and artillery rush wildly back to victory. It will be given with the original cast, scenery and effects Tuesday, April 17th.

ABSENCE.

TO MY FRIEND C. C. W.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

I looked up at your window but you were gone
A dreary blank stared back at me,
The window was shut, the curtains were drawn,
I sighed and passed onward wearily.

I missed the earnest look of your eyes,
The ring of your cheerful happy voice,
So what did I care for the sunny skies,
Or the flowers, or the birds with their tuneful noise?

I'll look up at your window, alas! some day
And find that you've gone to return no more,
The dream of our friendship must soon pass away
The days of our youth be a thing of yore.

But memory ever will hold to my view
The scenes and the days that together we've known,
And I hope when life's weary toils are all through,
We'll meet with clasped hands beside the white throne.

PRESENCE.

I looked up at your window and you had returned,
The accustomed light o'er your table burned,
Your shadow was outlined against the white wall
You were bent o'er your books, oblivious of all.

I uttered no word, but simply passed by,
Contented to know you were there, was I,
I thought perhaps you might be thinking of me
And I smiled and passed onward cheerfully.

I was out in the gloom and the dark of the night
But everything suddenly seemed glowing with light,
The thought of your friendship and sympathy gave
A new tone of life, and made me feel brave.

I felt the faint breath of a whispered prayer
Float down to me softly through the calm air
And all discontent in my breast seemed to cease
An angel had kissed me with a kiss of peace.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.