

THROUGH A FRENCHMAN'S EYE

The Latest and Brightest Production of Max O'Reil. JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT. We Have a Wonderful Country, He Thinks, But Are Too Vaing About It—Omaha a Future Chicago.

America the Land of Conjuring. Last Saturday the latest production of that bright and vivacious Frenchman, Paul Blouet, known the world over by his nom de plume of "Max O'Reil," appeared in Paris. The New York World's Sunday edition publishes the entire book in nearly two pages of solid nonpareil. It is written in the author's happiest vein. It begins in this breezy style: "The population of America is sixty millions—mostly colored."

An Englishman was one day boasting to a Frenchman of the immensity of the British empire. "Yes sir," he exclaimed to finish up with, "the sun never sets on the English possessions."

Without traveling very far, without even quitting the eastern coast of America, you will see a complete difference in the spirit of towns that are almost neighbors. In New York, for instance—I am not speaking now of the literary society, of which I shall speak later—in New York it is your money that will open all doors to you. In Boston it is your learning; in Philadelphia and Virginia it is your lineage. Therefore, if you wish to be a success, parade your dollars in New York, your talents in Boston, and your ancestors in Philadelphia and Richmond.

There is a pronounced childish side to the character of all Americans. In less than a century they have stridden ahead of all of the nations of the old world. In assembling at their own handiwork, and like children with a splendid toy of their own manufacture in their own hands, they say to you, "Look, just look, is it not a beauty?" And indeed, the fact is that, when you look at it with unprejudiced eyes, the achievement is simply marvellous.

Scarcely has a foreigner set foot in the United States before they ask him what he thinks of the country. Nine persons out of every ten you speak to, put these three questions to you: (1) "Is this your first visit to America?" (2) "How long have you been over?" (3) "How do you like our country?"

The American men are generally thin. Their faces glow with intelligence and energy, and in this mainly consists their handsomeness. I do not think it can be possible to see anywhere a finer assemblage of men than that which meets at the Century club in New York every first Saturday in the month. It is not male beauty such as the Greeks portrayed it, but a manly beauty, an intelligence, a refinement, a gentleness, a life in harmony in the American character.

The features are bony, the forehead straight, the nose sharp and often pinched looking in its thinness. At times one seems to recognize in the face of a man the radiating of the temples indented, the cheek bones prominent, the eyes small, keen and deepset.

The well-bred American is to my mind a happy combination of the best of the French and the best of the English. He is not so stiff as the latter and more simplicity than the former. As for the women, I do not hesitate to say that in the east, in New York especially, they are much more perfect, well-taken for French women. They are of the same type, the same gait, the same vivacity, the same petulance, the same amplitude of proportions.

COSSIP OF THE GREEN-ROOM.

Anecdotes of Plays, Play-Goers, Actors and Authors. MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES Mrs. Potter's First Night—Our Mary was Caught—Rose Coghlan's Adventure—Mr. Harrigan's Reminiscences.

Mrs. Potter's First Night. New York Herald: Cleopatra had just driven back from a "benefit" at Palmer's. She had been playing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and before she went away again to the evening performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" she was snatching a hurried meal in her little rooms at the Brevort house.

She was clad, as usual, in a soft clinging sarah dress, green, winding and twining gracefully about her willowy figure, after the fashion of Sarah, the diaphanous. "Do remember my emotions on the first night of 'Antony and Cleopatra,'" murmured Mrs. Potter, "and never shall I ever forget them! We had had a dreadful time of it the night before, rehearsing steadily from 10 in the evening till 3 or 4 in the morning, when I crawled back to bed, utterly exhausted."

"Nervous? Well, I fancy I was more tired than nervous. The strain of the rehearsal was telling on me, and you know I was about to make the great effort of my life. But I found heart of grace before the curtain rose. I grew philosophic. As I stepped from the barge with Antony, I must have been murmuring to myself, 'If my fan fails I may succeed. At the worst it will not be my first disappointment, and, please heaven, I shall live to do better.'"

"I felt a hostile atmosphere in the stalls and boxes. Something was afoot to me that many had come to the theater hoping to see my discomfiture. The cheers reassured me. I got through the ordeal, and when congratulations flowed in after the second act I had almost regained my self-possession. "To keep me up I took, as usual, a little claret and bouillon. That is all I allow myself. And so I went on, well or ill, till I came to the last act. I had lost control of myself. Nature was having her revenge, and my strength had been overtaxed. I was not as keenly as I should have been; but I hope to do better soon. Come and see my Cleopatra in another fortnight and you may find it a very different effort."

Our Mary was Caught. Miss Mary Anderson's audience at Palmer's theatre during the engagement she recently had at New York says the Herald of that city, were always impressed with the smooth course of the performances, but they probably never realized what it cost the actress to keep her presentations to the pitch of excellence. Miss Anderson was always in attendance at rehearsals, and during the performance she directed the setting of almost all the scenes. She is of a very nervous temperament, and is greatly annoyed to descend the steps. On the last night of the performance of "The Winter Tale" here, in the closing act, when Hermione is disclosed as a statue, Miss Anderson stepped from the pedestal and to descend the steps. She had taken but three steps when she stopped. She swayed to and fro, but came no further and the king (Mr. Barnes) was obliged to ascend and meet her, and to the astonishment of the audience, she came down the steps, and to the position. As soon as the curtain hid her from view Miss Anderson fainted.

Rose Coghlan's Adventure. New York Herald: During Christmas week Miss Rose Coghlan, who was then playing in New Orleans, met with the following romantic adventure: She had gone out one morning on horseback to the park, and the horse, which was a spirited animal, took fright at something by the roadside and bolted. Being a good rider, Miss Coghlan kept her seat. But the strain on her horse, by her leaning in to her strength, when a gypsy man ran to her assistance and succeeded in stopping the horse. The man refused any pay for his services, and learning that there was a gypsy encampment near by Miss Coghlan thither, in her fortune told and made presents of money to the women and children. From her rescuer she learned that he had never seen a regular performance in a theater, and she therefore gave him an order for seats for the play.

A day or two after she rode out to the encampment, curious to know if the gypsies had gone to the theater and what effect the play had made upon them. The gypsies, however, told her horse recounted their visit to the theater, and when he spoke of the duel which Jocelyn (Miss Coghlan) fought, he added with great excitement: "I watched you all through, lady, and I did not think you were so good an actor as you did, but I was ready," and he tapped the sheath knife under his belt significantly, "and if you had not killed the man I was ready to do it for you."

Mr. Harrigan's Reminiscences. New York Herald: "The old variety theater has almost become a thing of the past," said Mr. Edward Harrigan one night recently. "It was a peculiarly American institution, as much so as the music halls are in London, and it has great respectability too. Dramatic authors did not disdain in the old days to write farces, especially for the variety houses, and some of the cleverest people could be found among their performers. "I think the old variety stage was ruined by the introduction of rum."

ANNALS OF A NEBRASKA TOWN

Some Inhabitants Who Have Made Themselves Famous. AN OVERFLOW OF HARD CASES A Few Little Incidents in Which Revelers Were Prominent Actors—A Newspaper Correspondent and the People He Met.

Messrs. Booth and Barrett have begun a four weeks' engagement at Boston. Mr. Vanderfelt has gone to California to act as leading man to Miss Modjeska. Miss Eames, an American Supplé of Marchés, is going to sing "dialecetto" at the Paris grand opera.

Miss Lydia Thompson, who a short time ago revisited this country, is seriously ill at Los Angeles. Sir Arthur Sullivan has undertaken to write an orchestral symphony for the Leeds festival of next year.

Emilio Mathieu's new opera, "Richilde," has been produced at La Monnaie, Brussels, with an encouraging degree of success. Miss Ida Mülle will probably appear next season in a revival of one of Shakespeare's plays, which is to be sent out from Chicago. If, however, she does not like her part in it she will be starred in "Little Miss Valency."

The entire cycle of Wagner's "Nibelungen" was given for the first time completely and even without cuts at the Berlin Royal opera house on four evenings of the week from December 14 to 21. The German press speaks of the great success of the performance both artistically and financially.

It is said that on his return to New York M. Combes will be seen a Figaro, in Ben a marchais's famous comedy, "Le Mariage de Figaro," and also in the title role of "Fenimore Hudson." There are further prospects of "Le Joli Polonois," "Monsieur Perrichon," "Monsieur Poirier," "Monsieur Perrichon et Prosper Courant," "Sarah Bernhardt's foreign tour has been a brilliant success, and her receipts are enormous. She actually makes her son an allowance of \$200 a week, and her debts amount to \$28,000. Sarah and her company always lodge at the same hotel when she is in town, and she is a Monte-Cristo hostess when things are going well and she is in good humor."

Marcus Mayer has just concluded arrangements for Chicago. Alton and other points of the transportation of Mary Anderson and her company from Boston to San Francisco direct, leaving Boston on April 8 and making a stop at New York. The special train will consist of two Pullman and seven cars for scenery. Miss Anderson will close her American tour in San Francisco, and will produce "The Cup" there during her season.

Albert Neumann is now on the pension list of the Berlin opera house. He took leave of this institution with which he has been connected so many years, very quietly on the 20th of December, singing Florestan in "Fidelio." It was announced to appear in "Die Walkure" on the 20th ultimo, but requested of Count Hochberg to be excused for that performance, as he wanted to avoid the excitement of a public farewell, and the royal institution granted the request. He will soon sail for New York, and his appearance there as Tristan, Siegfried and Siegfried, in "Die Gotterdammerung," will be his last in public, as he will retire from the stage for good, possessed of plenty of laurels and an independent fortune.

Heroes in Pinafores. "Children, the building is on fire, and we will have to close for to-day," said Captain W. W. Wallace, assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school of Memorial Presbyterian church, yesterday afternoon as he quietly ascended the platform, says the Philadelphia North American. "There is no danger," he continued, "and you will pass out by classes as usual."

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