

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are playing a two weeks' engagement in Chicago. They have presented King Arthur and Louis XI. The Lyon^m Mail, Nance Oldfield, The Bells, and The Merchant of Venice will be given.

As soon as "Trilby" can be translated into Italian it is to be played in Italy. Paul Potter's wretched drama is also being put into French so that Paris may see "les trois Angliches." It has already been played in Germany—Catch any of these three nations going to listen to a play in a foreign tongue! The French and German listen to Italian opera but they draw the line at plays. When the actors are in France they speak French. Whoever heard of Irving and Terry going to Paris and playing in English? Bernhardt, Coquelin, Guilbert with a lot of people from the Folies-Bergere—to be sure the last kind does not talk and although their act is all French it does not need translation—who go over to England every year without taking the trouble to learn English lines. Anything that can not be put into English ought not be listened to by English. There are more English people who know French than there are Americans who possess that advantage. In America there are very few who have more than a book knowledge of French, German and Italian. Why should we take a humbler attitude before our language than foreigners do before theirs?

What will they do with all the Italianised French in Trilby when they translate it into that language? What will become of the looks of the page? For the Laird's "Voila l'espace de hom ker jer swee" the translator may put "that is the kind of a huckleberry I am." The

relations between the two languages must be preserved and if the English be turned into French, the French must be turned into English.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellew are playing Romeo and Juliet in New York to good business and pleasing the critics beside.

A New York critic thinks he has discovered the reason why Duse will play only four or five times a week. "It is to spare the lives of the members of the company that act with her. Duse is so insistent upon keeping her face to the audience and thus holding the stage that in Magda her father nearly dislocates his neck, her lover appears to be trying to twist his head off; the good rector twirls around himself in a sort of serpentine dance, and her sister, her stepmother and the maid execute more acrobatic changes of position than the entire Cragg family do at Koster & Bial's. As the fashionable audience pay double prices for their seats in order to see Duse—the painful gyrations to which the company are subjected are only fair to the public; but she is wise enough to know that they would kill off her troupe if they had to be gone through with on two successive evenings, and so she will perform only on alternate nights." Actors call such conduct "hogging the stage," but perhaps she does not do it. The quotation is taken from Town Topics. "The Saunterer's" principles are to admire nothing, to laugh at everything. His duty is especially plain to him when any one has aroused the city's enthusiasm. "The Saunterer" is the custodian of wet blankets and cold water and he never uses any other.

S. B. H.

HISTORY AND REMINISCENCE

JAY AMOS BARRETT

SCHUYLER, Neb., April 8, 1851—Jas. Amos Barrett—Dear Sir: Thirty-eight years ago, on the 2nd day of this month, I left St. Louis to find a location for self, wife and one child. My destination I intended to be Kansas. Long before I got there I heard extravagant stories of its wonderful productiveness,—that a man alone with a spade could dig up land enough to support a small family. I got there about April 12. I found such a wild state of excitement—claims fifty miles west of Leavenworth held at \$500, without improvements—that I soon got disgusted and kept on up the river. I stopped at St. Mary's, twelve miles south of Council Bluffs. Found there old Gen. Sharpe, an educated Frenchman who had been an Indian trader for thirty-five years. He described the winter just past as the most severe he had ever known. He was a very peculiar man—had a squaw for a housekeeper. I could find nothing there to suit and moved on to Council Bluffs. There I found the same wild excitement about land. Money plenty. Building going on on all sides. This continued until September, when a change began to be felt. Building stopped somewhat. Builders could not all find work, and they began to "go east," as they used to say. Times get harder every day. The two Nebraska banks of Nemaha and Fontanelle both went under like the "Wild cat" banks of Michigan in 1839 and 1840. Business nearly came to a stop the following winter.


I still was not satisfied. Everything was too wild to suit. Nude Indians could be found, in the heat of the day, walking on the main street, and no attention was paid to them. My stay there was short—only thirty or forty days. About the last of June I left for the territory of Nebraska, for the Platte

valley, starting west from Omaha, then but a small village without one sidewalk that I could find. I went west on what was then called the "Military Road," staked on the highest ground for the benefit of the military freight trains on their way to the western forts. The first twenty-two miles west on said road, there was no house,—up and down hills as wild as it ever was, except that the small streams had government bridges just built all the way west for seventy miles. Elkhorn City, twenty-two miles west of Omaha, consisted of one small shanty hotel empty, and another empty shanty. This was my first introduction to a Nebraska paper city. One mile west on the bank of the Elkhorn, at the government bridge was another shanty, with a family just ready to pack up and leave for Iowa, sick of the country. After I struck the great Platte valley, I found what I had been long looking for,—a country where Uncle Sam's surveyors had not been. For thirteen miles west it was still an unbroken wilderness. Then I found the village of Fremont, three or four log houses not finished, with one or two families and part of a steam saw mill, but no settlers on the road. Ten miles west I found a Mrs. Hager, a widow whose husband had been lost in a snow blizzard, the fall before, within 100 yards of his house. His bones were not found until the spring following. Her account of the country was very discouraging. Still I kept on. Six miles on, I found a few Scotch families at the north bend of the Platte river. They had not yet made up their minds to stay. Six miles on, I found the city of Emerson, a paper city of eight or nine hundred acres, one shanty, one log stable, and no improvements. Eight miles further was still another paper city of Buchanan, with about the same improvements. Thir-

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teen miles west was another paper city, moved up, and placed on government Neena by name, of 300 acres, that I land. It had been partly paid for when know to have been surveyed and lithographed in Chicago. It was hanging in most of the real estate offices in Council Bluffs before I left that place. It had one log house half finished, built by the fifteen stockholders of the city. Lots were held at from \$40 to \$80 per lot. After the land came into the United States land office, it was bought at 65 cents per acre, with land warrants that cost that amount. Twelve miles west I found the city of Columbus. One steam saw mill had been bought at St. Louis, bought, saw mill and all, for \$1.25 per acre. The settlers all came from Columbus, O., mostly Dutch. The above all occurred in the year 1857. Before that year had passed, the excitement stopped, the bubble had burst. Money was gone and times got very hard, just like Michigan in 1842-43, when I came to that state.

So much for 1857. There was not much to describe,—no inhabitants west of Omaha to speak of. H. M. KEMP.