



OFFENBACH'S NOTE BOOK

OF HIS

AMERICAN TOUR.



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AMERICA

AND

THE AMERICANS.

THE THEATRES.

THE STREETS.

THE CARS.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE LADIES.

THE RESTAURANTS.

THE RACES.

THE WAITERS.

ALBANY.

NIAGARA.

BY

JACQUES OFFENBACH,

Composer of "The Grand Duchess," "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," &c., &c.

London:

WILLIAM REEVES, 185, FLEET STREET, E.C.
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PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

AN adage of respectable antiquity tells us that it is desirable we should see ourselves as others see us. Custom is apt to habituate us to absurdities which at once strike the eye of the unprejudiced and unfamiliar observer. Things which appear ordinary to us, move the occasional visitor to laughter, while the unbiassed critic can find the more or less fatal flaw even in that which in our superlative self-esteem we deem to be perfect. On the other hand, the "intelligent foreigner" will discover amongst us things and customs which, admirable in themselves, are peculiar to ourselves, and worthy of imitation. Every nation and people can in the details of its daily life exhibit something which its fellow nations can follow with more or less advantage. But of course we must not go too far in this direction and accept only the peculiarities of the nation we criticise. It would be idle to emulate the complacency of the observant American, who on his return to New York insisted upon perpetually wearing in the button hole of his coat the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. The American defended his conduct on the plea that the ribbon was the latest fashion in Paris, and that as he had only just quitted France he ought to know.

In the following pages M. Offenbach does not pretend to give any very exhaustive account of America and the Americans, nor does he affect to believe that all he states is quite according to Cocker. The fact that he remained only a few weeks on the great American continent would in itself forbid the possibility of his doing anything of the sort. But he skims the cream from the top of the milk and gives us that which at first sight appeared to his view. Much below the surface he does not venture. Certain peculiarities struck him,

and he duly recorded them in his note-book. Sometimes the conclusions he draws are just, sometimes they are false. But they are invariably characteristic and generally amusing.

At the outset it may appear that the great French musical caricaturist has attempted to carry his admitted taste for exaggeration into the account he gives of men and things in the United States. That a confirmed satirist should more quickly than others notice the ludicrous side of human nature is only natural. But there is also not the smallest doubt that M. Offenbach has been sinned against quite as much as he has actually sinned. M. Offenbach in the United States was fair game to the witlings. He understood not a word of the language, his manners were graced by the courtesy of a French gentleman, and he was naturally inquisitive. He asked frequent questions, and the point of the joke was to give him the most absurd replies, the truth of which his courtesy forbade him questioning in public. Some assertions he believed, others he did not. Once he fairly lost his good temper, and the practical joking which ensued at his expense he graphically describes in the chapter upon the Restaurants and the Waiters of New York. But in all cases there is underlying a vast amount of calm good sense; an infectious spirit of fun, and a fund of caustic though good-humoured wit, which make his little book eminently readable.

In the chapter on Art in America, and in other parts of the book, M. Offenbach speaks more seriously, and his remarks on these topics are worthy the respect due to a man of weight and experience, and of one who, trained in the school of adversity, has created for himself the popular position he now enjoys. His early days in his native city of Cologne, and before he became a legally naturalised French subject, were passed almost in penury. His father, a poor teacher of singing and of violin playing, had a hard matter to keep body and soul together, though, with the strong affection for his offspring which is happily by no means peculiar to the Hebrew race, he found the means to give little Jacques a fair education. In Germany children are taught the rudiments of useful knowledge by the State, but the accomplishment of music was, fifty-eight years ago, when Offenbach was born, a luxury which people were compelled to provide for themselves. So little Jacques was instructed by one Herr Alexander in the art and mystery of violoncello playing, at a cost of a shilling a lesson:

indeed, so slight was the pecuniary credit of the Offenbach family that Herr Alexander declined to "give trust." The shilling must be laid on the table before the commencement of the lesson. No money, no instruction.

But that M. Offenbach has every right which ability and experience can give, to speak upon questions of art, is a generally admitted fact. For though known to fame chiefly as a popular composer of opera-bouffe, M. Offenbach gained his knowledge of music and of the world in a far different sphere of life. When the composer was yet but a child, the Offenbach family removed from Cologne, and settled in Paris, where Jacques had the benefit of instruction at the Conservatoire. Here, in 1833-4, he studied music in general, and the violoncello in particular, and within the next ten years he had gained for himself a high reputation as a violoncellist. He became a member of the orchestra of the Théâtre-Français, and in 1847, on the retirement of M. Barbereau, he was appointed conductor in chief at the leading French Theatre. The reputation of the orchestra of the Comédie-Française he raised to a height which it never subsequently attained, and indeed, very shortly after M. Offenbach quitted his post to undertake the more lucrative employment of a composer of opera-bouffe and director of the Bouffes-Parisiens, the orchestra of the Théâtre-Français was wholly abolished. But while still at the great French temple of the drama, M. Offenbach wrote overtures and orchestral pieces more numerous than can readily be remembered, and his celebrity as a violoncellist was sustained at its height. Indeed many English amateurs can still call to mind the duets at Holland House, at a time when the violoncello was held by M. Offenbach, and the piano was played by Mr. James Davison, a justly honoured and highly respected musical critic, who is happily still living and working in our midst.

M. Offenbach's work on "America and the Americans," must therefore be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered. We can laugh at the quaintly told story of the début of the composer as a mariner, even as we can observe with admiration his expressions of love for his family, and with mingled interest and amusement his account of New York, with its streets, its cars, its houses, its theatres, and its hotels. The articles on American liberty, on advertisements, and on Friendly societies, contain a great many home truths, always intermingled with humour, while in other places we have fun and fact; in a mixture which,

in spite of occasional trifling exaggeration, does not appear at all incongruous. M. Offenbach's hatred of the music of Herr Wagner is most apparent, nor considering that Herr Wagner has most unmercifully satirised the French opera-bouffe writer, is the fact at all surprising. But M. Offenbach never descends to invective, preferring rather to shatter his adversary by light and good-humoured wit. In short, M. Offenbach has the best possible right to say with Beaumarchais' *Figaro*, "Praised by some, and blamed by others, I hasten to laugh at everything, lest I be compelled to weep."

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AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE STARTING.

AT the end of the spring of 1875, I had retired with my family for a brief holiday to that favourite spot, the Terrace of St. Germain. I love this charming retreat, and I had taken refuge there, very pardonably hoping to obtain that repose which was the more necessary as I had undergone the fatigue of a most laborious winter.

My door had been forbidden to all strangers, and especially to those of whom there was the slightest suspicion that they belonged to the theatre. Twenty years of work, of strife, and of continual warfare were sufficient for me, and I laid down a law, which was certainly hard and fast, but which all will agree was just enough—I would simply see no one on business.

I lived then in peace, in the bosom of my very numerous family and surrounded by my intimate friends. It was not exactly solitude, but it was tranquillity.

One morning, while I was playing in my garden with one of my children, Madlle. Schneider was announced. I had not the courage to insist on the pass word in her case, as I have for the Grand Duchess of Gérolstein a very warm feeling of friendship.

We talked of everything and of nothing, of the battles we had fought together under fire of the footlights, and—why should I not say it?—of our past victories, and possibly also of our battles to come. As we were conversing, a servant brought in a card, on which I read a name which was completely unknown to me.

I went out to chide the servant, when I found myself face to face with the owner of the card. He was a very courteous and a very polite gentleman, but I guessed at once the truth, and resigned myself to my fate.

"Sir," said he, "pardon my forcible entry, but I come upon important business, which will not detain you long, and to which you will merely have to reply yes or no!"

"I am listening, sir."

"I am instructed, sir, to ask you if you are willing to go to America?"

I so little expected this formidable question, that I could not restrain a laugh.

"Sir," said I to my visitor, "I assure you, I would not go even as far as St. Cloud to-day, not for a great deal of money."

"I did not ask you to go to St. Cloud, nor to-day, sir. The question merely is, whether you will go to the Philadelphia Exhibition next spring?"

"To Philadelphia, and what to do there I pray?"

"Sir, the Americans are very fond of great artists, they receive them magnificently, and they pay them in the same manner."

"By Jove, sir, I declare your proposition is serious and honourable, and that at any rate it deserves consideration."

"Well, sir, I never hoped that you would decide on the spot, pray take your own time. I am merely charged with a very simple mission, to know if you are willing to go to Philadelphia. If you give me a favourable reply, those who are more interested in the matter than I, will discuss terms with you; if not, I can but express my regret at having troubled you, and my thanks for the honour you have done me in listening to me."

I was silent for a moment. A thousand thoughts flew through my brain. Those who are family men and who have a consciousness of duty, will understand without any explanation from me what I felt. Others would not understand even if I spent a lifetime in explaining the situation.

At last I replied.

“Very well, sir, I would not go willingly to America, because, setting aside my fifty years, many things keep me at home. But on the other hand, if the case were urgent, and I could see my way clearly, I would go at any rate without repugnance.”

My visitor bowed and intimated that was all he wished to know.

At déjeuner I mentioned the visit I had received, but although I spoke of the affair in the gayest tone in the world, it failed.

“It is madness,” was the general cry.

I attempted to prove that the affair never had any serious aspect, and I even offered to bet I should hear no more about it. But a shadow had passed over the calm spirit of our holiday life, and the cloud could not be dispelled. The smallest thing will dissipate a beautiful day-dream, and I began to think it was the greatest folly in the world to leave one's front door open.

The following day I received a visit from M. Bacquero, who had hastened to write to me as soon as he had knowledge of my reply.

M. Bacquero was a man of business in the best acceptance of the term. He made me offers about which I did not think it even right to hesitate, and I signed there and then the contract he proposed.

That day I had no need to tell the tale of what had passed. My family had guessed it, and on seeing my people make so many useless efforts to restrain their tears, I appreciated more than ever the sweet and holy affection with which I was surrounded.

So much sadness and so many sweet reproaches were not best adapted to inspire in me that courage of which I had more need than they thought.

I passed long nights without rest. In the morning I did not dare to sleep, for fear of not being able on opening my eyes, to conjure up a sigh to re-assure the dear beings who came so sadly to salute my awakening.

Then I imagined a thousand consolatory theories. We had the winter before us, a long winter, and who knew what might happen before the end of nine months? The Exhibition might be abandoned or indefinitely postponed; that might certainly occur any day. America had had a long war; the war might re-commence; that was very nearly certain. I was in the position of the poor devil in the fable. The King gave him the choice between teaching his ass to read and being hanged. The brave man had accepted the first condition, demanding however ten years to accomplish the miracle, saying, "It would be an exceedingly curious thing if within ten years the King, the ass, or I do not die."

But the philosopher had ten years before him in which to accomplish his miracle, while I had only six months, and the time seemed to pass with unusual rapidity.

One single hope sustained us, a hope which was at once very human and very prosaic. According to the contract a large sum was to be deposited in the banking house of my friend Bischofsheim, and I had tried to persuade myself, and to convince my family, that this formality would not be fulfilled.

One day I met one of those men who know everything, and everybody's business, and on seeing me he volunteered—

"I have news from over the water and your money will not arrive."

It seemed to me that this amiable man relieved me of a frightful nightmare. Instead of going on to my club, I told the coachman to drive home, and the fine fellow dashed along the road as though he knew I was anxious to impart good news.

But the period of suspense did not last long. On the day fixed the money was deposited, and the evanescent gaiety I had assumed was succeeded by the dolorous sadness which preceded separation.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

THE moment had arrived.

I left Paris on the 21st April. My two sons-in-law, Charles Comte and Achille Tournal, my two brothers-in-law, Robert and Gaston Mitchel, and some friends, amongst whom were Albert Wolff and Mendel, and my son, accompanied me as far as Havre. I was extremely grieved in having to embark on the morrow. I had thought to render the separation less hard by forbidding my wife and daughters to leave Paris, but now how I regretted it!

The boat started at last, and as it grazed the pier, it seemed that I stood near my son for the last time, and I could not restrain visible signs of my poignant grief.

As soon as the vessel put off, my eyes remained directed towards that little group on the quay, in the midst of which was my dear child. I could descry him a very long time. The sun shone on the buttons of his collegian's coat, and clearly allowed my eyes to rest on the place which my heart had divined.

Behold me in the *Canada*, a fine ship, which had been newly built! We had left the quay at 8 o'clock in the morning and were already far from the coast. The vessel went well. Like myself, she made her first voyage to America. Accustomed to first representations I was not afraid of assisting at her début.

Allow me now to present you to some of my companions. To the highest the highest honour. The commander was M. Frangeul, a true sailor, an excellent man, and a charming conversationalist, who undertook the task, by his wit and drollery, of relieving the monotony and the length of the voyage.

M. Betsellère, the steward, had already had the honour of being shipwrecked. He was on the *Gironde* when that vessel ran into

the *Louisiane* and sank. He was saved miraculously, and M. Betsellère was now afraid of nothing.

A very young doctor, M. Flamant, also made his first journey across the Atlantic. Poor doctor! medicine does not prevail against *le mal de mer*. From the second day he appeared no more at table, and I took a malicious pleasure in asking how he felt each morning.

Amongst the passengers we had Madlle. Aimée, who had just concluded a triumphant season in Russia; Boûlard, who accompanied me in the capacity of assistant conductor, and who took with him his young wife; M. Bacquero, a charming American, who having decided to present me to his compatriots was, as we have seen, assisted by the force of the almighty dollar in his efforts to induce me to undertake this little artistic tour; and Arigotti, a robust tenor and pupil of the Conservatoire of Paris, and who having lost his voice had happily found a situation as secretary to M. Bacquero. He was a capital player on the piano, and he read music with the greatest skill. Two pretty young ladies of Philadelphia, some business men going to the Exhibition, some exhibitors who hoped to effect sales, and finally some travellers of no special importance, made up our party.

I cannot better tell the tale of the journey than by reproducing a few lines which I wrote to my wife on disembarking.

“The first two days passed very well. The weather was superb, and I slept capitally on the Saturday during the stoppage at Plymouth. I became very well accustomed to my berth, so well indeed, that when the boat suddenly stopped, I awoke with a start. Not having any very great experience of the sea, I believed this sudden stoppage to be the result of an accident. Jumping out of my berth, I was dressed and out on the bridge in two minutes. It was a false alarm. The ship had already re-started, but sleep had left me; and my confidence had gone with it. I lay down again in my clothes expecting an accident at any moment. Every quarter of an hour the ship stopped, its helm not yet acting quite properly.”

“As if this were not enough, a storm arose to complicate the situation. During three days and four nights we were horribly knocked about. The rolling and the pitching were terrible. In the cabin everything which was not fixed, was broken; and no one could hold himself either upright or sitting.

“On the Monday, I would not remain any longer in my cabin, and they made me up a bed in the saloon. The captain and all the crew were most kind to me, and kept me company during part of the night, seeking by every means in their power to reassure me.

“‘It is superb,’ the captain said to me, ‘the boat breaks into the waves and scatters them on all sides every minute, you ought to come on deck to see it.’

“‘My dear captain,’ I replied, ‘as a spectator, and seeing a tempest afar off, I admit that the spectacle would be exceedingly interesting. But I avow that as an actor, playing a part in the piece, I find that the fun is of the slightest possible description.’

“A characteristic trait of a young American girl who was on board with her sister. At the height of the storm, at a moment when more than one person below was muttering a prayer and recommending his soul to God, (I was not doing so I assure you) the little *Americaine* said to her sister, ‘My dear, will you try to go down stairs and find me my pretty little hat, I should not like to die as I am.’ ‘We must also find your gloves,’ replied the younger girl.

“Before entering the port, the *Canada* spoke with two little isles, called the Quarantine Islands, where the sanitary police and custom house officers make their search.

“When a ship has invalids on board, it is compelled to disembark them on the first of these islands. When the invalids become convalescent, they are passed on to the second.

“Formerly these islands did not exist, and it was at Long Island that the steamers awaited the customs officials and the doctors. To the custom-house people the inhabitants of Long Island were quite

indifferent, but the doctors and the invalids annoyed them. This incessant importation of pestilential subjects from the four quarters of the globe, was found disagreeable, and the inhabitants at last declared they would not allow the place to be used as a hospital any longer. They had had enough of it, and it was now the turn of Staten Island, which lay opposite.

“But the inhabitants of Staten Island objected as strongly as did their brethren of Long Island. Indeed they were not content with threats. They revolted, and simply fired at all the ships which touched there, whether the vessels contained invalids or not. The authorities were perplexed. But they do not long remain embarrassed in America. The council met, and decided that as the two Islands would not receive the sick on any pretext, two other Islands should be constructed, to remain uninhabited, save by invalids and their attendants. At the end of a very short time these two new islands rose from the sea, as if by enchantment.

“In this *tour de force* you see America.

“They expected us on the evening of the day before we actually arrived, and a procession on the sea had been organised to meet us. Boats decked out with flags, and hung with Venetian lanterns, carrying journalists, besides curious people, and a military band of 60 to 80 players, awaited us at Sandy Hook. But as we did not arrive, the boat put further out to sea expecting to meet us. They were all happy on board, singing and laughing, the music played the prettiest tunes, but as the measure advanced the *mal de mer* advanced also. The musicians were not the last to feel its effect, and they soon became like the players in the comic symphony of Haydn, where the musicians disappear one after the other, blowing out the lights as they go. Ours had no lights to blow out, but in place of murmuring sweet melody, one after the other murmured sweet nothings to the waves.*

“We were soon accosted by another boat, on board of which

* The pun in the French original is “mais au lieu de rendre des sons, les uns après les autres rendaient . . . l'âme dans la mer.”

were the principal reporters of the New York newspapers. You will understand I was as courteous as possible. Two hours after we had arrived at New York we were already very good friends.

“In the evening, on returning from the theatre—the first day I visited two theatres—I saw a crowd assembled before my hotel. From the electric light which shone everywhere you would have thought it was broad day. Above the balcony of the hotel was written in large letters, ‘Welcome Offenbach.’ An orchestra of 60 musicians obliged me with a serenade. They played ‘Orphée’ and ‘La Grande Duchesse.’ I cannot describe to you the applause and the cries of ‘Long live Offenbach.’ I was obliged to appear on the balcony, just like Gambetta, and I shouted the formidable ‘Thank you, sir,’ prescribed by the formula of politeness.

“On Saturday I was invited to a dinner given in my honour by the Lotos Club—one of the best clubs here—by men of letters, artists, merchants, bankers, and a good many journalists of all sorts. I enclose you the *menu* of the dinner.

“‘I am aware,’ I said in reply to the toast of my health, ‘that for a long time the Americans have known me as a composer, and I hope that when I have the honour of knowing them better they will be able to respect me as a *man*. ‘I beg,’ I said, ‘to propose a toast to the United States, but not to the United States *tout sec*. Art and the peoples are brothers, and I propose a toast to the United States of Europe.’

“This speech, which emotion alone can pardon, was applauded *à outrance*.

“On Monday I was invited to the Press Club, of which only journalists can be members; charming men, very witty, most of them speaking French very well, and many of them having resided more or less in France.

“Many speeches in my honour. I replied as well as I could.”

CHAPTER III.

New York.

GILMORE'S GARDENS.

HERE I am at New York.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I have put up, well merits a few words of description. You can form no idea in Europe of this sort of establishment. Everything is ready to the hand. In each bedroom there are, a toilette cabinet, a bath, and a mysterious place, the use of which the initials on the door sufficiently indicate.

The ground floor of the hotel is an immense bazaar, a merchant town, where trades of all sorts are represented. The hotel hair dresser, the hotel hatter, the hotel tailor, the hotel chemist, the hotel bookseller, and the hotel shoeblack, are all found here. One can enter an hotel as naked as Adam before the incident of the apple, and as hairy as Absalom before the tree, and can go out again as fine a gentleman as the famous Count D'Orsay of fashionable memory.

Everything can be had in this Fifth Avenue Hotel, everything except, however, a polyglot. The polyglot was nowhere to be found. Amongst the 200 waiters who serve in this gigantic establishment you may seek in vain for one who can speak French. This is not particularly pleasant for those who do not understand English.

For 20 dollars (£4), you have a bedroom, with the accessories I have enumerated, and the right to eat all day. From 8 to 11 a.m. you have breakfast, from noon to 3 p.m. lunch, from 5 to 7 dinner, and from 8 to 11 you take tea. For eating purposes there is a saloon on the first floor. As soon as you appear in this immense gallery, where fifty tables are methodically arranged, a

big *gaillard* of a *maître d'hôtel* approaches you, and assigns you the place where you are to sit at table. You cannot resist, nor are you allowed to have fancies or preferences for one particular corner more than for another, you must take your chance. The *maître d'hôtel*, is *maître d'hôtel*. He seats you beside whomsoever he chooses, and you have nothing to say in the matter.

You take your place then. The waiter does not ask what you would like. He begins by bringing you a large glass of iced water, and it is a remarkable thing, that at the fifty tables which you find in the room, there is not a single being who drinks anything but iced water. If by chance you see wine or beer before some jovial soul, you may be sure he is a native of Europe.

After the glass of water, the waiter presents you with a list of the 80 dishes of the day. I do not exaggerate. You choose your dinner by selecting three or four, and this is the most comical side of the affair—everything you have ordered is brought to you at once. If by unhappy chance you have forgotten to point out the particular vegetable you want to eat, they bring you the fifteen vegetables prescribed on the *carte* all together. In this way you find yourself suddenly flanked by thirty dishes, soup, fish, flesh, innumerable vegetables, and sweets; without counting the rearguard of dessert, which in itself is always composed of a dozen varieties of fruit. Everything is drawn up in battle array before you, bidding defiance to the stomach. The first time you dine, it so frightens you that your appetite disappears.

I shall not, however, speak just now of American hotels, reserving a detailed description till I can afford myself greater space. As I have only just arrived I have not leisure to observe much. I eat quickly, for I have only one idea, one desire, to see the famous covered gardens, at which Bilboquet tells me I am to display my talent.

I hasten then to Gilmore's Gardens.

Picture to yourself a vast covered garden. In a massive framework formed by tropical plants is a platform reserved for an orchestra

of 100 or 120 musicians. Around are flowers, grass, turf borders, and flower beds, about and around which the public walk freely. In front of the entrance gate is a large waterfall intended to fill up the break in the programme. During the entr'actes it imitates Niagara. The corners of the garden are occupied by little châteaux, each of which will hold seven or eight persons, and which very advantageously replace the usual theatrical private boxes. A large gallery, with ordinary stalls and seats, rising in tiers, permits those who really like to see and hear, to gratify their tastes.

The whole somewhat recalls to mind the old Jardin d'Hiver which once was so popular in the Champs Elysées.

The place would hold about 8 or 9000 persons, and I must add it was most brilliantly lighted, the coloured glasses forming little rainbows with a very picturesque effect.

Enchanted with my concert hall, I asked Mr. Graun, the director, some details of the orchestra I had to conduct.

He replied,

"We have engaged the hundred and ten musicians you have asked for, and I can assure you they are the best in New York."

I soon found he had not deceived me, and I had the rare good fortune to become very popular with my orchestra.

The musicians of New York are of themselves a vast and powerful organisation. They have constituted themselves into a society for their mutual protection. Every individual who wishes to become a member of an orchestra, must first join the society. To this rule there are no exceptions. From the conductor, down to the gentleman who "presides at" the triangle, all must be members of the society.

I had been warned of this state of things by Boulard, who had already directed one or two rehearsals, and who was obliged to join the association before he was allowed to conduct at all.

On my entry into the concert room, the musicians gave me an ovation, and in a few words I returned them my thanks. We

commenced the rehearsal by the overture to "Vert-Vert." They had not played sixteen bars before I tapped my desk and stopped them.

"Pardon, gentlemen," I said, "we have only just commenced, and you have already failed in your duty."

General surprise!

"You see," I continued, "I am not a member of your association, and yet you allow me to conduct."

At this there was great laughter. But I preserved the most serious countenance, and added—

"Since, gentlemen, you have not thought proper to speak to me about the matter, I have spoken to you, and I ask to be made a member of your society."

The band protested, but I insisted. I said I approved in every way of the objects of their institution, and that I should consider it an honour if they would permit me to join it.

There was loud and long applause at the expression of this desire.

I had conquered my orchestra. From that time, we were like members of a family, and the most perfect harmony reigned amongst us. For the rest I am delighted to state, that the instrumentalists were of a very superior order. For each of my works, two rehearsals only were necessary to assure a most brilliant interpretation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSES, THE STREETS, AND THE CARS.

I DID not long remain at this Fifth Avenue Hotel, where they eat so much, and speak so little French. At the end of three or four days I went to live at a house in Madison Square. There I could

appreciate to what a height the Americans had brought comfort and luxury. Not only were there hot air stoves in every apartment, gas in every room, and hot and cold water always at hand, but also in a room on the ground floor were ranged three little buttons of very great importance.

The three buttons represent for the inhabitant three considerable forces; the protection of the law, help in case of accident, and the assistance of a servant. Everything in three buttons! Certainly, and there is no magic in the affair after all.

The three buttons are electric. You press the first and a commissionnaire comes to take your orders. You touch the second and a policeman presents himself at your door and places himself at your disposal. The third button enables you to give the alarm in case of fire and within a few seconds to bring a brigade of firemen round your house.

This is not all.

Besides the three buttons you can also if you please have in your study that which you will find in every hotel, in all the cafés, in the restaurants, and even in the drinking saloons and tobacco shops—the telegraph. When you want it, they will fix in your room a little machine, which will work from morning till evening and from evening till morning, and which will give you all the news of the two worlds. A ribbon of paper gradually unrolling itself into a wicker basket allows you to read the latest news from Paris on the one hand, and the last telegrams about the war in the East on the other; to say nothing of the progress and result of the elections at Cincinnati and St. Louis. At all hours you have the stock and share lists of all countries, and you can tell in a moment whether you have made a fortune or lost it.

But if the houses of New York are arranged in a very practical way, the city itself is organised in a still more admirable manner.

The Americans, unlike the French, do not call their streets by the names of the people who govern them, nor do they change those names every time a government disappears. The custom of

Paris in this respect would hardly work well in a country which changes its rulers once every four years. If it were so, a street would in the course of 20 years or so, have borne more names than the *hidalgo* of the most elongated title in Castile. To obviate the inconveniences that attach to our own system, the Americans have wisely preferred to designate their streets and Avenues by numbers. First Avenue, Second Avenue, and so on. They are therefore independent of politics and impervious to change.

In the squares, which are magnificent, very few statues are to be seen. Washington has one, but it is modest enough.

This is in strong contrast with France, where everybody is more or less sculptured in marble or moulded in bronze, a habit which begins to make our country resemble an immense museum of bronzed or marble men in frock coats.

We may pass over the case of the gods and goddesses of antiquity, as they have at least a certain character, and do not need any great exercise of the fancy. But since all ages have liked female statues, is it not now time to neglect the gentlemen and to think a little more of the ladies, whose toilettes adapt themselves to the plastic art far better than do our own?

From my window in Madison Square I discovered a fact as curious as it was charming. In the trees, under the leaves of the larger branches, are placed little houses and nests. They are for the sparrows which have been imported from Europe. The little foreign birds are the object of every sort of attention. The law protects them and no one is allowed to touch them. The Americans respect them as scrupulously as the Venetians do the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco.

Most of the streets are intersected by rails which traverse them in every direction. The iron rails mark the itinerary of the tramways, to which, by the way, the Americans have given the name of Cars.

The American Car in no way resembles our Parisian vehicle, nor even the omnibus which the Parisians call American. Nor is the

number of passengers in any way limited. Though every seat in the vehicle is occupied there is still room. The last comers remain standing, holding themselves firmly by the strap which hangs from the interior of the car. They crowd on the platform, and in case of need even hitch themselves on the back of the conductor. While there is still a corner free, a foot-board unoccupied, or a knee vacant, the conductor does not announce that the vehicle is full. A car which is constructed to hold 80 people, actually carries three times that number from one end of the city to another at the comparatively moderate charge of five cents (two-pence half-penny.)

I have spoken of the numerous rails which intersect the streets. The Americans, who are a practical race, have found means to utilise them for their own benefit. The ordinary street vehicles are so made that their wheels exactly fit the rails, and by these means the carts and cabs are drawn quicker, and with less labour. They only quit the tramway when driven off by the heavy vehicles of the car companies.

Sometimes the cars arrive at great speed before the vehicles in front have time to get out of the way. But a collision of this sort is very soon rectified. The fallen horse is assisted to rise, the driver regains his seat without complaint, and as soon as the car has passed he takes again to the rails.

Those omnibuses which do not use the tramways have no conductor to receive the money. The passenger himself pays for his place to the company direct and without intermediary. On taking his seat he places the price of his fare in a little box fixed to the vehicle for that purpose.

I asked an American if the company did not lose a good deal of money by this system.

“It would cost far more,” was the reply, “to pay a conductor and someone else to check him, and the company loses less by relying on the honesty of its customers.”

The practical side of the American character betrays itself in

the smallest details, and the little box of which I have spoken serves two uses. In the day it acts as a receptacle for the half-pence; in the evening it is lit up and becomes a lantern.

I have not yet finished with these vehicles. Most of them are furnished with gigantic parasols, which serve two ends: to preserve the driver from the terrible heat, and also for the purpose of advertisement. I am assured that every week the umbrella is changed at the cost of the advertiser.

The success of the cars, which by the way pass every minute, is considerable. This species of locomotion has, indeed, entered deeply into American habits. Every one, even the most distinguished men and women, uses the cars. And the Americans are right, for the cabs, either of one horse or of two, are a ruinous price. They are comfortable it is evident, and they are well kept up it is true, but it is nevertheless not particularly economical to pay for a journey of any length by a one horse cab, a dollar and a half (6s.). A two horse cab costs \$2 (8s.), and if you have been foolish enough to neglect to arrange the price in advance, for a single drive round Central Park, you bid fair to be charged \$7,—twenty-eight shillings for a drive of two hours.

If the large number of cars and omnibuses which traverse the streets of New York offer the most incontestable advantages, they also present serious dangers to pedestrians. Shields for foot passengers have therefore been placed in the middle of the most crowded roadways; and a policeman is placed at each of these points, charged with the special duty of protecting those who wish to cross. It is very charming to see this functionary take a lady and a child by the hand, in a very paternal manner, and conduct them across the road, stopping all vehicles on the way. This precaution is greatly prized by American ladies, who go a considerable distance out of their way in order to avail themselves of the protection of the public pilots.

It was also explained to me, that if anyone have the happiness to be knocked down while at a shield, he has the right to a heavy

indemnity, but that if by unhappy chance the misadventure happen at a time when he is on the roadway, or even at the side of the shield, not only does he lose his right to indemnity, but the proprietor of the vehicle has a right to damages against him for having obstructed the highway.

CHAPTER V.

THE THEATRES OF NEW YORK.

ONE of my first occupations on arriving at New York was to go the round of the theatres then open.

The chief theatres of the city are admirably designed. All are built on a similar model, and they have the form of a vast amphitheatre offering a long series of tiers of seats one above the other. There are only eight private boxes in each of them, that is to say, four grand tier boxes on each side of the house. Nor are these boxes very extensively patronised. It is not at all unusual to find them all empty, while the rest of the house is full. The best society prefers the orchestra and grand tier stalls.

As very few of the managers have a fixed *locale*, the theatres are let by the season, by the month, and even by the week.

A manager may be bankrupt three or four times, before the people lose confidence in him. The more he plunges into the water the more he rises to the surface.

A director was pointed out to me who had had the honour to be bankrupt six or seven times. It was said—

“He appears splendidly dressed. Next winter he will have a superb troupe.”

“But how will he find the money?” I said.

“There are a good many people,” was the reply, “to whom he

owes money, and who will come back to him in the hope that he will do well, and will repay them the sums they have lost."

The Academy of Music is a theatre where grand opera is played. I was not able to see it because during eight months the theatre has only been open 60 nights. They had a four weeks season, during which Titiens appeared in the part *Norma*, and afterwards Strakosch arrived with Belocca, who did not make any success at all, in spite of the tremendous puffing which preceded her.

The most brilliant period of this theatre was during the visit of Nilsson, Lucca, Maurel, Capoul, and Campanini.

At Booth's Theatre is played tragedy, comedy, or drama, according to the fancy of the particular manager who hires the place. I went to see "Henry V." played by an artist who did not lack merit—Mr. Rignold. The *mise-en-scène* was very fine.

A week afterwards, they gave at the same theatre, "L'Etoile du Nord," with Miss Kellogg, an English vocalist, of about 32 or 34, and who has a very pretty voice. Meyerbeer's opera, not having been sufficiently rehearsed, lacked "ensemble," particularly in the finale to the second act. The chorus and orchestra came in one after the other. It was a fruitless race. There was no chance of the one overtaking the other. I thought I was listening to a mediocre work by Wagner.

For example, it was amusing to see in the orchestra stalls, and mingled with the spectators, some trombone and some bassoon players, who blew one note after the other with a most extraordinary effect. I confess it perplexed me. Who were these musicians? Could it be possible that these trombone amateurs had come of their own free will, and without invitation, to reinforce the orchestra? My uncertainty was, however, not of long duration. A glance of the eye was sufficient to discover the cause of the anomaly. The space reserved for the band not being large enough, the brass and reeds had been relegated to the other side of the balustrade.

At the Union Square Theatre, I saw "Ferreol" represented in English, by a very good *troupe d'ensemble*. I also assisted at a performance of "Conscience," a piece very cleverly written by two young American authors, Messrs. Lancaster and Magnus. It was at this theatre, they tell me, that "Rose Michel" was played with immense success.

The evening that I went to Wallack's Theatre, the bills announced the 400th performance of a piece called, "The Mighty Dollar." The principal rôles were played by two celebrated artists, Mr. and Mrs. Florence. The one recalled to me our excellent Geoffrey, and the other our sprightly Alphonsine. The two artists have played together more than 20 years, and they are much liked in America. As to the other actors they struck me by the perfect *ensemble* of their play. I remarked especially a charming *ingénue* who could not have been more than 17 years of age. She was named Miss Baker, and she played the rôle of the *jeune première* with very remarkable ease. Nor have I forgotten an excellent young person, Miss Cummings.

Wallack's theatre is directed by Mr. Deutsch, one of the youngest and the most courteous of the *impresarii* of New York. To give an idea of the enterprise of an American director, I may mention that Mr. Deutsch re-engaged Mr. and Mrs. Florence for 400 nights! He intends to take a tour with these artists, through the chief towns of the Union, from New York to San Francisco, always playing the same piece, "The Mighty Dollar."

It was impossible to see the Lyceum Theatre, which was closed for the summer season. It was in this theatre that Fechter had so much success in "La Dame aux Camélias," and in several other pieces. Dramas with chorus and orchestra are also played at this theatre. It was at the Lyceum Theatre, that, for the first time, they concealed the orchestra from public view, according to the example set by Wagner at Bayreuth. But they soon discovered the inconvenience attaching to this innovation. It considerably injured the acoustic properties of the theatre, and the musicians,

placed in a sort of pit and nearly suffocated by the heat, took steps to improve the situation. The first evening the violin players loosened their cravats, and discarded their collars. On the morrow the altos rejected their coats and played in their shirt sleeves. A week later all the executants were completely at their ease.

One evening the public saw arising from the footlights a thin wreath of smoke. There was a veritable panic.

But it was only the musicians indulging in a cigar.

The alarm not only relieved the musicians, but put a stop to this ridiculous invention. The executants cheerfully resumed their coats and their proper places in the orchestra of the theatre.

Another theatre I was unable to see was the Grand Opera House, which was also closed.

The Grand Opera House was built by the famous Fisk, who was assassinated by his friend Stokes.

This Fisk had a career original and extraordinary even for New York. Of very low origin, in his youth he began life as a pedlar in pomatum. In a brief time he became, not only director of the largest theatre of New York, but also vice-president of a railway company, commodore of a line of steamers, and colonel of a regiment.

He had both energy and audacity, besides a good deal of originality. Everyone who wished to be employed on his railway was first obliged to enrol himself in the regiment which he commanded, and by these means he collected one of the finest regiments in New York. Sometimes he took into his head to assemble all his soldiers, and parade them before the eyes of some pretty woman. On that day the railway had a holiday, and the stations were closed all along the line.

The sumptuous colonel had magnificent equipages and horses. When he went out, he was driven in a large and handsome open carriage, drawn by eight steeds.

A history of love explains his tragic end. The great impresario was the victim of a drama, and a double vengeance decided his fate. Here are the facts.

Fisk became enamoured of a beautiful American girl, to whom he made court. Magnificent performances were given in her honour, besides reviews of the famous regiment, and successive holidays on the railway. He lavished everything to attain success, and very naturally he succeeded. Naturally also Fisk's first step was to present his darling to his friend Stokes. Since *le roi Canaule*, lovers have always been the same. Stokes had a very large fortune, he found the girl to his taste, and Fisk became . . . the happiest of the three, until the day when, by chance, he discovered the treason of his friend.

I do not know whether or not his first movement was to place his hand on his revolver, but at any rate the idea was abandoned as insufficient. He meditated a more terrible revenge.

Without showing in any way to his friend Stokes the hatred he now bore him, he appeared to attach himself still closer to him. He caused him to enter into a certain scheme which he initiated : and he induced him to risk his whole fortune in the affair. Then suddenly throwing all his own shares on to the market, he induced formidable fall ; by which his good friend Stokes was completely ruined.

I think that Fisk, satisfied with his success, had an interview with Stokes, in the course of which he explained why and how he had ruined him. At any rate, it is certain that Stokes, who probably did not appreciate the joke, in his turn swore revenge. As he had less *esprit* than his enemy, he had recourse to a proceeding which if vulgar was at any rate sure. He waited one day till Fisk came out of the Central Hotel, where the pretty *Americaine* resided, and he coolly blew his brains out.

If Fisk could have survived he would certainly have used this plot for a five act drama for his theatre.

The last theatre to which I went was the Fifth Avenue Theatre, a very fine building, where they were playing a great drama called "Pique," the situations in which had been borrowed from various quarters. The drama, I may add, was by Mr. Dion Boucicault.

There are also in New York two German Theatres, and likewise a French Theatre, which is open from time to time, when a director can be found for it. This occasion however, seldom happens.

I ought not to conclude these notes on American theatres without speaking of a little concert hall, where I heard the Christy Minstrels.

They are all negroes. The artists are negroes, the chorus are negroes, the machinists are negroes, the director, office keeper, controller, manager, neither man nor woman : all niggers.

On arriving at the theatre, I perceived an orchestra—black of course,—who played more or less *bizarre* tunes. Fancy then my surprise, when I noticed that I had attracted the attention of the musicians. All the black gentlemen pointed at me one after the other. I never could have believed I was so well known to so many niggers.

The performance was funny enough, and I remained. Judge then my astonishment when I returned to the place, after the *entr'acte*, to see the same comedy renewed on my account, that is to say, the musicians one after the other again pointing at me. This time though they were white, as white as the bakers in "La Boulangère." I was more and more delighted. But I learned afterwards, that the musicians were the same men as before, that from the director down to the last machinist they were false negroes, and that they washed their faces, and blackened them again, three or four times in an evening, according to the necessities of the piece.

CHAPTER VI.

ART IN AMERICA.

THE foreigner who travels through the United States has a thousand occasions to admire the intelligence and the enterprise which have

produced so many marvels. It would be superfluous to eulogise that industry which is so powerfully organised and so well developed by machinery, the perfection of which almost surpasses the imagination. It would be fruitless to recall the prodigies accomplished in this land, which, only just a hundred years old, has a network of railways and telegraphs which developes itself every day: a land which is foremost in the race of that progress which makes material life so easy.

But further reflection deprives the traveller of a portion of his admiration. The actual situation of America denotes a lack of equilibrium in the employment of human forces. The great energy which has made the United States so powerful a nation has been directed entirely to one object. America has triumphed in matter, but it has neglected to occupy itself in all that which charms and elevates the mind.

America is to-day like a giant of a hundred cubits, who has attained physical perfection, but who entirely lacks soul.

The soul of a people is art, the expression of the thought by which it is raised to its mental height.

In reading the chapter devoted to the theatres, you will have seen how the dramatic art has been neglected in the United States, and in what a deplorable condition it is now found. To have good artists, *troupes d'ensemble*, and actors; it is necessary to have stable institutions, sound and long training, and real traditions. New York has no permanent opera, no permanent comic opera, nor even a theatre for the performance of operettas, and which can be sure of a life of two years. There is an entire lack of a stage for classic or modern authors and which can offer sufficient guarantees of stability to become a school. The theatre in America lives but from day to day. The directors and troupes are mere knights errant. Most of the artists are birds of passage, engaged from the old world, and who come for a brief season and then depart.

What I say about the art dramatic also applies to the other

arts. Music, painting, and sculpture exist in America on no conditions under which they can develop themselves. We are told there are painters and sculptors. I do not deny it. Of what account is the land where a flower is never found? I have seen some flowers, but have not seen a garden. In other words, I have found a few painters, but no school of painting in America.

It is essential to the glory of the United States that this state of things should be remedied. A people so great should possess every greatness, and to industrial force should be added that glory which the arts are alone capable of affording to a nation.

What are the wider measures to be taken with a view to develop the fine arts in America?

If I had to reply to this question, I should say to the Americans—

“You have in your own land all the necessary elements. Intelligent and gifted men, and beings of artistic temperament, you do not lack. The proof is, that some Americans have, without culture and under the most unfavourable conditions, produced works which are a credit to them. You have money; you have distinguished amateurs and collectors, whose galleries are justly celebrated. Utilise these elements and you will succeed.

“The State—according to the principle advanced by you—ought not to intervene in this reform by subventions. It is therefore necessary you should organise yourselves. In Europe the State merely subventionises a few of the greatest institutions of the capitals. The municipalities actually subventionise theatrical and musical enterprises and museums in the smaller towns. The municipal councils do a great deal for art in France. They occupy themselves not only with theatres and museums, but they often gratuitously educate at Conservatories and Academies young people who show artistic instincts. Imitate this example, and if your municipal councils will not assist you, create for yourselves great societies for the protection of the arts. Have corresponding societies in all the large centres. Reunite the capitals. That would be easy,

and thus private initiative would perform with you the protecting rôle played by the Governments in Europe.

“To raise the tone of dramatic art, and to have stable directors assured against bankruptcy, you must have two scenes for musical and one for dramatic works. Especially, you must have a conservatory, where you will form excellent pupils if you compose the tutorial staff of the right materials; that is to say, by attracting from Europe, and retaining here, artists of merit in the old world. The day when you have permanent theatres and a conservatory organised on the lines I have sketched out, you will have done much for dramatic art, for composers, and for American authors. But you must not be in haste to gather the fruits of your labours. It may be ten, it may be twenty years before you can hope to produce the excellent results you will have a right to expect. But what are twenty years? twenty years to convert your pupils into masters; twenty years when you will no longer be mere tributaries of European art; ten years before the theatres of the old world will come to you to demand your artists, even as to-day you demand theirs.

“What I have said on the subject of theatres applies equally to other branches of art. Form public museums, for it is by visiting museums that men, naturally endowed by art, often discover in themselves the creative faculties which God has given them, or even those faculties of assimilation which often so nearly border on genius. It is by the contemplation of *chefs d'œuvre* that taste is formed and purified.

“Form academies of painting and sculpture, and choose your professors from among the best men in our own academies. Modern masters will not consent to emigrate, but it is necessary to have neither the greatest painters nor the greatest sculptors. There are many others who possess the peculiar qualifications necessary for the work, and it is to them you must address yourselves. Do not spare money. It is on this sole condition that you will form an American school which will figure in the annals of art by the side of the schools of Italy, Holland, Spain, and France.”

In the brief space of a hundred years America has arrived at the apogee of her industrial grandeur. The day will come when this people, who have given so many and admirable proofs of willingness, activity, and perseverance, shall conquer for themselves a rank amongst artistic nations. It should not be long before we see the realisation of this new dream.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESTAURANTS. THREE TYPES OF WAITERS.

THERE are a great many restaurants in New York and in Philadelphia.

At New York, you can dine very comfortably at Brunswick's, who is French; less well at Delmonico's, who is Swiss; and equally well at Hoffman's, who is German. There are also Morelli, who is Italian, and Frascati, who is a Spaniard, and at whose place you may dine at the fixed charge of four shillings a head. I saw a good many other restaurants, where it appeared to me they dined enormously, but I shall not like to have to decide if they dined therewell.

The advantage which the Hotel Brunswick has over Delmonico's, is that the first has an immense saloon, such as we cannot find in Paris.

At Philadelphia, the restaurants which are most in vogue are the French restaurant of Pétry, and the Italian house of Finelli. I do not speak of Verdier, because he is only installed provisionally, and because his *salle-à-manger* is two hours distant from the city, that is to say in the Exhibition itself.

By this it will be seen that there are no American restaurants properly so called. It is a very curious thing, that the Americans hold the hotels, but that the *cuisine* appears to be the exclusive

privilege of foreigners. Nothing is more easy than to make a meal according to the French, Italian, Spanish, or German style. Nothing is more difficult for a foreigner than to obtain an American meal in America.

I have forgotten to speak of the most interesting of all the restaurants, the restaurant *where you eat gratis!*

It is certain that none of our French hosts have yet conceived the idea of throwing open a gratuitous table. In spite of the axiom of Calino, who pretends that by losing money on each article he made a profit on quantities and thereby became rich, neither Bignon, nor Brèbant, has yet given us our dinner for nothing. For this we must come to the land of progress.

At New York, however, several well-known restaurant keepers give the eatables gratis, on the sole condition that the visitor takes some drinkable, which, however, does not cost him more than fivepence. On Sundays, the police forbid the sale of drink at restaurants, and this is all the better for the customer. The lunch is served just the same. I affirm this fact of my personal knowledge, having seen it in practice at the Hotel Brunswick.

And yet they say that living is dear in America.

Nor must it be thought that the repast is composed of frivolous nothings. Here is the *menu* which I copied on my visit to one of these places.

A ham.

An enormous piece of roast beef.

Bacon and beans.

Potato salad.

Olives, gherkins, &c.

Cheese.

Biscuits.

Healthy and abundant nourishment, as you see. In this *menu* the *plat de résistance* is of course the roast beef. Visitors have the right to cut for themselves such slices as they like.

By the side of the bouffet where this gratuitous lunch is placed,

there are a formidable pile of plates, and a mountain of knives and forks, but generally the gentlemen prefer to help themselves to the most succulent morsels with their fingers. There are even some who do not scruple to plunge their hands into the salad. I still shudder when I think of it.

When I expressed my astonishment, and my horror, the master of the house sought to explain matters.

“That sort of thing shocks us far less than it does you. Time is money. And these gentlemen are so pressed for time.”

At both hotels and restaurants the waiters are often a type by themselves. As I have already remarked above, when you arrive at the common room, and sit down at the table which the *maître d'hôtel* assigns you, a waiter will bring you a large glass filled with iced water. You may remain for hours *tête-à-tête* with your glass, without any one taking the smallest notice of you. You call another waiter, and he hands you the *menu*. But you are dying of thirst, and wish to drink anything but water. The waiter places the *menu* on the table, and goes leisurely off to find a third waiter, who at length brings you the wine you have ordered. You believe yourself served. But you are in error. The waiter who brings the bottle has no right to open it, and it is a fourth waiter—at least it was so at the Hotel Brunswick—who has the monopoly of cork drawing. This little *mise-en-scène* was renewed more than once, until one fine day I declared I would not again set foot in the house until they altered this ridiculous state of things.

On the morrow, when I arrived for luncheon, I found the twenty or thirty waiters of the restaurant formed in a row along the passage through which I walked, each man carrying a cork screw in his hand.

Since that time, I abandoned the Hotel Brunswick.

On the first evening of my arrival, I dined at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in my apartment, in company with some friends. As the soup was being served, I heard some whistling. Astonished, I

looked around. I asked, who could whistle while he was eating. But it was not one of my guests, it was the waiter.

My first thought was to silence him by putting him out at the door. I had already risen from my seat, when my friends, who had remarked the same peculiarity, made me a sign to say nothing. We continued the dinner. As to the musician, timid at first, he gained more and more courage. He soon whistled some little *roulades*, and then he indulged in more important melodies. By and bye, his soul was seized with sudden sadness, and he whistled *motifs* which were low and mournful. Presently, without any apparent reason, his spirits rose again, and he whistled the gayest melodies.

When dinner was over I mildly remarked to the waiter, concerning the inconvenience to which he had put us by giving us at table music for which we had not asked.

"Ah, sir," replied he, "I love music, and like to express my impressions. When a dish displeases me, I always whistle mournful tunes. When I like a dish, I whistle the gayest melodies. But when I adore a dish," . . .

"Like the *bombe glacée* just now," I interrupted.

"Monsieur was good enough to remark it. Well, then, I whistle an air from 'La Grande Duchesse.'"

As I did not particularly care to hear any music whistled, I asked the proprietor of the hotel, when he next allowed me to have dinner in my room, not to send a whistling waiter.

The second type of the *genus* waiter was an equally curious one.

It was at Philadelphia that I had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of this original. I arrived at this city at about half-past nine in the evening, and my friends and I were literally famishing of hunger. As soon as we arrived we threw ourselves into a conveyance.

"A good restaurant, if you please?"

"Pétry."

“Drive away then, to Pétry.”

No sooner said than done, and down we sat at the table. We lost not an instant in choosing our dinner.

“Waiter.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Give us at once some good Julienne.”

The waiter made a grimace.

“I do not advise you to try it, sir. The vegetables are rather stale here.”

“Very well, we will pass over the soup, you have some salmon.”

“Oh, salmon. Certainly we have salmon. We have had it a very long time. It is not by any means the first day of that salmon, nor will it be the last.”

“Well, bring us a rumpsteak well beaten.”

“The cook does not do it very well.”

“Some strawberries.”

“They are spoilt.”

“Some cheese.”

“I will go and ask it to walk up. I know it. It will not need any assistance.”

“Waiter, you ought not to decry your master’s goods.”

“I do not like to deceive my customers.”

“If I were M. Pétry, I would kick you out of doors.”

“M. Pétry would not listen to your advice. This is my last night here. I am dismissed.”

At these words he bowed very low, and . . . we supped admirably.

The third variety of the *genus* waiter, and a very exceptional type, is to be found in the waiter, or rather the waiters, who serve at Delmonico’s.

An entrepreneur gave us one evening a supper, to which he had invited the principal artists of his theatre. The repast was charming. But like all good things it had an end. The hour for cigars and conversation had arrived, and we remained in our room smoking

and drinking iced drinks. We did not require the waiters any longer, but I remarked with surprise that one of them still remained in the room very close to us, and evidently listened to what we were talking about. Not myself being Amphytrion, I did not pretend to notice it. As to the other guests, they did not appear to observe this strange behaviour.

At the end of the supper, and before we separated, I in my turn invited the manager and artists who formed the company to come to sup with me at the same restaurant on another evening.

On this occasion, the same conduct was repeated. The waiter came to us after the supper. I observed him with more attention, and I noticed that he cast his eye around the table, fixedly regarding each person present. When this was over he went out, but only to return a few moments afterwards to resume his examination, and promenade. He was about to retire again, when I stopped him.

“Waiter, several times you have entered without being called. We do not require you again.”

“Pardon, sir,” he replied, “but it is by express order of Mr. Delmonico, that we enter each saloon and private room every five minutes.”

“Is Mr. Delmonico connected then with the police, that he wishes to hear what his customers are talking about?”

“I have no idea, sir. All I know is that Mr. Delmonico has placed me at the door, and that I have only obeyed the letter of my instructions.”

“Does Mr. Delmonico fancy we want to appropriate his forks and spoons, or that we are capable of forgetting our good manners in his famous restaurant. I will tell you one thing, my good man. It is now half-past one o'clock in the morning. We intend to remain here until seven o'clock. If you wish to obey the orders of your master, you will have to pay us sixty-six visits.”

“Very well, sir, I will do so.”

I need not add that having thus given vent to our indignation, we

did not execute our project. We departed a little before two o'clock, swearing in no measured terms that we would not sup again at Delmonico's.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LADIES. THE INTRODUCTION. THE PARK.

WOMEN, and even young girls, enjoy in America the greatest liberty. I have a notion that when Lafayette fought for American liberty he had in view the ladies of the United States, as they alone are truly free in free America.

My collaborators, Meilhac and Halévy, say in "La Vie Parisienne" that only Parisiennes know how to go out on foot. But they had not seen the ladies of America going, coming, trotting, getting out of the way of the vehicles, lifting their dresses with the gesture of nature's coquette, and discovering their exquisite ankles with an art all their own.

I most willingly confess there are no women more *séduisantes* than the ladies of America. Amongst them there is beauty in a proportion wholly unknown in Paris. Out of a hundred women ninety are perfectly ravishing.

None know better than themselves the secret of the costumier's art. Their toilets are worn in perfect taste, and the costumes themselves are truly elegant: some of the best models turned out by the house of Worth.

I only criticise one thing in their costumes: it is a pocket placed a little above the knee, and at the right of which the *châtelaine* hangs. This pocket is used for only one thing, to carry the handkerchief, and from a little distance the white *mouchoir* peeping from the pocket, appears to the foreigner as though the dress were torn.

All the American ladies whom I met carry their purses in their hands, so that the pickpockets—of whom there are as many in New York as there are in Paris—may have no temptation to feel in their pockets.

It is no unusual thing to see a young girl, at midday, enter one of the elegant restaurants, and take her lunch with the tranquility of an old European bachelor. Others wait at the corner of Fifth Avenue, or elsewhere, for the carriages in which they intend to take a drive in Central Park.

It will appear a strange thing to the depraved Parisian who loves to follow women, to know that no one in New York, nor in any other town of the United States, would dream of looking back at a young American girl, still less of addressing a word to her, or of offering her the shelter of an umbrella.

In order to offer an umbrella, with or without its owner's heart, a previous presentation or "introduction," as it is called here, is absolutely necessary.

But I do not believe that the formalities of introduction are so very terrible, or so very difficult to fulfil. In default of a mutual friend, or a relation, an advertisement in the *New York Herald* will suffice.

I have spoken just now of Central Park. This promenade is the rendezvous of the elegant world, but it resembles the Bois de Boulogne in no respect.

A large rocky plain, happily concealed under a carpet of green turf carefully kept, some clumps of fine trees, one or two sheets of water, and some magnificent roadways: this is the Rotten Row of New York. Each day may be seen a defile of carriages, more numerous than at any Italian *Corso*. And such carriages! The coach-builders of New York appear to have applied their energies to the invention of the most eccentric vehicles. All of them, more or less, approach two principal types. The one, extremely heavy, is a species of middle-sized landau, a massive coach, or a monster berlin, which will comfortably accommodate a great many people,

under the most satisfactory conditions. But what a miserable appearance, and how ugly to the sight are these rolling houses ! A large window is placed at the side of the coach, and is closed by a curtain which is always torn.

The other type is, on the contrary, of a surprising lightness. It is composed of a miniature box, with or without a hood and capable of holding one or two persons at the most, and rolling on four large wheels, so thin and slender that they give to the carriage the appearance of a great spider. The "buggy," as it is called, often has the hood down, but as it is pierced on all sides, it always seems to be in tatters, and has the most miserable appearance. It is no rare sight to see young girls, who mix in the best society, driving a pair of horses in these light equipages, without any sort of escort.

The first time I saw the Park, I was accompanied by an American who was well-known in New York, and at each step he came across some of his friends. I remarked that he bowed very low to some people, while to others he merely made the motion of touching his hat. I asked an explanation of this, and he replied with the greatest seriousness—

"That gentleman whom I have just saluted so respectfully, is a man very well known in New York society, and he is worth a million of dollars. The other who is passing now, is not worth a hundred thousand, and he is much less sought after than the first. I therefore salute him with less ceremony. This is the difference we observe in America, where we recognise only the aristocracy of labour, and that of the almighty dollar."

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICAN LIBERTY.

AMERICA is above all things the land of liberty. You cannot, it is true, dig a hole in the ground* without deranging all the governmental hierarchy, but on the other hand you can walk about freely, marry freely, and eat freely. But I have one unfortunate exception to make in the midst of this land of universal liberty. There are days when you are not allowed to drink freely.

One Sunday, after I had conducted my orchestra, the weather was very hot, and I rushed to a bar to get a glass of beer.

The master of the establishment looked at me with an air of curiosity.

"Impossible, sir, I have no more waiters."

"How, sir. What have you done with all your people?"

"All my waiters are in prison for having served my customers in defiance of the law."

"Is it forbidden then to drink on Sunday?"

"Expressly forbidden."

I went on to the Hotel Brunswick, and bravely ordered "a sherry-cobler."

"I regret, sir, to be obliged to refuse you, but the law is strict, and for a very good reason. All my waiters have been arrested."

"But I am dying of thirst."

"The only thing I am allowed to serve you with is a soda."

Thus it was all over the city of New York. On that Sunday were arrested no less than 300 waiters, who had dared to serve

* The man who dug the hole in which were to be erected the foundations of the statue of "Liberty illuminating the world," presented by the French to the Americans, is said to have been by error taken into custody by a stupid policeman, who insisted that the man of art was committing a trespass.

their customers with beer. It was fortunate the authorities did not also carry off the customers who had ordered the refreshments.

But what a singular idea of liberty !

Nor in America has a man the right to kill himself.

A drunkard attempted to hang himself, but he bungled the business, and when after some hours (*sic*) he was cut down he was still alive. As soon as he had recovered his senses, he was carried before a judge, who sentenced him to six months' imprisonment. Ordinarily the punishment is only three months. But the man had a double dose because it was his second offence of the same nature. For a third offence the punishment is death.

To be allowed to shorten one's life the previous permission of the government is necessary.

The negroes have been emancipated. A fine and pompous reform. The good blacks are free and more than free. You will see why.

The cars and other public vehicles are absolutely interdicted to them. To the theatres they are not admitted under any pretext. And they are only received at the restaurants as waiters. Thus you see

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,

reign supreme in the United States.

It may be thought that only the negroes are not allowed a desirable freedom, but the idea would be erroneous.

The proprietor of the Cataract Hotel at Niagara, inserted in the papers an advertisement which ran—

“Being in a perfectly free country, and having the right to do what I please in my own house, I decree.

“One and all. From and after to-day, Jews will not be permitted in my hotel.”

It is not perhaps out of place to add that this liberal innkeeper was compelled at the end of two years to close his establishment for lack of customers.

When I arrived at Philadelphia, I devoted the first Sunday I had free to a visit to the Exhibition. I found the palace shut.

Shopkeepers were forbidden to expose their goods for sale on Sundays. In the evening I took a fancy into my head to go to the theatre. Closed, like all the concerts, just as in New York.

The only day of the week which belongs to the workman is Sunday. He could then make use of his ten hours' holiday, in instruction and pleasure, to perfect himself in his trade by examining the fine products exhibited by the greatest firms in both worlds. But the Exhibition is closed. Again he could on Sundays amuse himself and raise his spirits by assisting at the representation of some good piece. But it is precisely on that day, that the Exhibition, the theatres and concerts are closed. If anybody should be cared for, it is certainly the working man. After his rough labour of the week, he has need of repose for body and mind. If he take a walk with his family, he is not allowed to quench his thirst with a glass of beer. What then does he do? While his wife and children have gone to church or for a walk, he remains at home *tête-à-tête* with a bottle of whiskey.

The liberty of work, of invention, and of sale are enormous in America. The inconveniences which result from them are also enormous.

When an idea enters the head of an American, he at once hastens to put it in practice. I will note, for example, the rapid development of the car system, which dethroned the omnibuses in less than no time. Now the cars are all the fashion. Tramways are everywhere. The size of the street will not allow of any more rails on the ground, so an inventor has imagined an acrian railway. A fine idea, but one which it is difficult to realise.

There is one day in the year when America enjoys unlimited liberty. It is the 4th July, the anniversary of the declaration of independence.

Everything is permitted on that day, and heaven only knows how the Americans profit by the latitude which is allowed them. In one case narrated in the newspapers, fireworks caught the dress of a young girl who was passing along the street and she was terribly

burnt. During a pyrotechnic exhibition in City Hall Park, a bomb exploded in the midst of the spectators, and five people were seriously injured. A list was given of forty-nine persons—mostly children—who were injured during the day, or in the course of the evening of the 4th July. Some had lost an eye, and others a hand. Some had accidentally wounded themselves by firearms, and there were several cases of falling out of window. Lastly, nineteen persons were wounded by pistol shots, but by whom the shots were fired remains unknown. Charity bids us believe that the unknown were only bunglers.

At Washington there was a grand fête. The rowdy element was in the ascendant, and during the night four murders were committed; all the result of drunkenness. Many persons too visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, but unhappily even this sacred spot was not exempt from disorder and bloodshed. Several drunkards were stabbed at the tomb of the founder of the American Nation, and the papers add characteristically, "No one has been arrested."

By these examples an idea can be formed of the large number of accidents, fires, and deaths which the fêtes of the 4th July produce all over the States.

For myself, I must confess that these excesses lead me all the more to appreciate our detestable European Governments. Our own rulers prohibit those "liberties" which endanger life, and they cause us to be protected by our gendarmes. I have seen the effects of this unlimited liberty. I prefer our police.

CHAPTER X.

CORPORATIONS AND SOCIETIES.

ONE of the most favourite crochets of the Americans, is to confederate and found societies *à propos* of everything, and *à propos* of

nothing, and under no matter what name. Any pretext is good enough for the purpose. Thus corporations abound in the United States. To enumerate them all, would fill a volume. Amongst the most important can be instanced, the Temperance Societies, the Freemasons, the Society of Old (query Odd) Fellows, that of the Great Republic, that of Fat Men, that of Lean Men, &c.

A simple authorisation from the Mayor is sufficient to permit a Society to make a manifestation of its strength by a triumphal march through the streets. The association on its march has a right to every respect. Omnibuses, cars, cabs, and all vehicles, are compelled to stop and allow it to pass.

I have assisted at some of the parades of these societies, and I have seen as they marched past that *insignia* of honour, decorations, ribbons of all colours, scarves of all shades, and even feathers played a very great part in the business. The Americans love this sort of thing. As the Government have not instituted any orders, the Americans decorate themselves. Regiments can be cited which, in the great Civil war, created decorations which they bestowed on one another.

American Societies, when they turn out on the march, think it necessary to their dignity to make some noise in the world. For the most part they affect music by military bands. But what music!

I saw at Philadelphia one of these societies on the march. Flags, banners, costumes, chariots, everything was *en règle* as in a procession in an extravaganza. Indeed, there was an amount of luxurious decoration which was astounding, and the good taste displayed by each military band was remarkable. There were altogether about a dozen musicians playing *cornets-à-pistons* and trombones, and who marched in a mass in two ranks. The *chef d'orchestre* placed himself in the middle of the band and played the clarinet. Lastly there came the triangle, the cymbals, and the big drum. Judge for yourself what strange harmony these sixteen musicians and their conductor produced. But I was the most

astonished by the big drum, which was played by a gentleman who beat his instrument in the most uncompromising manner, but who appeared to be chiefly careful to hold it in a horizontal position. The explanation was easy. In black letters, on a white ground, there was on that big drum the advertisement of the patent pills of an enterprising chemist.

CHAPTER XI.

PUFFERY.

THE advertisement on the big drum impels me to say a word about puffery, as it exists and is practised in the United States.

Everybody knows that the Americans are adepts in the art of advertisement, but it is necessary to visit the country, and to pass through the great cities, the small boroughs, and even the most uncivilised places, to know the extent to which the Americans carry their passion.

I met one day in New York two young men who walked up and down the street with placards on their backs.

Great Sale of Sewing Machines.

No.—Broadway.

Was this a joke? Nothing of the sort. These gentlemen walked seriously enough. Everybody who saw them laughed and looked again. The advertisers had gained their point.

Advertisements of all kinds are to be found everywhere. There is not a flag hung out of a window that is not disfigured by a puff. The streets are here and there surmounted by great triumphal arches, which have no other use than to give notice of some approaching sale. The walls are placarded all over with bills. Mustard merchants print their names and addresses on the very

paving stones. It rains prospectuses in the omnibuses, without taking into consideration the placards affixed to the interior.

Sozodont—This is a word I saw everywhere, and of the meaning of which I was entirely ignorant. It was certainly an advertisement. An American would have asked what it signified. But like a true Frenchman I did not trouble myself any more about it.

However, while travelling by railway, I mechanically read on a telegraph post, "*Only cure for rheumatism.*" Neither more nor less. It may have been because I knew some rheumatic patients, or because of the strangeness of the announcement, but at any rate, in spite of myself, I watched the telegraph posts. A mile further on, I came across the announcement again, but always innocent of the name of the maker, and so on for ten miles. At the end of the eleventh mile, to my great joy, I read the name and address of the salesman, and I almost wanted to stop the train to buy some of the medicine. Verily, the American advertisement plays upon the brain of a man, like a musician does upon a piano.

When night approaches, they advertise on the gas lamps by electric lights and by petroleum. The magic lantern has even been adopted as an instrument of publicity.

Men walk about adorned with paper caps, bearing inscriptions on all sides.

A car horse falls with fatigue, after having carried fifty people all the way. A boy immediately comes forward and ties to its tail a placard bearing the words,

Gargling Oil.

Good for Man and Beast.

I found this same advertisement even at the Falls of Niagara.*

* M. Offenbach omits to mention that in connection with this advertisement a practical joke was played upon him. He was told the name was that of a very fine hotel at Niagara. When therefore he left the train, Offenbach insisted on being driven to the Gargling Oil Hotel, which was so accommodating "for both man and beast," and when the coachman laughingly protested his ignorance of the whereabouts of the inn, Offenbach insisted the driver was a tout for some other hotel, and that the man wanted to cheat him.

This sort of puffery is carried even to improbability. Here is what I read in the American papers apropos of a concert on the 9th July, at Gilmore's Gardens.

GREAT SACRED CONCERT IN HONOUR OF
THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

*And last appearance in public of his Majesty Don Pedro precious
his departure for Europe.*

The words, Emperor of Brazil, were printed in large type, as if His Majesty were a great vocalist or a "lion comique." The manager would probably like to tell the public—

"The Emperor of Brazil, seized with a sudden indisposition, requests your indulgence and asks for your patience."

Or—

"The Emperor of Brazil having been attacked with a sore throat, requests the audience to excuse his appearance to-night."

The public it is presumed would, in that case, have a right to a return of the money they paid at the door.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RACES.

I WENT to the races at Jerome Park. The course on which the steeple chases are run is a continuation of Central Park, which I have described in a previous chapter. It belongs to a rich banker:—Mr. de Belmont.

It cannot be expected that I can speak of the races in the technicalities used by a sporting journalist. I am not acquainted with the special language of the turf, and indeed, I hardly know the correct interpretation of the term "starter."

All I can say is, that I saw Jerome Park, with its exceedingly

muddy course, and that I was present at the races. There were many horses, many jockeys, many ladies, and many gentlemen. If the horses seemed to me to be a little too fat, the jockeys seemed to be a trifle too lean. I affirm nothing. All I can say is that a horse and a jockey always came in first, and that the gentlemen who had won were joyful, while those who had lost were despondent.

It appeared to me also that the people lacked enthusiasm. The finish of a race, the approach of a block of seven or eight horses, always excite in France and England cries, acclamations, and hurrahs. During some seconds everybody appears to be seized with a vertigo of speed, caused by the attraction of the affair or by the excitement of betting. Our most experienced sportsmen cannot see the decisive moment arrive without manifesting some concern, and without showing the interest they have in the struggle for the first place.

In America we see nothing of this. The start and the finish cause a little warmth, but this is soon suppressed and is succeeded by an icy silence.

The noise, the bravos, and the cheers which invest Longchamps and Chantilly with gaiety and life are wholly wanting at Jerome Park.

As I had not the smallest interest in the race itself, I had time to look about me and to observe, and I assisted at a little scene which was at once curious and characteristic.

Between two races a gentleman walked quietly up and down the course. Suddenly I saw at his waistcoat a slight wreath of blue smoke, and his coat was soon in flames. This gentleman had a cigar light in his pocket.

"You are on fire," was cried on all sides.

The flames now reached his waist, but with the *sang froid* of a true Yankee the gentleman sought before everything to save his pocket book. Happily at the moment when the flames had reached his coat, several policemen threw themselves upon him

and tore off his burning clothes. The gentleman went away in his shirt sleeves, thanking the police and the public for the kind attention they had shown him.

I have already said with what taste the charming ladies of America dress, and I have only to repeat my assertion. They brought out for the races their freshest and most elegant toilets, and I need hardly say that the course adorned by the presence of the beauties of America, was ravishing.

In admitting with pleasure the good taste of the pretty girls of America, I regret I cannot pass a similar compliment upon the men. The latter affect on all occasions a costume which, if not the most simple, is at any rate the most *négligée*. At the theatre, at concerts, everywhere is to be seen the same dress, those frightful "tourist suits," such as we affect in the country, or at the sea-side. The round hat is a tradition. It is also true that the most distinguished men are not ashamed to go out for the evening or to a dinner party, with the most elegant women on their arm, and always with the soft and grotesquely effective head covering.

For example, many of them wear at all hours of the day and night a white tie. From six o'clock in the morning the Yankee hangs round his neck a piece of the finest cambric, and he never relinquishes the ceremonious white cravat, which accompanied by the *négligée* costume creates so strange a contrast.

One thing very astonishing to foreigners is to see that all the Americans have under the flap of the coat and near the middle a very marked protuberance. It is here that an American gentleman carries his revolver.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

THE newspapers wield in America a far greater influence than they possess in Europe. But we must not conclude that the press is more free in the new world than in the old. In France it is the government which manages and controls the journals. In America the religious sects and political coteries exercise their tyranny over editors. The latter, it must be said, submit themselves readily enough to this servitude, and have even learned how to make conditions.

Knowing the members of the staff of the chief French papers, I paid a visit to the offices of the principal newspapers of New York. They all have immense offices of grand construction, and in these palaces of the American press, there is a continual coming and going, like the agitation of a laborious beehive.

At New York, as at Paris, the papers have chosen for their offices, houses in the most lively part of the city. To be well and quickly informed they must necessarily be in close proximity with the centre of business, and to the populous quarter. It is therefore in Broadway that the great American press has chosen its home.

The offices are easy enough to find. If it be during the day that you seek a newspaper office, lift your head, see which is the tallest house, and enter rashly. It is there. To cite an example, the *New York Tribune* has a house of nine storeys.

If it be night, open your eyes. The edifice which is the most brilliantly lit up, and which illuminates all the surrounding neighbourhood, is precisely the one you seek. In the well-lighted rooms, the journalists are at work. We sometimes in France figuratively call a journal a "lighthouse." In America lighthouse is the proper term for it.

When you penetrate into the interior of the newspaper office you

will find little left to be desired. The telegraph, by means of one of those apparatuses of which I have already spoken, is of course carried into the house, animating everything by its perpetual tremolo. The composing rooms, the stereotyping and the printing departments, are marvellously stocked with tools.

It will, however, be as well to give more details about the chief papers of New York.

We will commence by the *New York Herald*.

This paper was founded thirty years ago by Mr. James Gordon Bennett.

The circulation is now about 70,000 a day. Each of its issues is composed according to circumstances of 8, 16, or 24 pages. Its size of sheet is about a quarter larger than that of the London *Times*. As in America very small type is used, a great deal of news, articles, and advertisements, can be crowded into a heavy number of the *New York Herald*. To speak only of the advertisements,—the average in this paper is twenty-eight columns a day, and that during the off season. When business increases, the number of the advertisement columns often reaches sixty. The price for an insertion varies between two shillings and four shillings a line.

The publicity, information, and circulation of the *New York Herald* make it the leading paper of the United States. No one can have an idea of the large staff which is engaged in the administration of a paper of this importance. Seventy compositors, twenty men for the presses, twenty in the offices, and a legion of boys. These are for the purely manual work, and without reckoning the porters and salesmen.

The *New York Herald* has naturally a numerous editorial staff distributed throughout all quarters of the globe. Amongst its oldest writers, I shall cite Mr. Cooney, a musical critic of great talent.

The most interesting personage of the paper is, there is no doubt, Mr. Bennett, Junior, who is at the same time director and proprietor. I have devoted some space to him in my "Portraits."

After the *New York Herald* comes the *New York Times*. It has 40,000 subscribers. Its opinions and its literary excellence, have given it the greatest influence with the public. It was founded by Messrs. Raymond, Jones, and Wesley.

Mr. Raymond, a very distinguished statesman, held the editorship-in-chief until his death. Mr. Jennings, of the *London Times*, succeeded him. The actual principal proprietor is now Mr. Jones, who wields an enormous influence. He firmly maintains the exalted traditions of the house, and the paper is celebrated amongst all the American journals for the purity and elegance of its style.

To remain faithful to its past, it would be impossible to choose for chief editor a writer more distinguished than Mr. Foord, nor a musical and dramatical critic more competent than Mr. Schwab.

The *New York Times* is printed by Walter presses, by which two men can throw off 15,000 to 17,000 copies an hour.

The *New York Tribune*. Founded by Horace Greeley, the philanthropist and eminent journalist, and one of the most determined enemies of slavery. A candidate for the Presidency in 1872, Mr. Greeley was unhappily defeated. He died of grief on account of this check.

The *Tribune* is really a tribune open to the apostles of new theories. At the present time it is engaged in a very vigorous campaign in favour of the rights of woman. Always well edited, this paper has lost a little of its influence since it became the property of Mr. Jay Gould, the old associate of Colonel Fisk. Its musical critic is Mr. Hassard, a violent Wagnerite. Its dramatic critic, Mr. Winter, is an excellent and most sympathetic journalist.

The *World*, the democratic organ, has a circulation of 12,000 to 15,000, and its editor-in-chief is Mr. Hurlbut. Mr. Hurlbut has travelled a great deal, and has seen and remembers much. A most accomplished man and a writer of merit, Mr. Hurlbut has only one fault in the eye of his *confrères*; that is to say he is a

little changeable in his political opinions. Is it well to resist the fashion of the times? The musical critic of the *World* is Mr. Wheeler, a *feuilletoniste* of spirit.

The *Sun*, of the editor and proprietor of which I forget the name. He is a journalist of the first order, speaking all languages, and is excellent in condensing small news and little scandals. This paper is sold at a penny instead of twopence, and its circulation is 120,000.

Continuing the account of the press, we arrive at the evening papers.

The *Evening Post* is edited by Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the great American poet. In opinions it is Republican, and its circulation is considerable.

The *Advertiser Evening Telegram*, is distinguished from all the other papers, in that it is continually publishing new editions. It is always in composition, always on the press, always on sale. As soon as fresh news arrives, another edition is brought out. And news is constantly arriving every hour of the day.

The *New York Herald* publishes this flying sheet.

Amongst the foreign papers published in New York, I must mention the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*. It has been in existence forty years. It owes its first prosperity to M. Frédéric Gaillardet, who sold it to M. Charles Lassalle. M. Lassalle is still its proprietor, its editor being M. Léon Meunier. *Le Courrier des Etats-Unis* is edited with care, and it is a very popular paper. Its critic is M. Charles Villa.

Le Messager Franco-Américain is a daily paper, and it has been in existence ten years. Its principles are ultra-republican; its proprietor is M. de Mavil, and its editor-in-chief, M. Louis Cortambert.

The *Staats Zeitung* is printed in German. Its director is Herr Oswald Ollendorf, an Austrian by birth and a political writer who has lived twenty-five years in America. This paper, which is very complete and very well written, has a great influence in poli-

ties. It occupies, opposite the *Times*, a large house which Herr Ollendorf has built. The circulation is 25,000 to 30,000.

The *Staats Zeitung* was founded some thirty years ago by Frau Uhl, a woman of rare energy. Its commencement was rather modest. As in the case of the *Herald*, when the paper was first started the proprietor often served in the shop.

Besides these papers should also be mentioned the Associated Press, which is a society of reporters, like the European Reuter or the Havas agency.

The reporters deserve special mention. These gentlemen, who number about forty for each paper, have to contribute accounts of accidents, crimes, &c. They wait at the Central Police office, and are in communication by telegraph with all the stations, so that events may be reported without delay. Two or three of them are told off to report the proceedings in the law courts. Fifteen or so are kept day and night at the newspaper office, and are sent to different quarters of the city by the manager of the paper. They know all familiar faces, and are expert in telegraphy. By the aid of telegraphic apparatus they can give an account of an event which happens a thousand miles away, and it arrives with such celerity that the paper can have five or six columns in small type next morning on the speech, the crime, or the accident which is thus reported.

CHAPTER XIV.

SKETCHES OF CELEBRITIES.

UP to the present I have confined myself to American matters and manners. When I wished to speak of persons I was compelled to adopt an impersonal designation, and to talk of "an original" or "a pretty woman." But to afford my readers a more complete and

more exact idea of the Americans, I must give them some pen and ink sketches of celebrities.

I hope that this contemporary gallery will procure for those who read this book as much pleasure as I have found in seeing and knowing the originals.

MR. BENNETT.

Mr. Bennett is the son of the celebrated James Gordon Bennett, who thirty years ago founded the *New York Herald*.

The *New York Herald* now produces for its proprietor an income of £80,000 a year, a result which it need hardly be said speaks well for the high ability of James Gordon Bennett.

Mr. Bennett, the son, is thirty years of age, and by the good-fortune which should only exist in hereditary monarchies, he succeeded his father in all his possessions.

In physique he is a perfect gentleman, tall, dark, and pale, and perfectly well bred. Like all those who work and possess much, his glance is cold, but it is gentle enough if some impression occurs to enlighten it.

The proprietor of the *Herald* has certainly full knowledge of the position of a man who takes a high place in the world. He commands an army of faithful correspondents, brave and devoted men, always ready at the smallest sign to start for the other end of the world. He possesses all over the globe as many correspondents as a great power has consuls, and the telegrams he sends and receives number over a thousand a day. By these means no important event can happen in any part of the world without its being a few hours afterwards duly chronicled in his paper.

It was Mr. Bennett who threw a million (of francs) to the winds to discover news of the unfortunate Livingstone, and we all remember the sympathetic curiosity which accompanied his reporter, Mr. Stanley, who, sent out with a hundred others, had the good fortune to arrive first.

This remarkable aptitude to place his business in the proper

train, helps every day to solidify and augment the reputation of his paper.

In the midst of his large and absorbing business, Mr. Bennett however finds time for some hours of pleasure. He loves Paris dearly, and speaks French as well as any native of the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

One day he took it into his head to cross the Atlantic to England in a yacht. This peculiar fancy made a great sensation and produced many imitators. Two other yachts, indeed, left America at the same time, but the hero of the *Herald* arrived first.

Mr. Bennett loves gaiety, and the profusion at his fêtes and receptions recalls the best days of the old lords of the last century.

On one of his estates he has a model stud, and he often gives races, to which are invited the best gentlemen riders of the States, the master of the house finding the horses.

Add to this a man of perfect good taste, and you will have some idea of one of the most interesting individuals of the New World.

MR. MANAGER MAURICE GRAU

Is a very young man. He is at most twenty-eight years old, although he looks forty. Incessant work, worries of all sorts, astounding activity, and pre-occupation every moment of his life have made him prematurely old. He has led a life of feverish excitement, remarkable even in America. He has already won and lost five or six fortunes. A millionaire one day, he is without money the next. In this there is nothing extraordinary. Maurice Grau has often managed five theatres at one time, an Italian opera in New York, a French theatre at Chicago, an operetta house at San Francisco, an English dramatic theatre in the Havannah, and a Spanish comic opera house in Mexico.

It is he who brought to America Rubinstein, the famous pianist.

What a tour he had! Two hundred concerts in less than six months. Sometimes two a day.

At this moment Maurice Grau is managing the troupe of Madlle. Aimée. He is also in treaty with Rossi. The great Italian tragedian was expected to arrive in the course of two months, and to travel a year with the able impresario.

CONDUCTOR THEODORE THOMAS.

From that of a simple violin player, and not by any means one of the best in the orchestra of the New York opera house, Theodore Thomas has raised himself to the position he now occupies. He has thrown aside the fiddlestick and has taken the bâton of the *chef d'orchestre*. To distinguish himself from other conductors, he had the good idea to create a speciality by propagating the works of Wagner.

He is still a young man. To render him justice, he has managed to form an excellent orchestra. To this end he went the best way to work. Little by little, he attached to himself the best musicians in America, and he continues to pay them at a very high rate. He can always count on the assistance of executants of the first order, and of men who never leave him. By these means his orchestra has become remarkable above all others for a truly marvellous *ensemble*.

As a conductor, Thomas hardly appeared to me to merit his high reputation. He conducts carelessly. I have seen him at the head of his musicians, leading the so-called light music of Rossini, Auber, Verdi, and Hérold without any sort of fire or spirit.

When by chance he wishes to show a little energy, he conducts with both arms at once, just like a large bird in the act of flying. One thing is to be particularly noticed: his sincere affection for the music of the director of the Conservatoire of Paris—our excellent friend Ambroise Thomas. It is rare that a piece by the author of "Mignon" is not to be found in his programmes.

Three-fourths of the time the public believe that it is the *chef d'orchestre* Thomas, who should be accorded the honour of the work.

However, if Theodore Thomas be not a conductor of the first order, he has at least considerable and very genuine merit. He deserves the credit of having so admirably formed his orchestra, and of having aided in the propagation of classical music in America.

MARETZEK.

Born in Italy of Hungarian parents, and resident for a long time in New York. About fifty years old. He has intelligence, candour, and good breeding, and is very popular with the Americans.

Sometimes in the capacity of director, sometimes in that of conductor, he has been connected with nearly all the troupes which have played Italian opera in the United States. When times were bad as director, he became conductor. But as he is very much liked, he was soon placed again in the possession of funds, and set out to form a fresh troupe, and to become once more a manager.

I cannot speak of his merit as manager because I have never seen him at his work, but I can affirm that he is an excellent conductor, and that he also composes some charming music.

Maretzek now conducts the concerts at Offenbach gardens at Philadelphia, but you may be sure that in about three months' time he will lay down the bâton and take some sort of management.

WEBER.

Weber is by birth a German, but a naturalised American, and he has lived in the States for twenty years.

I paid a visit to his piano factory, and found it a magnificent building. The master of the house did the honours with a perfect

good grace. He is a charming man, with a sympathetic figure, and a frank and open countenance. Whether he is a descendant of his famous namesake, Carl Maria von Weber, I cannot say. I forgot to ask him. But in any case, even as the composer was master of his art, so the American Weber is master of his. His pianos are very much sought after all over the States.

MORA.

Mora is at the head of the photographers of New York, and he has a superb establishment. This *clientèle* is the most agreeable imaginable. Before his camera all the prettiest American girls come to pose themselves. They are right, as (if it were possible) Mora is clever enough to make them appear still more beautiful than they actually are.

MARA

Is a miniaturist. His speciality is the colouring of photographs and in making of them veritable miniatures.

A SENATOR.

I met in New York a personage who had raised himself from a very low position to the rank of a senator, solely by the strength of his arm. This is no figure of speech. He was a simple labourer, but being gifted with Herculean strength, he renounced the plough to become a pugilist, and from within the ropes he passed to the higher chamber.

John Morrissey is a young man, very big and admirably proportioned. His nose is still slightly smashed, and he considers it a glorious souvenir of a memorable fight.

After having gained some money by fighting the "Rampart of Cincinnati," and the "Terrible porter of Chicago," the pugilist retired and started two gambling houses, one in New York and one in Chicago. Fortune comes quickly in an enterprise of this sort, and the ex-prizefighter is now worth a formidable sum in

dollars. His large fortune soon made him popular, and he found no difficulty in being elected to the Senate.

In reading this story, it may perhaps be thought that the Senator has some roughness, if not absolute brutality in his manner. But this is quite an error. He is a very mild and courteous gentleman, speaking to everybody with much taste and tact.

In France, Harpin, called the "Rempart de Lyon," would have some difficulty, in spite of the curious times in which we live, in gaining admittance to Parliament. But it comes to the same thing in the end, as more than once our Assemblies have been transformed into arenas where the combat is not always courteous.

CHAPTER XV.

Philadelphia.

THE CITY. FAIRMOUNT PARK.

ARRIVED in Philadelphia! It is eleven o'clock in the evening. I have put up at the Continental Hotel, a reproduction of the New York Fifth Avenue Hotel. Moreover, it is a fashionable place, for, as I arrive, the Americans are giving a dinner to the Emperor of Brazil, who also lives here.

In my apartment I hear distant strains of music, not particularly harmonious. They are playing "Orphée aux Enfers." Is it in honour of the departure of Don Pedro or of my arrival? It must be one or the other. Or else they are playing during dinner.

The next day at 10 o'clock I went downstairs to the dining room to breakfast. An exact repetition of the New York repast. However, there is one thing which gives a peculiar and curious aspect

to the room. All the waiters are negroes or mulattos. To be admitted as a servant in this hotel you must have a pot of blacking on your face.

The dining room is immense, and it is truly wonderful to see thirty tables, great and small, occupied for the most part by very pretty women in *grande toilette*, and around whom hover forty or fifty negroes. The negroes are fine men, but the mulattos have superb heads. I have an idea that Alexandre Dumas did not spend a bad time in this country, as the portrait of our great novelist is very prettily reproduced here.

Soon after breakfast I went out to look at the Exhibition. But I forgot it was Sunday. On the Sabbath the Exhibition is closed, the houses and restaurants are closed, in fact everything is closed in this joyous city. I met some people coming out of Church with their Bibles and funereal vestments. If you unhappily sigh on Sunday they regard you with flaming eyes, but if you have the misfortune to laugh they arrest you.

The streets are superb, of a size which the Boulevard Haussmann might envy. To the right and left are the houses of red brick, with window frames of white marble. From time to time we come across a prettier little building, while churches swarm. The charming *Philadelphiennes* probably have much need of pardon, though I did not observe any very great wickedness.

A new City Hall has recently been built of white marble, and it cost, they say, over eight million pounds sterling.

My two friends and I hardly knew how to spend our Sunday. We were advised to go to Indian Rock in Fairmount Park. It takes two hours to reach the place, but it is all through the Park. The Philadelphians are fond of this immense garden, and they are right, for it is well-nigh impossible to imagine anything prettier or more picturesque. Here and there are little chalets, peeping from amongst the branches, rivers serpentine under the trees, pretty valleys, shady ravines, and superb woods.

From time to time are seen along the road restaurants and

cabarets full of people. The men, according to the American custom, were lounging in rocking or other chairs, and with their feet on some object above their heads. All had before them large glasses of red, green, or yellow lemonade. Strong drinks are forbidden, and on Sundays we are kept to non-intoxicants. The law cannot, however, be equal for all, as a carriage driven by two natives who were absolutely drunk—I do not suppose they became in that state through drinking lemonade—made five or six ineffectual attempts to upset us. These dubious observers of the Sabbath passed and repassed us, as though they wanted to stick to us.

On arriving at Indian Rock, our driver descended gravely from his seat and with no less gravity took the reins of the horse driven by the two drunkards.

He requested these gentlemen to get out of their carriage. They refused. Then a policeman gravely enough mounted the vehicle, and lifting one of them he threw him into the arms of another policeman, who received him with the greatest politeness. When once the man was on the ground, the policeman gravely took the reins and drove the other off. They did not exchange twelve words. It was all done silently, gravely, and methodically.

CHAPTER XVI.

OFFENBACH GARDEN.

THE Establishment where I had to give my concerts, was a covered garden newly constructed on the model of Gilmore's Garden, but on a smaller scale. A similar platform, similar cascade, similar Niagara, similar coloured glasses, and similar rustic private boxes. So much for resemblances, but what gave me the greatest pleasure was that I had at Philadelphia nearly

the same musicians as I conducted at New York. They were, it is true, fewer—seventy-five instead of a hundred and ten—as the place was smaller. They asked my permission to call it “Offenbach Garden,” and I could not refuse.

Offenbach Garden was as fortunate for me as Gilmore’s Garden had been. The same enthusiasm, the same encores, and the same brilliant concerts. On the morrow of each performance, each newspaper acclaimed my praise. Only one paper offered me a reproach; to which I was very sensitive. In speaking of my person, my bearing, my black coat, black trowsers, and white tie, the critic thought fit to observe that I wore pearl grey gloves. The remark was true. I ought to admit in all humility that I only wore white gloves four times in my life; once as a “best man,” once on the day of my marriage, and twice more on the marriages of two of my children.

I have already said that on Sundays concerts are no more permitted than are other entertainments. One fine day, the proprietor of the garden came to announce he had obtained authority to give a sacred concert.

“I rely on you,” he said. “I have already had the bills done. Look.”

And he showed me a placard which I transcribe faithfully for the amusement of the reader who cares to turn over the page.

OFFENBACH GARDEN
COR BROAD AND CHERRY STS

SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 25TH,

AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.,

GRAND

S A C R E D

CONCERT

BY

M. OFFENBACH

AND THE

GRAND ORCHESTRA

IN A CHOICE SELECTION OF

SACRED AND CLASSICAL MUSIC

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

For eight days the "grand sacred concert" was placarded in all parts of the city. During this time I had drawn up my programme; a very pretty programme.

Deo gratias, from the "Domino noir";

Ave Maria, by Gounod;

Marche religieuse, from "La Haine";

Ave Maria, by Schubert;

Litanie, from *la Belle Hélène*; "Dis-moi, Venus;"

Hymn, from "Orphèe aux Enfers;"

Prière, from "la Grande-Duchesse" (Dites-lui);

Danse séraphique: polka burlesque.

Angelus, from the "Mariage aux Lanternes."

Unhappily, permission was withdrawn at the last minute. I am sorry I could not carry out my idea, as I am persuaded that my "Sacred Concert" would have had very great success that evening.

CHAPTER XVII.

At Niagara.

PULLMAN CARS.

WHAT a beautiful country we pass through from New York to Niagara! As far as Albany the views are especially marvellous. We pass along the admirable Hudson River. I search my memory in vain for a European stream which can compare with this American river. There are some parts which recall the finest places on the Rhine. There are others which surpass in grandeur and in charm anything I had ever seen before.

For the rest, the journey is made under the most excellent conditions. The Pullman Cars are a valuable institution. To be

in a railway, and yet to have none of the inconveniences of the railway, is the great problem which these marvellous carriages have worked out. The passenger is not cooped up as in France in railway compartments, nor are the limbs stiffened by hours of immobility.

In the American train, you can walk about, and can pass along from one carriage to the other, from the luggage van to the engine. When you are fatigued by walking, you can lie down in an elegant saloon, and on excellent fauteuils. You have at command everything which can render life agreeable. I cannot better express my admiration for these admirable cars than by saying that they are in truth Palaces on wheels.

But you must not have very delicate ears when on a journey in America. You are continually persecuted by disagreeable noises.

Thus at Utica, where we stopped some minutes for lunch, I saw, or rather I heard, a big negro, who beat a tam-tam. Sometimes he beat loudly, sometimes at astonishing speed, sometimes with a measured slackness. He threw into his play, I will not say the *nuances*, but the best intentions. I almost forgot my lunch in watching this very amusing musician. During the last piece, I was all eyes and ears. He began by a *fortissimo* loud enough to make you deaf, as he was a vigorous man, this negro, and did not spare his hands. After this brilliant *début* his music continued in a *descendo*, it arrived at a *piano*, then at a *pianissimo*, until at last—silence.

At the same time the train started, and I had hardly time to get in, still less to ask questions.

We arrived at Albany, where we stopped for dinner. Before the Albany restaurant, I found another great negro, very like the other, and who like him played the tam-tam.

Plenty of this sort of thing, I thought. This is evidently a country where they love the tam-tam furiously.

A starved belly has no ears, says the proverb. I am sorry to

express my disapproval of a saying endorsed by the wisdom of nations, but in spite of my formidable appetite the music of my negro followed me during the meal. He played exactly like his colleague of Utica. His piece was composed of the same transition of *forte* to *piano* and *pianissimo*. Struck by the coincidence, I was about to ask if the negroes really accepted *solis* on the tam-tam for music, and if they thus played their national airs, when one of my friends said—

“This negro puzzles you. But if you wait, you will see the same at every station along the line.”

“Is it a delicate attention on the part of the company?”

“No; the restaurant keepers are responsible for it. These negroes have to play all the time that the train remains at the station. Their music serves to warn passengers who have come to the restaurant. As long as the tam-tam is well beaten, you can remain quiet. When the noise diminishes, it is a sign you must make haste. When it has nearly ceased, you must hurry to the train, which like the tide waits for no man; and like time does not return. So much the worse for those who miss the train.”

I do not know if I prefer the American plan, or that employed by the restaurant keeper of Morcenz between Bordeaux and Biarritz. Having no negro, the proprietor of the place cries himself with stentorian voice—

“You have still five minutes, you have still four minutes, you have still three minutes.”

At bottom these two systems very much resemble each other. The only difference is that while one stuns you with cries in the room itself, the other overpowers you by music in the open air.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

MUCH has been written on these marvellous falls, but no one has yet found the words to adequately describe the effect produced by the huge stream as it falls from an enormous height in a fathomless whirl, to the depth below. The sight of this vast amphitheatre, of this prodigious mass of water, falling with a report of thunder, like the sound of a great earthquake, produced in me a vertigo, and caused me to forget all I had read, all I had heard, and all my fancy had imagined. This mighty torrent, in a framework of savage nature, bordered by large trees of an intense verdure, on which the spray from the water incessantly falls, defies alike photography, painting, and description. To describe we must compare it. And with what can we compare Niagara, this unrivalled phenomenon, this permanent marvel, to whose grandeur no one can accustom himself!

As we were absorbed in anticipation of the fall—

“It is here,” said the person who accompanied us, “that an Indian was found dead a fortnight ago. Drawn on by the current, in spite of his paddle, the frail craft which carried him approached the fall. The Indian, feeling the forces against him, knew he was lost. He ceased the struggle. He enveloped himself in his red cloak as in a shroud, and lay down at the bottom of his canoe. Some seconds after, he was dashed to pieces.”

After having looked a long time at the fall, I crossed the bridge and set foot on Canadian territory.

“You would like to see the Indians,” they said.

I expected to find savages, but they showed me peddlars; men who produced *articles de Paris*. I was frightened at their ferocious attitude. I still recollect them. But were they really Indians? I rather doubt it.

Indians or not, they surrounded me, pertinaciously offering me bamboos, fans, cigar cases, and fusee cases of doubtful taste. They recalled to my mind the Indians of the forest of Fontainebleau who sold penholders and paper knives.

Nevertheless, I made a few purchases, but I verily believe I carried back to France some trifles which had been picked up at a Parisian bazaar which had been "selling off."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOST DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

ON the steamboat which took us to see the prettiest places on the lake, there was a bill distribution. In Paris, when one of these handbill people offers you a prospectus, you take it, because you wish to encourage trade, and ten steps off you throw it away. I fortunately did not act thus with my prospectus, and I had my reward. As a matter of fact, the paper which had been placed in my hands—almost in spite of me—is a precious document, which may have the highest influence on the destinies of France.

This document commences, it is true, by explaining in the language of a vulgar guide-book the places of interest on either shore of the lake; but it also contains an extremely curious passage, of which I am happy to be able to give the full text.

"Howe-Point, near the outlet of the lake, is named in order to honour the idol of the army, Lord Howe, who was killed at this place in the first engagement with the French. Here it was that Louis XVI. of France, through the instrumentality of two French priests, in 1795, banished his son the royal dauphin, when but seven years old, and arranged with one Indian chief Thomas Williams to adopt him as his own son. He received the name of

Eleazer, and afterwards as the Rev. Eleazer Williams was educated and ordained to the ministry, officiating for many years among the Oneidas of western New York, and afterwards in Wisconsin, where he was visited a few years since by the Prince de Joinville, and offered large estates in France if he would renounce his right to the throne of France. These tempting offers he declined, preferring to retain his right as King of France, although he might spend his life in preaching the gospel to the poor savages, which he did until the time of his death some years since."

After having read this tale, as interesting as it is true, I asked some questions, and learned that the Reverend Dauphin Eleazer had left a son.

Still another pretender!

Suppose this gentleman were to arrive in France. Another complication!

CHAPTER XX.

RETURN FROM NIAGARA. SLEEPING CARS.

To return from Niagara I took the night train. I was not sorry to try for myself the sleeping cars of which I had heard so much.

I entered the saloon carriages, which were laid out as before, that is to say with great fauteuils on each side of the gallery, special compartments for smokers, and all the conveniences I had so much admired in coming. There was no indication in the arrangement of these cars to show it was possible to sleep in bed. I was mystified for a moment, as it appeared to me impossible to give a bed to each of the ladies and gentlemen whom I found with myself in this saloon.

Suddenly, about nine o'clock in the evening, as darkness was

approaching, two employés of the Pullman company appeared and set themselves to work. In the twinkling of an eye our fauteuils were transformed into beds. On the fauteuils, joined together by planks, were placed mattresses, blankets, and counterpanes. The saloon thus metamorphosed might have been sufficient for the number of passengers, even if they had not recourse to another expedient. Above each of the beds is to be found a little apparatus which draws out, and which proves to be another bed. There are thus two stages of beds superposed in each compartment, beds of the first and beds of the ground floor. As beds they are good, for sleeping they are perfect. But there is a little necessary operation which no one likes to perform in public. The men, if they were alone, might well undress before each other, but the women cannot very well unrobe before so large a number of passengers. It therefore behoved the inventor of the sleeping cars to find a means to provide against the bashfulness of the American ladies. This is arrived at by making each couple of beds—the bed above and the bed below—a veritable chamber. Two large curtains, hung parallel through the length of the car, form, up and down in the centre of the compartment, a long corridor of escape, along which the traveller may walk, if it seem good to him to do so. Between each of the curtains and the sides of the carriage smaller curtains are hung perpendicularly. A lady who wishes to sleep, finds herself thus in the centre of a little chamber, which has one side of wood and three of curtain. I have known hotels where the cardboard walls were less discreet than the curtain walls of the sleeping cars.

All preparations being finished, there commences a very amusing scene. Each chooses his bed and glides into the little compartment which seems the most advantageous to him. Then during several minutes you hear around you as well the noise of falling boots as the *frous-frous* which tell of the lifting of skirts.

When a husband travels with his wife, he has of course the right to be under the same curtain with his companion. This fact was revealed to me by an extremely interesting conversation in a

very low tone of voice, and which was held in the next cabin on the right hand side of mine.

At length Aurora cast her rosy gleams over the sky, and the two employés of Pullman again appeared. Men and women arose from their couches, and made their toilettes more or less together or under the linen compartments. Soon the place was given up to the agents of the company, who, in the twinkling of an eye, put everything in its proper order. After having slept each on his own side, we all found ourselves in the saloon as fresh and as lively as if we had passed the night at an hotel.

CHAPTER XXI.

AUTOGRAPHS.

AT Albany an American presented me to his wife and to his mother-in-law. While we were chatting we passed a shop. I entered, and buying two fans offered them to the ladies.

“We accept, sir,” they said, “but only on one condition.”

“What is that?”

“That you write your name on the corner of the fan.”

“Ah, an autograph,” said I.

And I hastened to comply with their wish.

I cannot describe the mania of Americans for autographs. They carry their passion to the very limits of indiscretion.

I received, during my stay in the United States, at least ten requests a day from all parts of the American territory. I was accosted, followed, and pursued in the restaurants, in the public gardens, in the theatres, and even in the streets, by inveterate collectors who wished at all hazards to obtain some lines of my writing. My caligraphy was certainly at a premium.

And these letters were of all kinds, some ingenious and others curious.

“SIR,

“I have made a bet with one of my friends that you were born in Paris. The stake is considerable. Will you, I pray you, allow me to know by a few words if I have gained my wager.”

Another had bet that I was a native of Cologne. A third had affirmed that my birth-place was the little German town of Offenbach, well known for its cutlery works. And every letter wound up with the request “a few words.”

A certain number of my unknown correspondents acted in another way.

“My name is Michel, and I am a distant relation of your brother-in-law Robert. Send me a few words to tell me how he is.”

Between Michel and Mitchell there was of course only a difference of orthography.

There was also the following model.

“Sir: I have something of very great importance to communicate to you. Will you receive me? A few words in reply, if you please.”

I could give forty instances of this model.

One day an Englishman approached me as I dined at the restaurant Brunswick.

“I live in San Francisco,” he said, “and I should like to have your name.” My dinner drew near its end, and I gravely handed him my engraved card. I thought I had got rid of this original, but on the morrow he waited for me, and as I entered the room he rushed towards me, and holding out a sheet of paper, a pen and ink, he cried in a suppliant tone—

“Your signature only. I leave this evening. You will do me this favour as I come from so far away.”

I could not in my heart refuse a man who had “come from so far away.”

The requests I received were each accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. I thus collected five or six hundred postage stamps. I beg to inform my honoured friends who thus begged autographs of me, that I preserved their stamps with care, and have sent the proceeds to a charity. They will receive therefore, with my deep regret, the thanks of the poor.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A MUSICIAN.

BESIDES the concerts I was engaged to direct, I had promised Madlle. Aimée to conduct some of the performances she was about to give in America. Faithful to my word, I held the bâton of *chef d'orchestre* at New York at the theatre where Madlle. Aimée sang. I thus believed myself quit of my promise. But when I had finished my series of concerts at Philadelphia, she came to announce that she was about to leave for Chicago, and to ask me to conduct one last performance at ———. I do not name the town for a very good reason. I was going on to Chicago, ——— was on the way, and I consented.

I arrived at ——— in the morning, and in the evening we were to perform “*La Jolie Parfumeuse*.” I went round to the theatre to rehearse with my orchestra at least once.

I bravely mounted the conductor's desk and raised my fiddlestick. The musicians commenced.

I knew my score by heart. What then was my surprise to hear instead of the motifs I expected, a curious something which had at least a faint resemblance to my operetta. I could still distinguish the melodies, but the orchestration was wholly different to mine. A native American had evidently recomposed the work.

My first movement was to immediately leave the rehearsal and to

renounce the direction of the orchestra for that evening. But Madlle. Aimée besought me so much, and represented that the public would be angry if I did not appear and that the performance would be impossible, that at last I consented to resume my post.

I took up the fiddlestick and again gave the signal of attack. What an orchestra! It was small but execrable. Out of twenty-five musicians, there were about eight who were tolerably good, six mediocre, and the rest positively bad. To provide against eventualities I asked one of the second violins to take a drum, and I gave him some instructions in a low voice. It was as well I did so, for there was not a big drum either in the orchestra or in the orchestration.

The rehearsal was so deplorable that after it was over I made fresh attempts to get off. It was lost trouble. Impossible to escape the execution of my work.

“Happen what may,” I said to myself, “I have promised to conduct two acts, and by the grace of God I will conduct them.”

What a performance! My two clarionets made couacs every instant, except of course when they ought to have done so. In the comic march of blind men in the first act, I noted some false notes which always produce an amusing effect. Arrived at this passage my clarionets stopped and counted their bars of rest. The clown who reorchestrated my music, had written this piece for the quartet only.

Already at rehearsal I had asked the clarionetists to play any thing, no matter what, at this particular situation, knowing very well that the couacs came naturally. But I had reckoned without my host. Strong in their score, the brigands absolutely refused to march.

“We have bars of rest to count, and we shall count them. There is nothing written for us.”

“ But, gentlemen, the couacs which you made when there are no pauses, are not written, and yet you gave us plenty of them.”

Impossible to convince them. So much for the clarionets. As to the hautboys, they were fantastic beings who played from time to time when the fancy seized them. The flute whistled when it could. The bassoon slept half the time. The violoncello and contrabass were placed behind me, but they passed the beat and made a contraband bass. At each moment, in conducting with my right hand, I alighted on the bow of either the cello or the double bass. I was deluged with false notes. The first violin—an excellent violin—was always too warm. There was a heat of ninety degrees in the theatre, and the unhappy fiddler stopped to wipe his forehead.

“ If you desert me, my friend,” said I, “ we are lost.”

He put down his handkerchief with a look of sadness, and took up his instrument. But the sea of cacophony still rose. What false notes! Happily the first act at last came to an end.

An enthusiastic success!

I thought I was dreaming.

But all this was nothing to the second act.

After all this eccentricity I naturally expected a deluge of adverse critiques in the papers. But nothing of the sort.

Nothing but eulogium, warm praise for the masterly manner in which I had conducted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

ON my return from Niagara, I gave the promised concert. Immense placards covered the walls announcing that I should appear

for the last time. Never had I seen my name in this style. The letters were as high and four times as large as I was.

The American public showed its appreciation of this truly national advertisement. The New York of elegance and riches came to Gilmore's Gardens. On my entry on the platform I was received with cheers, hurrahs, and enthusiastic applause. And they say that the Americans are a cold people! I ought to describe the details of this evening, but as I have sworn to speak as little as possible about myself, I will not. Besides I was bewildered by the scene which passed around me, and deeply moved by so unexpected a demonstration.

After the concert I found with difficulty a few words in which to thank, for the last time, the musicians who had so ably aided me during my sojourn in America, and to wish them, with a sincerity which they could not doubt, a continuance, after my departure, of the success they had so well merited. They thanked me in their turn for the performance I had given for the benefit of their association, and they made me promise to return to America in two or three years. I promised—as we are apt to promise at such moments. But circumstances at present forbid it, although, I assure them, it would be very agreeable to me to return to Yankee Land, and to gain a greater knowledge of this marvellous country, and of a people who have accorded me a sympathy the remembrance of which I shall always hold most dear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME AGAIN.

ON the 8th July, I embarked on board the *Canada* steam ship, and eight and a half days afterwards we entered the port of Havre. I WAS HOME!

THE END.

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