

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893.

AT THE PEACE JUBILEE.

THE GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

Frederick Intropoli Gives His Impressions of that Great Event From a Musician's Stand-point—The Mammoth Enterprise in Which Gilmore Figured.

Reading of the elaborate musical arrangements which have been made in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago, my mind naturally becomes filled with recollections of the great music festival held in Boston, Mass., in the summer of 1872. A similar undertaking, but on a much smaller scale, was attempted in the same city in 1869, and met with fair success. The enterprise of the late Patrick S. Gilmore brought about the consummation of these great musical schemes, in which he was substantially aided by a guarantee fund supplied by capitalists in Boston and other cities.

It was a bright and balmy day, Monday, June 17th, and was (independent of the grand event which drew so many people thither) the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, which day is always observed with considerable fervor in Boston and Charlestown. The shrewd managers chose this as the opening day of the festival.

Some time before the Prussian army had conquered Napoleon III and his enthusiastic warriors. They had imprisoned the Emperor and had entered the gay French capital almost without resistance. Peace had been declared, hence the happy title of "The World's Peace Jubilee."

The concerts were held in the afternoons, each day except Sunday. The building in which the Festival took place was a mammoth structure, erected for the purpose on Columbus Avenue, and was designated the Coliseum. It had a seating capacity of 50,000, of which space nearly half was dedicated to those taking active part in the programmes.

The chorus, made up of choral societies and volunteers gathered together from many points, numbered more than 17,000. The orchestra included one thousand instrumentalists of the very best available ability. Soloists of the first rank were engaged, and a so-called bouquet of artists participated, composed of sixty sopranos, 35 contraltos, 41 tenors, and 38 basses.

Some idea of the value of this last aggregation may be formed, when it is remembered that it included such artists as Emma Howson, Eva Mills, Julia Rosewald, Jenny Kempton, Clara Poole, W. H. Fessenden, W. J. & J. F. Winch, Harrison Millard, H. C. Barnabee, A. Ardavani, and others of equal celebrity among its ranks.

Added to these attractions, was a large professional operatic chorus, and the Gilmore addenda—such as bells, cannon, etc.—stationed in the vacant lots adjoining the building, and brought into service at the will of the conductor by means of electric attachments controlled by a pressure of his finger on a button stationed at his stand. The inevitable large organ, built in the Coliseum, completed the musical preparations.

And now for the festival.

It opened auspiciously, attended by a great crowd of people who stormed and fought their way in the doorways, until the edifice was jammed in a few minutes after the opening of the gates. The Rev. Phillips Brooks offered a prayer, General Banks made an address of welcome—The entire gathering rose and sang "Old Hundred," the orchestra of 1000 played Wagner's "Rienzi" Overture, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, the chorus sang a number from Costa's Oratorio of "Naaman," and then there was a breathing spell, which seemed positively necessary, so stupendous was the effect at first produced by this grand combination of musical force and energy. The next number was a Piano-forte solo—Liszt's arrangement of the "Skating Ballet" from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete," and performed in masterly style by Franz Bendel, although it must be acknowledged that his best efforts were almost completely lost in such a large building, and coming immediately after such an avalanche of sound.

Then the chorus sang, without accompaniment, Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest."

This was a great achievement, considering the number of voices employed.

The chorus was so large, that at rehearsals, the instructions of the conductor had to be conveyed from point to point by assistants with the aid of speaking trumpets. Mme. Erminia Rudersdorff sang with much style, but with a worn voice, the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," assisted by the chorus and orchestra. The bouquet of artists followed in the "Lucia," sextette, which has been much more effectively sung on many occasions by six voices, and Part I. was over.

Part II. commenced by a number played by the members of the Marine Band from Washington, D. C., conducted by Henry Fries—a selection of American airs. It is well that they were placed at the first concert, as, notwithstanding their praiseworthy and artistic efforts, the three foreign bands which appeared on subsequent occasions,

outplayed them in almost every particular. Then came Gilmore, cheered to the echo, and everyone joined in the "Anvil Chorus," and "Star-Spangled Banner," under his direction.

What proved to be one of the two great stars of the Jubilee was next on the programme—I refer to Johann Strauss, the incomparable composer of the music of the "Dance." He conducted the immense orchestra in that most charming of waltzes, "On the beautiful blue Danube," and the result was complete and overwhelming triumph. The concert terminated with two choral selections, "Nearer my God to Thee," and a chorus from the Oratorio of "St. Peter" by J. K. Paine, of Harvard College. The immense gathering dispersed, and the first great day was over.

The second concert, on Tuesday June 18th, was designated on the programme as, "English Day."

A Bach Choral came first, and then the orchestra was heard in Beethoven's beautiful 3rd overture to "Lenore," conducted by Zerrahn. No. 3 was a Festival Hymn, by Dudley Buck. This over, the other great wonder of the festival, the incomparable "Peschka-Leutner" the Hungarian Prima-Donna appeared, and drove her hearers into a state of absolute frenzy, by her singing of the "Grand Aria" from Mozart's "Magic Flute."

Imagine a great voice, of marvelous quality, almost perfect execution, and a splendid command of her art, together with a magnificent presence and magnetic personality, and you have Peschka-Leutner. For an encore, she gave the famous air by Proch, and electrified the audience by a wonderful G sharp in alt in the last variation of the air. She has never visited this country since, but the memory of her glorious work will never fade. The eminent prima donna returned to her European home, where she died a short time ago.

The bouquet and operatic chorus next came to the front, with the "Ernani" finale, and Mme. Arabella Goddard played Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer," but it was lost like Bendel's solo on the previous day. The chorus then sang "Abide with Me," from Bennett's "Woman of Samaria."

Part II brought forward the Band of the Grenadier Guards of London—58 in number, and led by Dan Godfrey. Their first number was "God Save the Queen," assisted by Mme. Rudersdorff, chorus, organ, orchestra, and bell and cannon accompaniment. This was doubtless a compliment to their nationality, as it gave them no opportunity to display their abilities, but they followed it with the "Der Freischutz" overture, which performance immediately established them as artists of the very highest order. It was an exceptional treat, and the most finished work of the kind I can remember having heard in a studious experience of thirty years. The assemblage quickly recognized their great merit, and for an encore they played the "Star-Spangled Banner" amid scenes of wildest pandemonium. Strauss conducted his waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song," and some choral numbers completed the programme for the second day.

To tell of the third and subsequent days of the great festival will require another letter. FREDERICK INTROPOLI.

New York, May, 1893.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

A Stray Kitten Whose Coming Prevented a Suicide.

In the atelier of a certain French painter there seems to be a congress of yellow cats, or rather the same cat in portraits innumerable. Eight years ago Maurice Lenoir dwelt in a garret, earning his bread by copying pictures, nourishing his soul with dreams of a classic canvas which never came off. At length his poverty became unbearable and he began to raise visions of suicide.

One evening he bought poison. Re-entering his room, something brushed past his feet. He lighted a candle and began to write a few lines, merely to save trouble at the inquest. Suddenly there sprang upon the table a little yellow kitten. It rubbed caressingly against his face. Evidently a waif, one of the surplus ninefold lives of nobody's cat. It was thin and famished, its wet fur frayed by the jaws of some dog.

"One may be tired of life," said Maurice. "But one does not leave a guest hungry." With bread and milk—all he had—he fed the kitten, then warmed it within the breast of his coat, where it caressed with its tongue the hand that held it, then purred itself to sleep.

Maurice reflected: Suicide is the refuge of one who has no longer hopes, ties of affection or responsibilities. In receiving this kitten I have assumed a duty. To place this little creature for warmth upon my heart, and then turn that warmth to ice, would be a betrayal. At least I will live until to-morrow.

In the morning the little cat appeared so pretty, Maurice painted it, and was able to sell its portrait. Another was ordered and another.

M. Lenoir's pussies became the fashion. He deferred his dream of a classic canvas, and painted only cats, in all postures and colors, yellow, black, white, gray and tabby. He studied cats. He divined under their masks of drowsiness or caprice the subtle charm and wisdom adored in old Egypt.

The yellow kitten that saved his life also made his fortune. And M. Lenoir proved not ungrateful. The yellow cat, now patriarch of a tribe, has his cushion and his cup in the atelier, and wears a golden collar inscribed, "To My Benefactor."

HOW TO USE A CAMERA.

PLAIN TALK TO BEGINNERS IN THE PRACTICE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Second Paper of a Series on the Making of Photographs—Cameras That are Good and Some That are No Good Except as Toys—Plain Instructions.

The photographic camera takes its name from the latin camera obscura, literally a dark chamber, and in its simplest form is nothing more than a light tight box, one end of which is grooved to receive the sensitive plates while directly opposite is placed the lens.

If you wish to experiment, make a small wooden box about two inches square, with a removable top, which when closed will be absolutely light tight. On the sides tack strips an eighth of an inch thick in such a way as to hold your plates against the back. In the center of the opposite end bore a half inch hole. Cover this over with a piece of very thin metal or even black cardboard. Make a very small pin-hole in the middle of it and you are ready for business.

To make your picture, go to your dark room and place a plate in the groove of your box with the film or prepared side next the lens. Close the top firmly and cover the pin-hole in any way that may be most convenient.

Take your station at a distance of about fifty feet from the object you wish to photograph, uncover the pin-hole for from one to two minutes, according to the strength of the light, and after developing, the result will be a photographic negative.

So much for pin-hole photography. I will now proceed to something of more practical use.

The most convenient and useful size of camera, in my opinion, is a 5 x 8. A great many amateurs use a 4 x 5; but that is almost too small a plate to do justice to a good view. On the other hand anything larger than a 5 x 8 will be found to be too cumbersome for the ordinary requirements of an amateur.

England leads the world in the manufacture of photographic instruments. Some of the English made cameras are magnificent pieces of workmanship. However, if you want to avoid the inconvenience and loss of time in getting one of these, I can recommend the instruments of the Blair Camera Co., of Boston, or the Rochester Optical Co. of New York. As for hand cameras, detective cameras and other forms of push-the-button-machines, I would advise you to give them a wide berth, as they are nothing more than elaborate toys, with a long list of alleged advantages intended to deceive the over-credulous amateur, but of no practical use that I have ever been able to discern.

A good substantial 5x8 view outfit including cameras, lens, tripod and three double dry plate holders should cost you about \$22.00. You can go as much higher you wish, but \$30.00 will get you as good an instrument as there is any need of.

Taking it for granted that you already have your outfit, I will proceed to its use.

Having found a bit of scenery which you want to reproduce, set up your camera, remove the cap from the lens, and get the image in the desired place upon the ground glass.

Close or extend your camera until the luminous image or field on the ground glass is sharp and distinct in all parts. It is then said to be in focus. To do this properly it will be necessary to cover the head with a heavy black cloth to exclude the strong light.

One of the first things to strike the novice will be the fact that the image is inverted or upside down. A few words will explain this phenomenon.

When a ray of light passes through any transparent medium obliquely, it is refracted or bent toward its thickest part. This may readily be seen by placing two sticks in some water, one perpendicularly, the other at an angle. The latter will be seen to be bent sharply at the point of intersection. So with the lens, the middle rays, striking it at right angles with its surface, pass through uninterrupted, while the outer ones striking it obliquely are refracted and crossing each other in the interior of the camera give us the luminous image in the inverted position in which we see it upon the ground glass.

We are all familiar with the prism and the way in which it decomposes light into its elementary parts. Now, as the lens in effect is really the same thing as two prisms placed base to base, it is plain that the light will be decomposed as well as refracted.

If you will examine your lens closely you will find that it is really composed of two lenses cemented together. Each lens produces a spectrum of different length and the different colours overlapping, the complementary tints are united and we again have white light.

It is the single achromatic type of lens that I have been speaking of so far. Other forms and combinations are constructed in different ways; but all to the same purpose.

If your cash is not limited when you buy your outfit, get a camera fitted with a spoon

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Ladies will please bear in mind that we are the only firm who sell "HEPTONETTE" GUARANTEED RAIN CLOAKS. We hold the sole control and sale of these garments for the Maritime Provinces.

Every GENUINE "Heptonette" garment bears the following trade-mark—a woven label of white letters on a black ground, attached to the waist band

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They are unrivalled in DURABILITY, STYLE and RAIN-RESISTING PROPERTIES.

When you ask for "Heptonette" look for the trade mark.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

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Scovil, Fraser & Co.,

King St., St. John, N. B.

holder, to carry continuous films instead of the glass plates commonly used.

If you wish to go a little farther and do snap shot work, it will be necessary for you to get a good combination view lens, and an instantaneous shutter.

Next week I will describe the exposure and development of the negative.

C. F. GIVAN.

SOME DAINTY FASHIONS FOR 1893.

Dresden China Instead of Silver for Toilet Trinkets—Delicate Perfumes.

There's another thing fashion has interfered with, and that is the paraphernalia of the dressing table and the writing desk says the N. Y. Sun. Just as we have accumulated, by dint of much coaxing and many small economies in the way of flowers and sweets, a full outfit of silver brushes and trays and bottles, good taste discovers great vulgarity in the metal receptacles, and it must all be hustled out of sight, to turn black with envy, while we begin all over again on the dainty Dresden china trinkets. The pincushion, puffed up with vanity and bran, is abolished with all its bows and frills, and a china tray holds this friend of womankind. The woman who can't do more things with a pin than a man could do with a kit of carpenter's tools is only half a woman, and she likes the new idea of picking out of the tray rather than from the cushion. A brush of ivory with small silver letters and a comb also white repose on a china tray painted with loves, and we all of us wonder how we ever could have admired the silver, or especially the block tin replicas in plated ware.

Then the perfumes. We all keep them in china jars now, for scent bottles have gone out. Extracts are out, too. It must all be done with perfume powders and sprays. Mrs. Cleveland has a manner of scenting her rooms which is both unique and dainty. She does not use the Chinese powders and the perfumed woods to burn away in vases, but she lays little bags of heliotrope and rose sachet under the carpets, in the corners, and the perfume, half smothered, is mysterious and delightful. There is the perfume-spraying parasol, too, a new device for the creating of sweet odors. The stick is of olive wood, with a crystal globe at the handle and a gold tip. Midway down is a hollyhock rosette of silk, beneath which a little spring is concealed. When the fair mistress surrounds herself with an atmosphere of flower fragrance she throws back the gold tip, presses a spring concealed beneath the rosette, and receives the refreshing breath of a thousand flowers in spray.

Then there is the stationary, and gold ink is the greatest craze. It is very irritating, very dazzling and trying in a sunny room. The golden letters are pretty to look upon, even though they are illegible, and the seal is prettier still, for that is of gold too. Still this fancy will not maintain with people of the best taste, for they choose over the more conservative fashions rather than the extreme. Plain cream or blue tinted papers still are acknowledged as most correctly elegant, with the address printed in red or blue letters at the top of the sheet. Wid-

ows use white paper with black edges that gradually grow more narrow as the months pass, and finally this is succeeded by a soft gray paper that is supposed to express just the proper state of resignation when consolation, if of the right kind and properly re-enforced with social place and material advantages, will be gratefully received.

Finally there is the tea. Everybody serves tea, from the Art Students' League girl, who stands on the bureau to make it over the gas burner, to the grand dame who serves it from a solid silver urn, in priceless cups of rarest pottery. Now the fine theory in the making of tea—though every woman has a way of her own, no matter how bad it may be—is to "let the kettle boiling be," according to the old adage, but when it boils to lift it from the flame and wait just a second before turning it on the leaves. Why? No one knows. Any way, having followed the directions thus far, a little hot water is poured on the leaves, and when they have swollen and absorbed it—not before—the rest of the water is poured over the tea. Some ladies put a single lump of sugar in the teapot during this absorbing process, and when the sugar is dissolved the tea is ready to be filled up. Occasionally a woman who really likes the tea that all women pretend to dote upon makes it according to the Chinese fashion by pouring out a cup of hot water and dropping a spoonful of dry tea leaves on top. When the leaves sink to the bottom the tea is done. This tea is not spoiled with milk or sugar, and is not stirred. Not one woman in fifty makes tea gracefully,

but that woman sitting beside the urn, solicitous concerning the number of lumps you like, her hands fluttering daintily over the service, quite reconciles you to what you have suffered watching women making practical demonstrations of how not to do it.

Caught His Man.

The other evening an eccentric-looking and slovenly-dressed old man was sitting legs crossed in an arm-chair before the fire in the smoke-room of one of the leading hotels in Boston. His trousers were somewhat drawn up the leg which he crossed, exposing to view a brilliant, red, white and blue striped stocking, and noticing two or three of the company looking at it and smiling at each other, he lifted his foot into full view, and said, with apparently much satisfaction:

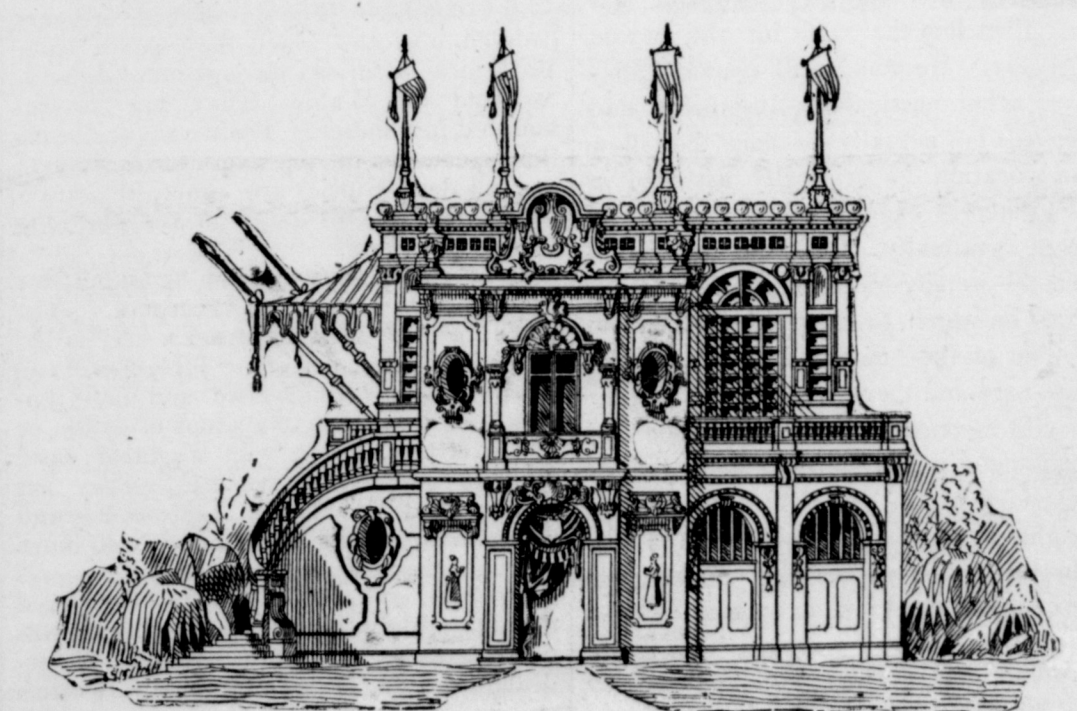
"Grand pattern that, isn't it, gentlemen? I'll bet there isn't another like it in the room."

"I'll bet cigars all round that there is," replied one.

"Done! Where is it?" asked the old man.

"On your other foot," said the better, with a triumphant laugh. "That's just where you make a mistake," said the old man, with a knowing smile. "I generally reckon upon finding one flat in a company, and so come prepared." With that he pulled up the other leg of his trousers, and, to the amusement of everyone but the loser, exposed to view a black stocking.

Walter Baker & Co's Pavilion



AT WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass., who are not only the oldest but the most extensive Manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate on this continent, have just issued a charming little Pamphlet containing a collection of "Choice Receipts" specially prepared for them by Miss Par'oa, the accomplished lecturer and writer on the culinary art.

They will be glad to send a copy free to any applicant.

It is an interesting fact that the cocoa and chocolate preparations manufactured by this firm are used exclusively at the World's Columbian Exposition in the New York Cooking School exhibit, under the direction of Miss Juliet Corson, and in the New England Kitchen, under the charge of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.