The Bostonians have come; they have been seen and they have all got conquered. It is with regret that one must insert a qualifying phrase, but a regard for honest criticism and entire truth compels it. The fact is, that the Bostonians do not leave quite the old impression behind them on their departure, and this is due to several circumstances. First, the opening opera proved a disappointment, and the chill of that first night's reception seemed to permeate the atmosphere of the house during each succeeding performance. For as the subsequent work was next Saturday, much of the life and soul of the Bostonians had to be absent from the opening condition of that opera—his first night off, it should be said, for 122 consecutive performances—and while all sympathized with him, it was impossible for people who had paid a dollar and a half and two dollars for their seats, to try themselves up to entire enthusiasm over his understudy. This above and over all was the sense of the indescribable for the absence of Eugene Cowles. People never realized just how big a part of the Bostonians' success was due to the presence of this singer till they felt his absence. This was the occasion for the Bostonians to sing the abilities of Mr. Dunbrack. This excellent artist, bringing back to us as he did with his handsome presence and ringing voice, the almost vanished exemplar of the option of the Abbot days—the genuine Eugene Cowles, he gave Arnold's Michaela, Tagliaferro, Campobello, Allen—in a word himself, but he is not Cowles. Miss Bertram, too, failing to be able to have filled the place left vacant by Camille D'Arville and Alice Nielson, their successors are without question, we know, but they are inevitable, and the new leading lady, bright singer though she is and pleasing as her personality has been, must suffer for them. Dear old Barnabee, delightful Jessie Bartlett Davis, and the unknown Fredmundsen, are good as ever—better perhaps—and the fine chorus, the orchestra, the costumes and the scenery are up to the best Bostonian standard, but it is undeniable that when the process visit comes to be reviewed, the impression of the opera and music circles, the presence of the recollection will be dashed with just a little tinge of disappointment as it is compared with the records of previous years.

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Just the same as last year, the Robin Hood night proved the heavy one of the Bostonian season, the audience last evening was larger and more brilliant even than on the opening night. Though a weekly like Robin Hood wears on the bill, Robin Hood was greeted with enthusiasm on though it was twice as much enthusiasm as though it were being produced for the first time in Salt Lake. Mr. Barnabee's Friar Tuck is probably the finest of all his characters, indeed, it is of him that the pride and the demand of the company is given also as a reputation that nothing he has ever since done has enabled him to live up to and the enthusiasm with which it is received was last night renewed almost to an intolerable degree. Jessie Bartlett Davis with resolute the charming central figure, her Alice A'Dale is just as fresh, bright, and graceful, as when it had been rendered, and her singing of "Promise Me" and with the exquisite Bordelaise accompanying it, Mr. Davis would seem to compare the voice which has given her the power to command her youthful form, there, with reason and rhythm, she might gain a greater fortune than she is doing by exploiting before the Bostonians. Mr. Barnabee reappeared and got an enthusiastic welcome. The sheriff of Nottingham is inimitable, while he played with just a little less freedom than usual, owing to his recent illness, he was quaintly and delicately funny, rarely equaled to him was Mr. Fredmundsen as the Monk. Miss Bertram was charming as Maid Marian, but for the memory of Camille would have scored a triumph in this role, for she sang and acted to perfection. Mr. Lewis sang beautifully and acted admirably as Robin Hood. Mr. Macdonald sang well with the opening verses, which it became obvious that his much caution arises his voice the personal "Prison Song (Golden Ale)" suffered in consequence. Chorus, orchestra, and scenery were to the highest Bostonian excellence. The same bill will be given this week, Mr. Macdonald being replaced by his efficient understudy, Mr. Hawley, the Bostonians announcing for tonight.

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The Bostonian season will close in three weeks more, when the members will scatter for their places of abode. Mr. Jones, the manager, on whose shoulders rests the heavy task of arranging for the sixty members of the organization, says their season has been one of the most successful in its history. Everywhere it has played the houses have been packed to their capacity, and in many such places as Tucson, Arizona, and points in Texas, the company had had a guarantee of $100 a night to induce it to make a stop at those out of the way points. In Tucson Mr. Jones says the local manager guarantees himself lucky if he gets a fifty house, and the ordinary traveling attraction, but by putting all the eggs in his house at $1.50 each he was enabled to fill the house twice with which to greet the Bostonians. Mr. Jones says that no engagements of people in the line of the music prior as yet, no new opera will be brought out, not by Victor Herbert, composer of the Serenade, and the other for a new Bostonian composer, the music of which has been submitted to the proprietors of the company, they say they are enchanted with it, but the work is as yet unnamed.

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Speaking of the ownership of the Bostonians Mr. Jones says that no one has the interest in the company, they count Messrs. Barnabee and McDonald. Many people supposed that Jessie Bartlett Davis had an interest in the profits, but her only connection with the company consists in drawing a stiff weekly salary and in having her name featured in the bills. Frank Porter, who for years past, has rendered the Bostonians, is not one of the proprietors, and never has been. His contract gives him a certain part of the profits for this season, but as can readily be understood, he has made a handsome salary, the contrast between the Bostonians and Mr. Porter since he developed a stiff Spanish dress and drop Eugene Cowles out of the old organization, as Mr. Porter's connection with the company ceases to be full stop at the end of this season.

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Speaking of the recent tour and the enormous railroad jumps they have had to make, Mr. Barnabee said that nothing could be better for the company than their travel between the widely scattered cities of the northwest. The Oregon Short Line had given them a perfect traveling palace in a special car, elaborately and delicately fitted, nicely arranged to him was Mr. Pittingham as the Monk. Miss Bertram sang "Angel Voices" with the sweet voice that so especially is the to some quartette. Mr. Broderick was as strong as ever in the role as Will Scarlet, and but for the memory of Camille would have scored a triumph in it this, for the second night, he was in good voice. Mr. Lewis sang beautifully and acted admirably as Robin Hood. Mr. Macdonald sang well with the opening verses, which it became obvious that his much caution arises his voice, the personal "Prison (Golden Ale)" suffered in consequence. Chorus, orchestra, and scenery were to the highest Bostonian excellence. The same bill will be given this week, Mr. Macdonald being replaced by his efficient understudy, Mr. Hawley, the Bostonians announcing for tonight.

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ROSENTHAL.

Salt Lake music lovers will have something notable to look forward to during the summer. Mr. Jacob Morris is authority for the statement that of the celebrated Arion Singing club, composed of 150 members, will soon all have for a stay of two or three days on its tour to the coast. The organization, which is made up exclusively of German musicians, some of whom are independently wealthy, cabled a great deal of money through to Kaiserslautern last fall, and the club is anxious to sing in the Tabernacle, and without doubt it will be given an opportunity. Mr. Morris says he will soon call a meeting of all the German-Americans in this city with a view to entertaining the Arions in proper style.

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Now rare a treat is in store for music lovers Monday evening, when the men in a portion of the following program which is given herewith. Mr. Schneider, the noted harpist, will be heard in two instrumental numbers, and will also take part in the quartette from Cavalleria Rusticana. For this occasion the prices will be kept down to the popular grade and the sale of seats is now going on at Daynes.

1. Chorus.....Polonaise.....Glinka
   Chorus.
2. Sonata in D, (Piano and Cello).....
   Mendelssohn.....Mr. and Mrs. Stoll
3. Fantasia for harp on St. Patrick.....
   Schneider.....Mr. Schneider
4. Polacca from Mignon.....Thomas
   Mrs. Griffin.
5. Fantasia for Cello.....Servais
   Mr. Stoll.
6. (a) Lee Adhem.....Guilford
   (b) Spring Song.....Gounod
   Mr. Schneider.
7. (a) Sitting-song for one.....Schubert
   (b) Song of Day.....Clay
   (c) Spring.....Henschel
   Mrs. Griffin.
8. (a) Serenade.....Oxford
   (b) Spanish Dance.....Poldini
   Mr. Stoll.
9. Quartette—Ave Maria from Cavalleria Rusticana.....Mascagni
   Mr. Stoll, Mr. Schneider, Mrs. Griffin, Mr. Grifin.
10. Good Night.....Bishop
    Chorus.

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The statement in the Herald that over 10,000 had been paid into the box office during the advance sale for Maude Adams's two weeks in Juliet sounds incredible. But from the notices in the New York papers it is evident that the event attracted an unusual degree of interest. The Herald says:

"Tomorrow evening at the Empire the Abbey, we are to see Miss Maude Adams as Juliet, and from the manner in which the box office was fully occupied when the sale of seats began last week the house is almost sold out and for the public disappointment—here is evidently a most extraordinary interest in tomorrow's evening's performance.

"Every seat, of course, is taken. The day the sale opened there were no "first night applications" on the air boxes. So you can see what was the number of applicants for seats in the orchestra circle if possible in the gallery it must be. Nothing has the Empire seen in the way of a crowd since at the Empire, or at any other theatre in New York, for the author, for a little while, was the talk of New York. Adams contemplated her work with natural anxiety, as she, indeed, the author, is the only person in the opening night cast have been long, quite sufficient to upset her nerves.

"Pitch, the man who wrote 'Beau Brummel,' as it needs fall to be interesting, the company and the stage setting are admirable, with those was at the Lyceum in New York.

* * *

Judging from a synopsis of the story which has been furnished us, "The Moth and the Flame" is a strong and powerful modern drama, dealing with life among the upper classes of society, the manners and morals of which are almost alarmingly artificial.

It is in three acts, each one of which is intensely interesting and rife in a high degree of dramatic interest. The first act is the opening act, in which the author shows the drawing room of society leader in the most elegant surroundings in New York City, and scene presented being a children's costume party given by Adelia Angelmere to her young friends and acquaintances. It is in this the opening scene of the play, that the manner hand of the author is shown, as he places in the closest juxtaposition the frivolities of life among the rich, and the weighty, as well as the blacker practicalities which sometimes force above and behind society's flimsiness.

In the scene of the drawing room, Marion Wilton (Miss Shannon) is found discussing the love of her childhood, under the guise of a photograph—and scandalized, while, at the same time, her father, on being made aware of the fact, determines to allay the financial distress, kills himself to escape the inevitable ruin and disgrace. The tragedy does not take place upon the stage in full view of the audience, and of the costume party, but the awful fact is soon generally and effectively suggested, notwithstanding, and the curtain falls with Marion and her mother made agonizing aware of the husband and father's suicide.

Equally strong and forceful, as well as realistic, are the second and third acts of the drama, the former with its grand society church wedding, its bridal procession and its bridal breakfast, its thrilling climax at the alter rail, as the ritual is about to be pronounced and the question is asked, "Is anyone present who has ought to say why this couple should not be made man and wife, and the last scene of all, in which the baseness of the real villain is most convincingly portrayed and he himself turned from the house of his presence into hells, while the audience catches a suggestion of a future happiness in store for Marion and her husband-to-be.

Undoubtedly the most sensational scene of the play is that of the wedding, wherein the wrongest will rushes as the church aisle, leading to young son, and in demanding the world-to-groom, shows the ring which he put on her finger, with the assurance that it constituted a betrothal. It is here that the author fairly runs the gamut of human emotions, and finally, in leaving the stage of dazzling beauty and death from the face of the groom, reveals his brute nature, as he turns and in fiendish glee, the bride betrayed, while his affianced bride shrinks from him with horror and, throwing her bridal flowers at her feet, utters the single word, "forward," then abruptly leaves the church.

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