

grew pale when he learned what a fearful death he had so narrowly escaped.

Among the passengers I found my wife, not mangled and lifeless, but alive and well, though somewhat frightened, and a good deal surprised at seeing me. The conductor gave me a seat next to my wife, and then had the train backed to the station it had just left, from which telegrams were sent to warn all other trains of the danger.

In the morning my wife and I took the train for home. I have but little more to add, except that the company insisted on making me a handsome present, and also gave me a free pass over the road. I do not pretend to be able to explain the dream, which was certainly a remarkable one, though doubtless no more so than others could relate; but I am satisfied that this dream was the means of saving many human lives from a sudden and most terrible death.—*Baltimore World*.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

In my periodical rambles of late I have been privileged to witness the admirable acting of Booth as "Shylock" and Barrett as "Rienzi," probably two of the most charming performances ever placed upon the stage. I have also seen Sullivan in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," and the inimitable "Lotta" in her new and fascinating character of "Ina." Such a variety as this ought certainly to satisfy one theatrical palate for the season. Comparisons, however, are not all lowly between such separate and utterly distinct schools of acting. Booth, the refined, histrionic model of dramatic genius; Barrett with his thrilling bursts of fiery enthusiasm; Sullivan with his pugilistic poses and prize-ring peculiarities; and "Lotta" with her merry-making mimicry of wild and giddy girlhood, all so different and yet each furnishing an attraction to its special admirers, must insure to managers full houses and large profits to themselves.

If I were to compare these "stars" I should stultify myself, as they are not alike, and do not claim to be. For instance, hear Booth's—"I want my bond. Give me my bond!" And then Sullivan's—"I'll choke him," and a laugh involuntarily rises to the surface in the most serious scene of the latter's performance. In fact, ripple after ripple of merriment rolled through the audience when Sullivan, striving to be dramatic or profound, uttered even a single word. It was very few words, however, that he had to say, and very little to do for that matter, except fight the hired "bully" in the prize-ring scene; but when he did speak, his voice and manner were so suggestive of his past record that no one could help smiling at his attempt to make a "mark" on the stage. It is not strange, however, with his pugilistic propensities that he should make a "hit" anywhere, and he has certainly made one in appearing where the more respectable classes

can get a look at his physique and see him box without being considered vulgar.

As "Rienzi" has not, I believe, yet been seen by a Salt Lake audience, I will speak more of this delightful tragedy, that is if tragedy can ever be delightful. The play is evidently drawn like Bulwer-Lytton's novel of the same name, from Roman history, and introduces some of the main features of the turbulent period, when the Ursini and Colonna nobility held tyrannical sway. Rienzi, as one of the people, so moves them to action that they rise and throw off the yoke of slavery, and he takes his seat as the last of the Tribunes. The first scene after he reaches this power is grand in the extreme. Behind the scenes, accompanied by muffled music, the condemned brother of the noble race is on his way to the scaffold, while on the stage Ri-nzi utters his telling words, "The music that you hear accompanies the condemned to his rightful doom. It is the voice of justice, and when that voice speaks, all others should be dumb." Then Rienzi's daughter, in love with the son of Colonna, kneels and pleads, "Father, hear me, through your daughter—the daughter of the people—who kneels at your feet; they ask for the life which your sole word can spare." The Tribune weeps at this, "Ah, the people!" These words move one more than all that has been uttered. Then turning to the nobles he demands that if this life be spared Colonna shall permit his son to marry this "daughter of the people." It is at first refused, but in order to save the condemned the nobles consent to the marriage and to swear fidelity to the Tribune and the prisoner is set free. Then comes the scene of the cathedral and the false oath of the nobles, preceded by the wedding banquet and the conspiracy, in which the Tribune foils an attempted assassination. The closing act introduces the final triumph of the nobles and the death of Rienzi by their hands. In this act a touching scene is presented between Rienzi and his son-in-law, who has turned against him, also between the Tribune and his daughter after he has condemned her husband to death for treason and rebellion.

As is naturally to be expected, the piece is a very strong one, and gives Mr. Barrett the opportunity to display those powers of dramatic denunciation for which he is so noted. His portrayal of the conflicting emotions of love, anger, patriotism and sorrow was artistic, and truthful to nature—at least to the Roman nature as we read of it in the times represented. It is evident that Mr. Barrett's association with Mr. Booth has tended to polish and tone down any superfluous inclination to rant that may have marred his earlier performances. In fact, by the time that the great Hamlet passes over to Yorick and Ophelia, Lawrence Barrett may be looked upon as the greatest actor of the day.

BEN LOMOND.
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 10th, 1890.

H. M. STANLEY'S EARLY YEARS.

A correspondent of the *Western Mail*, writing from St. Asaph, North Wales, furnishes some very interesting particulars of the early years of Mr. H. M. Stanley.

When young Rowlands, as Stanley was of course known before he was adopted by Mr. Stanley, whose name he now bears, was attending the St. Asaph Union school, the schoolmaster had so high an opinion of him that he used to put him in charge of the schoolboys during his absence. The boy was equal to the task of maintaining discipline. He would allow no one to question his authority. Rather than suffer any one to take liberties with him he would give the boys a sound thrashing all round, and this he would do so effectually that no boy was found in the school bold enough to dispute his authority. The boy was particularly fond of geography and arithmetic, and seemed never so happy as when, pointer in hand, he was allowed to ramble at his own sweet will over the face of the map. He seemed to his fellow-pupils to have the latitude and longitude of each place at his finger ends. He was, it appears, also a good penman, and on this account was often selected by the porter of the Union to enter the names of visitors in a book kept for that purpose, and at times he was even invited into the clerk's office to help with the accounts.

"P. L. L. U." says that having searched the books at the workhouse in order to find if there are any traces of Stanley there, he discovered among the entries the name of John Rowlands, some eight times. The first entry is that of his admission to the house, which took place on February 20th, 1847. He is entered as belonging to the Parish of Denbigh and as having been born in 1841, but the month is not known (this date by the way, tallies exactly with Dr. Pierce's account.) His name next occurs in the lists of inmates for the years 1851-1856. Previous to this no list of names for each year was made out; only the names of those who were admitted or discharged during the year they were registered. The last entry is dated May 13th, 1856, and is the time when he finally left the workhouse. He is there reported to have gone to his uncle at the national school, Holywell, where he was for a time lost sight of until he turns up in America, as the adopted son of Stanley.

Other books, such as the reporter's report book and the clerk's account books, may throw additional light upon the early days of Stanley. At the time I left England, on September 13th, 1876, two of his relatives, a Mr. John and a Mr. Richard Rowlands, brothers, were residing at Tredegar, Monmouthshire, South Wales. They were intimate friends of mine and came from Deubigh, North Wales. I have every reason to believe that Stanley and they are the children of two brothers, and were first cousins, but they had nothing of the spirit of adventure of Stanley about them.

DR. JOHN COOK,
LAKE SHORE, Dec. 12, 1890.