THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1867.

"DON'T STAY LONG."

How many a loving heart utters the refrain of the following lines, "Don't Stay Long !" There is nothing of poetry in the phraseology. but there is in the touching manner in which the words frequently find voice-in the "yearning tenderness," fond hopes, and deep sympathy of which they become the imperfect interpreters. His experience in the poetry of life and love must have been barren indeed, who does not find these lines thrill like the coho of cathedral music to his heart of hearts:-

A look of yearning tenderness Beneath her lashes lies, And hope and love unutterable

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Are shadowed in her eyes, As in some deep unrufiled stream

Are clouds and summer skies.

She passed to early womanhood, From dreamy, sweet girl-life, And crossed the rosy threshold but To find herself a wife; Oh ! gently should he lead her steps Along the path of life1

And as she clasped her small white hands Upon his arm so strong,

How often, like a summer sigh,

Or a sweet pleading song, She whispers, with a parting kiss,

"Beloved one, don't stay long !

It's almost always on her lip, Her gentlest parting words, Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves When by soft zephyrs stirred, And lingering in the memory Like songs of summer birds.

And in his heart they nestle warm,

When other scenes amid; He stays not till she weary grows, And her fond eyes are hid In tears which lie in bitterness

Beneath each veiling lid. And oh ! how many hearts are kept

By that love-uttering song ! There's scarcely one who on life's waves

Is swiftly borne along, But what has heard from some dear lips

Those sweet words-"Don't Stay Long."



In some Roman Catholic countries, Corpus Christi Day, which falls on the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and therefore, during the present year, on the 20th of June, is the occasion of a great festival known as the Fele Dieu. This is not so generally celebrated now as it was in former times, but in all the cities of Belgium, and in Marseilles, Avignon, and other southern towns of France, the festival is still observed with a great deal of circumstance and pomp. When a sojourner in one of these cities rises in the morning, it is with difficulty that he can account for the almost miraculous change which the place has undergone during the course of the previous night. The streets, from end to end, are decorated with festoons and garlands of evergreens, flowers, and variegated paper, and awnings are stretched from side to side to protect the people from the scorching rays of the sun. A very grotesque effect is imparted to the fronts of the houses, which are set off by tapestry, coverlets, carpets, and curtains of all imaginable descriptions, arranged in fantastic order. Sometimes this task is entrusted to the professional upholsterer, and then a very pleasing effect is given by the taste and system displayed in arranging the hangings. The principal feature of the day is to be a pro-cession, which starts from one of the churches, about which the people are congregating in great crowds. To add to the liveliness of the scene, the bell in every steeple sends forth a merry peal, and those who do not intend to par-ticipate in the procession are at their windows

THE STORY OF AN ACTRESS. DELAZET AT SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

The sketch of Dejazet in the June number of the Galaxy will be read with great interest, even by those who were not before aware of her prominence on the French stage. Although now seventy five years of age, only half a cen-tury of which time she has been on the stage, she is still received with the greatest kindness by the Parisians, who make of her an especial pet. This popularity is somewhat due to her amiability, her liberal charities, and her strict

professional integrity. She is the founder of a special type of char-acter on the French stage, known as the Dejazet soubrette. The writer in the Galaxy says:-

"The French soubrette is a very different and a very superior being under any circumstances, but it was Dejazet who first conceived the idea of elevating her considerably above the French standard, as she found it fifty years ago. At the outset of her career it was evident that she had resolved to relieve at least her own roles from their weight of heavy humor, and to decofrom their weight of heavy humor, and to deco-rate them with all the delicacy and lightness which they could properly receive. She was so successful in this endeavor, with characters already accepted by and familiar to the public, that in a short time she had persuaded many of the best authors of the day to remodel their works to harmonize with her new interpreta-tions, and, presently, to write with exclusive view to the development of the new and capti-vating style she had established. "Delizet's first appearance (as an infant phe-

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vating style she had established. "Dejazet's first appearance (as an infant phe-nomenon) was at a little theatre in the Boule-vard des Capucines, the existence of which is now almost forgotten. Intelligent foretagers, lounging inert in the court yard of the Grand Hotel, absorb their indifferent fine champagne at exorbitant prices upon almost the precise spot where the debutante of five years received her fir i applause. At that period there were theatres in Paris exclusively devoted to the training of children, and into one of these the little Virginle was presently admitted. One year later she attracted notice by her piquant imitation of Madame Belmont's acting in Fanchon la Vielleuse (the popular vandeville of Fanchon la Vielleuse (the popular vaudeville of the hour), and so pleasantly recommended herself to that influential lady's favor, that she was, without much delay, trans-ferred to Madame Belmont's own theatre, the Vandeville. Here [she achieved distinction the value vine. Here is ne achieved distinction by her performance of the chief of the fairies in *The Seeping Beauty*; and Parls was enjoying to the utmost her infantile grace and intelli-gence, and busying itself with predictions of her future renown, when suddenly a violent illness, the consequence of over-exertion, com-pelled her to relinquish her metropolitan engagements, and content herself with occasional duties in the less exigent provinces. "The theatre-loving populace is fickle, and

requires to have its memory perpetually probed. Virginic, absent, soon lost the place she had so easily gained. Her name did not resume its prominence in the capital until. I think, some fifteen years later, when the Gymnase Theatre was established " was established.'

Déjazet enjoyed a successful career at this theatre for a considerable time, but a new style of plays, unfitted for her, was introduced, and she withdrew to the old Theatre des Nouveautés, where she won fresh popularity. In 1832 she assisted at the infancy of the Palais Royal, where for ten or twelve years she attained a most brilliant popularity. Her sway was un-limited. The dramatic authors exhausted their invention and research in the effort to provide for her new plays. She then trans-ferred her services to the Variétés, alternating afterwards with the Vaudeville, maintaining -in spite of her advanced age-her incontes table superiority in her own peculiar range of characters.

The writer in the Galaxy gives an account of his first impressions of Dejazet's acting, received when he saw her several years ago. She was then over sixty. He says :---

"On the evening in question Dejazet's reception was an event to be remembered. Her first step upon the scene was the signal for lond outcries of welcome, not only from orchestra and parterre, but also from the more decorous boxes, whence proceeded shrill feminine tones, agreeably diversifying the chorus. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and for five minutes the business of the stage was suspended in order that the audience might have its jubilee out, And when quiet at last returned, it was curious to observe how the house continued to beam with silent, though not less expressive, delight at the reappearance of the dear old favorite. On all sides little phrases of compliment and endearment were murmured:--'What grace !' 'Younger than ever;' 'Well done, petite;' 'Ah, la malione.' Pleasantly conscious of the favor lavished upon her, she glided through the representation with truly astonishing elasticity and buoyancy. Her attitudes and movements were buoyancy. Her attitudes and movements were interally like those of a young girl. Her face, closely viewed, betrayed advancing age-but by no means to the extent that would have been expected. Her eyes flashed as brilliantly as those of her youngest supporters upon the stage; and I am sure that lew of them could rival her lithe and supple form. Altogether her appearance was that of a woman about thirty-five. "It is difficult to believe that her acting could ever have been more thoroughly artistic. The timid flirtations of Bernard, his innocent wicked-ness, his immature attempts at gallantry, the affected bravery of his soldier life, the jaunty endeavors to prove himself a man of the world, endeavors to prove nimself a man of the world, and the mischievous persistence of his last love suit, were all expressed with inimitable grace and humor. The faculty of inventing impromptu by-play,' always one of her bast gifts, was everywhere conspicuous, and was recognized at each new point by bursts of laughter and ap-plause. Of course it was inevitable that at certain moments some evidence of time's changes should assert itself; but even these were made the occasion for demonstrations of encourage-nent and good-will. When about to sing a rather difficult song, she would advance to the rampe, nod saucily, as if to say, 'You think I can't do it, but you shall see,' then pluckily assail her bravuras, comically tripping among the tortuous cadenzas, and at the end receive her applause with an odd little sir of pride, indicating entire indifference as to the lost notes, or perhaps a satisfied conviction that everything had gone better than she had expected or the public deserved. I really believe the audience cried 'brava' quite as heartily in jocose acknowledgment of her pretty vanities as in apprecia tion of her innumerable charms and graces, "I have since lost few opportunities of wit-nessing Delazet's performances, and, within my own recollection, I, find no change in her. Her exact age is nowhere recorded, but, judging from the date of her first appearance, she must now be about seventy-five. Fancy that, young somedians of England and America, who fade away and retire-either into obscurity or a new line of business-at half her age ! And still the same jocund spirit, the same combined dalutiness and breadth of style, the same exuberant versatility as at the commencement of her history. Like Ninon de l'Enclos, she will have her lovers at eighty."



and doors, to witness the anticipated pageant.

When the procession is arranged in order, the sound of a drum announces its approach, and every one is then on tip-toe, to gain a bet-ter view than his neighbors. At the head of the procession match the confreries, or beneficial societies, consisting of men, women and children, who sometimes turn out to the number of several hundred. At the head of each one of these societies, is stationed the principal officer, decorated with ribbons and medals without number. The children form a very attractive feature in this portion of the procestion. They are dressed in simple white muslin, with flowery crowns upon their heads, and their hair hanging about their shoulders in loose curls. Each one is also provided with a basket of flowers, decorated with blue ribbons. Some of the children are intended to represent various characters. Those boasting of the longest hair are considered Magdalens; others re-present virgins, one of them being attired in deep black, with a long crape veil, and bearing on her bosom a large black heart, transized with silver darfs; while four boys usually repre-sent the four evangelists, by difigently writing, as they go, in large books, with old-fashioned pens of reed.

Following the people come the monastic and secular clergy, with here and there a band of music. Near the end appears a choir of girls, attired very eleganly in tarletan dresses and lorg vells, and set off by crowns. Last of all comes the priest of bighest rank, carrying the Holy Sacrament, and walking under a gorgeous canopy, to which gold, silk, velvet, and feathers lend all their numerous charms. Surrounding the bearer of the consecrated Hest are cardimals and priests in spiendid dresses, and white-robed acolytes, who fill the air with clouds of incense from the censers which they swing in their hands. As the canopy and its surroundings approach, the people run forward, and cast before it baskets of poppies and other flowers, and then fall devoutly on their knees as the Sacrament 1s bore past them, the clergy meanwhile chanting the Litany in deep and solemn strains.

This attractive procession marches through the principal streets of the town, and then returns to the church from which it started, the Initer being gaily decorated and illuminated, inc inter being gaily decorated and illuminated for the occasion. As the procession enters, the organ sends forth its loudest peals, to the accompaniment of trombones, drums, and ophicleides; and, amid all this melodious uproar, the Host is restored to its accustomed place on the high altar.

To some extent, the ceremonies connected with the Fete Dieu are kept up throughout the week, the poor children of the town maintaining at the street corners little tables, covered with napkins and supporting some lighted tapers and a few plaster images of the Virgin Mary or some of the saints. As the people pass, the children cry out, "Do not forget the little chapel." These tables, or chapels, as the chil-dren style them, are relics of former days, in which it was the custom for the procession to hait at gaily decorated chapels on the line of march, and there celebrate the mass in the open air. In this country, the day is duly ob-served as a holiday by the Catholic portion of the population, but no such scenes are wited as occur every year in Belgium and the south of France.

CONTRIBUTION FOR THE REBUILDING OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE .- Mr. A. T. Stewart, who gave a handsome aid to William and Mary College in 1859, has recently earned an addi tional claim on the gratitude of the friends and lovers of that venerable institution by another subscription. This present contribution is, by double, the most liberal received during the canvass now making for the rebuilding of the College .- Richmond Enquirer.

LORD ERSEINE, who was unhappily married. said at a dinner at the Duke of York's that "a wife was a tin kettle tied to a man's tail," at which the Duchess was greatly outraged. Monk Lewis, who was present, wrote, in reply, the following neat epigram: --

"Lord Erskine at marriage presuming to rall, Says a wile's a the casister tied to one's talk And the fair Lady Ann, while the subject she carries

on, Feels lurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison. But whereby degrading? If taken aright, A fin canister's useful, and polished and bright; And if dirt its original purity hide. 'Tis the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

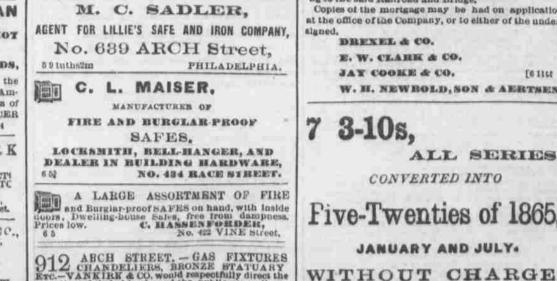
LAW AND PHYSIC .- When Dr. H. and Ser. jeant A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend : "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Because," replied the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

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