THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1869.

The second secon and arom the castle and from Berlin, bad an postically conceived, and it furnished an Brotherton with an admirable oppor-unity. As the White Lady, gliding between ows of armed and spectral figures on either and, and startling the princess and her com-mion by her sudden apparition in a gleam imponlight across the floor, the way penion by her sudden apparition in a gleam of moonlight across the floor, she was once more the representative of all that is most position and romantic in physical beauty. May, more than this; as she flung her white arms above her head, or pointed to the thrinking and fainting figure of her rival while abe uttered her wailing traditional prophecy of wee, her whole personality memed to be invested with a dramatic force of which there had been no trace in the long and subset aware with the prime. It was and violent scene with the prince. It was though she was in some sort capable of expressing herself in action and movement, while in all the arts of speech she was a mere grude novice. At any rate, there could be no doubt that in this one scene she realized n she faded into the darkness beyond the light in which she had first appeared, e, which had been breathlessly silent during the progress of the apparition, burst into a roar of applause, in which Wallace and Kendal heartily joined.



"Exquisite!" said Kendal in Mrs. Stuart's ear, as he stood behind her chair. "She was romance itself! Her acting should always be kind of glorified and poetical pantomine; shewould be inimitable so."

Mrs. Stuart looked up and smilled agree-

"Yes, that scene lives with one. If every thing else in the play is poor, she is worth seeing for that alone. Remember it?" The little warning was in season, for the

poor White Lady had but too many after opportunities of blurring the impression she had made. In the great situation at the end ond act, in which the countess has to give, in the presence of the court, a summary of the supposed story of the White Lady, her passion at once of love and hatred charges it with a force and meaning, which, for the first time, rouses the suspicions of the prince as to the reality of the supposed aparition. In the two or three fine and speeches which the situation inrolved, the actress showed the same absence wledge and resources as before, the sness to create a personality, e lack of all those quicker and more ar the general term "refinement," and which, in the practice of any art, are the outcome of long and complex processes of educa-tion. There, indeed, was the baid, plain factexplanation of her failure as an artist lay in her lack both of the lower and er kinds of education. at that her technical training had been of the roughest. In all technical respects, indeed, her acting bad a self taught, pro-vincial air, which showed you that she had

ner." Out they all trooped along a narrow parage and up a short staircase, until a rough temporary door was thrown open, and they found themselves in the wings, the great stage, on which the scenery was being hastily shifted, lying to their right. The lights were shifted, lying to their right. The lights were being put out; only a few gas jets were left burning round a pillar, beside which stood laabel Bretherton, her long phantom dress lying in white folds about her, her uncle and aunt and her manager standing near. Every detail of the picture—the spot of brilliant light bounded on all sides by dim, far roach-ing vistas of shadow, the figures hurrying across the back of the stage, the moving ghost-like workmen all around, and in the midst that white booded, languid figure—re-vived in Kendai's memory whenever in after days his thoughts went wandering back to the first moment of real contact between his own personality and that of Isabel Breth-erton.

CHAPTER IV.

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view.

A few days after the performance of the White Lady," Kendal, in the course of his weekly letter to his sister, sent her a fairly detailed account of the evening, including the interview with her after the play, which had left two or three very marked impres-sions upon him. "I wish," he wrote, "I could only convey to you a sense of her per sonal charm such as might balance the impression of her artistic defects, which I suppose this account of mine cannot but leave on you. When I came away that after our conversation with her I had en-tirely forgotten her failure as an actress, and it is only later, since I have thought over the evening in detail, that I have re-turned to my first standpoint of wonder at the easy toleration of the English public. When you are actually with her, talking to her, looking at her, Forbes' attitude is the only possible and reasonable one. What does art, or cultivation, or training matter? I found myself saying, as I walked home, in echo of him-so long as nature will only condescend once in a hundred years to pro

duce for us a creature so perfect, so finely fashioned to all beautiful uses! Let other people go through the toil to acquire; their aim is truth; but here is beauty in its quin-tessence, and what is beauty but three parts of truth) Beauty is harmony with the uni-versal order, a revelation of laws and perfections of which, in our common groping through a dall world, we find in general nothing to remind us. And, if so, what folly to ask of a human creature that it should be more than beautiful! It is a messenger from the gods, and we treat it as if it were any common traveler along the highway of life,

stend of raising our altar and sacrifleing to it with grateful hearts. "That was my latest impression of Friday night. But, naturally, by Saturday morn-ing I had returned to the rational point of The mind's morning climate is removed by many degrees from that of the the great majority of plain men, who have evening; and the critical revolt which the whole spectacle of the 'White Lady' had originally roused in me revived in all its

force. I began, indeed, to feel as if I and humanity, with its long, laborious tradition, were on one side, holding our own against a young and arrogant aggressor - namely, beauty, in the person of Miss Bretherton. How many men and women, I thought, have labored and struggled and died in the effort to reach a higher and higher perfection in one single art, and are they to be outdone, eclipsed in a moment, by something which is a mero freak of nature; something which, like the lilies of the field, has neither toiled nor spun, and yet claims the special

and cross-examine it for its credentials in-

inheritance and reward of those who have? It seemed to me as though my feeling in her presence of the night before, as if the sudden overthrow of the critical resistance in me, had been a kind of treachery to the human Beauty has power enough, I found CHILDON. myself reflecting with some fierceness-let us withhold from her a sway and a prerogative which are not rightly hers; let us defend against her that store of human sympathy which is the proper reward, not of her facile and heaven born perfections, but of labor and intelligence of all that is complex and tonacious in the workings of the human pirit. "And then, as my mood cooled still fur

ther, I began to recall many an ovening at the Francaise with you, and one part after another, one actor after another, recurred to me, till, as I realized afresh what dramatic intelligence and dramatic training reaily are, I fell into an angry contempt for our lavish English enthusiasms. Poor girl! it is not her fault if she believes herself to be a much of, and she does not refuse leading conditions, and without any but the it, but she in her turn evidentiv admires most elementary education, how is she to enormously her friend's social capabilities know what the real thing means? She finds and eleverness, and she is impulsively enger herself the rage within a tew weeks of her to make some return for Mrs. Shaart's kind ness-an engerness which shows itself in the appearance in the greatest city in the world. Naturally she pays no heed to her criticagreatest complaisance toward all the Stuarts' friends, and in a constant watchinhess for why would shef "And she is indeed a most perploxing mixanything which will plense and flatter them. ture. Do what 1 will, 1 cannot harmonize all my different impressions of her. Let mo "However, here I am as usual wasting time in analysis instead of describing to you begin again. Why is it that her acting is so our Sunday. It was one of those heavenly poor) 1 never saw a more dramatic perdays with which May starthes us out of our sonality: Everything that she says or does winter pessimian; sky and earth seemed to is said or done with a wrath, a force, a vivabe alike clothed in a young iridescent beauty. city that makes her smallest gesture and her lightest tone impress themselves upon you. We found a carriage wa ting for us at the station, and we drove along a great mAin road until a sudden turn landed us in a I felt this very strongly two or three times green track traversing a land of endless com-mons, as wild and as forsaken of human kind after the play on Friday night-in her talk with Forbes, for instance, whom she has altogether in her toils, and whom she plays as though it were a region in some virgin with as though he were the gray headed continent. On either hand the gorse was Merlin and she an innocent Vivien weaving thick and golden; great oaks, splendid in the harmless spells about him. And then, from first dazzling sharpness of their spring green, this mocking war of words and looks, this gay cataaraderic, in which there was not a scrap threw vast shadows over the fresh moist grass beneath, and over the lambs sleeping of coquetry or self consciofisness, she would beside their fleecy mothers, while the hawpass into a sudden outburst of anger as to the thorns rose into the sky in masses of rose impertinence of English rich people, the imtinted snow, each tree a shining miracle of pertinence of rich millionaires who have white set in the environing blue. tried once or twice to 'order' her for their Then came the farm house-old, red evening parties as they would order their lees; or the impertinence of the young 'swell about town' who thinks she has nothing to brick, red tiled, casemented-everything that the asthetic soul desires-the farmer and his wife looking out for us, and a pleasant, do behind the scenes but receive his visits homely meal ready in the parlor, with its and provide him with entertainment. And, last century woodwork. as the quick, impetuous words came rushing

reague row toe protection of any precise roa from ber family; in other words, we mean to neuror that she has occasional rest and coun-try air on Sunday-ber only free day. Mrs. Start has already wrung out of Mrs. Wor-rall, by a little judicious scaring, permission to carry her off for two Bundays-one this month and one next-and Miss Bretherton's romantic side, which is curiously strongflue her, has been touched by the suggestion that the second Sunday shall be spent at Oxford. "Probably for the first Sunday—a weak hence-we shall go to Surrey. You remem-ber Hugh Farnham's property near Leith Hull I know all the farm about there from old shooting days, and there is one on the

cld shooting days, and there is one on the edge of some great commors which would be perfection on a May Sunday. I will write you a full account of our day. The only rule haid down by the league is that things are to be so managed that Miss Bretherton is to have no possible excuse for fatigue so long as she is in the hands of the society. "My book goes on fairly well. I have been making a long study of De'Musset, with the

result that the poems seem to me far finer than I had remembered, and the 'Confessions d'un Enfant du Siecle' a miserable performance. How was it it impressed me so much when I read it first? His poems have reminded me of you at every step. Do you remember how you used to read them aloud to our mother and me after dinner, while the father had his sleep before going down to the houser Ten days later Kendal spent a long Monday

evening in writing the following letter to his sister:

"Our yesterday's expedition was, I think, a great success. Mrs. Stuart was happy, be-cause she had for once induced Stuart to put away his papers and allow himself a boliday ; it was Miss Bretherton's first sight of the genuino English country, and she was like a child among the gorze and the hawthorns, while Wallace and I amused our manly selves extremely well in befriending the most beautiful woman in the British isles, in drawing her out and watching her strong naive im-pressions of things. Stuart, I think, was not quite happy. It is hardly to be expected of a lawyer in the crisis of his fortunes that he should enjoy ten hours' divorce from his briefs; but he did his best to reach the common level, and his wife, who is devoted to

him, and might as well not be married at all. from the point of view of marital companion-ship, evidently thought him perfection. The day more than confirmed my liking for Mrs. Stuart; there are certain little follies about her; she is too apt to regard every distin-guished dinner party she and Stuart attend as an event of enormous and universal inter-est, and beyond London society her sympathies bardly reach, except in that vague charitable form which is rather pity and toleration than sympathy. But she is kindly, womanly, soft: she has no small jealousies and none of that petty self consciousness which makes so many women wearisome to

no wish to take their social exercises too much au serieux. "I was curious to see what sort of a rela tionship she and Miss Bretherton had developed toward each other. Mrs. Stuart is nothing if not cultivated; her light individuality floats easily on the stream of London thought, now with this current, now with that, but always in movement, never left behind. She has the usual literary and artistic topics at her fingers' end, and so she knows everybody. Whenever the mere abstract sides of a subject begin to hore her, she can fall back upon an endless store of gossip as lively, as brightly colored, and, on the whole, ns harmless as she berself is. Miss Bretherton had till a week or two ago but two subjects-Jamaica and the stage-the latter taken in a somewhat narrow sense. Now she has added to her store of knowledge a great number of first impressions of London notorieties, which naturally throw her mind and Mrs Stuart's more frequently into contact with each other. But I see that, after all, Mrs. Stuart had no need of any bridges of this kind to bring her on to common ground with Isabel Bretherton. Her strong womanliness and the leaven of warm hearted youth still stirring in her would be quite enough of themselves, and besides, there is a critical dolight in the girl's beauty and the little per-sonal pride and excitement she undoubtedly feels at having, in so creditable and natural a manner, secured a hold on the most interesting person of the senson. It is curious to see her forgetting her own specialties and neglecting to make her own points that she may bring her companion forward and set her in the best light. Miss Bretherton takes her homage very prettily; it is intural to her

in the first,' she said, 'it was so lifelike; so real;' and then Halford was romantic, the picture was pretty, and she liked it. I looked at Forbes with some amusement; it was gratifying, remembering the rodomontade with which Wallace and I had been crushed on the night of the 'White Lady' to see him wince under Miss Bretherton's liking of the worst art in England! Is the critical spirit

worth something, or is it superfluous in thestrical matters and only indispensable in matters of painting? I think he caught the challenge in my eye, for he evidently felt himself in some little difficulty.

"'Ob, you couldn't,' he said, with a groan, 'you couldn't like that ball room-and that troubadour, heaven forgive us! Well, there must be something in it-there must be some thing in it, if it really gives you pleasure-I dare say there is; we're so confoundedly up-pish in the way we look at things. If either of them had a particle of drawing or a scrap of taste, if both of them weren't as bare as a broomstick of the least vestige of gift, or any suspicion of knowledge, there might be a good deal to say for them! Only, my dear good deal to say for them! Only, my dear Miss Bretherton, you see it's really not a mat-ter of opinion; I assure you it isn't. I could prove to you as plain as two and two make four, that Halford's figures don't join in the middle, and that Forth's men and women are as flat as my hand-there isn't a back among them! And then the taste, and the color, and the claptrap idiocy of the sentiment! No, I don't think I can stand it. I am all for peop getting enjoyment where they can,' with a defiant look at me, 'and snapping their fin-gers at the critics. But one must draw the line somewhere. There's some art that's out of court from the beginning.'

"I couldn't resist it. "'Don't listen to him, Miss Bretherton,' I your pleasure. The great thing is to feel, defend your feeling against him! It's worth

more than this criticism." "Forbes' eyes looked laughing daggers at me from under his shaggy white brows. Mrs. Stuart and Wallace kept their countenance to perfection; but 1 had him; there's no denying it. "'Oh, I know nothing about it,' said Isabel

Bretherton, divinely unconscious of the little skirmish going on around her. 'You must teach me, Mr. Forbes. I only know what touches me, what I like-that's all I know in anything."

'It's all we any of us know,' said Wal-Ince, airily. 'We begin with "I like" and "I don't like," then we begin to be proud and make distinctions and find reasons; but the thing beats us, and we come back in the end to "I like" and "I don't like."

"The lunch over, we strolled out along the common, through heather which as yet was a mere brown expanse of flowerless under growth and copes which overhead were a canopy of golden oak loaf and carpeted underneath with primroses and the young uncurling bracken. Presently through little wood we came upon a pond lying wida and blue before us under the breezy May sky, its shores fringed with scented fir wood and the whole nir alive with birds. We sat down under a pile of logs fresh cut and fragrant and talked away vigorously. It was a little difficult often to keep the conversation on lines which did not exclude Miss Bretherton. Forbea, the Stuarts, Wallace and I are accustomed to be together, and one never realizes what a Freemasonry the intercourse even of a capital is until one tries to introduce an outsider into it. We talked the theatre, of course; the ways of different actors, the fortunes of managers. Isabel Bretherton naturally has as yet seen very little; her comments were mainly personal and all of a friendly, enthusiastic kind, for the proon has been very cordial to her, month or five weeks more and fession A engagement at the Calliopo will he over. There are other theatres open to her, of course, and all the managers are at her feet; but she has set her heart upon going abroad for some time, and has, I imagine, made so much money this season that the family cannot in decency object to to Italy,' she said to me in her emphatic.



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matural cleverness, but that her models had been of the poorest type. And in all other respects, when it came to interpretation or creation, she was spolled by her entire want of that inheritance from the past which is the foundation of all good work in the present. For an actress must have one of the two kinds of knowledge; she must have either the knowledge which comes from a fine training-in itself the outcome of a long

tradition-or she must have the knowledge which comes from mere living, from the aconce. Miss Bretherton had neither. She had extraordinary beauty and charm, and cortainly, as Kendal admitted, some original quickness. He was not inclined to go so far to call it "power." But this quickness, which would have been promising in a debutante less richly endowed on the physical side, seemed to him to have no future in her. "It will be checked," he said to himself, "by her beauty and all that flows from it. She must come to depend more and more on the physical charm, and on that only. The whole pressure of her success is and will be that way.

Miss Bretherton's inadequacy, indeed, became more and more visible as the play was ally and finely worked up to its climax n the last act. In the final scene of all, the prince, who, by a series of accidents, has discovered the Counters Hilda's plans, lies in wait for her in the armory, where he has on to know she means to try the effect of a third and last apparition upon the princess. She appears; he suddenly confronts her; and, gging her forward, unveils before himself and the princess the death like features of his old love. Recovering from the shock of detection, the counters pours out taking by both a fury of jealous passion, sinking by degrees into a pathetic, trance like invoca-tion of the past, under the spell of which the prince's anger melts away, and the little incess' terror and excitement change into enger pity. Then when she sets him almost reconquered, and her rival weeping beside har, she takes the poison vial from her breast, drinks it, and dies in the arms of the man for whose sake she has sacrificed beauty, character and life itself.

A great actress could hardly have wished for a better opportunity. The scene was so obviously beyond Miss Bretherton's resources that even the enthusiastic house, Kendal ed, cooled down during the progress of it. There were signs of restlessin es, there was even a little talking in some of the back rows, and at no time during the scene was any of that breathless absorption in there any of that breathes go which the what was passing on the stage which the dramatic material itself amply deserved.

"I don't thick this will last very long," said endal in Wallace's ear. "There is something tragio in a popularity like this; it rests on ing unsound, and one feels that disafter is not far off. The whole thing impresses me most painfully. She has some respective, of course; if only the conditions has been different-if she had been born within a hundred miles of the Paris conservare, if her youth had been passed in a socisty of more intellectual weight-but, as it is, this very applause is ominous, for the beauty must go sooner or later, and there is sothing else." ng else.

"You remember Desforets in this same theatre last year in "Adrienne Lesouvreur? " said "What a guif between the right thing and the wrong! But come, we must do our duty;" and he drew Kendal forward to-wards the front of the box, and they saw the whole house on its feet, chapping and shouting, and the curtain just being drawn back to let the White Lady and the Prince appear before it. She was very pale, but the storm of applause which greeted her seemed to re-vive her, and she swept her smiling glance round the theatre, until at last it rested with a special gleam of recognition on the party in the box, especially on Forbes, who was outdoing himself in enthusiasm. She was called forward again and again, until at last he house was content, and the general exit

The instant after her white dress had disinclude from the stage a hille page boy "However, the upshot of the supper party was that next day Wallace, Forbes and 1 met at Mrs. Stuart's house and formed a Sunday the ment of all on the states and and

Think the state of the



A pleasant, homely meal.

up a minute longer. Mrs. Stnart asked her about her Sandays, and whether sho ever got "Forbes was greatly in his element at out of town. 'Oh,' she said, with a sigh and a look at her uncle, who was standing near, lunch. 1 never knew him more racy; he gave us biographies, mostly imaginary, illustrated "I think Sunday is the hardest day of all. It is our "at home" day, and such crowds come by sketches, made in the intervals of eating, if the sitters whose portraits he has conjust to look at me, I suppose, for I cannot talk to a quarter of them.' Whereupon Mr. descended to take this year. They range from a bishop and a royalty down to a little Worrall said in his bland commercial way that society had its burdens as well as its girl picked up in the London streets, and his presentation of the characteristic attitudes pleasures, and that his dear nieco could of each-these attitudes which, according to hardly escape her social duties after the flathim, betray the 'inner soul' of the Lishop tering manner in which London had wel-comed her. Miss Brotherton answered, with the founding-was admirable. Then he fell upon the academy-that respected body of a sort of languid rebellion, that her social which I suppose he will soon be the president-and tore it limb from limb. Wills what face dtitles would soon be the death of her. But evidently she is very docile at home, and I shall over sit at the same table with him at they do what they like with her. It seems the academy dinners of the future-supposto me that the uncle and aunt area good deal ing fortune ever exalts me again as she did shrewder than the London public; it is borne in upon me by various indications that they this year to that august meal-1 hardly know Millais' faces, Pettic's knights or know exactly what their niece's popularity Calderon's beauties-all fared the same. You could not say it was ill natured; it was simply the bare truth of things put in the depends on, and that it very possibly may not be a long lived one. Accordingly they have determined on two things: first, that whimsical manner which is natural to Forbes.

she shall make as much money for the family as can by any means be made, and, secondly, "Miss Bretherton listened to and hughed at that she shall find her way into London soci-ety and secure if possible a great parti before it all, finding her way through the crowd of unfamiliar manes and allusions with a wothe enthusiasm for her has had time to chill. man's cleverness, looking adorable all the time in a cloak of some brown velvet stuff, One hears various stories of the uncle, all in this sense; I cannot say how true they are. "However, the upshot of the supper party was that pext day Wallace, Forbes and 1 met and a large hat also of brown velvet. She has a beautiful hand, fine and delicate, not specially small, but full of character; it was pleasant to watch it playing with her orange, or smoothing back every now and then the

petuous way. 'Sir Walter Rutherford has talked to me so much about it that I am beginning to dream of it. I long to have done with London and be off! This English sun seems to me so chilly,' and she drew her winter cloak about her with a little shiver, although the day was really an English summer day, and Mrs. Stuart was in cotton. 'I camo from such warmth, and I loved it. I have been making acquaintance with all sorts of horrors since I came to London-face ache and rheumatism and colds-I scarcely knew there were such things in the world And I never knew what it was to be tired before. Some times I can hardly drag through my work. I hate it so; it makes me cross like a naughty child! " 'Do you know,' I said, flinging myself

down beside her on the grass and looking up at her, 'that it's altogether wrong! Nature never meant you to feel tired; it's monstrous, it's against the natural order of things!

" 'It's London,' she said with her little sigh and the drooping lid that is so prettily pathetic. 'I have the roar in my carsall day, and it seems to be humming through my sleep at night. And then the crowd, and the hurry people are in, and the quickness and sharpness of things! But I have only a few weeks more,' she added, brightening, 'and then by October I shall be more used to Europe-the climate and the life."

"I am much impressed, and so is Mrs. Stuart, by the strugglo her nervous strength is making against London. All my nursing of you, Marie, and of your mother has taught me to notice these things in women, and I find myself taking often a very physical and medical view of Miss Bretherton. You see, it is a case of a northern temperament and constitution relaxed by tropical conditions, and then exposed once more in an exceptional degree to the strain and stress of northern life, I rage when I think of such a piece of physical excellence marred and dimmed by our harsh English struggle. And all for what? For a commonplace, make believe art, vulgarizing in the long run both to the artist and the public! There is a sense of tragic waste about it. Suppose Loudon destroys her health-there are some signs of it-what a futile, fronical pathos there would be in it. I long to step in, to 'have at' somebody, to stop it.

"A little incident later on threw a curious light upon her. We had moved on to the other side of the pond and were basking in the fir wood. The afternoon sun was slanting through the branches on to the bosom of the pond; a splendid Scotch fir just beside us sed out its red limbed branches over a great bed of green reeds, starred here and there with yellow irises. The woman from the keeper's cottage near had brought us out some tea, and most of us had fallen into a sybaritic frame of mind in which talk seemed to be a burden on the silence and easeful pence of the scene. Suddenly Wallace and Forbes fell upon the question of Balanc, of whom Wallace has been making a study lately, and were soon handed in a discussion of Balzae's method of character drawing. Are Eugene de Rastiguac, Le Pere Goriot and old Grandet real beings or mere incarnations of qualities, mathematical deductions from a given point? At last I was drawn in. and the Stuarts; Stuart has frained his wife in Balanc, and she has a dry, original way of judging a novel, which is stimulating and keeps the ball rolling. It was the first time that the talk had not centered in one way or another around Miss Bretherton, who, of course, was the first consideration throughout the day in all our minds. We grew vehement and forgetful till at last a little move ment of hers diverted the general current. She had taken off her hat and was leaning

back against the call under which she sat, watching with parted lips and a gaze of the purest delight and wonder the movements of a nut hatch overhead, a creature of the woodpecker kind, with delicate purple gray plumage, who was tapping the branch above her for insects with his large disproportionate bill, and then skinnning along to a sand bank a little distance off, where he disappeared with his new lots his sunt.

(Continued next Saturday.)