THE LIFE OF A BALLET GIRL.

Inside View of the French Stage.

The *Paris Pays* correspondent of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* gives the following story of a *figurante* in that city, as related to him:

They had just brought out, said he, at the Porte St. Martin, a great spectacular piece, of rare attraction, requiring a very large *corps du ballet*. The sub-manager, a friend of mine, invited me behind the scenes the first night of representation. I went and had my usual chat with my favorites in the corps, in the green-room, before the rising of the curtain. While in the green-room, I noticed, sitting quite apart from the rest of the girls, a young dancer whom I had seen before a few times, and whom I had always spoken to in vain; she never would answer me; and I always noticed she was treated all the other gallants in the same way. On this evening she was sitting apart, and I observed tears were rolling down her cheeks, which were heavily rouged. She was dressed, very sparingly, in pink gauze. I approached her, and, touched by her evident depression, asked her what the matter was. She shook her head, and answer was. One of the girls, a bold hussy, ventured to guess at the cause, and remarked on this came up, and said, "Can you guess what's the trouble with our fine little Mademoiselle Eulalie? Why, she's crying because she has got to negotiate a tight little, and offer the king, in the play, a goblet of wine, kneeling. *Mon Dieu*, how terrible! *Cabinet cent d'yeux!*" And the speaker bounced off, laughing. We French-men (said Paul) are so hardened by our society-stage life, that we are seldom susceptible to pity. But I was really touched by Mlle. Eulalie's emotion perhaps it was because she was unusually pretty, and so wonderfully fresh and innocent. During the play I saw her on the stage. The poor thing was forcing a smile through the first acts when it came to the place where she had to kneel and thus expose herself to the rude gaze of the *parterre*, she hesitated, and trembled like a leaf, and the tears came once more. When she arose her modest color so mounted to her face as to quite conceal the rouge paint; and after the last act she went into the green room again—and fainted. I felt interested, and, *rouge* as I am, did from my heart pity the poor girl. This was I ham, and I'm a good judge.

NEW ROYALTY STYLE.

In about a week, after a good deal of effort, I managed, by getting the sub-manager to introduce me, to get acquainted with Mlle. Eulalie.

After an acquaintance in which I had to win her confidence by the most gradual steps —for she was most timid, as well as modest —I learned her history, and, with it, to respect and venerate the same simple ballet girl.

I suppose my interest in her at first arose from the difference between her and the rest; she was a homo-mean. Her mother was Françoise Tellier—Eulalie was her fancy stage name. She was ashamed. Her father was dead; her mother had remarried a man who had till within a year been a jobber, but, meeting with a little luck, had become rich, heelo, and was the inmate of an asylum. Her mother was a very skilful dressmaker, a testaun woman, and by her second husband had a family of three small girls. Since her husband's misfortunes she had been quite unable to work at all; what she did was to copy documents for lawyers and bailiffs, for which she had a good education, and you know this has always been a regular occupation for many French people of the lower bourgeois order.

Mme. Reynaud, whose father had been poor, had learned it in her younger days, and had since taught Françoise to write a "law-yer-like hand." It happens that the nephew of the unfortunate stepfather was acting in scenic pieces at the Châtelet, and was enthusiastic in his art; and he, observing the advantages which the young Françoise possessed, her grace of movement, etc.—proposed that she should take lessons for the ballet. This shocked the mother, who refused her consent; but the heroic daughter, although she shuddered at the prospect, was earnest in favor of the project, and she at last won Mme. Reynaud's consent.

The girl saw the difficulties her mother had in providing means for her subsistence and for, the support of the unfortunate invalid in the asylum, and was ambitious only to aid in earning enough to support them. Her cousin was able to be of great assistance; he engaged a master at less than half price, to be paid from the future earnings of Françoise; and when she was proficient, introduced, which she did very quickly (owing to her zeal and natural brightness), he procured her a place in the corps de ballet, at the smaller theatres, where she at first, of course, only appeared *en corps*. She was pretty, had the requisite grace, and her young home a goodly number of francs every week, and of seeing much her mother and her sons twinkle step-father supplied with many comforts of which they had long been deprived.

WHAT APPEAR.

When she came to the ballet, rehearsal mornings, she was observed to carry a little parcel of papers, most neatly tied; and in the intervals, when she was not on or near the stage, she was seen writing with great rapidity at one of the tables in the green room. She was doing her mother's copy work.

Mme. Immediately after rehearsal, which lasted till twelve or more, she hurried home and continued her copying, working three or four hours at it; then she went to the market and bought a basket of fruit, with which she rode in an omnibus to the asylum, and gave her purchases to the imbecile stepfather. Then she returned home, took a slight dinner, and was off again buying provisions for the next day. At six she returned to the theatre, where she was at her after rehearsal. When the play was brought her cousin always came to escort her home. She rose at six in the morning, made breakfast, and fell straight to writing. And working thus, excellent Francoise remained in gaiety, loved on the end of her stage career (for she was, happily, near its end when I got acquainted with her), about one hundred francs a week, which was a capital income for poor people in Paris. And she was very fair—a cool spotless against her; but it was remarked by all how modestly and virtuously she bore herself in all her toil and trouble.

"Now," said Paul, "is not this a character worth celebrating in fiction? Why don't you, a literary man, take it up?"

"Perhaps I will," said I. "Where is she now?"

"Such a girl was sure," said he, "to be found on and appreciated by a young lawyer's clerk, a Protestant, of highly respectable family, and a sufficiency of money, was struck by her heroism, her zeal, and her modesty. She became his wife six months ago, and is studying under his affectionate tuition."

A Lady Reporter Does Sheridan.

Fitzedet Blake (Grace Greenwood) of the *Springfield Republican*, writes:

Bulfeme personal friends and former members of his staff were of the party on the General's car at Pittsfield, and, as conversation turned upon the battles, the hero slipped free from his load of honors and their flattery, and talked with great heartiness. He told—has the story been in the papers—of a loyal girl living within the rebel lines, who heard of his plans, and, at great risk, furnished him with valuable information, folded the thin paper into some tin foil in which tobacco had been wrapped, hid the tin foil in the mouth of a cornstalk, and sent it through Sheridan. After a long wait exactly through her means, Gen. Sheridan visited the young lady, gave her a gold watch in commemoration of her service, and ordered his officers, without reservation, to gratify her in any request which she might make. "It was against all my theory and former practice, but I'd never do anything for that girl," he said, and "why, I believe Mrs. Lincoln to be more than beyond a doubt. In this case it seems as a pity that for the sake of her husband's memory and her husband's children, the papers might not make an end of deridling her. Her neighbors know her to possess a hundred thousand dollars, and do not think that, in her right mind, she would make against the matter. Surely, she has had horror and trouble enough to upset a stronger intellect.

It was Colonel Thomas Cornin, of Pittsfield, who, as *aide*, took Sheridan the news of the fight, which led to his famous ride. Colonel Cole told how General Wright came, breathless, and said, "I have put the army in order for retreat," and Sheridan answered in words, "Retreat! by ——, we'll whip 'em yet." And he told what a grand sight it was when, looking across Middletown meadows, they saw the instantaneously reorganized Union army rush in upon the rebel flanks and scatter them like mist, till, hastening to the scene, they rode over half a mile strewn thickly with dead and dying men who, twenty minutes before, had shouted "Victory!" and now still it was when, at night, they rode back over the field which had been the scene of such mad strife and tumult, now only the low groans of the dying and the thousands of white, dead faces upturned to the stars; and how, after the victory, the Generals, one by one, came up to the little hero and hugged him, and wept over him, and they had to carry off from the ground, till he gasped, "Hold, enough!"

CALAMITY AT FORT RANSON.

A Terrible Prairie Fire.

(Extract from a Fort Dansons, (Dakota, Sept. Oct. 7.)

The winds, which had been blowing strongly, increased into a gale on Sunday night, and by Monday morning had worked themselves into almost irresistible fury. I was writing in my tent about 7 o'clock, when the wind got hold in it and told me that my kitchen tent—a Sibley—was being blown away. I rushed out in time to see rent into ribbons, and the kitchen furniture, and other articles, striking out on the prairie on their own hook. So occupied was I in recovering my property, that I did not notice the immense volumes of smoke coming over the hill, until a suffocating blast made me feel it; and strange to say, no one else seems to have been prepared for the fire. You can understand this better when you recollect that we are in a Indian country, and to run into the dangers, and to rush into the tents and haul out the women, and run them down to the sutler's store (the only covered building), was the work of a moment. Being officer of the day, I had to rush back and turn out the guard and sound the alarm. The fire rolled down on us with terrific rapidity, and was accompanied by immense banks of smoke that threatened suffocation. Blinded and stifled, anything like resistance was almost impossible; and our feeble attempts would have been futile, for the wind caused the fire to leap fifty yards in some places, and had thrown myself down on my face to save my eyes, and got a breath, when the recollection flashed upon me that six hundred pounds of powder were stored in the sutler's store, and, turning to ——, I shouted, "Run for your life!" and, at the corner of the cattle corral, surrounded by the frightened animals, and shrieking with terror. It appears that Major K. had also recollected about the powder, and had sent the women down to the Post, but she and I became separated, and * * * thought that her sister was lost. In fleeing for safety, I ran back to the camp. By this time the whole camp would have been destroyed, but a sudden change in the wind drove the fire past the flank of the camp, within five yards of the tent, and then swept on around the hay-stacks, devouring six hundred tons of hay (our whole winter's supply), struck the corner of the Post, setting fire to a few outer buildings and the cordwood, dashed up the side of the hill, and was off on the prairie, destroying the half-breed camp, burning men, women, children and animals, leaving us suffocated with smoke and cinders, and blinded with the ashes. The whole garrison worked for dear life to save the hay, and the wind providentially favored us. To put out what was on fire was impossible. The flames burst almost with a white heat; but they were forced away from the other buildings by the terrific force of the tornado. Everything was destroyed that was set fire to; but the main body of the camp and post was saved. All the rest of the fire was occupied in beating out the remnants of the fire, and by night we were fain to lay down and secured here a slim.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Directors and Lessees, Messrs. Max Maretzek and Colonel Jas. Pierson. MONDAY EVENING, October 28th, 1867, All the Old Favorite, with the Celebrated Adelina Patti and New Operatic Star, Signor Bettini, Last Time 7th. Opening Opera, BOHEMIAN GIRL. Sale of Seats for Season Ticket Holders, WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE, Now open at Musical Fund Hall, Chestnut st. Now, 926 Chestnut st. Tickets, 75 cents. Seats, 50 cents.

NEW PHILADELPHIA OPERA HOUSE. Corner of Broad and Sansom Streets. THE REGIST OF FASHION. The largest and most elegant Hall in America. MISS BELLA HALLIN AMERICA. Mr. ALBERT HOFFMAN & OLE BULL. Crowded nightly with the elite of Philadelphia. THE FASHIONABLE RESORT OF PHILADELPHIA. one of the most. LAUGHABLE BURLESQUES. Sixty Artists, Ladies and Gentlemen, the best fun in the city. Every evening, FRANK MORAN, W. S. Rudolph, C. Church, W. Allen, W. Rudolph and others. Matinee every Saturday, 25 cents. Family Circle, 25 cents. Dress Boxes, 50. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 8. Box Office open from 10 to 5 o'clock. octs-2t

NEW ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE. ELEVENTH street, above CHESTNUT. THE FAIR ROSAMOND. Every Evening and Saturday Matinee, THE FAIR ROSAMOND. Every Evening and Saturday Matinee, THE CHARM OF THE TOWER. By Balfe, Sullivan, Wallace, Mr. Frank Drew, THE HERALD FLIP AROUND THIS WORLD, will be received at the Box Office. First week of THE RICHMOND RAILROAD. Last week of THE FAIR ROSAMOND. JAYS AND ARABS.

ORTON'S OPERA HOUSE, CALL. GRAND MATINEE. By CARL SENTZ, Jr., Director. Last Two Performances, EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY. Also, Every Evening, Matinee Saturday. Vocalist—Miss CORNELIA CHAPPELL. SINGLE ADMISSION, 25 CENTS. Packages of 4 Tickets for $1. Tickets to be had at Boner & Co., Music Store, 1102 Chestnut st. Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8. octs-2t

ASSEMBLY BUILDING. BIGNOR BLITZ. King of Magicians, Prince of Ventriloquists. World of Mystery, Mysteries of the Video Great Indian Basket Feat. MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS at 7½ o'clock. WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at 2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; Children 15 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents. octs-4t

GERMANIA ORCHESTRA—PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the MUSICAL FUND HALL, every SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock. Tickets admitting one gentleman and lady, 50 cents. Tickets admitting one gentleman and lady, 25 cents. Tickets admitting one gentleman and lady, 25 cents. Tickets admitting one gentleman and lady, 25