THE VENUS OF MILO.

BY MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

"When I entered for the last time that magnificent hall of the *Louvre*, where stands on her pedestal the overblessed goddess of beauty, unrelieved by Lady of Milo, the enchantment gave way with a face of mournful and tender compassion."—*Beatrix Hume.*]

Goddess of dreams, mother of love and sorrow,
Such sorrow as upon love's fair promise flows,
Such love as from love's martyrdoms doth borrow
That conquering calm which only sorrow knows.

Venus, Madonna! so serene and tender,
In thy calm after-bloom of life and love,
More fair than when of old thy sea-born splendor
Surprised the senses of Olympian Jove.

Not these the lips that with compassioned pleading
Peared subtle hearts through Adon's languid frame,
Till, cruel cheek and brow, their kisses raining,
Thrilled to his heart and turned its frost to flame.

Thy soul transcending passion's wild illusion,
Its fantasy and fever and unrest,
Breeds tenderly in thought's decorest seclusion,
Over some lost love-dream lingering in thy breast.

Thy face seems touched with pity for the anguish
Of earth's disconsolate and lonely hearts;
For all the born and lyveless lives that languish
In solitary homes and sordid marts.

With pity for the faithlessness and feigning,
The vain repentance and the long regret,
The perfumed lamps in lonely chambers waning,
The untouched fruits on golden salvers set.

Thy pity for the patient watcher's yearning,
Through lonely casements over midnight moors,
Thrilled by the echo of far feet returning
Through the blank darkness of the empty doors;

With sorrow for the coy, sweet lads that cherish
In virgin pride love's luxury of gloom,
And in their fair enfolded beauty perish,
Fading like flowers that know not how to bloom

With sorrow for the over-blown pale roses
That waste their perfumes on the wandering air;
For all the penalties that life imposes
On passion's dream, on love's divine despair.

—*Putnam's Magazine for February.*

Theatrical Notes.

From an article in the York *Post* we extract the following theatrical items of interest:

SUCCESSFUL ACTORS.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson has the reputation of being one of the most financially successful members of the theatrical profession. A large proportion of his wealth was acquired years since in Australia and California. His profits at present average two thousand dollars a week, in the cities, for forty weeks.

Edwin Booth has the reputation of being the wealthiest member, however, of the American theatrical corps. His season is also about thirty weeks. His average is three thousand dollars a week. His new theatre will not be finished until December. In the interval it is rumored that he will fill an engagement at Pike's Opera House in this city.

Among the other actors who are earning good incomes are Mr. J. E. Owens, whose receipts are $1,000 a night; Mr. Bagley Williams, who has already amassed a handsome fortune, and who averages $500 a week, with Mrs. Barney Williams as much more in the season; John Brougham, who makes about $800 a week; Mrs. Lander, who earns J. E. Murdoch is also very wealthy. Miss Maggie Mitchell, who is always, and has been from the first, very successful, makes about $1,000 a week; Lotta, the next most successful actress, a spright little bit of "sulphuriter," who has risen into celebrity only within the past two years, makes about $800 a week; J. S. Clarke, the author, or possibly about $1,000; Mrs. D. P. Bowers, $500; E. Davenport, $600; J. W. Wallack, $500; Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, $500; Edwin Adams, $500; J. H. Hackett, $500; Miss Laura Keene, $500; Mr. and Mrs. Florence, $500.

COMMON ERRORS.

Two very common errors are committed by the public in their estimation of a theatre and theatrical laws. One is that strangers or near friends of the actors or actresses are ever permitted behind the scenes or in the greenroom. This is seldom allowed. Indeed, so rigorously is this rule enforced, that managers themselves would be stared at by their subordinates upon a chance intrusion within its strictly private precincts. This rule has been in force always in all respectable theatres in America.

Another erroneous impression in the public mind is that theatres, from their light and airy appurtenances, are very combustible. This, also, is a grave mistake. The canvas scenery—always painted in water colors, never in oil—is first "sized" with a preparation of whitings and glue, before the colors are laid on, and may be held above the gas for almost ages of law or politics, can grow—ing—only smouldering. Fires in theatres are usually the result of carelessness or the work of incendiary. Some years ago a show match—as demonstrated by the late fire at Winter Garden—left to burn during the night, day. Of course, when once the flames have caught the dry ropes and gauzebeated timbers, in the open area of a theatre, they make quick and devastating work.

THEATRICAL SALARIES.

The number of persons employed in any first-class American theatre, with their salaries, are given below in prominent nomenclature:

	Per Week.
Leading Man (for a competent one).....	$75
Leading Woman (for a competent one).....	50
First Walking Lady.....	40
Second Walking Lady.....	30
Soubrette.....	35
First Old Woman.....	30
Second Old Woman.....	20
First Walking Gentleman.....	30
Second Walking Gentleman.....	25
Five "General Utility" people of both sexes, each.....	10
Three Responsible.....	25
Prompter.....	20
Stage Manager.....	75
Master Carpenter.....	30
Second Carpenter.....	22
Four day hands (carpenters).....	15
Six night hands (scene-shifters).....	9
Head Costumer.....	40
Gas Man.....	18
Assistant Gas Man.....	12
Fireman in winter.....	15
Captain of Supers.....	10
Watchman (night and day one) averaging each.....	12
Four women called cleaners.....	50
Two Scene Painters, each.....	30
Two dressers, one male and female, each.....	20
Six Ushers, averaging each.....	10
Two Doorkeepers (very important position).....	12
Treasurer.....	40
Messenger boy (not in all theatres).....	5
Police officer (special) deputed by the Chief.....	15
Call boy.....	8
Supers, numbers according to the exigency, to each and each night.....	2

Eight regular ballet, and 20 extra per night (continues, etc., provided by the management)..... 8

The expense of a good orchestra and leader about $600 per week, averaging seven instruments per night. The amount paid for salaries for the season of forty weeks is about $80,000.

Women and Politics—A Spicy Letter from Madame Novello.

A Scotch paper—the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette*—publishes the following letter from Madame Novello:

"*To Mary S———*—DEAR MADAM:—I read with delight, in the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette* for the 5th January, your charmingly objurgatory letter, in which you inculcate cretinism as the fittest state of woman-mind. I very, but should rather say heard, as my kind sister read it to me in my sick room, where was assembled a bevy of fair girls, cheering the darkened room to which I am condemned by reason of my weak eyesight. Your admonitions were hailed with shrieks of applause, by ladies to whom my sex owes many pocket handkerchiefs, darning socks, preparing for Christmas pudding and other occupations unobjectionable to the advocates of Noodledom. I was so impressed by your mission adjudicated to women everything but household drudgery that I should at once become your disciple did not a few doubts cause me to have perplexed uncertainty. The above-mentioned girls, who work so diligently and nimbly, are also speak and write fluently several languages, can play Beethoven in mastery style and sing Gounod melodious—in short, quite little nightingales in song as in active nursing; worse still, them dot sensible darners are actually interested in Italian politics. (Please do not mention this fact to Mrs. Crum-Ewing, as he would instantly bestile their future husbands! How can such girls mind them, especially should they be Italian patriots?)

"As a spinster, I feel embarrassed by Mr. Crum-Ewing's injunction, that every woman should mind her husband and children. Can he suggest how I may do so, my husband being such a cheloid? Yet, notwithstanding this lack, I have found plenty of hard work to do in this world. I can boast of no great attainments or great science—in fact, I am almost ignorant enough to satisfy the most severe Mrs. Crum-Ewing & Co.; but I never found the little knowledge I possess an impediment to my domestic duties. An intimacy with German literature has not prevented my knitting socks by dozens for my brothers. The study of music and counterpoint has never been in my way when making a linsed poultice; and a slight acquaintance with anatomy has materially aided me when making rag dolls for the ecstatic gratification of poor children.

"You being converted to the 'Female cretinism theory' you are quite justifiable in thundering at Mary Cowden Clarke's head for troubling itself about Shakespeare; you are convinced, doubtless, that an intellect exercised in profound research cannot possibly suffice to the concection of an apple dumpling; nay, could not comprehend any better than could the brain of George I. the apple management of pot inside the paste, the surface of which is completely closed in, leaving no orifice through which to insert the apple. Yet, though your argument would seem conclusive, I must own that my sister, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, is the most domestic woman alive, and for months daily cooked a mutton chop for her husband's dinner, despite his health required dainty food; nor did I ever hear him complain that her Shakespeare studies (she was then preparing the concordance) ever caused her to burn or smoke his chops. And as to Mrs. Carlyle, she should agree with you in conjuring her to leave off mathematical calculations and abstruse reasonings (she—poor creature—is a man for common sense work), were it not that a friend of mine, calculating on her husband's letter writing out a washing bill—and, incredible as it may appear, quite correctly.

"All these little facts make me waver in my resolution to join the crethinism sect. Other considerations also influence my conscience; if we all take to bed-making and chicken-hashing what will become of poor shirt-stitching and well-turned out of poor shirt-stitching and well-turned out of poor shirt-stitching and well-turned out