

with dark hair and beard—  
many senses of the people among whom  
he was born and an ideal exponent of  
the people whose life his writings have  
depicted; Mr. Clements, tall, stooping,  
shuffling of gait with tumbled hair and  
uncertain moustache, the counterpart of  
nothing except his odd self. Such a  
pair—such a team, let us say—in animal  
life, would make a horse laugh. But  
they pull well together and, to drop the  
simile, contrasts fits well the digestion  
whether it be the grave to gay of speech,  
the sunshine and shadow of the artist's  
summer day, or a little lemon and sugar,  
with—

The programme opened precisely at  
eight with the charming scene from Dr.  
Sevier, where Narcisse visits the Rich-  
lings to borrow money. Let us say here  
that we hope Mr. Cable will acquit our  
people of everything worse than heedless-  
ness in straggling in by the hundred after  
the appointed hour; for they are so accus-  
tomed to entertainments commencing  
half an hour late; that they expected it  
on this occasion. It was annoying to  
everybody, more than all to the late ones.  
The disturbance was manifestly felt by  
Mr. Cable, but those who followed him  
closely will agree that the reading was  
perfect in a dramatic sense, and an in-  
terpretation of the Creole dialect that  
will be of value to readers of Mr. Cable's  
books. His reading of the Widow Riley  
scene was amusing but of little artistic  
value; but the slight sketch possi-  
ble of Ristofalo was the very embodi-  
ment of his character and little less  
than the perfection of art. His next  
number was omitted and in-  
stead, two Creole songs given  
which his mellow, sympathetic  
voice rendered with quite a striking  
effect in modulation. The closing num-  
ber of his programme, "Mary's Night  
Ride" is descriptive recitation purely. It  
was given with strong dramatic power to  
which the audience responded breathless-  
ly, then with applause to which Mr. Cable  
responded by re-appearing and bowing  
his thanks.

Mr. Clements opened his budget of fun  
with "King Sollermaan," the sketch  
printed in the January Century. Next  
he gave his queer experience with  
the German noun, illustrating  
with the "Tragic Tale of a Fishwife."  
This brought an encore to which he re-  
sponded with the sketch of the stam-  
mering man who "cured himself" by  
whistling. His third number was "A  
Trying Situation" somewhat improved  
from a sketch in his "Innocents Abroad."  
Again there was a recall, and he related  
the story of how the old salt shook hands  
with the governor. The evening closed  
with the story of the ghost with the  
golden arm.

Mr. Clement's manner is inimitable as  
it is indescribable. He comes upon the  
stage as though looking for a pin on a  
floor covered with eggs. He disappears  
with a center and if he had not said a  
word, there would still be something to  
laugh at. His gestures have a studied  
awkwardness and every movement has  
a purpose. Speech falls from  
his lips as though against  
his will. Commonly the right elbow is  
supported by the left hand, and when  
his arms fall to his side, volumes could  
not say more. In respect to his part  
of the programme, there was no best or  
worse; nothing was better than something  
else. He is funnier to see and hear than  
to read, and to that, nothing can be  
added.

The entertainment is decidedly the  
leading success of the winter.