

## AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW YORK MUSIC FESTIVAL passed off so well that Dr. Leopold Damrosch must be in a high state of sympathy. The Seventh Regiment Armory has shown itself a suitable receptacle for large bodies of people, and will probably be frequently used for all manner of purposes, except that of drilling the regiment to which it belongs. The Festival has also proved another thing: that there are large numbers in the immediate vicinity of New York who like, or profess to like, severe musical performances—an evidence that midnight cat concerts, common though they be, have not altogether spoiled the taste of the people for better things. The Honorable F. Fitznoodle has in another column fully expressed his views on the Festival, so it but remains for our humble selves to say that Gerster, Campanini, Whitney and Remmertz, and Mrs. Imogen Brown, Miss Antonia Henne, and Messrs. Courtney, Toedt and Stoddard made their warblings heard throughout the vast building with good effect; that Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel" gave certain weather effects in wind and rain that must have made the Washington bureau feel small; that the first concert began with the "Dettingen Te Deum," and the last one, on Saturday evening, ended with Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony;" that the 1200 young ladies who formed part of the chorus looked as well as they sang, and that the "Messiah" and Berlioz's "Grand Messe des Morts" were particularly fine performances.

DALY'S summer season, or supplementary season, or whatever you may please to call it, began on Monday night last with W. D. Eaton's "All the Rage." Mr. Frank Hardenbergh was funny, but, to say the truth, we don't think much of the piece. Not to put too fine a point on it, we think that it is rubbish, although, perhaps Chicago audiences may have found beauties in it that more obtuse New Yorkers are unable to detect. Western audiences are generally able to do this sort of thing when New York audiences cannot, which does not say much for the taste and culture of the empire city.

Salvini commenced his farewell performances on Monday night. He appeared as *Othello*. To-night he plays *Macbeth*. The "Gladiator" is announced for Friday, and at the matinée on Saturday "Othello," in which the great tragedian will make his last appearance in the United States—at any rate for some years to come. Mr. J. St. Maur has proved a highly efficient business manager for Salvini during the whole of his American engagement.

The Grayson-Norcross Opera Company presented to a New York audience, at the PARK THEATRE, on Monday evening, the original version of "The Mascot." It is by the author of "Olivette," and, as it abounds in pleasing airs and is well mounted, it is likely to become quite as popular as that opera. We shall have more to say about it in the near future.

Mr. George Knight has lost none of his German-American humor by his travels; neither has Mrs. Knight parted with one whit of her sprightliness, as extensive and highly amused audiences at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE can testify, and "Otto, a German" still flourishes in all its original beauty—not forgetting "the fit."

WALLACK'S THEATRE is crowded with sightseers to enjoy the extraordinary scenic effects of the "World," to say nothing of Messrs. Tearle and Elton's capital acting. Although the piece is not of the traditionally Wallackian stamp, it nevertheless forms a triumphal conclusion of the last season in the old house.

The manager of the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE has also produced "The Mascotte"—that is what *he* calls it—with Miss Emma Howson and other singers known to fame, with an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Frank Howson. This performance shall also have notice at our hands.

Only one week more of the Comley-Barton Company in "Olivette" at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, when John Howson and Catherine Lewis, and "Bob Up Serenely," and the "Torpedo and the Whale," and all the rest of it, will leave us—but not for ever, we hope.

Lotta has betaken herself to Brooklyn, where, at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, she is upsetting the

gravity of the inhabitants of the holy city by giving a round of her best characters, such as "Little Nell and the Marchioness," "Musette," and "la Cigale."

The following correspondence explains itself: "New York, May 7, 1881. Dear PUCK: What have you against Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Mary Prescott that you are forever advertising them?—Ernest Harvier." Nothing. What have you?—PUCK.

The sixteenth month of "Hazel Kirke" at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, and we shan't say anything more about it. So, there now!