

EASTER EVE PARIS GOSSIP

THE QUEEN AT CANNES AND
NEWS OF THE STAGE.RADICAL COMMENTS ON THE FAILURE
TO SALUTE—AMERICANS AND THE
PRANZINI CASE—DÉBUTS AT THE
FRANÇAIS.

BY CABLE FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

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PARIS, April 9.—All the newspapers, especially those of the most Radical persuasion, are deeply incensed about the English naval failure to salute at Cannes, owing to the playful sleepfulness of the Duke of Edinburgh. Some of the articles are so virulent that one wonders why the Government permits such intemperance of language, not to speak of the vile suggestions conveyed. It is certainly a most singular way of seeking those friendly alliances which the French so much court when the faintest shadow of danger appears on the horizon. As in all Gallic indignation, there is that amusing legendary grain of salt in the way of wit which always makes things brighter here than elsewhere. Boulevard instinct has not failed to see the ridiculous side of the protection given to the Queen of England by her son, the Duke of Edinburgh. He started off, it is told, with all the modern appliances in the way of ordnance and projectiles, but had forgotten his powder. Another benevolent explanation says the Admiral feared to awaken his Royal Highness, but the French were allowed to fire away, the ears of the Duke being only susceptible to English powder. The occurrence would be simply funny were it not for the fact that, like almost any other trifle in these anxious times, it may have a serious sequel.

Were it not for this John Bull gaucherie there had been nothing to relieve the tedium of police procedure in the famous Pranzini case. Pranzini is the man who was arrested last month in Marseilles for the murder of Marie Régnault, her chambermaid and her chambermaid's little child, at her house 17 Rue Montaigne, the circumstances of which case have invested it with great interest. Régnault was a courtesan, possessed of some wealth. In her safe \$40,000 in property was found and she had furniture valued at \$12,000. She was known to have several lovers and her age was believed to be 40 or considerably more. The date of the murder was March 18, and interest in it may be said to have continued active up to the present time. It was the fifth or sixth of a series of murders committed in Paris during the past year in similar circumstances. To read the morning papers for the past few days has been like perusing a chapter from one of Gaboriau's novels; but it is made far more interesting to us on account of the unenviable share taken therein by stranded and confiding American girls. While the reputed hero of three or more murders was lounging about the Continental Hotel, lisping sweet love words to order in five or six languages, he struck the fancy of the *jeune Americaine*, say the detectives, and letters continue to arrive from this Miss of 16, who insists upon wedding the Prince in disguise, with or without the consent of her papa. Again Geisler (which was said at the time to be the name of the real murderer) seems to have turned up at Antwerp, where, before sailing for parts unknown, his wounded hand was carefully bound and dressed by an American lady who had the good sense, luckily, to refuse the gift of a jewel in return for her charitable offices. This morning we are informed that a man friend of Pranzini, who rode about town with him on the 18th, has suddenly turned up, and he, too, is an American resident of this city. This gentleman is reported to have said that he met the Italian in a drinking resort. He was induced by him to take a step aside; the conversation, however, did not run upon assassinations, but upon general topics. It is supposed that the gentleman had made a too prolonged visit to the Vignes du Seigneur. One of the most noted French lawyers remarked last evening that, in the present state of the case, no jury could convict Pranzini, and unless a Geisler be found it would be easy work for M. Demange to secure the liberty of his client.

There is again some talk of the cutting through of the Boulevard Haussmann, and the public feeling undoubtedly is eager for much needed ventilation in that quarter. No one seems to know the real reason of delay, which is none other than the existence there of the palatial residence and enormous gardens of one of the Rothschilds, whose position allows him to defy the city powers. When the fact comes out it will be interesting to see what the effect on the public temper, already none too friendly to the Rothschilds, will be.

It seems probable now that "Otello" will be given at the Opera Comique instead of the Grand Opera. At the same time there are significant rumors of the interdiction of "Lohengrin" by the Government, in order to avoid certain demonstrations that so-called patriots, headed by Deroulede, are determined to excite. Riot would be also encouraged by Busnach, who has never forgiven the forbiddance of "Germinal."

A very sensible measure is about to be revived at the Français. Young artists, including pupils from the Conservatory, are only to be engaged definitely after the three stipulated débuts, M. Got following this old regulation of long years ago, as did Mme. Jovassain. As a rule these débuts only take place during the Summer season, between Easter and Whitsuntide, in order not to interfere with the run of any successful play, such as "Hamlet" or "Francillon," or the coming "Souris" of Pailleron, who has finally concluded to allow a representation of his comedy with Worms in the rôle written for Delaunay. First prize pupils of the Conservatoire will then have the right to an appearance in the first theatre of the world, but the public can contest their right to stay there, and the association may thus be relieved of a future long list of paid nonentities.

At the Folies Dramatiques Messagere has brought out a new operetta entitled "The Bourgeois of Calais." It is an incident in the life of the Duke of Guise, who drove the English away from Calais in the night of Jan. 5, 1558. Into a historical plot the author has woven a love story, and the consequent rivalry between the Duke and a fisher lad, whose fiancée braves the dangers of the outposts to apprise her titled lover that the citizens of Calais are prepared to receive him with open arms. The breadth of theme makes the music and stage details seem childishly insignificant, but patriotism came to the rescue, and every two minutes the applause was noisy and constant. This flow of patriotic zeal may be sufficiently vehement, combined with the clever interpretation, to secure a run for a few weeks.