BOOKS

WHY DO I SING?

Why does the lark sing?
Why does the rose bloom?
Why does the hyacinth
Fling its perfume?

Why do the stars shine?
Why do the waves roll?
Why does the prayer rise
Out of the soul?

'Tis but expression
Delighting in birth
That circles with beauty
The whole round earth.

—Eva Emery Dye.

THE PURITAN THEOCRACY

New Edition of John Fiske's "The Beginnings of New England"—Recent Publications.

John Fiske's well-known work, "The Beginnings of New England; or the Puritan Theocracy in its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty," has been published in a new edition, illustrated with portraits, maps, facsimiles, contemporary views, prints and other historic materials. The result is a volume which is full of interest to any one who is fond of the early Colonial history of this country. It gives an admirable account of the principles which led to the settlement at Plymouth Rock and of the evolution of the ideas of the Pilgrims in the subsequent history of the Colonies. It is thus the real philosophy of history, but is treated in so clear a way that it is extremely interesting. In selecting illustrations the author has used only authentic portraits. He mourns the absence of portraits of William Bradford, Roger Williams and Thomas Hooker, but in their stead we have fine pictures of Winthrop, Cotton, Davenport, Vane and others. Especially interesting is the hitherto unpublished portrait of William Goffe, the regicide. The historic houses of New England, the facsimiles of autographs and the reproductions of title pages of books all have an interest, but that is permanent.

In this sketch of the circumstances which attended the settlement of New England, Professor Fiske has purposely omitted many details which in a formal history of that period would need to be included. He aims to give the outline of such a narrative as to indicate the principles at work in the history of New England down to the Revolution of 1688. He makes a wide survey of history, contrasting different ideas of colonization, which involved the gradual shifting of primacy from men who spoke Latin, and their descendants, to the men who speak English. The Oriental method of nation-making was conquest without incorporation; the Roman, conquest with incorporation, but without representation; the English, incorporation with representation. From the very day when Oliver Cromwell reached forth his mighty arms to stop the persecutions in Savoy, the victorious English idea began to change the face of things.

The next century saw William Pitt allied with Frederick of Prussia, to save the work of the Reformation in Central Europe and set in motion the train of events that were at last to make the people of the Teutonic fatherland a nation. At that same moment the keenest minds in France were awakening to the fact that in their immediate neighborhood, separated from them only by a few miles of salt water, was a country where people were equal in the eye of the law. It was the ideas of Locke and Milton, of Vane and Sidney, that, when transplanted into French soil, produced that violent but salutary revolution which has given fresh life to the European world. And contemporaneously with all this the American Nation came upon the scene, equipped as no other nation had ever been, for the task of combining sovereignty with liberty, indestructible union of the whole with indestructible life in the parts. The English idea has thus come to be more than national, it has become imperial. It has come to rule, and it has come to stay. . . . The whole course of the Protestant Reformation, from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth, is coincident with the transfer of the world's political center of gravity from the Tiber and the Rhine to the Thames and the Mississippi. The whole career of the men who speak English has within this period been the most potent agency in this transfer. In these gigantic processes of evolution we cannot mark beginnings or endings by years, hardly even by centuries. But among the significant events which prophesied the final triumph of the English over the Roman idea, perhaps the most significant—the one which marks most incisively the dawning of a new era—was the migration of English Puritans across the Atlantic Ocean, to repeat in a new environment and on a grander scale of dimensions the work which their forefathers had wrought in Britain.

In the period that began with the curtailment of the political privileges of the colony under the new charter of 1692, and ended in 1776, the movements of Massachusetts, while restricted and hampered, were at the same time forced into a wider orbit. Similarity of experience during the 18th century brought Massachusetts and Virginia into cordial alliance during the struggle against George III, and thus made it possible to cement all the colonies together in the mighty nation whose very name is fraught with so high and earnest a lesson to mankind—the United States.

For such a far-reaching result, the temporary humiliation of Massachusetts (in 1692) was a small price to pay. But it was not until long after the accession of William III that things could be seen in these grand outlines. With his coronation began the struggle of 70 years between France and England, far grander than the struggle between Rome and Carthage 2000 years earlier, for primacy in the world, for the prerogative of determining the future career of mankind. That warfare, so fraught with meaning, was waged as much upon American as European ground; and while it continued it was plainly for the interest of the British Government to pursue a conciliatory policy toward its American colonies, for without their wholehearted assistance it could have no hope of success. As soon as the struggle was ended, and the French power in the colonial world finally overthrown, the perpetual quarrels between the popular Legislatures and the royal Governors led immediately to the stamp act and the other measures of the British Government that brought about the American Revolution. People sometimes argue about that Revolution as if it had no past behind it and was simply the result of a discussion over abstract principles. We can now see that, while the dispute involved an abstract principle of fundamental importance to mankind, it was at the same time for Americans illustrated by memories sufficiently concrete and real. James Otis in his prime was no further distant from the tyranny of Andros than middle-aged men of today are distant from the Missouri Compromise. The sons of men cast into jail along with John Wise may have been those who stood silent in the moonlight on Griffin's Wharf and looked on while the contents of the tea chests were hurled into Boston harbor. In the events we have passed in review, it may be seen, so plainly that he who runs may read, how the spirit of 1776 was foreshadowed in 1689.

The volume is finely printed and bound in green buckram. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Alexander the Great.

The biography of "Alexander the Great," by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, is a most interesting study of the man and the valuable history of his time. "History and Biography" blend, says President Wheeler. "No single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon. He leveled the terrace upon which European history is built. Whatever lay within the range of his conquests constituted its part to form that Mediterranean civilization which, under Rome's administration, became the basis of European life. . . . The story of the great Macedonian's life, inseparable as it is from history in its widest range, stands none the less in stubborn protest against that view of history which makes it a thing of thermometers and the rain-gauge of rivers and mountains, weights and values, materials, tools and machines. It is a history warm with the lifeblood of man. It is instinct with personality, and speaks in terms of the human will and the soul." It is a wonderful history. A King before he was 21, in 12 years Alexander had conquered a vast empire, dying at 32 in the zenith of his fame. In his address to his mutinous soldiers, Alexander enumerates some of his victories: "The satrape of Darius I overwhelmed at Granicus, Ionia, Aeolia, both Phrygias and Lydia I overran, and the fruits of victory came to you. The blessings of Egypt and Cyrene fell into your lap. Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia are your possessions. Babylon and Bactria and Susa are yours; the wealth of the Lydians, the treasure of the Persians, the stores of India, the great outer seas, all are yours." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Joaquin Miller.

Joaquin Miller's admirers will be glad to have a complete volume of his poems—complete, at least, in the sense that, as the author says himself, "All I wish to answer for is here." They will prize also the frank "introduction," and the notes scattered through the book, in which the poet briefly writes his autobiography, and describes the circumstances in which he has done his literary work. Speaking of his "Pacific Poems," he says: "A thin little book, and my watch was in pawn before it was out, for I could not find a publisher. One hundred were printed, bearing the name of the printer as publisher. What fortune!" Speaking of the pictures of himself at different ages that are included in the present volume, he says: "The photographs are put in to show that whatever there may be in eccentricity of dress and manner, I dressed and bore myself as others, and kept quietly and plainly along about my work, like other men mainly." Addressing other writers, he says: "Nothing ever has paid, nothing ever will pay a nation, like poetry. . . . Finally, use the briefest little bits of baby Saxon words at hand. The world is waiting for ideas, not words. Remember Shakespeare's scorn of 'words, words, words' Remember always that it was the short Roman sword that went to the heart and conquered the world, not the long, tasseled and bannered lance of the barbarian. Write this down in red, and remember. We have not time for words. A man who uses a great big sounding word when a short one will do is to that extent a robber of time. A jewel that depends greatly on the setting is not a great jewel. When the Messiah of American literature comes he will come singing, so far as may be, in words of one syllable." Speaking of the time after his first London book was out, Mr. Miller writes: "One evening Rossetti brought me Walt Whitman, new to me, and that night I lay in bed and read it through—the last book I ever read. I could not bear any light next morning, nor very much light ever since, nor have I ever since looked upon any page long without intense pain. Hence the 'eccentricity' of never having books or papers about me, of writing as few letters as possible, and these on colored paper or unruled paper. White paper hurts me so that I must look aside, and what with a cripple arm, too, I write a sad hand. Pardon all this detail, but the facts may save pain to some young writers whom I surely would answer if I could." (Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.)

Knights in Fustian.

In "Knights in Fustian," Miss Caroline Brown introduces us to a new field in fiction. It deals with the Copperhead insurrection incited by Clement L. Vallandigham in Indiana in 1863. This organized opposition to the Federal Government during the War for the Union was highly important in its possibilities, and by no means insignificant in its actual results. Now for the first time it figures as the basis of the plot of a novel. The author has made an exhaustive study of the career of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and has availed herself of all opportunities to learn of them from those who were concerned in their discovery and suppression. The book presents several faithful pictures of the chief characters involved, and makes an especially strong portraiture of Governor Morton. There is a love story interwoven in a skillful fashion, and the description of life and manners, and scenery and places, in the Southern Indiana of that day are very effective. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Charlemagne.

Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of the West, was the most powerful monarch of his time. In addition to his military genius, he gained a great reputation as a statesman, legislator and promoter of learning and of arts. H. W. Carless Davis has made a careful study of the authorities, and gives in "Charlemagne" a life-like presentment of the man who founded the community of Western Christendom. The order of treatment is a discussion of the European condition before Charles; the relations of Charles and Carloman; the fall of Pavia; the first Saxon war and Roncesvalles; the second Saxon war and the German settlement; the religious policy and the Renaissance; the imperial coronation; the imperial idea; the Emperor's court; the last four years, full of melancholy, and the presage of decay in the man and the power which he had centralized by his commanding energy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Modern Spain.

M. A. S. Hume tells in "Modern Spain" the story of the country during a century of struggle upward out of the abyss into which despotism and bigotry had sunk it. Notwithstanding the disappointments caused by the squabbles and corruptions of politicians, the folly and blindness of those who sat in high places, the reader of Mr. Hume's volume will see that in spite of all difficulties the Spanish nation has advanced and is still advancing, though slowly, toward the material prosperity and enlightened freedom which is the right of all civilized peoples. The book ends with a very brief sketch of the recent war, by which Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines were wrested from Spanish control. It has many illustrations and a good index. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Modern Italy.

Although Italy is still a favored shrine to which thousands of British and American travelers annually flock to find in her lakes and mountains, her churches, picture galleries and ruins the goal of their pilgrimage, and while the magic names of Rome, Florence and Venice are household words upon their lips, yet the inner history of the peninsula has been strangely neglected, even by those who, it might reasonably be supposed, would be its closest students. But it ought not to be forgotten that Italy, which we are so apt to regard as simply a paradise of nature as well as of art, has a practical demand on our sympathies quite as strong as its hold on our imaginations. While the picturesque heroes of Roman history are familiar traditions, Cavour, the pilot who steered the bark of Italian independence safely home to port between the rocks of absolutist reaction and the whirlpool of revolutionary fanaticism, Charles Albert and many more, are, especially to the younger generation, too often mere names. Professor Pietro Orsis' object is to familiarize his readers with the pioneers of "Modern Italy" and their work, and, in connection with his distinguished academical position, he possesses exceptional qualifications for such a task. It is a stirring story—the story of a nation's struggle for unity and independence—and the reader will not withhold his sympathy as he follows the narrative of this struggle through the hours of darkness and despair until that supreme moment when Victor Emmanuel entered the Quirinal in state and uttered the famous words, "We are at Rome, and here we remain." —(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Russian Literature.

Waliszewski's work in his "Romance of an Empress," gained for him the favor of American readers. Many of these readers, however, may be unaware of the extent of Waliszewski's attainments which have been so abundantly demonstrated in his literary criticisms and historical work that his selection as the Historian of Russian literature in the admirably edited "Literatures of the World Series," is a pre-eminently fitting one. In "A History of Russian Literature" he has dealt with a theme comparatively little known and of full interest. From the bilini or oral literature of Old Russia and the Ostromir Codex, the earliest specimen of written Russian literature, down to the poets and novelists of the later 19th century, there are presented a series of peculiar and fascinating literary epochs, which can only be set forth by a writer like Waliszewski, who is familiar with the developments of Russian history and imbued with the spirit of a people frequently misinterpreted and misunderstood. The study of Russian culture and Russian literary expression forms a lucid, significant and most important critical history, which derives a peculiar interest from its elucidation of manners, customs and life in general.—(D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

BOOK NOTES.

Prof. Crawshaw, New York, on "The Interpretation of Literature."

"The Interpretation of Literature" is the title of a new book by W. H. Crawshaw, Professor of English Literature in Colgate University. It aims to set forth in a comprehensive manner the principles that underlie the study of literature as a revealer and interpreter of human life. It is largely practical in purpose, not only as affording a systematic outline of the subject, but also as furnishing definite suggestion concerning scope and method of study.

A second volume in the series of "Side Lights on American History," by Henry W. Elson, will be published by the Macmillan Company during the Spring. The first volume, published last year, brought the Side Lights down to the beginning of the Civil War. The present book begins where the last left off. More than half the volume is devoted to subjects in connection with the war. A chapter is given to secession i. e., a tracing the secession idea down through the century. A chapter on events leading up to the war, another on the cause of Northern success. A chapter is devoted to Reconstruction; another to the great trial of Andrew Johnson. Other subjects treated at length are the Liberal Republican movement of 1872, the Garfield tragedy and the Spanish War, while one chapter is devoted to a "Century of Tariff Legislation."

The Baron de Coubertin has just completed his book on "France Since 1814," which the Macmillan Company will publish at once. The work attempts to set clearly before the world an unvarnished account of the political changes in the France of this century about which so many unfounded beliefs obtain in the rest of Europe.

William Sage, the author of "Robert Tournay," a romance of the French Revolution, is a son of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, the well-known writer of American history and English literature. He was educated in France and Germany, and has always been fond of American and French history, particularly that of the French Revolution. It was natural, therefore, that in casting about for a subject to weave into a romance, he should choose from a period with the history of which he was so well acquainted.

The most popular novels on Little, Brown & Co.'s list last season were: "The Sword of Justice," by Sheppard Stevens; "From Kingdom to Colony," by Mary Devereaux, and "The Bronze Buddha," by Cora Linn Daniels.

THE MAGAZINES.

Social Conditions in Kentucky Described by Senator Lindsay.

The International Monthly for May is an important number. It contains a valuable and easily read essay on "Decorative Art," by Russell Sturgis; an equally valuable, but more technical, article by Professor Lodge, of Liverpool, an eminent physicist, developing a new theory of matter; and the usual shorter and lighter essays upon topics of timely interest. The description of "Social Conditions in Kentucky," by Hon. William Lindsay, United States Senator from Kentucky, and a Southerner by birth and residence, has unusual value from the personality of the author. Professor Jacoby presents a readable article on "Astronomical Photography," and Dr. Roosa pleads for "State Endowment of Medical Institutions."

"Current History" does not pick out a few topics here and there and hold them up for special treatment, but in each number covers the entire range of the world's important doings in war, diplomacy, science, etc., giving a comprehensive view of the whole in clear, crisp concise and luminous style. Its successive numbers, thoroughly indexed, beautifully printed, and fully illustrated with portraits of noted personages, useful maps and diagrams, and authentic views from all parts of the world, contain a complete history of our times, gathered from many sources. It assists the merchant in his trading, the student in his routine, the teacher in his recitations, the preacher in his study, the statesman in his compilation of data. (Current History Co., Boston.)

Principal papers in the May North American Review are: "The Great Siberian Railway," M. Mikhailoff; "Japan and Russia in the Orient," James Murdoch; "The Powers and the Partition of China," Rev. Gilbert Reid; "American Policy in China," Sir Charles W. Dilke; "Origin of the Negro Race," Sir Henry M. Stanley; "Future of the National Guard," Charles Sydney Clark; "The British Volunteer System," Earl Brownlow.

Particularly piquant is Adachi Kinnosuke's review in the May Critic of Mr. Ransome's "Japan in Transition." Mr. Kinnosuke finds no little merriment in the naive views the average Occidental writer expresses regarding the customs of his countrymen and the inner significance of his country's thoughts, aims and institutions.

Harper & Brothers have purchased Golf, the magazine devoted to golfing interests and the official organ of the United States Golf Association. The periodical will continue to be published monthly. Van Tassel Sutphen, the well-known authority on golfing subjects, will edit the magazine. Its contents will be made up of news on the latest events in the golfing world, bulletins of the United States Golfing Association, pictures of new clubhouses, links, portraits and articles by leading authorities on this particular sport.

MUSIC

The Fugue.

(A memory.)

The thumping chords and climbing scales I strum,
And fugues forever flying to and fro,
Bass from the treble's hurrying oboe
And treble from the bass's booming drum.
Set free at last, out where the grasses hum,
We play a living fugue, with cheeks aglow,
Pursuer and pursued; fleet-foot or slow;
And hearkening to the flicker's hollow thrum.
Still, all along that rocky upland ledge,
The columbine hangs out its scarlet horn
Where once you ran, whose voice of boyish scorn
Pierced my retreat behind the cedar hedge.
While, on some distant forest's northern edge,
You follow the gray night and orange morn.

—Florence Wilkinson.

CYCLOPEAN UNDERTAKING

What Theodore Thomas Has Been Doing at the Cincinnati Music Festival.

The large feature of the Cincinnati Music Festival, which opened May 8, was the performance of Berlioz's "Te Deum," a bizarre, pompous, splendid composition that Berlioz designed as a portion of a vast epical drama in honor of Napoleon on his return from his Italian campaign. He imagined Napoleon entering the cathedral of Notre Dame and being received with a grand outburst of sound from all portions of the cathedral. An orchestra of 134 instruments and two choirs of 100 singers each were to send up their voices from a platform at one end of the cathedral, and a grand organ was to echo the jubilation from the other end. Between the antiphonal forces was to be placed a third chorus of 600 children, who were to join in the music at intervals as representatives of the congregations.

Naturally this magnificent conception was not easy of realization. Theodore Thomas, However, (who is in charge of the Cincinnati Festival) brought all his fine equipment of energy and ingenuity to bear upon the problem, which resulted in two great choirs, one a double chorus of adults, 407 voices, and the other of boys from the public schools, 309 voices. In order to obtain the proper separation of distance between the orchestra of 108 instruments, the two choirs and the organ, Mr. Thomas went so far as to ask for the building of an organ in the balcony opposite the stage in the Music Hall, and—at so high a pitch is musical enthusiasm in Cincinnati—the directors consented; but, eventually the scheme was voted impracticable. The full effect of the instrumental antiphons therefore had to be left to the imagination.

Only in the brief introduction, when orchestra spoke to organ, and organ spoke to orchestra, were the effects designed by Berlioz carried out; yet the performance was exciting to a degree, says a Cincinnati critic in the New York Tribune. In the "Judex Crederis,"—which Berlioz himself set down as his greatest creation—and in the final march, Mr. Thomas turned his brasses loose and let them blow such blasts as "erst threw down old Jericho's substantial town."

It was indeed a brass band finale; the strings were scarcely heard after a roll of the side drums gave notice that the jubilee of the trumpets, horns, trombones and tubas had arrived. The "Judex Crederis" was simply an orgie, and to retain a respect for Berlioz one had to recall the first two divisions of the work, in which there are echoes of churchly melodies and harmonies, and the "Te Ergo" which Mr. Ben Davies sang with magnificent breadth of tone and marvelous phrasing.

The choir of boys, though only half as numerous as that described by Berlioz, gave out a volume of tone that cut through the choral instrumental mass with thrilling effect and stirred up such an enthusiasm that Mr. Thomas beckoned to the lads to rise and acknowledge the tribute.

This is the fourth time this massive and monumental work has been given in America, Chicago, Boston, New York, each in turn attempting it. But this Cincinnati experiment is said to eclipse all previous efforts.

One irreverent critic speaks of it as "circus music," then goes on to say: "Berlioz's imagination was fantastically vast and gigantic in the carrying out of ideas which were in themselves not at all striking. He was a colorist, a distemper painter who could have made the sides of Cheops erubescent. It was a recognition of this quality in his art which led Heine to liken him so strangely with a 'coloseal nightingale' and a 'gigantic lark,' and to say that his music had something primitive and primeval about it, and suggested thoughts of vast mammoths or other extinct animals; of fabulous empires filled with fabulous sins."

OPERATIC WOES IN NEW YORK.

Gossip About Caprices of Stars Grau Was Called Upon to Endure.

A writer in the New York Sun gives the following tale of woe regarding operatic troubles at the Metropolitan, during the season just closed: One of the prominent singers in the company, whose engagement at a fabulous salary, in view of what he has accomplished, has seemed incomprehensible, was in reality imposed on the management by a prima donna who had him under contract last year and expected to have a company of her own this past season. When that became impossible she found an amiable impresario to relieve her of him. Whether or not he regrets his amiability or what motive inspired him to make the contract has never been divulged.

Another singer, famous in his own country, has left behind him such a mass of debts that his creditors would not allow him to leave Europe until some arrangement for their payment had been made. His salary was so distributed among the creditors that he received a ridiculously small sum for every appearance.

One of the prime donne at the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York, enjoys the satisfaction of possessing caprices and being able to indulge them to her own satisfaction, so far as they are dependent only on the co-operation of the theater direction. Recently she decided that the stage door used by other prima donnas did not suit her. So a large entrance was constructed on the Thirty-ninth-street side and provided with a waiting-room of a character to remove all danger of her taking cold. As a matter of fact, the stage entrance of the Metropolitan is unworthy of such a theater, and the singers run constant risk in being compelled to use it.

Recently a useful tenor of the company, who receives a very small salary, was asked to take the place of a high-priced superior. Although he was not compelled to sing, as he had already made the number of appearances which his contract called for, he did consent to appear. Without him the opera would have been impossible, but in place of asking for a larger sum, he consented to accept the customary fee that he gets for every performance. Yet, it is already reported, he is not to be engaged for next season.

All of her colleagues are twitting one of the prima donnas about a recent offer of marriage, and asking when she is going to accept the coronet which her titled lover has begged her to let him place on her brow. She laughingly answers that she was born a peasant, proposes to remain one and cares for no crown even if it dates back to a French saint who emigrated to Poland in the 11th century, and happened to be offered to her in this country.

MME. NORDICA AS BRUNHILDE.

DELIGHTFUL PROGRAMME.

Miss Large in Recital Before the Carl Reinecke Club.

Miss Josephine Large, of Chicago, who gave a series of concerts in Portland during the Summer of 1895, has been engaged by the Carl Reinecke Society for a recital at Parsons Hall on Saturday, May 26, at 4 o'clock. Following is the programme, a most delightful one, as all will concede, which has been arranged with special reference to students of music:

I Johann Schein (1617) ..... Allemande, Courante, Allemande.
J. S. Bach (1685) ..... Gigue, Gavotte.
II W. A. Mozart (1656) ..... Sonata XVI, Allegro Maestoso, Andante Cantabile, Presto.
III F. Chopin (1809) ..... Prelude, "The Rain Drop."
F. Mendelssohn (1809) ..... Spring Song.
R. Schumann (1810) ..... "Perfect Happiness," "Catch Me If You Can," "The Child Falling Asleep."
Carl Reinecke ..... "The Blacksmith"
IV E. A. MacDowell ..... "From an Indian Lodge," "The Deserted Farm," "Shadow Dance," "In Autumn," "With Uncle Remus."

Musical Gossip.

Mr. Grau made $13,000 by his farewell concert at the Metropolitan, N. Y. It was the largest audience of the season.

Calve, who is rich, weary and not in good health, has sailed for Europe, according to the New York Journal, in the expectation that her American career is closed.

Mrs. Rose Bloch Bauer has been engaged to sing for the graduating exercises at the Oregon City High School, May 22.

A concert company has just been formed in Portland, and will soon start on the road, visiting the towns of the Northwest. Mme. Jennie Norelli is the soprano, Reginald Hidden the violinist, and Miss Gruenberg the pianist.

W. P. Werschkul goes to Spokane, Wash., to sing the bass solos in "The Creation," to be given there May 29. The chorus numbers 100 voices, and is under the direction of Dr. R. A. Heritage.

"Disappearing Composer."

Saint-Saens, after spending the Winter in the South, was to have sailed for Brazil, and was waiting at Les Palmas, ready to start; but, as is characteristic, he changed his mind and went to Paris, and as he is the idol of Parisians, possibly it was to attract their admiration, of which he is so fond, during the exposition. As he is known as the "disappearing composer," no one is able to say how long Paris will hold him.

Nordica Will Sing in California.

It is announced that Mr. Grau has engaged Mme. Nordica for his San Francisco season next Fall, though no provision is made for her singing in the East. It is generally understood that she would rest next season. She will probably sing in concert after the engagement on the Pacific Coast is ended.

AMERICAN PLUCK DID IT

NORDICA'S GENIUS FOR HARD WORK MADE HER CAREER.

Her Parents Considered Music an Art of the Devil—She Shared Gilmore's Success.

Aspiring young singers have of late years been fond of encouraging one another by pointing out the career of Lillian Nordica, the great American prima donna, who has won fame and fortune for herself by dint of her indomitable pluck and extraordinary steadfastness of purpose. With only these advantages of training that her own country could offer her, she has become one of the world's greatest dramatic sopranos.

Nordica came of New England stock. She was born at Farmington, Me., but was reared in Boston, whither her family moved when she was still very young. Her parents were not musically gifted. "Their opinion of music was that it is an airy, inviting art of the devil, used to tempt men's feet to stray from the solemn path of right," said Nordica herself recently to Theodore Dreiser, in an interview published in Success. "They believed music, as a vocation, to be nearly as reprehensible as a stage career. I must be just, however, and own that they did make an exception in the case of church music, else I should never have received the slightest encouragement in my aspirations. They considered music in churches to be permissible—even laudable. So when I displayed some ability as a singer, I was allowed to use it in behalf of religion, and I did. I joined the church choir and sang hymns about the house almost constantly."

Having learned that she could sing, all her time, thought and energy were devoted to that one object. After many entreaties and arguments on her part, her parents, perceiving that her voice was destined to become the source of considerable profit to the family exchequer, if employed in the large churches, gave their assent to a course of training.

Take the World by Storm.

"Professor John O'Neill, one of the instructors in the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, was a fine old teacher, a man with the highest ideals concerning music, and of the sternest and most exacting method. He made me feel, at first, that the world was mine if I would work. I must perfect myself in private, and then suddenly appear unheralded in the highest class of opera and take the world by storm.

"Under him for three years I studied the physiology of the voice, and practiced singing oratorios. I also took up Italian, familiarizing myself with the language, with all the songs, and endless arias. In fact, I made myself as perfect in Italian as possible."

But with all Nordica's ambition and untiring work, she lost heart at the end of three years; for Mr. O'Neill's methods were discouraging, and his grade of perfection so high that it seemed unattainable. So she left O'Neill and went to a more genial atmosphere, that of the New York teacher, Mme. Maretzek. Through her she made the acquaintance of Gilmore, who was then in the heydey of his success as a bandmaster. One morning, during one of his rehearsals, she sang for him, the orchestra accompanying her, and he was so pleased with her voice that he said: "Very good! Very good! Now, what you want to do is to get some roses in your cheeks and come along and sing for me."

"I was traveling on air when I left, I can assure you," said Nordica. And in this way she entered upon an engagement with Gilmore's famous band, finishing his New York season, and taking an extended Western tour, receiving $100 a week beside the traveling expenses of her mother and herself. This experience was a valuable one for her. She gained thorough control of her nerves, and learned something of audiences and of what constitutes distinguished "stage presence."

Then came a visit to London, Paris, Vienna, Rome and the other big cities of Europe, with Gilmore. "We gave 78 concerts in England and France. We opened the Trocadero at Paris, and mine was the first voice of any kind to sing there. This European tour of the American band really was a great and successful venture. American musicians still recall the furore which it created and the prestige which it gained at home. Mr. Gilmore was proud of his leading soloists. In Paris, where the great audiences went wild over my singing, he came to praise me personally in unmeasured terms.

A Prophecy Realized.

"'My dear,' he said, 'you are going to be a great singer. You are going to be crowned in your own country yet. Mark my words: they are going to put diamonds on your brow!'" Madame Nordica had good occasion to recall this many years after, in 1898, when her enthusiastic New York admirers crowned her with a diamond tiara as a tribute of their admiration and appreciation.

At the conclusion of this tour she went to Milan to study with the well-known old singing teacher, San Giovanni. After hearing her sing an aria from "Lucia," he said dryly: "You want to sing in grand opera?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I need training."

"Nonsense! You need a few months to practice Italian methods—that is all."

At the end of three months she made her debut as Violetta in "La Traviata." Her success was instantaneous. Her fame went up and down the land, and across the water—to her home. A brilliant engagement in St. Petersburg in October, 1881, followed this. But Nordica counted all these achievements nothing until she had won the almost impregnable citadel of Paris. This she did in July, 1882. It was her greatest triumph. In the part of Marguerite, she took the house by storm, and won from the composer the highest encomiums. Subsequently she appeared with equal success as Ophelie, having been specially prepared for both these roles by the respective composers, Charles Gounod and Ambroise Thomas.

At last Nordica's ambition was satisfied, so she gave up her career and was married. For two years she remained away from the public; but after that time her husband having died, she decided to return, and accordingly sang for a season at Covent Garden with Colonel Mapleson.

A visit to Beyreuth in company with her friends, the two De Reszkes, opened her eyes to the splendid possibilities that awaited her in Wagnerian opera. She became thoroughly imbued with enthusiasm for it, immediately began the study of German, and privately made a wager to her mother that she would one day sing on the great stage at Beyreth. A talk with imperious but kindhearted old Frau Wagner fired her ambition still more, and ended in her singing the role of Elsa—recreating it, in fact—after her own conception of it. And that was the beginning of a new series of triumphs which have placed her among the greatest living exponents of Wagnerian music-drama.

As the records in the daily New York press have shown this past season at the Metropolitan, Nordica is still growing. Every year shows a new stage in her development. It is the genius for hard work that has made, and is still making, her career.

MY SONG-BIRD.

Long years ago my birdling woke
And once essayed to sing.
Until, alas, an arrow broke
His slender silver wing;
His song is now so still and deep
I seldom catch a word,
For nestling in the heart asleep,
'Tis only felt, not heard.

—Eva Emery Dye.