

BACON MARY HOKE

OPERAS EVERY CHILD
SHOULD KNOW

Mary Bacon

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Mary Schell Hoke Bacon

Operas Every Child Should Know

Descriptions of the Text and Music of Some of the Most Famous Masterpieces

FOREWORD

In selecting a few of the operas every child should know, the editor's greatest difficulty is in determining what to leave out. The wish to include "L'Africaine," "Othello," "Lucia," "Don Pasquale," "Mignon," "Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Romeo and Juliet," "Parsifal," "Freischütz," and a hundred others makes one impatient of limitations.

The operas described here are not all great compositions: Some of them are hopelessly poor. Those of Balfe and Flotow are included because they were expressions of popular taste when our grandfathers enjoyed going to the opera.

The Nibelung Ring is used in preference to several other compositions of Wagner because the four operas included in it are the fullest both of musical and story wonders, and are at the same time the least understood.

"Aïda" and "Carmen" belong here – as do many which are left out – because of their beauty and musical splendour. Few, instead of many, operas have been written about in this book, because it seemed better to give a complete idea of several than a superficial sketch of many.

The beginnings of opera – music-drama – are unknown; but Sulpitius, an Italian, declared that opera was heard in Italy as early as 1490. The Greeks, of course, accompanied their tragedies with music long before that time, but that would not imply "opera" as we understand it. However, modern opera is doubtless merely the development of that manner of presenting drama.

After the opera, came the ballet, and that belonged distinctively to France. Before 1681 there were no women dancers in the ballet – only males. All ballets of shepherdesses and nymphs and dryads were represented by men and boys; but at last, the ladies of the court of France took to the ballet for their own amusement, and thus women dancers became the fashion.

Even the most heroic or touching stories must lose much of their dignity when made into opera, since in that case the "music's the thing," and not the "play." For this reason it has seemed necessary to tell the stories of such operas as "Il Trovatore," with all their bombastic trimmings complete, in order to be faithful in showing them as they really are. On the other hand, it has been necessary to try to treat "Pinafore" in Gilbert's rollicking fashion.

Opera is the most superficial thing in the world, even if it appears the most beautiful to the senses, if not to the intelligence. We go to opera not specially to understand the story, but to hear music and to see beautiful scenic effects. It is necessary, however, to know enough of the story to appreciate the cause of the movement upon the stage, and without some acquaintance of it beforehand one gets but a very imperfect knowledge of an opera story from hearing it once.

A very great deal is said of music-motif and music-illustration, and it has been demonstrated again and again that this is largely the effort of the ultra-artistic to discover what is not there. At best, music is a "concord of sweet sounds" – heroic, tender, exciting, etc.; but the elemental passions and emotions are almost all it can define, or even suggest. Certain music is called "characteristic" – anvil choruses, for example, where hammers or triangles or tin whistles are used, but that is not music in its best estate, and musical purpose is best understood after a composer has labelled it, whether the ultra-artistic are ready to admit it or not.

The opera is never more enjoyed than by a music lover who is incapable of criticism from lack of musical knowledge: music being first and last an emotional art; and as our emotions are refined it requires compositions of a more and more elevated character to appeal to them. Thus, we range from the bathos and vulgarity of the music hall to the glories of grand opera!

The history of opera should be known and composers classified, just as it is desirable to know and to classify authors, painters, sculptors, and actors.

Music is first of all something to be felt, and it is one of the arts which does not always explain itself.

Dolores Bacon.

BALFE

THE story of *The Bohemian Girl* is supposed to have been taken from a French ballet entitled *The Gipsy*, which was produced in Paris in 1839. Again, it is said to have been stolen from a play written by the Marquis de Saint-Georges, which was named *La Bohémienne*. However that may be, it would at first sight hardly seem worth stealing, but it has nevertheless been popular for many decades. Balfe, the composer, had no sense of dramatic composition and was not much of a musician, but he had a talent for writing that which could be sung. It was not always beautiful, but it was always practicable.

The original title of *La Bohémienne* has in its meaning nothing to do with Bohemia, and therefore a literal translation does not seem to have been especially applicable to the opera as Bunn made it. The story is placed in Hungary and not in Bohemia, and the hero came from Warsaw, hence the title is a misnomer all the way around. It was Balfe who tried to establish English opera in London, and to that purpose he wrote an opera or two in which his wife sang the principal rôles; but in the midst of that enterprise he received favourable propositions from Paris, and therefore abandoned the London engagement. When he went to Paris, *The Bohemian Girl* was only partly written, and he took from its score several of its arias for use in a new opera. When he returned to London he wrote new music for the old opera, and thus *The Bohemian Girl* knew many vicissitudes off, as well as on, the stage.

The first city to hear this opera, outside of London, was New York. It was produced in America at the Park Theatre, November 25, 1844. The most remarkable thing about that performance was that the part of Arline was sung in the same cast by two women, Miss Dyott and Mrs. Seguin: the former singing it in the first act, the latter in the second and third. When it was produced in London, Piccolomini (a most famous singer) sang Arline and it was written that "applause from the many loud enough to rend the heavens" followed.

Because of this inconsequent opera, Balfe was given the cross of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon III., and was made Commander of the Order of Carlos III. by the regent of Spain. This seems incredible, for good music was perfectly well known from bad, but the undefined element of popularity was there, and thus the opera became a living thing.

A story is told of Balfe while he belonged to the Drury Lane orchestra. "Vauxhall Gardens" were then in vogue, and there was a call for the Drury Lane musicians to go there to play. The "Gardens" were a long way off, and there was no tram-car or other means of transportation for their patrons. Those who hadn't a coach had no way of getting there, and it must have cost Balfe considerable to go and come each day. He decided to find lodgings near the Gardens to save himself expense. He looked and looked, on the day he first went out. Others wanted the same thing, and it was not easy to place himself. However, by evening, he had decided to take anything he could find; so he engaged a room at an unpromising looking house. He was kept waiting by the landlady for a long time in the passageway, but at last he was escorted up to his room, and, being tired out, he immediately went to bed and to sleep. In the morning he began to look about, and to his horror and amazement he found a corpse stowed away in a cupboard. Some member of his landlady's family who occupied the bed had died. When he applied for the room, he had been made to wait while the previous occupant was hastily tucked out of sight. After that, he never hired lodgings without first looking into the cupboards and under the bed.

Balfe was a good deal of a wag, and his waggishness was not always in good taste, as shown by an incident at carnival time in Rome. His resemblance to a great patroness of his, the Countess Mazzaras, a well-known woman of much dignity, induced him upon that occasion to dress himself in women's clothes, stand in a window conspicuously, and make the most extraordinary and hideous faces at the monks and other churchmen who passed. Every one gave the credit of this remarkable

conduct to the Countess Mazzaras. Balfe had pianos carried up to the sleeping rooms of great singers before they got out of bed, and thus made them listen to his newly composed tunes. He sometimes announced himself by the titles of his famous tunes, as, "We May Be Happy Yet," and was admitted, and received as readily as if he had resorted to pasteboard politeness.

In short, Balfe was never a great musician, yet he had all the eccentricities that one might expect a great musician to have, and he succeeded quite as well as if he had had genius.

Balfe was born May 15, 1808, and died October 20, 1870.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST

Arline	Miss Romer.
Gipsy Queen	Miss Betts.
Thaddeus	Mr. Harrison.
Devilshoof	Mr. Stretton.
Count Arnheim	Mr. Borrani.
Florestein	Mr. Dumset.

Scene laid in Hungary.

Composer: Michael Balfe.

Author: Alfred Bunn.

First sung at London, England, Her Majesty's Theatre, Drury Lane, Nov. 27, 1843.

ACT I

Many years ago, when noblemen, warriors, gipsies, lovers, enemies and all sorts and conditions of men fraternized without drawing very fine distinctions except when it came to levying taxes, a company of rich nobles met in the gardens of the Count Arnheim to go hunting together. The Count was the Governor of Presburg, and a very popular man, except with his inferiors.

They began their day's sport with a rather highfalutin song sung by the Count's retainers:

"Up with the banner and down with the slave,
Who shall dare dispute the right,
Wherever its folds in their glory wave,
Of the Austrian eagle's flight?"

The verses were rather more emotional than intelligent, but the singers were all in good spirits and prepared for a fine day's sport.

After this preliminary all the party – among whom was the young daughter of the Count, whose name was Arline, and a girlie sort of chap, Florestein, who was the Count's nephew – came from the castle, with huntsmen and pages in their train; and what with pages running about, and the huntsmen's bright colours, and the horns echoing, and the horses that one must feel were just without, stamping with impatience to be off, it was a gay scene. The old Count was in such high feather that he, too, broke into song and, while singing that

"Bugles shake the air,"

he caught up his little daughter in his arms and told how dear she was to him. It was not a proper thing for so young a girl to go on a hunt, but Arline was a spoiled young countess. When a huntsman handed a rifle to Florestein, that young man shuddered and rejected it – which left one to wonder just what he was going to do at a hunt without a rifle, but the others were less timid, and all separated to go to their various posts, Arline going by a foot-path in charge of a retainer.

These gay people had no sooner disappeared than a handsome young fellow, dishevelled, pursued, rushed into the garden. He looked fearfully behind him, and stopped to get his breath.

"I can run no farther," he gasped, looking back upon the road he had come; and then suddenly at his side, he saw a statue of the Austrian Emperor. He was even leaning against it.

"Here I am, in the very midst of my foes! – a statue of the Emperor himself adorning these grounds!" and he became even more alarmed. While he stood thus, hesitating what to do next, a dozen dusky forms leaped the wall of the garden and stood looking at him. Thaddeus was in a soldier's dress and looked like a soldier. Foremost among the newcomers, who huddled together in brilliant rags, was a great brigand-looking fellow, who seemed to lead the band.

"Hold on! before we undertake to rob this chap, let us make sure of what we are doing," he cautioned the others. "If he is a soldier, we are likely to get the worst of it" – showing that he had as much wisdom as bravado. After a moment's hesitation they decided that caution was the better part of valour, and since it was no harm to be a gipsy, and there was a penalty attached to being a robber, they nonchalantly turned suspicion from themselves by beginning to sing gaily of their gipsy life. Frequently when they had done this, they had received money for it. If they mayn't rob this soldier chap, at least he might be generous and toss them a coin. During this time, Thaddeus was not napping. The Austrian soldiery were after him, and at best he could not expect to be safe long. The sight of the vagabonds inspired him with hope, although to most folks they would have seemed to be a rather uninspiring and hopeless lot. He went up to the leader, Devilshoof:

"My friend, I have something to say to you. I am in danger. You seem to be a decent sort – gay and friendly enough. The Austrian soldiers are after me. I am an exile from Poland. If I am caught, my life will be forfeited. I am young and you may count upon my good will. If you will take me along with you as one of you, I may stand a chance of escaping with my life – what do you say?"

The gipsies stared at him; and Devilshoof did so in no unfriendly manner. The leader was a good-natured wanderer, whose main fault was stealing – but that was a fault he shared in common with all gipsies. He was quite capable of being a good friend.

"Just who are you?" he asked, wanting a little more information.

"A man without country, friends, hope – or money."

"Well, you seem able to qualify as a gipsy pretty well. So come along." Just as he spoke, another gipsy, who was reconnoitering, said softly:

"Soldiers are coming –"

"Good – we'll give them something to do. Here, friend, we'll get ready for them," he cried, delighted with the new adventure.

At that the gipsies fell to stripping off Thaddeus's soldier clothes, and exchanging them for a gipsy's smock; but as this was taking place, a roll of parchment fell at Devilshoof's feet.

"What's this?" he asked, taking it up.

"It is my commission as a soldier of Poland – the only thing I have of value in the world. I shall never part with it," and Thaddeus snatched it and hid it in his dress and then mixed with the gipsies just as the Emperor's soldiers came up.

"Ho, there! You vagabonds – have you seen anything of a stranger who has passed this way?"

"What – a Polish soldier?"

"That's our man."

"Young?"

"Yes, yes – where did he go?"

"A handsome fellow?"

"Have done there, and answer – where did he go?"

"I guess that may be the one?" Devilshoof reflected, consulting his comrades with a deliberation which made the officer wish to run his sword through him.

"Speak up – or –"

"Yes, yes – that's right – we have the right man! Up those rocks there," pointing. "That is the way he went. I shouldn't wonder if you might catch him."

The officer didn't wait to hear any more of this elaborate instruction, but rushed away with his men.

"Now, comrade," Devilshoof said to Thaddeus: "It is time for us to be off, while our soldier friends are enjoying the hunt. Only you lie around here while we explore a little; this gipsy life means a deal of wear and tear, if a fellow would live. There is likely to be something worth picking up about the castle, and after we have done the picking, we'll all be off."

As the gipsies and Thaddeus went away, the huntsmen rushed on, shouting to each other, and sounding their horns. Florestein came along in their wake. He was about the last man on earth to go on a hunt. He made this known without any help, by singing:

Is no succour near at hand?
For my intellect so reels,
I am doubtful if I stand
On my head or on my heels.
No gentleman, it's very clear,
Such a shock should ever know,
And when once I become a peer,
They shall not treat me so —

That seemed to suggest that something serious had happened, but no one knew what till Thaddeus and a crowd of peasants rushed wildly in.

"The Count's child, Arline, is attacked by an infuriated animal, and we fear she is killed," – that is what Florestein had been bemoaning, instead of hurrying to the rescue! The Count Arnheim ran in then, distraught with horror. But Thaddeus had not remained idle; he had rushed after the huntsmen. Presently he hurried back, bearing the child in his arms. The retainer whose business it was to care for Arline fell at the Count's feet.

"Oh, great sir, just as we were entering the forest a wild deer rushed at us, and only for the bravery of this young gipsy," – indicating Thaddeus – "the child would have been torn in pieces. As it is, she is wounded in the arm."

The Count took his beloved daughter in his arms.

"Her life is safe and the wound is not serious, thank God. Take her within and give her every care. And you, young man – you will remain with us and share our festivities – and ask of me anything that you will: I can never repay this service."

"Humph! Thaddeus is a fool," Devilshoof muttered. "First he served his enemy and now has to stand his enemy's thanks."

Thaddeus refused at first to remain, but when his refusal seemed to draw too much attention to the gipsy band, he consented, as a matter of discretion. So they all seated themselves at the table which had been laid in the garden, and while they were banqueting, the gipsies and peasants danced to add to the sport; and little Arline could be seen in the nurse's arms, at a window of the castle, watching the fun, her arm bound up.

"Now," cried the old Count, when the banquet was over, "I ask one favour of all – and that is that you drink to the health of our great Emperor." He rose and lifted his glass, assuming that all would drink. But that was a bit too much for Thaddeus! The Emperor was the enemy of Poland. Most certainly he would not drink – not even to save his life.

Florestein, who was always doing everything but what he ought, walked up to Thaddeus and pointed out his glass to him.

"Your fine acquaintance, uncle, is not overburdened with politeness, it seems to me. He does not respond to your wishes."

"What – does he not drink to the Emperor? My friend, I challenge you to drink this health." The old Count filled Thaddeus's glass and handed it to him.

"And thus I accept the challenge," Thaddeus cried; and before Devilshoof or any one else could stop him, the reckless chap went up to the statue of the Emperor and dashed the wine in its face.

This was the signal for a great uproar. The man who has dared insult the Emperor must be punished. The nobles made a dash for him, but the old Count was under an obligation too great to abandon Thaddeus yet. He tried to silence the enraged guests for a moment, and then said aside to Thaddeus:

"Go, I beg of you, your life is not worth a breath if you remain here. I cannot protect you – and indeed I ought not. Go at once," and he threw Thaddeus a purse of gold, meaning thus to reward him, and get him away quickly. Thaddeus immediately threw the purse amidst the nobles who were threatening him, and shouted:

"I am one whom gold cannot reward!" At that the angry men rushed upon him, but Devilshoof stood shoulder to shoulder with Thaddeus.

"Now, then, good folks, come on! I guess together we can give you a pretty interesting fight, if it's fighting you are after!" A scrimmage was just in Devilshoof's line, and once and forever he declared himself the champion of his new comrade.

"Really, this is too bad," Florestein whimpered, standing at the table with the bone of a pheasant in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. "Just as a man is enjoying his dinner, a boor like this comes along and interrupts him." But by that time the fight was on, and Thaddeus and Devilshoof were against the lot. The old Count ordered his retainers to separate the nobles and the gipsies, and then had Devilshoof bound and carried into the castle. Thaddeus was escorted off by another path.

The row was over and the nobles seated themselves again at the table. The nurse, who had Arline at the window, now left her nursling and came down to speak with the Count.

Immediately after she left the castle chamber, Devilshoof could be seen scrambling over the castle roof, having escaped from the room in which he was confined. Reaching the window where Arline was left, he closed it. The nurse had been gone only a moment, when she reëntered the room. Whatever had taken place in her absence caused her to scream frightfully. The whole company started up again, while the nurse threw open the window and leaned out, crying:

"Arline is gone – stolen – help, help!" All dashed into the castle. Presently some of the nobles came to the window and motioned to those left outside. It was quite true. Arline was gone. Out they all rushed again. Every one in the place had gone distracted. The poor old Count's grief was pitiable. At that moment Devilshoof could be seen triumphantly mounting the rocks, with Arline in his arms. He had avenged his comrade Thaddeus.

All at once the crowd saw the great gipsy leaping from rock to rock with the little child in his arms, and with a roar they started after him. Then Devilshoof seemed fairly to fly over the rocks, but the crowd gained upon him, till they reached a bridge which spanned a deep chasm; there Devilshoof paused; he was over, and with one tremendous effort he knocked from under the structure the trunk of a tree which supported the far end of the bridge, and down it went! The fall of timbers echoed back with Devilshoof's shout of laughter as he sped up the mountain with Arline.

The old Count ran to the chasm to throw himself headlong into it, but his friends held him back.

ACT II

Twelve years after that day of the hunt in Count Arnheim's forests, the gipsies were encamped in Presburg. In those strange times gipsies roved about in the cities as well as in the fields and forests, and it was not at all strange to find the same old band encamped thus in the public street of a city. There, the gipsy queen had pitched her tent, and through its open curtains Arline could be seen lying upon a tiger's skin, while Thaddeus, who had never left the band, watched over her. There were houses

on the opposite side of the street, and the gipsy queen's tent was lighted only dimly with a lamp that swung at the back, just before some curtains that formed a partition in the tent.

It was all quiet when the city patrol went by, and they had no sooner passed than Devilshoof entered the street, followed by others of the gipsy band, all wrapped in their dark cloaks.

"The moon is the only one awake now," they sang. "There is some fine business on foot, when the moon herself goes to bed," and they all drew their daggers. But Devilshoof, who was a pretty decent fellow, and who didn't believe in killing, whispered:

"Fie! Fie! When you are going to rob a gentleman, you shouldn't draw a knife on him. He will be too polite to refuse anything you may ask, if you ask politely" – which was Devilshoof's idea of wit. There was a hotel across the street, and one of the gipsies pointed to a light in its windows.

"It will be easy when our fine gentlemen have been drinking long enough. They won't know their heads from their heels." They stole off chuckling, to wait till they imagined every one to be asleep, but they were no sooner gone than Florestein, that funny little fop who never had thought of anything more serious than his appearance, reeled out of the hotel. He was dressed all in his good clothes, and wore golden chains about his neck – to one of which was attached a fine medallion. Rings glittered on his fingers, and altogether, with his plumes and furbelows, he was precisely the sort of thing Devilshoof and his companions were looking for. He was so very drunk that he could not imagine what a fool he was making of himself, and so he began to sing:

Wine, wine, if I am heir,
To the count, my uncle's line;
Wine, wine, wine,
Where's the fellow will dare
To refuse his nephew wine?

This excellent song was punctuated by hiccoughs. There was another stanza which rebuked the boldness of the moon – in short, mentioned the shortcomings of most people compared to this elegant fellow's. Altogether, he was a very funny joke to the gipsies who were waiting for him and peering and laughing from round a corner as he sang. Then Devilshoof went up to him with mock politeness. He bowed very seriously.

My ear caught not the clock's last chime,
And might I beg to ask the time?

Florestein, even though he was drunk, was half alive to his danger. He hadn't enough courage to survive a sudden sneeze. So he braced up a little and eyed Devilshoof:

If the bottle has prevailed,
Yet whenever I'm assailed,
Though there may be nothing in it,
I am sobered in a minute.

One could see that this was quite true. Florestein was a good deal worried. He took out his watch, and assured Devilshoof that it was quite late.

I am really grieved to see
Any one in such a state,
And gladly will take the greatest care
Of the rings and chains you chance to wear,

Devilshoof said still more politely; and bowing all of the time he removed the ornaments from Florestein's person.

What I thought was politeness, is downright theft,
And at this rate I soon shall have nothing left,

the unfortunate dandy moaned, clutching his gewgaws hopelessly, while all the gipsies beset him, each taking all he could for himself. But Devilshoof having secured the medallion, made off with it. He was no sooner gone than a dark woman wrapped in a cloak came into the street and, when she was right in the midst of the squabble, she dropped her cloak and revealed herself as Queen of the band. All the gipsies were amazed and not very comfortable either! – because, strange to say, this gipsy queen did not approve of the maraudings of her band; and when she caught them at thievery she punished them.

"Return those things you have stolen," she commanded, and they made haste to do so, while the trembling Florestein took a hurried inventory of his property. But among the things returned, he didn't find the medallion.

"I'm much obliged to you, Madame, whoever you are, but I'd like a medallion that they have taken, returned."

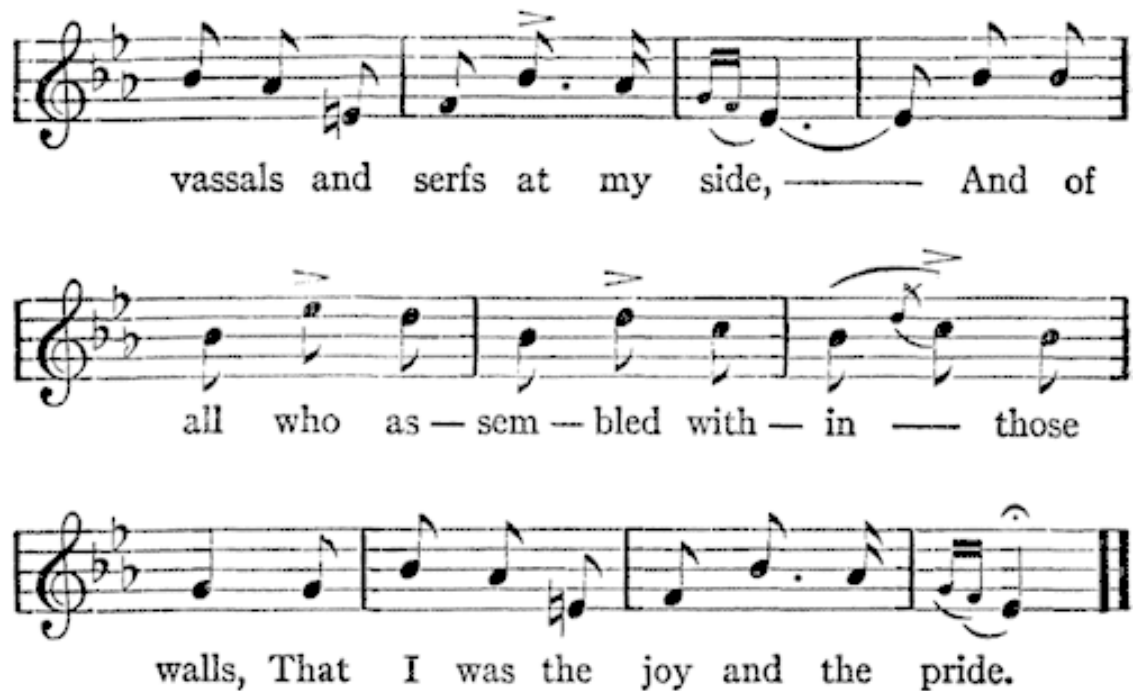
"That belongs to the chief – Devilshoof," they cried.

"I'll answer for your safety," the Queen said to Florestein, who was not overmuch reassured by this, but still tried to make the best of things. "Now follow me," she called the band, and went, holding Florestein and dragging him with her.

They had no sooner gone than Arline, who had been awakened by the noise outside the tent, came out into the street. Thaddeus followed her. She was greatly disturbed.

"Thaddeus," she said, "I have had a strange dream":





[Listen]

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the joy and the pride.

I had riches too great to count; – could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
But I also dreamt (which pleased me most)
That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand
They pledged their faith to me.

And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim,
But I also dreamt (which pleased me most)
That you loved me still the same.

When she had ceased to sing, Thaddeus embraced her tenderly and assured her that he should love her always, "still the same."

Arline had often been troubled because of some difference between herself and the gipsies, and she had also been curious about a scar which was upon her arm. So upon that night she questioned Thaddeus about this, and he told her of the accident in the forest twelve years before, when she got the wound upon her arm. However, he did not reveal to her that she was the daughter of a noble.

"Thou wert but six years old when this accident befell thee," Thaddeus told her. But Arline was not yet satisfied.

"There is more to tell! I know that I am not of this gipsy band – nor art thou! – I feel that this is true, Thaddeus. Wilt thou not tell me the secret if there is one?" and Thaddeus had decided that he would do this, when the curtains at the back of the Queen's tent were parted and the gipsy Queen herself appeared.

"Do you dare throw yourself into the arms of this man, when I love him?" the Queen demanded angrily, at which Arline and Thaddeus were thrown into consternation. But Arline had plenty of courage, especially after what had just happened; hence she appealed to Thaddeus himself. He declared his love for her, and the two called for their comrades. All ran in and asked what the excitement was about.

Arline declared to them that she and Thaddeus loved each other and wished to be married – which pleased Devilshoof mightily. All life was a joke to him, and he knew perfectly that the Queen was in love with Thaddeus.

"Ho, ho," he laughed. "Now we shall have everybody by the ears. Come!" he cried to the Queen. "As queen of the gipsies, it is your business to unite this handsome pair. We are ready for the ceremony," and they all laughed and became uproarious. The Queen's pride would not let her ignore the challenge, so she advanced haughtily and took the hands of the lovers.

"Hand to hand and heart to heart,
Who shall those I've united part?"

she chanted; and with this gipsy rite, they were united.

Then the band sat down in groups and made merry; but the Queen began to plot revenge against Arline.

While they lounged about, prolonging the revel, a gipsy entered and told them that day was dawning, and that already the people of the city were awake and wending their way to a fair which the gipsies were bound for; and if they were to make anything by their dances and tricks they had better be up and doing.

"Up, all of you!" cried the moody Queen, "and meet me in the public square; while you, Devilshoof, stay behind for further orders." Whereupon all went down the street, Thaddeus and Arline hand in hand.

As soon as the last gipsy had disappeared, the Queen turned on Devilshoof. "Now, then – that thing you are wearing about your neck – that medallion you stole! hand it over; and as for what has just happened, I shall not forget the part you had in it – it was you who urged the marriage and compelled me to perform it or else betray myself! You shall pay for this. Meantime, see that you take nothing more that doesn't belong to you," and she snatched the medallion from him. This did not endear her to Devilshoof, and he determined to have his revenge.

"Now be off and join the rest!" she cried; and while she left the square by one route Devilshoof departed by another.

After going a little way, Devilshoof was certain to come up with those who had gone before and who were dancing along, in front of Arline and Thaddeus, singing gaily about the wedding.

Come with the gipsy bride,
And repair
To the fair.
Where the mazy dance
Will the hours entrance.
Come with the gipsy bride,

Where souls as light preside.

Thus they pranced along having a fine gipsy time of it till they arrived at the fair, which was held in a great public square in the midst of the city. The courthouse was on one side, and over the door there was a sign which read "The Hall of Justice." Everybody seemed to be at the fair: peasants, nobles, soldiers, and citizens; rope-dancers, quack doctors, waxworks, showmen of all sorts, and bells rang and flags flew, and altogether it was just the thing for a gipsy's wedding day.

The quack doctor blew his horn, and everybody surged about him, and while all that movement and fun were taking place, Devilshoof and Thaddeus formed a sort of flying wedge on the outskirts of the crowd and forced a passage for the gipsy band. At that moment Florestein came along, taking part in the day as all the rest of Presburg were doing, and the first man his eye lighted upon was that miscreant, Devilshoof. There stood the man who had stolen his medallion! There were several gentlemen with Florestein, and he called their attention to the gipsy group. Meantime Arline, like any gipsy, had been going about selling flowers and telling fortunes, and while those things were taking place the old Count Arnheim and some officers of the city entered and tried to pass through the group to the courthouse, where the old Count presided as judge. Florestein stopped him.

"Uncle, just stop a bit and look at those gipsies! Do you see that pretty girl? I am delighted with her. Even an old gentleman like you should have an eye to a girl as pretty as that," he laughed. This was not in very good taste, but then, nobody ever accused the little idiot of having either good taste or good courage.

"I have no eyes for beauty since my Arline was lost to me, nephew," the old man returned sadly, and passed to his courtroom. But Florestein pressed through the crowd till he reached Arline's side.

"You are a pretty girl," he said boldly, ogling her. "Come! you are teaching others" (Arline had been telling a fortune), "teach me."

"A lesson in politeness, sir? – you need it," and Arline slapped his face; not at all the sort of thing a countess would do, but then she had been brought up a gipsy, and couldn't be expected to have all the graces of her ancestors. The Queen, who had been watching, ready to make trouble, called Thaddeus's attention to the incident, and Thaddeus shouldered his way through the crowd just in time to slap Florestein's face from the other side, as he turned about. The fop was somewhat disturbed, while Arline and Thaddeus burst out laughing at him. The Queen, watching this episode, recognized in Florestein the chap to whom she had restored the trinkets. She herself had the medallion, and instantly a malicious thought occurred to her: it was her opportunity to revenge herself on Arline for loving Thaddeus. She approached Arline, and held out the medallion.

"You should be rewarded, my girl, for giving this presumptuous fellow a lesson. Take this from me, and think of it as my wedding gift," and she left the medallion with Arline. The girl was very grateful and kissed the Queen's hand.

"Now we must go! call the band together," she commanded, leading the way; and slowly they all assembled and prepared to go. Thaddeus hung the medallion on Arline's neck and, with her, came last of the band. Now Florestein, smarting under their blows, saw the medallion on Arline's neck and at once drew the attention of his friends to it. They recognized it as his. He then went up to Thaddeus and Arline and pointed to the trinket.

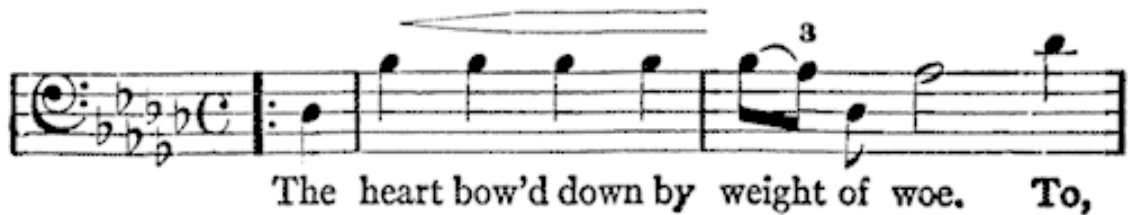
"You may stay awhile, my girl. How about that medallion of mine which you have on your neck? My friends here recognize it!"

"The Queen has given it to me – only now," she replied in amazement; but as she looked about she saw that the Queen was gone, and Devilshoof, who had witnessed all, was then sneaking off.

"That is a good story. We have all heard that sort of thing before. Come along," and he would have arrested her instantly, but Thaddeus sprang forward and took a hand in the matter. When Florestein saw the affair had grown serious he ran into the Hall of Justice, and returned with a guard who arrested the girl. Arline, in tears, declared her innocence, but everything appeared against her.

She had only Thaddeus to stand by her, but at this crisis the other gipsies ran back, hearing of the row, and tried to rescue her. There Thaddeus, too, was seized, and a free fight took place in which the gipsies were driven off; finally, Arline, left alone, was marched into the Hall of Justice. The Queen then returned, and stood unseen, enjoying the young girl's peril, while Thaddeus threatened everybody concerned.

Now before the guards reached the Count Arnheim's apartment where Arline was to be tried, the Count had been sitting before a portrait of his lost daughter, which pictured her as she was twelve years before. He had never known a happy hour since her loss. As he looked at her portrait he sang:



weak — est hope will — cling, To

tho't and im - pulse while they flow, That

can no com — fort bring, that can, that —

rall. can — no com — fort bring, With

those ex — cit — ing scenes will blend, O'er

pleas-ure's path — way thrown; But mem'ry is the

on — ly friend, That grief can call its

own, That grief can call its own, — That



[Listen]

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling,
To tho't and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring, that can, that can no comfort bring,
With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown;
But mem'ry is the only friend,
That grief can call its own,
That grief can call its own,
That grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.
To long departed years extend
Its visions with them flown;
For mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

Thus, while the old Count's mind was lingering sadly over the past, calling up visions of the hopes that had fled with his daughter, she was being brought to him charged with a crime of which she was innocent. Soon the Count heard a noise near his apartment, and the captain of the guard burst in to tell him a robbery had been committed in the square. No sooner had Arnheim seated himself in his official place than the people hustled in Arline. Florestein was in the midst of the mob; going at once to his uncle he cried:

"Your lordship, it is I who have been robbed!"

"Ah! some more of your trouble-making. Why are you forever bringing the family name into some ill-sounding affair?"

"But, uncle, it is true that I am a victim. There is the very girl who robbed me!" he cried, pointing to Arline. The Count looked pityingly at her.

"What – the pretty girl I saw in the square? So young and innocent a face!"

"However that may be, she has stolen my medallion: we found it upon her!"

"Can this be true, my child?" the Count asked gently.

"No, your lordship. I have done nothing wrong; but alas! there is no one to help me."

At that the Count became more distressed. The thought of his own child returned to him. She might be somewhere as hardly pressed and as helpless as this young gipsy girl.

"We can prove her guilty," Florestein persisted.

"Tell me your story, my child. I shall try to do you justice," the Count urged, looking kindly at Arline.

"The Queen of our tribe gave me that medallion. I do not know how she possessed herself of it, unless – " Arline suddenly remembered the scene at her wedding, and half guessed the truth. "Your lordship, I cannot prove it, but I believe she gave me a medallion which she knew to be stolen, in order to revenge herself upon me for giving her displeasure last night!" The old Count gazed thoughtfully at her. He believed her story: she looked truthful, and her tone was honest.

"I believe you," he answered, at last, "yet since you cannot prove this, I have no alternative but to hand you over to justice."

"Then, sir, I can deliver myself!" she cried, drawing a dagger, and was about to plunge it into her heart when the horrified Count sprung forward and stopped her. As he seized her arm, he glanced at the scar upon it: then started and looked closely at her face. Again the face of his lost daughter was before him. He looked at the painting of the little girl upon the wall, and again at Arline. They were so like that he could doubt no longer.

"Tell me – how did you come by that scar upon your arm – speak the truth, because my very life hangs upon it, my child." By this time the whole mob had gathered excitedly about the girl and the old judge.

"When I was six years old a wild deer wounded me – " the Count nearly fainted with hope – "I was saved and – " at this moment, Thaddeus, having shaken off his guard, rushed in to help Arline. She cried out happily and pointed to him. "It was he who saved my life," she said. "It was Thaddeus!" The Count recognized the man who had refused to drink the health of the Emperor at the banquet years before! Clearly it was his own child who had been brought before him!

With a joyous cry he clasped her in his arms, but she did not know the meaning of his joy or of the excitement, and, frightened and bewildered, she ran to Thaddeus. Thaddeus pointed sadly to the Count:

"It is thy father, Arline. It is true," and he buried his face in his hands. He must now give her up. Since she had found a noble father he could not hope to be near her again, and while he stood with his face in his hands, and Arline was again in the arms of the Count, Devilshoof made his way in through the crowd, and tried to drag Thaddeus away. He loved his comrade of twelve years, and he saw that harm might come to him in the new situation.

ACT III

After leaving the Hall of Justice, Arline returned with her father to the home of her childhood, for her dream had come true: she "dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at her side." Yet she was far from happy: Thaddeus had left the hall with Devilshoof on the day of Arline's arrest, and she had not seen him since. Gorgeously dressed in a ball gown, she was in a beautiful room in her father's house. Her father entered with Florestein and begged her to think kindly of her silly foppish cousin.

"You have every reason to be resentful toward Florestein," he said, "but if you can think kindly of him for my sake it would make me very happy. I have always intended you to marry each other."

At that Arline was very wretched; and after a moment she said: "Father, I should like to please you, but I cannot think affectionately of my cousin," and before the argument could be carried further, a servant entered to tell them that the palace was filling with guests, and that the Count was needed. Florestein and the Count then went to meet the company, leaving Arline alone to recover her self-possession. She became very sad for she was thinking of Thaddeus and of the days she had spent wandering over the world with him and the gipsies. Suddenly she went to a cabinet, took her gipsy dress from it, and looked at it, the tears streaming from her eyes. While she was lost in the memories of other days, Devilshoof jumped in at the window and Arline nearly screamed upon seeing him so suddenly.

"Don't scream! Don't be frightened," he said quickly. "I have come to say how we all miss you, and to beg you to come back to the tribe. I have brought with me one whose powers of persuasion are greater than mine," he added, and instantly Thaddeus appeared at the window, while Arline, unable to restrain herself, rushed into his arms.

"Ah, I feared you would forget me in the midst of so much luxury and wealth," he said happily.

"Oh, Thaddeus, did I not also dream – which pleased me most – that you loved me still the same?" she reminded him.

"I came only to entreat you sometimes to think of me," he now said with a lighter heart, "and also I came to tell you – " he paused, kissed her, and then sang:

pp

When oth—er lips and

oth—er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In

language whose ex—cess imparts The

pow'r they feel so well: There

may, per—haps, in such a _____ scene, Some

re—col—lec—tion— be Of

days that have as hap—py been, And



[Listen]

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The pow'r they feel so well:
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me, and you'll remember,
You'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twill break your own to see:
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

The song only added to Arline's distress. She could not let Thaddeus go.

"You must never leave me, Thaddeus," she cried.

"Then will you fly with me?" he begged.

"It would kill my poor father; he has only now found me. I would go if it were not for love of him, but how can I leave him?" And while the lovers were in this unhappy coil Devilshoof, who had been watching at the window to warn them if any one was coming, called out:

"Your doom is sealed in another moment! You must decide: people are coming. There is no escape for you, Thaddeus."

"Come into this cabinet," Arline cried in alarm. "No one can find you there! and you, Devilshoof, jump out of the window." No sooner said than done! Out Devilshoof jumped, while Thaddeus got into the cabinet. The great doors were thrown open and the company streamed in to congratulate Arline on being restored to her father. The old Count then took Arline by the hand and presented her to the company, while Florestein, as the suitor who expected to be given her hand in marriage, stood beside her, smiling and looking the coxcomb. Everybody then sang a gay welcome, and Florestein, who seemed born only to do that which was annoying to other people, picked up the

forgotten gipsy dress, declaring that it was not suitable to such a moment, and that he would place it in the cabinet.

That was the worst possible thing he could do, and Arline watched him with horror. If he should go to the cabinet, as she was now certain he would, he could not possibly help finding Thaddeus. She watched with excitement every moment; but in the midst of her fears there was a great noise without, and the gipsy Queen forced her way in, to the amazement of the company. She went at once to the old Count, who it seemed was never to have done with surprises.

"Who art thou, intruder?" he asked angrily. Upon this the Queen lifted her veil, which till then had concealed her face.

"Behold me!" she cried, very dramatically, "heed my warning voice! Wail and not rejoice!" A nice sort of caution to be injected into a merrymaking. "The foe to thy rest, is the one you love best. Think not my warning wild, 'tis thy refound child. She loves a youth of the tribe I sway, and braves the world's reproof. List to the words I say, he is now beneath thy roof!" This was quite enough to drive the entire company into hysterics.

"Base wretch," the Count cried, "thou liest!"

"Thy faith I begrudge, open that door and thyself be the judge," she screamed, quite beside herself with anger. Of course everybody looked toward the door of the cabinet, and finally the Count opened it, and there stood Thaddeus.

He staggered back, the Queen was delighted, but everybody else was frightened half to death.

Everybody concerned seemed then to be in the worst possible way. Arline determined to stand by Thaddeus, and she was quite appalled at the wickedness of the Queen.

"Leave the place instantly," the Count roared to Thaddeus.

"I go, Arline," Thaddeus answered sorrowfully.

"Never! – unless I go with thee," she declared, quite overcome by the situation. "Father, I love thee, but I cannot give up Thaddeus," she protested sorrowfully to the Count. Then the Count drew his sword and rushed between them.

"Go!" he cried again to Thaddeus, and at the same time the Queen urged him to go with her. Then Arline begged to be left alone with her father that she might have a private word with him. Everybody withdrew except Thaddeus, wondering what next, and how it would all turn out.

"Father," Arline pleaded when they were alone, "I am at your feet. If you love me you will listen. It was Thaddeus who restored me to you; who has guarded me from harm for twelve years. I cannot give him up, and to send him away is unworthy of you." The Count made a despairing gesture of dismissal to Thaddeus.

"But, father, we are already united," she urged, referring to the gipsy marriage. At that the Count was quite horrified.

"United? – to a strolling fellow like this?" This was more than Thaddeus could stand, knowing as he did that he was every bit as good as the Count – being a Polish noble. True, if he revealed himself, he might have to pay for it with his life, because he was still reckoned at large as the enemy of the Emperor, but even so, he decided to tell the truth about himself for Arline's sake.

"Listen," he cried, stepping nearer to the Count. "I am not what you think me. Let this prove to you my birth," and he took the old commission from his pocket where he had carried it for years, and handed it to the Count. "This will prove to thee, though I am an exile, that I am a noble like thyself; and my birth does not separate me from thy daughter." The Count read the paper tremblingly and then looked long at Thaddeus. Tears came to his eyes.

"The storms of a nation's strife should never part true lovers," he said softly, at last: "Thy hand!" – and taking Thaddeus's hand he placed it tenderly in that of Arline. As they stood thus united and happy, the Queen appeared at the window, pointing him out to a gipsy beside her. The gipsy was about to fire upon Thaddeus at the Queen's command, when Devilshoof knocked up the gipsy's arm, and the bullet meant for the lover killed the revengeful Queen.

"Guard every portal – summon all the guests!" the Count cried. "Suspend all festivities," at which the music which had been heard in the distant salon ceased, and the guests began to assemble. Arline rushed to the arms of Thaddeus. The Count explained all that had occurred, the danger Thaddeus had just been in, that he had been given the Count's daughter, and that congratulations were in order.

As you may believe, after so much fright and danger, everybody was overjoyed to find that all was well – everybody but Florestein, and he was certain to be satisfied presently when the banquet began, and he got some especially fine tit-bit on his own plate!

BEETHOVEN

THE most complete, at the same time picturesque, story of Beethoven and his "Fidelio" is told in "Musical Sketches," by Elise Polko, with all the sentimentality that a German writer can command. Whole paragraphs might be lifted from that book and included in this sketch, but the substance of the story shall be told in a somewhat inferior way.

"Leonora" (Fidelio) was composed some time before it was produced. Ludwig van Beethoven had been urged again and again by his friends to put the opera before the public, but he always refused.

"It shall never be produced till I find the woman in whose powers I have absolute confidence to sing 'Leonora.' She need not be beautiful, change her costume ten times, nor break her throat with roulades: but she must have *one* thing besides her voice." He would not disclose what special quality he demanded; and when his friends persisted in urging the production of his first, last, and only opera, Beethoven went into a great rage and declared if the subject were ever mentioned again, he would burn the manuscript. At one time friends begged him to hear a new prima donna, Wilhelmina Schröder, the daughter of a great actress, believing that in her he would find his "Leonora."

This enraged him still more. The idea of entrusting his beloved composition to a girl no more than sixteen years old!

His appearance at that time is thus described:

"At the same hour every afternoon a tall man walked alone on the so-called Wasserglaxis (Vienna). Every one reverentially avoided him. Neither heat nor cold made him hasten his steps; no passer-by arrested his eye; he strode slowly, firmly and proudly along, with glance bent downward, and with hands clasped behind his back. You felt that he was some extraordinary being, and that the might of genius encircled this majestic head with its glory. Gray hair grew thickly around his magnificent brow, but he noticed not the spring breeze that played sportively among it and pushed it in his eyes. Every child knew: 'that is Ludwig van Beethoven, who has composed such wondrously beautiful music.'"

One day, during one of these outings a fearful storm arose, and he noticed a beautiful young woman, whom he had frequently seen in his walks, frightened but standing still without protection from the weather. She stared at him with such peculiar devotion and entreaty that he stopped and asked her what she did there in the storm.

She had the appearance of a child, and great simplicity of manner. She told him she waited to see him. He, being surprised at this, questioned her, and she declared she was Wilhelmina Schröder, who longed for nothing but to sing his Leonora, of which all Vienna had heard. He took her to his home, she sang the part for him, and at once he accepted her.

It was she who first sang "Fidelio," and she who had the "quality" that Beethoven demanded: the quality of kindness. It is said that her face was instinct with gentleness and her voice exquisitely beautiful. It was almost the last thing that Beethoven heard. His deafness was already upon him, but he heard her voice; heard his beloved opera sung, and was so much overcome by the beauty of the young girl's art that during the performance he fainted.

Of all temperamental men, Beethoven was doubtless the most so, and the anecdotes written of him are many. He was especially irascible. His domestic annoyances are revealed freely in his diary: "Nancy is too uneducated for a housekeeper – indeed, quite a beast." "My precious servants were occupied from seven o'clock till ten, trying to light a fire." "The cook's off again – I shied half a dozen books at her head." "No soup to-day, no beef, no eggs. Got something from the inn at last." These situations are amusing to read about, decades later, but doubtless tragic enough at the time to the great composer!

That in financial matters Beethoven was quite practical was illustrated by his answer to the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna, who offered to the musician the choice of the glory of having some order bestowed upon him or fifty ducats. Beethoven took the ducats.

Beautiful as the production of "Fidelio" was, it did not escape criticism from an eminent source. Cherubini was present at the first performance at the Karntnerthor Theatre in Vienna, and when asked how he liked the overture (Leonora in C) he replied:

"To be honest, I must confess that I could not tell what key it was in from beginning to end."

FIDELIO

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA

Marcelline (jailer's daughter).
Leonora (under name of Fidelio).
Florestan (her husband and a state prisoner).
Jaquino (porter of the prison).
Pizarro (governor of the prison).
Hernando (the minister).
Rocco (the jailer).
Chorus of soldiers, prisoners and people.
Scene is laid in Spain.
Composer: Beethoven.

ACT I

Marcelline, the jailer's daughter, had been tormented to death for months by the love-making of her father's porter, Jaquino. In short, he had stopped her on her way to church, to work, to rest, at all times, and every time, to make love to her, and finally she was on the point of consenting to marry him, if only to get rid of him.

"Marcelline, only name the day, and I vow I'll never make love to you again," said the soft Jaquino. This was so funny that Marcelline thought he was worth marrying for his drollery; but just as she was about to make him a happy man by saying "yes," some one knocked upon the door, and with a laugh she drew away from him:

Oh, joy! once again I am free;
How weary, how weary his love makes me.

Quite disheartened, Jaquino went to open the door.

There had been a time – before a certain stranger named Fidelio had come to the prison – when Jaquino's absurd love-making pleased Marcelline, but since the coming of that fine youth Fidelio, she had thought of little but him. Now, while Jaquino was opening the door, and she watched his figure (which was not at all fascinating), she murmured to herself:

"After all, how perfectly absurd to think of it! I shall never marry anybody but Fidelio. He is quite the most enchanting fellow I know." At that moment Jaquino returned.

"What, not a word for me?" he asked, noting her change of mood.

"Well, yes, and that word is no, no, no! So go away and let me alone," she answered petulantly.

Now Fidelio was certainly a most beautiful youth, but quite different from any Marcelline had ever seen. Fidelio observed, with a good deal of anxiety, that the jailer's daughter was much in love with him, and there were reasons why that should be inconvenient.

Fidelio, instead of being a fine youth, was a most adoring wife, and her husband, Florestan, was shut up in that prison for an offence against its wicked governor, Pizarro. He had been placed there to starve; and indeed his wife Leonora (Fidelio) had been told that he was already dead. She had applied, as a youth, for work in the prison, in order to spy out the truth; to learn if her dear husband were dead or alive.

There was both good and bad luck in the devotion of the jailer's daughter. The favourable part of the affair was that Leonora was able, because of her favouritism, to find out much about the prisoners; but on the other hand, she was in danger of discovery. Although the situation was tragic, there was considerable of a joke in Marcelline's devotion to the youth Fidelio, and in the consequent jealousy of Jaquino.

Love of money was Rocco's (the jailer) besetting sin. He sang of his love with great feeling:

Life is nothing without money,
Anxious cares beset it round;
Sad, when all around is sunny,
Feels the man whom none hath found.

But when to thy keeping the treasure hath rolled,
Blind fortune thou mayest defy, then;
Both love and power their secrets unfold,
And will to thy wishes comply, then.

Rocco was also a man of heart; and since hiring Fidelio (Leonora) he had really become very fond of the young man. When he observed the attachment between Fidelio and Marcelline, he was inclined to favour it.

Don Pizarro had long been the bitterest enemy of Don Florestan, Leonora's husband, because that noble had learned of his atrocities and had determined to depose him as governor of the fortress prison.

Hence, when Pizarro got Florestan in his clutches, he treated him with unimaginable cruelties, and falsely reported that he was dead.

Now in the prison there had lately been much hope and rejoicing because it was rumoured that Fernando, the great Minister of State, was about to pay a visit of investigation. This promised a change for the better in the condition of the prisoners. But no one knew better than Don Pizarro that it would mean ruin to himself if Fernando found Don Florestan in a dungeon. The two men were dear friends, and so cruelly treated had Florestan been that Pizarro could never hope for clemency. Hence, he called Rocco, and told him that Florestan must be killed at once, before the arrival of Fernando.

Rocco refused point blank to do the horrid deed; but as a dependent he could not control matters, and hence he had to consent to dig the grave, with the understanding that Pizarro, himself, should do the killing.

Thus far, Fidelio had been able to find out nothing about her beloved husband, but she had become more and more of a favourite with the unfortunate old jailer, and was permitted to go about with a certain amount of freedom.

Upon the day when Pizarro had directed Rocco to kill a prisoner in a certain dungeon, she overheard a good deal of the plot, and she began to fear it might be her husband.

She went at once to Rocco:

"Rocco, I have seen very little of the prison. May I not go into the dungeon and look about?"

"Oh, it would never be allowed," Rocco declared. "Pizarro is a stern and cruel governor, and if I should do the least thing he did not command, it would go hard with me. I should not dare let you do that," he said, much troubled with the deed that was in hand.

"But wilt thou not ask him, Rocco?" Fidelio entreated so determinedly that Rocco half promised.

"Fidelio, I will tell thee. I have a bad job to do. It is to dig a grave in one of the dungeons." Fidelio could hardly conceal her horror and despair. Her suspicions were confirmed. "There is an old well, covered by a stone, down there, far underground, and if I lift the stone that covers it, that will

do for the grave. I will ask Pizarro if I may have thee to help me. If he consents, it will be thy chance to see the dungeons, but if not, I shall have done all I can about it." So he went away to discuss the matter with Pizarro, while Fidelio waited between hope and despair.

Meantime, Pizarro was gloating over his triumph. Soon his revenge would be complete, and he sang of the matter in a most savage fashion:

Ha! what a day is this,
My vengeance shall be sated.
Thou treadest on an abyss!
For now thy doom is fated.

The words mean little, but Beethoven's music to them means much:

Remember, that once in the dust I trembled,
'Mid mocking fiends assembled;
Beneath thy conquering steel,
But Fortune's wheel is turning,
In torments thou art burning,
The victim of my hate.

The guards told one another that they had better be about their business, as some great affair seemed afoot.

Rocco entered again.

"I do not see the need for this killing," he urged. "The man is nearly dead as it is. He cannot last long; but at least, if I must dig the grave, I shall need help. I have a youth in my service who is to marry my daughter – thus I can count upon his faithfulness; and I had better be permitted to take him into the dungeon with me, if I am to do the work. I am an old man, and not so strong as I used to be."

"Very well, very well," Pizarro replied. "But see to the business. There is no time to lose." And going back to Fidelio, Rocco told her the good news: that Pizarro had consented. Then she sang joyfully of it:



e — ver! Oh come, sweet

Hope, show me the goal, However, how — e — ver

far for — sake it will — I

ne — ver, for — sake it will I nev —

er, forsake it

I — will ne — ver, etc.

[Listen]

Oh Hope, thou wilt not let the star of sorrowing love be dimm'd for ever!
 Oh come, sweet Hope, show me the goal,
 However, however far forsake it will I never,
 forsake it will I never,
 forsake it I will never, etc.

"But, Rocco, instead of digging a grave for the poor man, to whom we go, couldst thou not set him free?" she begged.

"Not I, my boy. It would be as much as my life was worth. I have not been permitted even to give him food. He is nearly dead from starvation already. Try to think as little as you can of the horrors of this place. It is a welcome release for the poor fellow."

"But to have a father-in-law who has committed a murder," Fidelio shuddered, trying to prevail upon Rocco by this appeal. But he sang:



[Listen]

My good lad, thou need'st not fear,
Of killing, of killing him I shall be clear,
Yes, yes, I shall be clear,
My lord himself, my lord himself will do the deed.

"Nay, do not worry – you'll have no murderer for a father-in-law. Our only business is to dig the man's grave."

In spite of herself Leonora wept.

"Come, come. This is too hard for thee, gentle boy. I'll manage the business alone."

"Oh, no! No! I must go. Indeed I am not afraid. I must go with thee," she cried. While she was thus distracted, in rushed Marcelline and Jaquino.

"Oh, father! Don Pizarro is frantic with rage. You have given the prisoners a little light and air, and he is raging about the prison because of this. What shall we do?" Rocco thought a moment.

"Do nothing! He is a hard man, I – " At that moment Pizarro came in.

"What do you mean by this? Am I governing this prison or are you?"

"Don Pizarro," Rocco spoke calmly. "It is the King's birthday, and I thought it might be politic for you to give the prisoners a little liberty, especially as the Minister was coming. It will look well to him." At that Pizarro was somewhat appeased, but nevertheless he ordered the men back to their cells. It was a mournful procession, back to dungeon darkness. As they went they sang:



[Listen]

Farewell, thou warm and sunny beam,
How soon thy joys have faded,
How soon thy joys have faded!

While they were singing, Rocco once more tried to soften Pizarro's heart.

"Wilt thou not let the condemned prisoner live another day, your highness?" The request enraged Pizarro still more.

"Enough! Now have done with your whimpering. Take that youth of thine who is to help, and be about the job. Go! and let me hear no more." With that awful voice of revenge and cruelty in her ears, the unhappy Leonora followed Rocco to the dungeons, to dig her husband's grave.

ACT II

Down in the very bowels of the earth, as it seemed to Leonora, was Florestan's dungeon. There he sat, manacled, despairing, with no ray of light to cheer him, and his thoughts occupied only with his visions of the beautiful home he had known, and of his wife, Leonora. When Leonora and Rocco entered the dungeon, Florestan had fallen, half sleeping, half dreaming upon the floor of his cell, and Leonora groped her way fearfully toward him, believing him to be dead.

"Oh, the awful chill of this vault," she sobbed. "Look! Is the man dead, already, Rocco?" Rocco went to look at the prisoner.

"No, he only sleeps. Come, that sunken well is near, and we have only to uncover it to have the job done. It is a hard thing for a youth like thee. Let us hurry." Rocco began searching for the disused well, into which he meant the body of Florestan to be dumped after the governor had killed him.

"Reach me that pickaxe," he directed Fidelio. "Are you afraid?"

"No, no, I feel chilled only."

"Well, make haste with the work, my boy, and it will warm you," Rocco urged. Then while he worked and urged Fidelio to do the same, she furtively watched the prisoner whose features she could not see in the gloom of the cell.

"If we do not hurry, the governor will be here. Haste, haste!" Rocco cried.

"Yes, yes," she answered, nearly fainting with grief and horror.

"Come, come, my boy. Help me lift this great stone which closes the mouth of the well." The despairing Fidelio lifted with all her poor strength.

"I'm lifting, I'm lifting," she sobbed, and she tugged and tugged, because she dared not shirk the work. Then the stone slowly rolled away. She was still uncertain as to the identity of the poor wretch who was so soon to be put out of existence. She peered at him continually.

"Oh, whoever thou art, I will save thee. I will save thee," she thought. "I cannot have so great a horror take place. I must save him." Still she peered through the darkness at the hopeless prisoner. At the same time her grief overwhelmed her, and she began to weep. The prisoner was roused, and plaintively thanked the strange youth for his kindly tears.

"Oh, whoever this poor man may be, let me give him this piece of bread," Fidelio begged, turning to Rocco. (She had put bread into her doublet, thinking to succour some half-starved wretch.)

"It is my business, my boy, to be severe," he said, frowning. He was sorely tried, for his heart was kind and yet he dared not show pity. But she pleaded and pleaded, and finally Rocco nervously agreed.

"Well, well, give it, boy. Give it. He will never taste food again," and again the prisoner thanked Fidelio through the darkness of his cell. When he spoke she felt a strange presentiment. Suppose this should be the beloved husband whom she sought!

"Oh, gentle youth! That I might repay this humane deed!" the prisoner murmured, too weak to speak loudly.

"That voice – it is strange to me, yet – it is like some remembered voice," Fidelio said to herself, and she clasped her hands upon her heart, because it seemed to beat so loudly that Rocco might hear it. While she wavered between hope and fear, Don Pizarro entered the dungeon. He had come at last for his revenge.

"Now, thou dog," he said to the prisoner, "prepare to die. But before you die, you are to know to whom you owe the deed." At that he threw off his cloak and showed himself to be Pizarro.

"It is Pizarro whom thou hast insulted. It is he who shall kill thee."

"Do not think I fear a murderer," Florestan replied, with what heroism his weakness would permit. At that Pizarro made a lunge at him with the knife, but Fidelio threw herself in front of him, suddenly recognizing him as he spoke to Pizarro.

"Thou shalt not kill him, unless thou kill his wife as well," she screamed. Rocco, Florestan and Pizarro all cried out in amazement.

"Wife!" Florestan clasped her weakly to his heart. Pizarro rushed at Fidelio, becoming frantic with rage. He hurled her away and shouted:

"No woman shall frighten me! Away with ye! The man shall die." Instantly, Fidelio drew a pistol and pointed it at the murderer.

"If he is to die, you shall die also," she cried, whereupon Rocco shouted in fright, since it was a dreadful thing to try conclusions with the governor of the prison. Pizarro himself drew back with fear.

Then a fanfare of trumpets was heard, announcing the arrival of Fernando, the Minister.

"Hark!" Pizarro cried. "I am undone! It is Fernando!" The assassin began to tremble. But Florestan and Fidelio knew that liberty was near. One word of the truth to the Minister, one word that should tell him of the governor's awful cruelty for a personal revenge, would set Florestan free and bring punishment to Pizarro. Then Jaquino hurried in:

"Come, come, quick! The Minister and his suite are at the gates."

"Thank God," said the kind-hearted jailer, under his breath. "The man is surely saved now. We're coming, my lad, we're coming," he answered. "Let the men come down and bear torches before Don Pizarro. He cannot find his way out." Rocco's voice was trembling with gladness, Florestan was

almost fainting with weakness because of the sudden joy that had come to him. Fidelio was praying to heaven in gratitude, while Don Pizarro was horrified at the thought of what his punishment would be.

The jailer and Don Pizarro ascended, and soon Fernando ordered all the prisoners of the fortress brought before him. He had come to investigate the doings of the governor who had long been known as a great tyrant. When the unhappy men, who had been abused by starving and confinement in underground cells, stood before him, the Minister's heart was sorely touched, and Don Pizarro was more and more afraid. Presently, Rocco fearlessly brought Fidelio and Don Florestan in front of Fernando.

"Oh, great Minister, I beg you to give ear to the wrongs of this sad pair," he cried, and as Fernando looked at Florestan his eyes filled with tears.

"What, you? Florestan? My friend, whom I have so long believed was dead? Thou who wert the friend of the oppressed, who tried to bring to punishment this very wretch?" he said, looking at Pizarro; and his speech revealed why Pizarro had wanted to revenge himself upon the unhappy noble.

"Yes, yes, it is Don Florestan, my beloved husband," Fidelio answered, while the good Rocco pushed her ahead of him, closer to Fernando's side.

"She is no youth, but the noblest woman in the world, Don Fernando," Rocco cried, almost weeping in his agitation and relief at the turn things were taking for those with whom he sympathized.

"Just let me be heard," Pizarro called, becoming more and more frightened each moment.

"Enough of thee," Fernando answered, bitterly, in a tone that boded no good to the wretch. Then Rocco told the whole truth about the governor: how he, himself, had had to lend a hand to his wicked schemes, because as a dependent he could not control matters; and then all the prisoners cried out for Pizarro's punishment.

Fernando commanded Pizarro to give Fidelio the key of the prison, that she, the faithful wife, should have the joy of unlocking the doors and giving her husband his freedom. All the other prisoners and Fernando's suite, the jailer, his daughter, Marcelline, and Jaquino rejoiced and sang rapturously of Fernando's goodness. Pizarro was left, still uncertain of his punishment, but all hoped that he would be made to take Florestan's place in the dungeon and meet the fate he had prepared for the much abused noble.

BERLIOZ

“THE Damnation of Faust” was first produced as an opera, by Raoul Gunsburg, in Monte Carlo, about 1903. Before that time it had been conducted only as a concerted piece. Later it was produced in Paris, Calvé and Alvarez singing the great rôles. That was in the late spring of 1903.

In Europe the opera was produced with the dream scene (the dream-Marguerite) as in the original plan of Berlioz, but in this country this dream-Marguerite was omitted, also the rain in the ride to Hell; otherwise the European and the New York production were much the same. At the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, there were three hundred people upon the stage in the first act, and every attention was given to scenic detail. This piece is meant for the concert room, and in no sense for the operatic stage, but great care and much money have been spent in trying to realize its scenic demands. As a dramatic production, it cannot compare with the “Faust” of Gounod, but it has certain qualities of a greater sort, which have made impresarios desire to shape it for the stage.

Berlioz was probably one of the least attractive of musicians. As a man, he was entirely detestable. He despised (from jealous rather than critical motives) all music that was not his own; or if he chose to applaud, his applause was certain to be for some obscure person without ability, in order that there might be no unfavourable comparisons drawn between his own work and that which he was praising. Beyond doubt he was the greatest instrumentalist of Europe, but he was *bizarre*, and none too lucid.

His method of showing his contempt for other great composers like Beethoven, Mozart, and the like, was to conduct their music upon important occasions, without having given himself or any one else a rehearsal. He called Haydn a “pedantic old baby,” and refused as long as he lived to hear Elijah (Mendelssohn). In short, he was one of the vastly disagreeable people of the earth, who believe that their own genius excuses everything.

The story of his behaviour at a performance of Cherubini's Ali Baba will serve as an illustration of his bad taste.

Cherubini had become old, and was even more anxious about the fate of his compositions than he had been in his youth, having less confidence in himself as he declined in years, and on the occasion of Ali Baba he was especially overwrought. Berlioz got a seat in the house, and made his disapproval of the performance very marked by his manner. Finally he cried out toward the end of the first act, “Twenty francs for an idea!” During the second act he called, “Forty francs for an idea!” and at the finale he screeched, “Eighty francs for an idea!” When all was over, he rose wearily and said, loud enough to be heard all over the place, “I give it up – I'm not rich enough!” and went out.

There is hardly an anecdote of Berlioz extant that does not deal with his cynicism or displeasing qualities, therefore we may more or less assume that they pretty correctly reflect the man. One of the stories which well illustrates his love of “showing up” his fellows, concerns his Fuite en Egypte. When it was produced he had put upon the programme as the composer one Pierre Ducré “of the seventeenth century.” The critics, one and all, wrote of the old and worthless score that Berlioz had unearthed and foisted upon the suffering public. Some of them wrote voluminously and knowingly of the life of Pierre Ducré, and hinted at other productions of his, which they said demonstrated his puerility. Then when he had roused all the discussion he pleased, Berlioz came forward and announced that there never had been any such personage as Ducré, and that it was himself who had written Fuite en Egypte. He had made everybody appear as absurd as possible, and there is no sign that he ever did that sort of thing for the pure love of a joke. He was malicious, born so, lived so, and died so. However great his music, he was unworthy of it.

DAMNATION OF FAUST

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA

Faust.

Mephistopheles.

Brander.

Marguerite.

Sylphs, students, soldiers, angels.

Composer: Hector Berlioz.

ACT I

One lovely morning, in a Hungarian meadow, a scholar went to walk before he should begin his day's task of study and of teaching. He was an old man, who had thought of little in life, so far as his associates knew, besides his books; but secretly he had longed for the bright joys of the world most ardently.

While he lingered in the meadow, possessed with its morning brightness, and its summer dress he heard some person singing not far away:

Allegro.

The shep—herd donned his best ar—
ray, Wreath and jack——et and rib—bons
gay, ——— Oh, but ho, ——— but
he was smart to see, The cir—cl' closed
round the lin—den—tree, All
danced and sprang. All danced and sprang, all
danced and sprang; like mad—men danced a—
way. Hur—rah, hur—rah, huz—za—Tra—— la, la, la, la,

[Listen]

The shepherd donned his best array,
Wreath and jacket and ribbons gay,
Oh, but he, but he was smart to see,
The circle closed round the linden tree,
All danced and sprang,
All danced and sprang, all danced and sprang;
like madmen danced away.
Hurrah, hurrah, huzza
Tra la, la, la, la.

At first a single voice was singing, but soon the song was taken up by a joyous chorus, and Faust, the scholar, stopped to listen.

Alas! It spoke of that gaiety he had so longed to enjoy. A group of peasants were out for a holiday, and their sport was beginning early. While he meditated on all that he had lost, the merry-makers drew near, and he watched them dance, listened to them laugh and sing, and became more and more heartsick. It was the youth of the revellers that entered into his heart. There was he, so old, and nearly done with life; done with its possibilities for joy and with its hardships!

Then, in the very midst of these thoughts the sound of martial music was heard. Faust shaded his eyes with his trembling old hand:

"Ha! A splendour of weapons is brightly gleaming afar: the sons of the Danube apparelled for war! They gallop so proudly along: how sparkle their eyes, how flash their shields. All hearts are thrilled, they chant their battle's story! While my heart is cold, all unmoved by glory." He sang this in recitative, while the music drew nearer and nearer, and as the army passed by, it marched to one of the famous compositions of history:





[Listen]

Then the scene changed, and Faust was once more alone in his study. He was melancholy.

"I left the meadow without regret, and now, without delight, I greet our haughty mountains. What is the use of such as I continuing to live? There *is* no use! I may as well kill myself and have done it." And after thinking this over a moment in silence he prepared himself a cup of poison, and lifted it to his lips. As he was about to drink and end his woes, the choir from the chapel began to sing an Easter hymn.

"Ah!" he cried, "the memories that overwhelm me! Oh, my weak and trembling spirit, wilt thou surely ascend to heaven, borne upward by this holy song!" He began to think of his happy boyhood, of his early home; then as the glorious music of the choir swelled higher and higher, he became gentler and thought more tolerantly of life.

"Those soft melodious strains bring peace to my soul; songs more sweet than morning, I hear again! My tears spring forth, the earth has won me back." He dropped his head upon his breast and wept. As he sat thus, in tender mood, a strange happening took place. A queer, explosive sound, and a jet of flame, and – there stood the devil, all in red, forked tail, horns, and cloven hoof! He stood smiling wickedly at the softened old man, while Faust stared at him wildly.

"A most pious frame of mind, my friend. Give me your hand, dear Doctor Faust. The glad Easter ringing of bells and singing of peans have certainly charmed you back to earth!"

"Who art thou, whose glances are so fierce? They burn my very soul. Speak, thou spectre, and tell me thy name." From his very appearance, one could hardly doubt he was the Devil.

"Why! so learned a man as you should know me. I am thy friend and comfort. Come, ye are so melancholy, Doctor Faust, let me be thy friend – I'll tell thee a secret: if you but say the word, I'll give ye your dearest wish. It shall be whatever you wish. Eh? Shall it be wealth, or fame? – what shall it be? Come! Let us talk it over."

"That is well, wretched demon! I think I know ye now. I am interested in ye. Sit, and we shall talk," the poor old Doctor replied, despising that which nevertheless aroused his curiosity. He, like everybody else, had heard of the Devil, but he doubted if any other had had the fortune actually to see him.

"Very well; I will be thine eye, thine ear. I will give thee the world; thou shalt leave thy den, thy hateful study. Come! to satisfy thy curiosity, follow me."

The old man regarded him thoughtfully for a moment, and then rose:

"Let us go," he said, and in the twinkle of an eye they disappeared into the air.

They were transported over hill and dale, village and fine city, till the Devil paused at Leipzig.

"Here is the place for us," he said; and instantly they descended to the drinking cellar of Auerbach, a man who kept fine Rhenish wine for jolly fellows.

They entered and sat at a table. By this time the Devil had changed Faust the scholar, into a young and handsome man, youth being one of Faust's dearest wishes.

All about them were coarse youths, soldiers, students, men off the street, all drinking and singing gaily. Faust and the Devil ordered wine and became a part of the company. They were all singing together at that moment:

Oh, what delight when storm is crashing,
To sit all the night round the bowl;
High in the glass the liquor flashing,
While thick clouds of smoke float around.

The rest of the words were not very dignified nor fascinating, and Faust looked on with some disgust. Presently some one cried out to a half-drunken fellow named Brander to give them one of his famous songs, and he got unsteadily upon his feet and began:

There was a rat in the cellar-nest
Whom fat and butter made smoother;
He had a paunch beneath his vest
Like that of Doctor Luther;
The cook laid poison cunningly,
And then as sore oppressed was he,
As if he had love in his bosom.

He ran around, he ran about,
His thirst in puddles laving;
He gnawed and scratched the house throughout,
But nothing cured his raving;
He whirled and jumped with torment mad,
And soon enough the poor beast had,
As if he had love in his bosom.

And driven at last, in open day,
He ran at last into the kitchen,
Fell on the hearth and squirming lay
In the last convulsion twitching;
Then laughed the murd'ress in her glee,
"Ha, ha! He's at his last gasp," said she,
As if he had love in his bosom.

"Requiescat in pace, amen!" the Devil sang, and all joined on the "amen." "Now then, permit me to sing you a ballad," the Devil cried, gaily, and he jumped upon his feet.

"What, you pretend that you can do better than Brander?" they demanded, a little piqued.

"Well, you see, I am expert at anything nasty and bad; so let us see:

There was a king once reigning,
Who had a big black flea,
And loved him past explaining,
As his own son were he.
He called his man of stitches,
The tailor came straightway,
'Here, measure the lad for breeches,
And measure his coat, I say.'

In silk and velvet gleaming,
He now was wholly drest,
Had a coat with ribbons streaming,
A cross upon his breast.
He had the first of stations,
A minister's star and name,
And also his relations,
Great lords at court became.

And lords and dames of honour
Were plagued awake and in bed.
The Queen, she got them upon her,
The maids were bitten and bled.
And they did not dare to brush them,
Or scratch them day or night.
We crack them and we crush them,
At once whene'er they bite."

"Enough!" said Faust; "I want to leave this brutal company. There can be no joys found where there is so much that is low and degrading. I wish to go." And turning angrily to the Devil, he signified that he would leave instantly.

"Very well," said the Prince of Darkness, smiling his satirical smile. "Away we go – and better success with thee, next time." At which he placed his mantle upon the ground, they stood upon it, and away they flew into the air and disappeared.

When next they stopped, it was upon a grassy bank of the Elbe River.

"Now, my friend; let us rest. Lie thou down upon the grassy bank and close thine eyes, and dream of joys to come. When we awake we shall wish again and see what new experience the world holds for us. Thus far you do not seem too well satisfied."

"I will sleep," Faust answered, reclining upon the bank. "I should be glad to forget some things that we have seen." So saying he slept. No sooner had he done so, that the Devil summoned the most beautiful sylphs to dance before him, and thus to influence Faust's dreams. They began by softly calling his name. Then they lulled him to deeper sleep, and his dream was of fair women. In his dream he saw the lovely dance, the gracious forms, the heavenly voices of youthful women. The Devil directed his dream-laden eyes toward a loving pair who walked and spoke and loved apart. Then immediately behind those lovers walked, meditatively, a beautiful maiden.

"Behold," the Black Prince murmured to Faust; "that maiden there who follows: she shall be thy Marguerite. Shall it not be so?" And Faust sank back in his sleep, overcome with the lovely vision. Then the Devil motioned the sylphs away.

"Away, ye dainty elves, ye have served my turn to-day, and I shall not forget." They danced to exquisite waltz music, hovering above Faust, and gradually disappeared in the mists of the air.

Slowly Faust awakened; His first word was "Marguerite!" Then he looked about him in a daze.

"What a dream! What a dream!" he murmured. "I saw an angel in human form."

"Nay, she was a woman," said the Devil. "Rise and follow me, and I will show her to thee in her home. Hello! Here comes along a party of jolly students and soldiers. They will pass her home. We'll move along with them, join their shouts and songs, and presently we shall arrive at her house." Faust, all trembling with the thought that at last he had found that which was to make his life worth living, joined the crowd and followed. The soldiers boisterously sang a fine chorus as they went. No sooner had they finished than the students began their song. It was all in Latin and seemed to Faust to echo that life which had once been his. Then the soldiers and students joined in the jollity and sang together.

This fun lasted what to Faust seemed too long a time. He was impatient to see and speak with the dear maiden Marguerite; and at last, his wish was to be granted. The Devil set him down without ceremony in the young girl's house. There, where she lived, where her meagre belongings were about, he sang rapturously of her. He went about the room, looking at her chair, her basket of work, the place where she should sleep, examining all with rapture. Then the Devil said in an undertone:

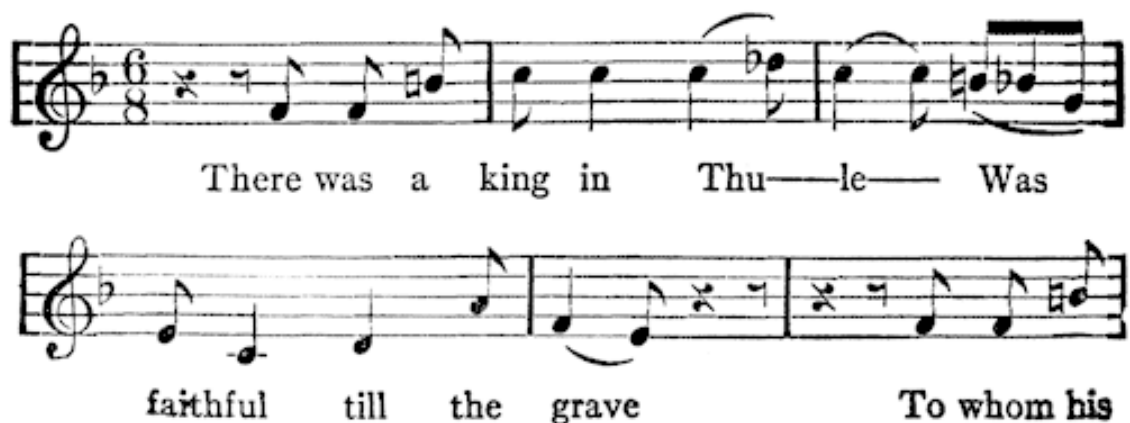
"She is coming! hide thyself, and frighten her not." Then he hid Faust behind some curtains and took himself off with the parting advice:

"Have a care not to frighten her, or thou wilt lose her. Now make the most of thy time." Faust's heart beat so with love that he feared to betray himself.

Then Marguerite entered. She was as lovely as a dream. She was simple and gentle, and very young and innocent. She had never seen any one outside her little village. She was so good that she could fairly tell by instinct if evil influences were about her. She no sooner entered the chamber than she was aware of something wrong. She felt the presence of the evil one who had but just gone. She paused and murmured to herself:

"The air is very sultry," and she felt stifled. "I am trembling like a little child. I think it is the dream I had last night" (for the Devil had given her a dream as he had given Faust, and in it she had seen her future husband). "I think it is because I expect every moment since my dream, to see the one who is to love and cherish me the rest of my life." The simple folk of Marguerite's time believed in dreams and portents of all kinds.

There she sat in her chair and recalled how handsome the lover of her dream was, and how truly she already loved him. Then she decided to go to bed, and while she was folding her few things, putting her apron away, combing out her long and beautiful hair, she sang an old Gothic song, of the King of Thule:





[Listen]

There was a king in Thule
Was faithful till the grave
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.
Naught was to him more precious,
He drained it at ev'ry bout.
His eyes with tears ran over
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told;
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.
He sat at the royal banquet,
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,

In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow,
And hurled the hallow'd goblet
Into the tide below.
He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea,
Then his eyelids fell forever,
And never more drank he.

There was a King once in Thule,
Faithful was he – to the grave.

Then the Devil, who was watching all, summoned his imps. This time they took the form of Will-o'-the-wisps.

"Come! dance and confuse this maiden, and see what we can do to help this lovesick Faust," he cried to them, and at once they began a wonderful dance. Marguerite watched them entranced, and by the time Faust appeared from the folds of the curtains she was half dazed and confused by the unreal spectacle she had seen. Then she recognized the handsome fellow as the one she had seen in her dream.

"I have seen thee in my dreams," she said, "and thou wert one who loved me well." Faust, entranced with her beauty and goodness, promised to love her forever; and as he embraced her, the Devil suddenly popped in.

"Hasten," he cried. "We must be off."

"Who is this man?" Marguerite cried in affright.

"A brute," Faust declared, knowing well the devilishness of his pretended friend in whose company he travelled.

"Nay! I am your best friend. Be more courteous," the Devil cautioned, smiling.

"I expect I am intruding," he continued. "But really I came to save this angel of a girl. Our songs have awakened all the neighbours round, and they are running hither like a pack of hounds to see what is going on. They know this pretty girl has a young man in here talking with her, and already they are calling for her old gossip of a mother. When her mother comes ye will catch it finely. So come along."

"Death and Hell!" Faust cried, not knowing how near he was to both.

"There is no time for that. Just come along. You and the young woman will have plenty of time hereafter to see each other. But just now we must be off."

"But she –"

"It will go hard with her if we are found here, so ye had better come on, if only for her sake."

"But, return, return," Marguerite cried, looking tenderly at Faust.

"I shall return, never to leave thee," he cried, and then, interrupted by the noise made by men and women in the street, who were coming to find out what he was doing there, Faust left hurriedly. Every night thereafter for a time they met, and Marguerite was persuaded by the Devil to give her old mother a sleeping potion to keep her from surprising them. Then one day the Devil again lured Faust away.

"Now thou shalt never see her again," the Devil said to himself, gloating over the sorrow Faust was sure to feel; and away they fled, the Devil sure of tempting Faust anew.

After that Marguerite, left quite alone, watched sadly, each day for the return of her lover, but alas! he never came. One night while she was leaning out of her casement, the villagers were singing of the return of the army.

"Alas, they are all making merry, soldiers and students, as on the night when I first saw my lover, but he is no longer among them." And then sadly she closed her window and kept her lonely vigil, ever hoping for his return.

Away in a cavern, in the depths of the forest, was Faust. He had never returned to Marguerite's village, and neither had he known any peace of mind. He had immediately found other pleasures which had for a time made him forget her, and then, when he was far away and it was too late to return, he desired again to be with her. Now, sitting apart in the wood, mourning, the Devil came to him.

"How about that constant love of thine? Do ye never think of that poor child Marguerite, lonely and far away, awaiting thee month after month?"

"Be silent and do not torture me, fiend," Faust cried bitterly.

"Oh I have a lot to tell thee," the Black Prince replied. "I have been saving news for thee. Dost thou remember how, on those nights when thou didst go to see that good maiden, she was told to give her old mother a sleeping draught, that she might sleep soundly while ye billed and cooed? Well, when ye were gone, Marguerite still expected ye, and continued to give the draught, and one night the old dame slept forever, and I tell thee that draught killed her. Now thy Marguerite is going to be hanged for it." Upon hearing that, Faust nearly died with horror.

"What is it ye tell me?" he cried. "My God! This is not true."

"All right. All right. Believe it or not, it is the same to me – and to her – because that poor maid is about to die for killing her mother."

"Thou shalt save her, or I shall kill – " But he stopped in his fury, knowing that none could kill the Devil. He wrung his hands in despair.

"Now if thou wilt keep thyself a bit civil, I may save her for thee, but don't forget thy manners."

At that Faust was in a fury of excitement to be off to Marguerite's village.

"Not so fast, not so fast," the Devil said "Now if I am to save thy love, I must have a little agreement with thee. I want your signature to this paper. Sign, and I promise to save her, without fail. But I must have that first."

"I will give thee anything," Faust cried, and instantly signed the paper. That paper was really an agreement to give the Devil his soul when he should die, so Faust had abandoned his last hope on earth or hereafter. Then the Devil called for his horses – his black horses upon which damned souls rode with him to Hell.

"Mount," he said to Faust, "and in a trice we shall be with thy Marguerite and snatch her from the gallows." Instantly they mounted and then began the fearful ride to Hell.

Presently they came near a crowd of peasants kneeling about a roadside cross.

"Oh, have a care. Let us not ride upon them," Faust cried.

"Get on, get on," the Devil cried. "It is thy Marguerite we are hastening to," and the poor peasants scattered in every direction, some being trampled upon and little children hurt.

"Horrible, horrible," Faust cried. "What is that monster pursuing us?" he whispered, glancing fearfully behind him.

"Ye are dreaming."

"Nay! and there are hideous birds of prey now joining us. They rush upon us. What screams? Their black wings strike me." And then a bell tolled.

"Hark ye! It is the bell for her death. Hasten," the Devil urged.

"Aye, make haste, make haste." And the horses, black as night, were urged on and on. "See those ghastly skeletons dancing!" Faust screamed, as the fearful spectres gathered round them.

"Think not of them, but of our Marguerite!" the Devil counselled.

"Our horses' manes are bristling. They tremble, the earth rocks wildly. I hear the thunders roar, it is raining blood," Faust shrieked. Then the Devil shouted:

"Ah! Ye slaves of Hell, your trumpets blow. I come triumphant. This man is mine!" And as he spoke, the two riders fell headlong into the abyss of Hell.

Then all the fiends of Hell began to sing wildly. The scene was one of damnation.

Then, grandly above Hell's din rose a mighty chorus. It was a heavenly strain. Marguerite had not been spared the horror of execution; but dead, the saints forgave her. In Heaven, as her soul ascended, they sang:

"Ascend, O trusting spirit! It was love which misled thee. Come, let us wipe away thy tears. Come, come, and dwell forever among the blest."

And thus Faust met his end, and Marguerite her reward for faith and innocence.

BIZET

WHEN Bizet wrote his music around Prosper Mérimée's story of Carmen, he reflected his familiarity with Spanish life and his long living in the Pyrenees mountains. The character of Michaela is not found in the novel, but the clever introduction of it into the opera story adds greatly to dramatic effect, since the gentle and loving character is in strong contrast with that of Carmen.

Bizet's name was Alexandre César Léopold, and he was born on October 25, 1838, at Bougival, and died June 3, 1875. He with Charles Lécocq won the Offenbach prize for the best operetta while Bizet was as yet a youth, and from that time his art gained in strength and beauty. In those days it was a reproach to suggest Wagner in musical composition, but Bizet was accused of doing so. Thus he was handicapped by leaning toward an unpopular school at the very start, but the great beauty of his productions made their way in spite of all. He wrote, as his second composition of importance, an opera around the novel of Scott's Fair Maid of Perth – in French, *La Jolie Fille de Perth* – and this was not a success, but that same opera survives through his Carmen. The Bohemian dance in that opera was taken from it and interpolated into the fourth act of Carmen.

Bizet died only three months after the production of this last opera, but he had lived long enough to know that he had become one of the world's great composers. He wrote exquisite pastoral music for "l'Arlésienne" – whose story was adapted from Daudet's novel of that name. In short, Bizet was the pioneer in a new school of French opera, doing for it in a less measure what Wagner has finally done for the whole world.

This genius left few anecdotes or personal reminiscences behind him. The glory of his compositions alone seems to stand for his existence.

CARMEN

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST, AS PRESENTED AT THE FIRST PERFORMANCE

Don José, Corporal of Dragoons	M. Lhérie
Escamillo, Toreador	M. Bouhy
Zuniga, Captain of Dragoons	M. Dufriche
Morales, Officer	M. Duvernoy
Lillas Pastia, Innkeeper	M. Nathan
Carmen, Gipsy-girl	Mme. Galli-Marié
Michaela, a Village Maiden	Mlle. Chapuy
Frasquita	Mlle. Ducasse
Mercedes	Mlle. Chevalier
El Dancairo	
El Remendado } Smugglers.	

A guide.

Dragoons, gypsies, smugglers, cigarette-girls, street-boys, etc.

The time of the story is 1820, and it takes place in and near Seville.

Composer: Georges Bizet.

Book: H. Meilhac and L. Halévy.

First sung at the Opéra Comique, Paris, March 3, 1875.

I knew a boy who once said: "That soldier thing in 'Carmen' is the most awful bully thing to whistle a fellow ever heard; but if you don't get it just right, it doesn't sound like anything," which was a mistake, because if you don't get it "just right" it sounds something awful. That boy's whistle was twenty per cent. better than his syntax, but his judgment about music was pretty good, and we shall have the soldier song in the very beginning, even before learning how it happens, because it is the thing we are likely to recall, in a shadowy sort of way, throughout the first act:

reg—u—lar— Hang—ing down on ei—ther side.

With the guard on du—ty go—ing, March—ing on—ward,
cres. molto.

here we are!—Sound, trumpets mer—ri—ly blow—ing,

ff
Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta!

[Listen]

With the guard on duty going
Marching onward, here we are!
Sound, trumpets merrily blowing!
Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta.

On we tramp, alert and ready,
Like young soldiers ev'ry one; —
Heads up and footfall steady,
Left! right! we're marching on!

See how straight our shoulders are,
Ev'ry breast is swell'd with pride,
Our arms all regular
Hanging down on either side.

With the guard on duty going,
Marching onward, here we are!
Sound, trumpets merrily blowing,
Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta!

That is the way it goes, and this is the way it happens:

ACT I

Once upon a time there was a pretty girl named Michaela, and she was as good as she was beautiful. She loved a corporal in the Spanish army whose name was Don José. Now the corporal was a fairly good chap, but he had been born thoughtless, and as a matter of fact he had lived away from home for so long that he had half-forgotten his old mother who lived a lonely life with Michaela.

One day, about noontime, the guard, waiting to be relieved by their comrades, were on duty near the guard-house, which was situated in a public square of Seville. As the soldiers sat about, or walked with muskets over shoulders, their service was not especially wearisome, because people were continually passing through the square, and besides there was a cigarette factory on the other side of the square, and when the factory hands tumbled out, about noon, there was plenty of carousing and gaiety for an hour. Here in the square were little donkeys with tinkling bells upon them, and donkeys carrying packs upon their backs, and gentlemen in black velvet cloaks which were thrown artistically over one shoulder, and with plumes on their hats. Then, too, there were ragged folks who looked rather well, nevertheless, since their rags were Spanish rags, and made a fine show of bright colours.

Just as Morales, the officer of the guard, was finding the hot morning rather slow, and wishing the factory bell would ring, and his brother officer march his men in to relieve him, Michaela appeared. She had come into the city from the home of José's mother, which was somewhere near, in the hills. His old mother had become so lonely and worried, not having heard from José for so long, that at last the girl had undertaken to come down into the city, bearing a note from his mother, and to seek him out at his barracks. She had inquired her way till she found the square where the guard was quartered, and now, when she entered it, Morales was the first to see her.

"That is a pretty girl," Morales decided as he watched her. "Seems to be looking for some one – little strange in this part of the town, probably. Can I do anything for you?" he called to her, as she approached.

"I am looking for Don José, a soldier, if you know him – "

"Perfectly. He is corporal of the guard which is presently to relieve us. If you wait here, you are certain to see him." Michaela thanked him quietly, and went away. The soldiers were strange to her, and she preferred to wait in another part of the square rather than where they were idling. She had no sooner disappeared than the music of the relief guard was heard in the distance. It was the soldiers' chorus: a regular fife and drum affair. It came nearer, nearer, nearer, till it arrived in full blast, fresh as a pippin, the herald of all that was going to happen through four acts of opera. There was to be fighting and smugglers: factory-girls in a row, and Carmen everywhere and anywhere, all of the time.

With the new guard comes first the bugler and a fifer with a lot of little ragged urchins tagging along behind; then comes Zuniga strutting in, very much pleased with himself, and after him Don José, the corporal, whom Michaela has come to town to see. The street boys sing while the new guard lines up in front of the old one, and every one takes up the song. It is the business of every one in opera to sing about everything at any time. Thus the guard describes itself in song:

On we tramp, alert and steady,
Like young soldiers, every one!
Head up, and footfall steady,
Left, right! we're marching on!

See how straight our shoulders are, —
Every breast is swelled with pride,
Our arms all regular —
Hanging down on either side.

There is not much poetry in this, but there is lots of vim, and the new guard, as bright as a new tin whistle, has formed and the old guard marched off during the singing. Meantime, while things have been settling down, Morales has had a word with Don José.

"A pretty girl is somewhere near here, looking for you, José. She wore a blue gown and her hair is in a braid down her back; she's – "

"I know her; it is Michaela," José declares: and, with the sudden knowledge that she is so near, and that she comes directly from his old mother, he feels a longing for home, and realizes that he has been none too thoughtful or kind toward those who love him. As everybody finds himself in place, Zuniga points across to the cigarette factory.

"Did you ever notice that there are often some tremendously pretty girls over there?" he asks of José.

"Huh?" José answers, abstractedly. Zuniga laughs.

"You are thinking of the pretty girl Morales has just told you of," he says. "The girl with the blue petticoat and the braid down her back!"

"Well, why not? I love her," José answers shortly. He hunches his musket a little higher and wheels about. He doesn't specially care to talk of Michaela or his mother, with these young scamps who are as thoughtless as himself: he has preserved so much of self-respect; but before he can answer again the factory bell rings. Dinner time! José stands looking across, as every one else does, while the factory crowd begins to tumble out, helter-skelter. All come singing, and the girls smoking cigarettes, a good many of them being gipsies, like Carmen. They are dressed in all sorts of clothes from dirty silk petticoats, up to self-respecting rags. Carmen is somewhere in the midst of the hullabaloo, and everybody is shouting for her.

Carmen leads in everything. She leads in good and she leads in bad. She makes the best and the worst cigarettes, she is the quickest and she is the slowest, as the mood moves her; and now, when she flashes on to the stage in red and yellow fringes and bedraggled finery, cigarette in mouth and bangles tinkling, opera has given to the stage the supreme puzzle of humanity: the woman who does always what she pleases, and who pleases never to do the thing expected of her!

The first man she sees when she comes from the factory is José. The first thing that she pleases to do is to make José love her. It will be good fun for the noon hour. She has her friends with her, Frasquita and Mercedes, and all are in the mood for a frolic. They sing:

♩ Allegretto, quasi andantino.

Love is like an—y wood—bird wild, That none can
ev — er hope to tame; And in vain is all woo—ing
portamento.
mild If he re — fuse your heart to claim. Naught a-
vails, neither threat nor prayer, One speaks me
portamento.
fair — the oth—er sighs, 'Tis the other that I pre-
fer, — Tho' mute, his heart to mine re — plies.

[Listen]

Love is like any wood-bird wild,
That none can ever hope to tame;
And in vain is all wooing mild
If he refuse your heart to claim.
Naught avails, neither threat nor prayer,
One speaks me fair – the other sighs,
'Tis the other that I prefer,
Tho' mute, his heart to mine replies.

While Carmen sings, her eyes do not leave Don José, and he is watching her in spite of himself. The racket continues till the factory bell rings to call the crowd back to work. Carmen goes reluctantly, and as she goes, she throws a flower at José.

This little flower gave me a start
Like a ball aimed fair at my heart!

he says, half smiling, half seriously, as he picks it up. While he stands thus, looking toward the factory, holding the flower, thinking of Carmen, Michaela comes back into the square. They espy each other, and a sudden warmth and tenderness come upon José: after all, he loves her dearly – and there is his old mother! His better self responds: José, in imagination, sees the little house in the hills where he lived as a boy before he went soldiering. He recalls vividly for the first time in months, those who are faithful to him, and for a moment he loves them as they love him. They speak together. Michaela gives him the note from his mother. There is money in it: she has thought he might be in debt, or in other trouble and need it. José is surprised by the tears in his own eyes – it is a far cry from gay Seville to the little house among the hills!

"Go back to mother, Michaela, tell her I am going to get leave as soon as I can and am coming back to her and you. I am going to play fair. There's not much in life, otherwise. Go home and tell her I am coming, and I mean to make you both as happy as once I meant to."

His sudden tenderness enraptures the young girl, and kissing him she sets out to leave Seville with a glad heart. José, left alone, on guard, his life and thought interrupted by this incident of home and faithfulness, leans thoughtfully upon his musket.

"It hasn't been quite right, and I am not happy. We'll change all this," he meditates.

As the afternoon sun grows hot the citizens begin to creep within doors for the *siesta*, as all Spanish life seems to grow tired and still in the burning day. Suddenly the silence is broken by a scream from over the way. José starts up and looks across.

"Hey, there! what the devil!" Zuniga shouts from the guard-house, and runs out. "Hello, hello! José, look alive there! What's gone wrong? – what the – " And the men start to run across the square.

"Help, help!" comes from the factory. "Will no one come? We're being killed – the she-devil – look out for her – Carmen! Look out for her – she has a knife!" Every one is screaming at once and trying each in his own way to tell what has happened.

"Get in there, José, and bring out the girl. Arrest the gipsy; and you men here get into this crowd and quiet it down. Make those girls shut up. Why, what the devil, I say! one would think a lunatic asylum loose. You've got the girl, José?" he calls across as the corporal brings Carmen out. "Bring her over," and Zuniga starts across to meet them, clattering on the cobblestones with his high heels.

"She knifed one of the girls, did she? All right – clap her into jail. You're just a bit too ready with your hands, my girl," the captain cries as José takes her into the guard-house.

José is set to guard her; which is about as wise as setting the cream where the cat can dip her whiskers.

If it pleased the girl a moment before to stab a companion, it pleases her best now to get out of jail. She begins ably.

"I love you," she remarks to José.

"It does not concern me," replies the heroic José.

"It should," Carmen persists.

"Ah!" replies José, noncommittally. This is unsatisfactory to Carmen. However, she is equal to the occasion. When is she so fascinating as when quite preoccupied? – she will try it now. She will sing:

pp e leggiero.

Near to the walls of Se-vil

-la With my good friend Lil-las

Pas-tia — I'll soon dance the gay Se-qui-

dil-la And I'll drink man-za-nil-la —

— I'll go see my good friend Lil-las Pas-tia!

[Listen]

Near to the walls of Sevilla
 With my good friend Lillas Pastia
 I'll soon dance the gay Seguidilla
 And I'll drink manzanilla —
 I'll go see my good friend Lillas Pastia!

José is disturbed. Carmen is conscious of it. She continues to sing, meanwhile coquetting with him. Before he is aware of his own mood, he has cut the cord that he bound her hands with, and has disgraced himself forever. In the fascination Carmen has for him, he has forgotten that he is a soldier. Presently Zuniga enters. Carmen is to be transferred in charge of José, with a guard detailed to go with him. It is arranged. Carmen also makes some arrangements.

"When we have started, and are about to cross the bridge, I'll give you a push. You must fall — you could not see me locked up — one so young and gay! — and when you fall I shall run. After you can get away, meet me at Lillas Pastia's inn." José seems to himself to be doing things in a dream. He has earned a court-martial already if it were known what he has done. A corporal's guard start under José; the bridge is reached. Carmen makes a leap; down goes José. The others are taken unawares

and she rushes at them. They too fall, head over heels, one down the bank. Carmen is up, and off! She flies up the path, laughing at them as they pick themselves up.

"This is a good business, eh?" Zuniga sneers. "On the whole, Don José, I think you will shine rather better under lock and key, in the guard-house, than you will as a soldier at large. Men, arrest him!" he orders sharply, and José has made the first payment on the score Fate has chalked up against him.

ACT II

Flying to Lillas Pastia's inn, as she had agreed with José, Carmen is joined by her old comrades – smugglers and gipsy girls, chief of whom are Mercedes and Frasquita. It is late at night, and a carouse is in progress. Among those in the inn is Zuniga himself. As a matter of truth, he has fallen in love with Carmen on his own account, and has kept José under arrest in order to have him out of the way. There they are, all together, the gipsies playing on guitars and tambourines. The girls are mostly dancing. Carmen is coquetting with every man present, and the fun becomes a riot, so that the innkeeper has to interfere.

"It is so late, I've got to close up," he says. "You'll all have to clear out." Zuniga looks at Carmen. He wants to have a talk with her.

"Will you go with me?" he asks.

"I've no good reason for going with you," she answers, tantalizingly.

"Perhaps you're angry because I have locked José up," Zuniga suggests. "If you will make yourself agreeable, I don't mind telling you I have had him set free."

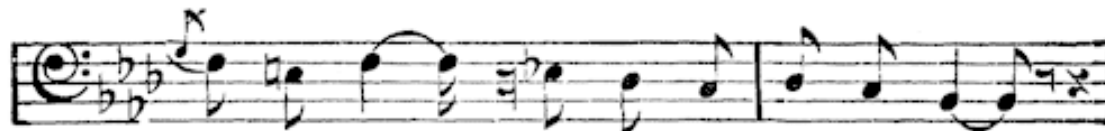
"What's that? Not in prison?" she asked. "Well, that's very decent of you, I'm sure," she sneers. "Good-night, gentlemen, I'm off!" she cries, and runs out into the night. Everybody follows her but Zuniga, who knows well enough he cannot trust her. They have no sooner disappeared than Zuniga hears shouts and "hurrahs" outside. He runs to the window and leans out.

"Hello! They are going to have a torch-light procession, eh?" and he leans farther out. "By the great horn spoon," he presently exclaims – or something which is its Spanish equivalent, "it's that bull-fighting fellow, Escamillo, who won that fight in Granada! Hello, out there, old friend! Come in here and have something to drink with me. To your past success and to your future glory!" Motioning to the bull-fighter outside, Zuniga goes toward the door. In he comes, this Escamillo, all covered with the glory of having killed some frisky and dangerous bulls – with all the chances against the bulls, nevertheless. Everybody else enters with Escamillo and all stand ready for refreshments at Zuniga's expense. Carmen comes back, and of course is to be found in the thick of the fun.

"Rah, rah, rah!" everybody yells, calling a toast to the bull-fighter, who is dressed up till he looks as fine as a little wagon. The toast suits him perfectly and he says so. He squares himself and strikes an attitude of grandeur without the least doubt that he is the greatest thing in the world, and while he is singing about it, half the people in the opera house are likely to agree with him. Here he goes:



For a toast your own will a-vail — me, Se-



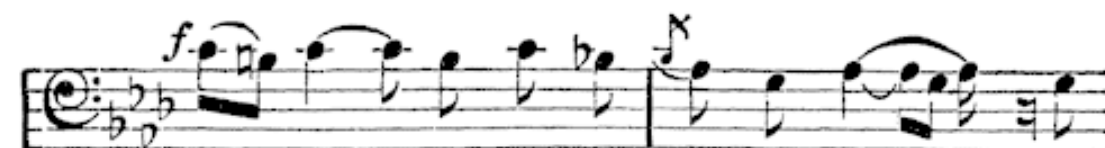
ñors, se—ñors—! For all you men of war—,



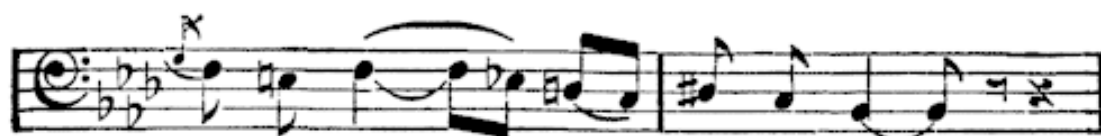
Like all To—ré—ros, as broth—er hail me!



In a fight, in a fight we both take de — light!



'Tis hol—i—day, the cir—cus full, — The



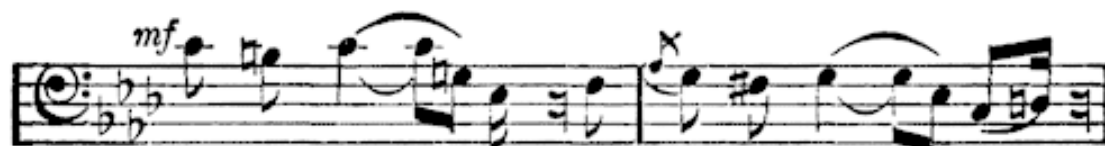
cir—cus full ——— from rim to floor:—



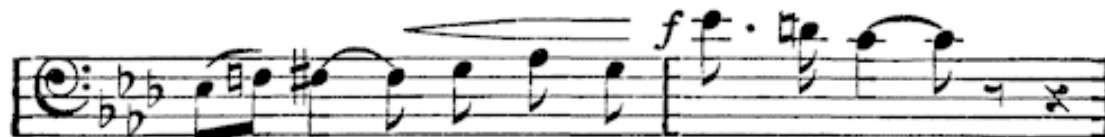
The look—ers on,— beyond con—trol,—



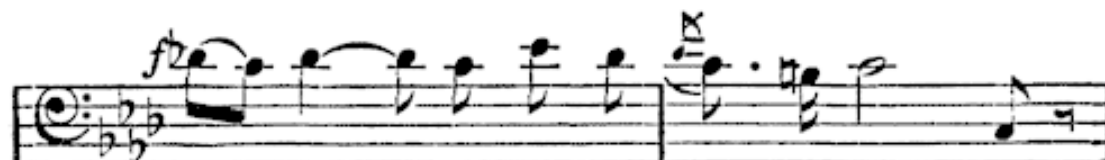
The look—ers on now be—gin to mur—mur and roar!



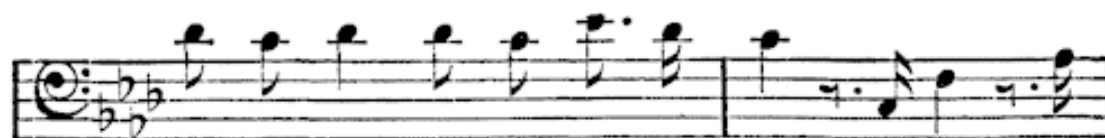
Some are call—ing, And oth—ers bawl—ing—



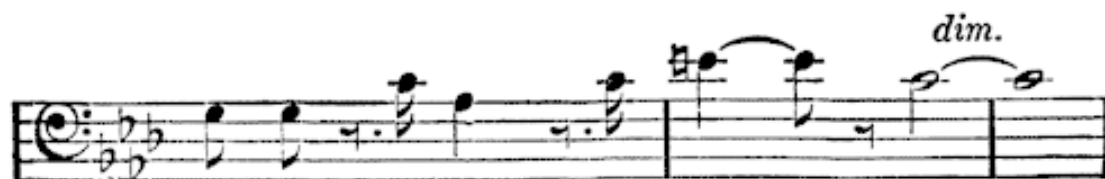
And howl—ing too, with might and main!—



For they— a—wait a sight ap—pal—ling!



'Tis the day of the brave of Spain! Come on! make



read—y! Come on! Come on!— Ah!—

To — ré — a — dor, make read — v!

To — ré — a — dor! To — ré — a — dor!

And think on her, on her, who all can see:—

on a dark eyed la — dy, And that love

waits for thee, To - ré - a - a dor,—

Love waits, love waits for thee!

[Listen]

For a toast your own will avail me,
 Señors, señors!
 For all you men of war,
 Like all Toréros, as brother hail me!
 In a fight, in a fight we both take delight!

'Tis holiday, the circus full,
 The circus full from rim to floor:
 The lookers on, beyond control,

The lookers on now begin to murmur and roar!
Some are calling,
And others bawling
And howling too, with might and main!
For they await a sight appalling!
'Tis the day of the brave of Spain!
Come on! make ready!
Come on! Come on! Ah!

Toréador, make ready!
Toréador! Toréador!
And think on her, on her, who all can see:
On a dark eyed lady,
And that love waits for thee, Toréador,
Love waits, love waits for thee!

While Escamillo is singing the refrain of this song he is about the most self-satisfied fellow one ever saw. He hasn't the slightest doubt about himself and neither has any sensible person a doubt about him; but Carmen is not a sensible person.

The bull-fighter has been trying the same trick upon Carmen that she tried upon José. She is not indifferent to his fascinations, but – well, there is trouble coming her way, Escamillo's way, José's way, everybody's way, but it is some comfort to know that they all more or less deserve it.

When Escamillo has finished singing of his greatness, he asks Carmen what she would think of him if he told her he loved her, and for once in a way she is quite truthful. She tells him she would think him a fool.

"You are not over-encouraging, my girl, but I can wait," he returns.

"I am sure there is no harm in waiting," she answers him.

Now Carmen's familiar friends, the smugglers, have an enterprise in hand, and it has been their habit to look to Carmen, Frasquita, and Mercedes for help in their smuggling. When they find an opportunity, they approach Carmen.

"We need your help to-night."

"Indeed! well, you won't get it," she declares.

"What! you won't attend to business?"

"I won't."

"What's the matter now?" El Dancaïro, chief of the smugglers, demands.

"If you particularly want to know – why, then, I am in love – for to-night only," she hastens to add, as the smugglers stare at her in disgust.

"Well, we wish you joy; but you'll show better sense to come along with us. If you wait here, your lover is likely not to come, and you'll lose the money in the bargain."

When any sly intrigue is weaving,
Whether for thieving,
Or for deceiving,
You will do well if you provide,
To have a woman on your side —

they sing – which shows what the smugglers think of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

When they insist upon knowing for whom Carmen is going to wait at the inn, she finally tells them she is waiting for José, and pretends to some very nice sentiments indeed, on his account; says he got her out of prison, has been locked up for her sake, and of course she must treat him nicely.

"Well, all we have to say about it is that you had better have a care. Very likely he'll not come, and – " El Dancairo is interrupted by a song in the hills. It is José's voice signalling to Carmen.

"Think not?" she asks, nonchalantly.

When José enters, she really is glad to see him: he is very handsome indeed. After her comrades have gone outside the inn, she tells José of her regret that he has suffered for her, and starts to entertain him.

There, in the dingy inn, she begins a wonderful dance, shaking her castanets and making herself very beautiful and fascinating once more to José. In the midst of the dance they hear a bugle call. José starts up.

"Carmen, it is my squad going back to camp. It is the retreat that has sounded. I must go."

"Go?" she stares at him. Then, realizing that he is going to desert her for duty, she flies into a rage, throws his shako after him and screams at him to go and not come back. This puts José in a bad way, because he has been able to think of nothing but Carmen ever since she escaped and he went to prison in her place. Meantime, she raves about the inn, declaring that he doesn't love her, whereupon he takes the flower she once threw him, now dead and scentless, from his pocket, and shows it to her. He has kept it safely through all that has happened to him.

"That is all very well, Don José, but if you truly loved me, you would leave this soldiering which takes you away, and go live with me and my companions in the mountains. There, there is no law, no duties, no – " Don José nearly faints at the idea.

"Disgrace my uniform!" he cries.

"Let your uniform go hang," she answers. She never was any too choice in her language. Poor José! poor wretch! he buries his face in his hands, and cries several times, "My God!" and looks so distracted that one almost believes he will pull himself together, take his shako, and go back to his men. Presently he decides that he will go, and starts toward the door, when there comes a knocking.

"What's that?" he whispers, pausing; but almost at the moment, Zuniga, looking for Carmen, opens the door.

"Fie, Carmen! Is this your taste?" the captain laughs, pointing to José. José is only a corporal, while Zuniga, being a captain, feels in a corporal's presence like a general at the very least.

"Come on, get out," he demands of José.

"No," José answers. "I think not," and there is no doubt he means it. Then the men begin to fight. Carmen, desiring to have one of them to torment, throws herself between them. Her screams bring the gipsies and smugglers.

"Seize the captain," she cries, and Zuniga is seized and tied. He roars and fumes and threatens, but the smugglers carry him off. This puts José in a truly bad way. How can he return and tell Zuniga's men what has happened? and then when Zuniga is free he will be tried by court-martial and suffer the worst, beyond doubt.

"Now then, José. What about it? You can't go back to your company, eh?"

"This is horrible," he tells her. "I am a ruined man."

"Then come with us and make the best of it," she cries, and Fate scores again.

ACT III

Disgraced, there is nothing left for José but to go away to the smugglers' retreat in the mountains. There, in a cave looking out to sea, well located above the valley for smuggling operations, all the gipsies and the smugglers, headed by El Dancairo, lie waiting for the hour when they can go out without being caught. There, too, is Don José, sitting gloomily apart, cut off from all that is good,

dishonoured and so distressed that he is no longer a good companion. Carmen looks at him, and feels angry because he seems to be indifferent to her.

"What do you see, that you sit staring down there into the valley?" she asks.

"I was thinking that yonder is living a good, industrious old woman, who thinks me a man of honour, but she is wrong, alas!"

"And who is this good old woman, pray?" Carmen sneers.

"If you love me do not speak thus," he returns, "for she is my mother."

"Ah, indeed! Well, I think you need her. I advise you to return to her." Don José needed her more than he knew.

"And if I went back – what about you?"

"Me? What about me, pray? I stay where I belong – with my friends."

"Then you expect me to give you up, for whom I have lost all that I had in life!" Realizing that he has given so much for so little, his bitterness becomes uncontrollable, and though he says nothing, Carmen surprises a horrid look on his face.

"You'll be committing murder next, if you look like that," she laughs. "Well, you are not very good company. Hello, there! Mercedes, Frasquita – anybody instead of this fool – let's amuse ourselves. Get the cards. Let us tell our fortunes, eh?" The three girls gather about the table; the other two shuffle and cut. The cards turn out well for them. Carmen watches them. After a moment she reaches for the pack. She is very nonchalant about it, and glances at José as she shuffles the cards. Then she sits half upon the table and cuts. A glance! a moment of sudden fear! she has cut death for herself! The blow has come to her in her most reckless moment. After an instant's pause she sings with a simple fatalism in voice and manner:

In vain to shun the answer that we dread.

She cuts the cards again and yet again. Still her dreadful fate appears.

"There is no hope," she murmurs to herself, as El Dancairo starts up and cries:

"'Tis time to be off. The way is clear. Come."

The others, headed by Remendado and El Dancairo, file down the path, leaving Don José alone in the cave. It is a dismal scene: the loneliness of José, the menace of death in the air!

While José sits with bowed head, a girl's figure rises behind the rocks, and almost at the same moment there appears the form of a man, as well. José hears the rolling of the stones beneath their feet and starts up, musket in hand. Just as he rises, he sees the man's head. The girl cries out as he fires upon the man, and misses him; then she crouches down behind the rock. It is Michaela, come to find José wherever he may be. She knows of his disgrace; it is killing his mother. The lonely old woman is dying. Michaela has come to fetch him, if he has not lost all memory of gentler hours. As José fires, the man shouts.

"Hey, there! what are you about?"

"What are *you* about? What do you want up here?"

"If you were not so ready with your gun, my friend, you are more likely to find out. I'm Escamillo the Toreador."

"Oh, well, then come up. I know you and you are welcome enough, but you run a fearful risk, let me tell you. You haven't sought very good company, I suppose you know."

"I don't care particularly; because, my friend, I am in love, if you want to know."

"Do you expect to find her here?"

"I am looking for her," Escamillo returns, complaisantly.

"These women are all gipsies."

"Good enough: so is Carmen."

"Carmen!" José cries, his heart seeming to miss a beat.

"That's her name. She had a lover up here – a soldier who deserted from his troop to join her – but that's past history. It's all up with him now." José listens and tries not to betray himself.

"Do you know that when a rival tries to take a gipsy girl from her lover there is a price to pay?" he tries to ask with some show of tranquillity.

"Very well, I am ready."

"A knife thrust, you understand," José mutters, unable to hide his emotion. He hates Escamillo so much that he is about to spring upon him.

"Ho, ho! From your manner, I fancy you are that fine deserter. You want to fight? Good! I fight bulls for pleasure; you used to fight men for business. Evenly matched. Have at it," and the men fall to fighting. The fight grows hotter and hotter. Escamillo's knife suddenly snaps off short. José is about to kill him when Carmen and the men are heard running back. They have encountered some one in the valley below and have returned just in time to interrupt the quarrel.

"José," she screams, and holds his arm. Then he is set upon by the others and held in check. Escamillo throws his arms about Carmen and taunts the helpless fellow. José rages.

"I'm off, my fine dragoon," he cries, "but if you love me you will all come to the bull fight next week at Seville. Come, my friend," to José, "and see what a really good looking fellow is like," he taunts, looking gaily at Carmen. He goes off, down the path, while José is struggling to free himself, and at that moment, Michaela, nearly dead with fright, falls upon the rock, and is heard by the men. El Remendado hears her and runs out. He returns bringing the young girl with him.

"Michaela!" José calls.

"José! your mother is dying. I have come for you. For God's sake –"

"My mother dying," he shakes off the men. Then the voice of Escamillo is heard far down the mountain singing back at Carmen the Toreador's song. Carmen rushes for the entrance to the cave. She will follow Escamillo. José goes wild with rage. He bars the entrance.

"My mother is dying. I am going to her – but your time too has come," he swears, looking at Carmen. "I have lost friends, honour, and now my mother for you, and I swear you shall reckon with me for all this wrong. When we meet again, I shall kill you," and he disappears behind the rocks with Michaela.

ACT IV

Back in gay Seville, not near to its cigarette factory and the guard-house, but at the scene of the great bull-fight, where Escamillo is to strut and show what a famous fellow he deserves to be! The old amphitheatre at the back with its awning stretched, the foreground with its orange-girls, fan-girls, wine-pedlars, ragged idlers and beggars, fine gentlemen, mules – all eager for the entertainment! Escamillo is the man who kills bulls and makes love to all the pretty girls he sees. Everybody wants to get a peep at him. The air is full of excitement. Everybody, wine-sellers, orange-girls, all dance and twirl about, and donkeys' bells tinkle, and some are eating, and some are drinking. The Alcalde is to attend, and all the fine ladies and gentlemen of Seville. Here comes Zuniga.

"Here, bring me some oranges," he orders, in his old at-least-a-general fashion. The smugglers had let him loose, of course, as soon as Carmen and José had got away from Lillas Pastia's inn, that night. He sits to eat his oranges and to watch the gradually assembling crowd. Frasquita and Mercedes are on hand, and there is a fair sprinkling of smugglers and other gipsies.

"Here they come, here they come!" some one cries, and almost at once the beginning of the bull-fighting procession appears. First the cuadrilla, then the alguazil, chulos, banderilleros – all covered with spangles and gold lace; and the picadors with their pointed lances with which to goad the bull. Every division in a different colour, and everybody fixed for a good time, except the bull, perhaps. After all these chromo gentlemen have had a chance at him, Escamillo will courageously step up and kill him. Yes, Spain is all ready for a good time! Now at last comes Escamillo.

"Viva Escamillo!" If one ever saw a beauty-man, he is one! He might as well have been a woman, he is so good-looking. He has a most beautiful love song with Carmen, who of course is in the very midst of the excitement, and in the midst of the song, the great Alcalde arrives. Nobody wants to see the bull-fight more than he does. He was brought up on bull-fights. His entrance makes a new sensation.

In the midst of the hurly-burly Frasquita forces her way to Carmen.

"You want to get away from here. I have seen Don José in this crowd. If he finds you there will be trouble – "

"For him maybe." Carmen returns, insolently looking about to see if she can espy José. The girls urge her not to go too far; to keep out of José's way, but she refuses point blank.

"Leave the fight and Escamillo? Not for twenty Josés. Here I am, and here I stay," she declares. Everybody but Carmen thinks of the fortune in the cave: death, death, death! But gradually the great crowd passes into the amphitheatre, and Carmen has promised Escamillo to await him when he shall come out triumphant; and Escamillo has no sooner bade Carmen good-bye than José swings into the square in search of Carmen.

Carmen sees him and watches him. He does not look angry. As a matter of fact he has gone through so much sorrow (the death of his mother, and the jeers of his friends) that he has sought Carmen only with tenderness in his heart. He now goes up to her and tells her this.

"Indeed, I thought you had come to murder me."

"I have come to take you away from these gipsies and smugglers. If you are apart from them you will do better. I love you and want you to go away from here, and together we will begin over and try to do better."

Carmen looks at him and laughs. Suddenly she hears cheering from the amphitheatre and starts toward it. José interposes.

"You let me alone. I want to go in – "

"To see Escamillo – "

"Why not – since I love him – "

"How is that?"

"As I said – " At this, a blind rage takes possession of Don José. All his good purposes are forgotten. For a moment he still pleads with her to go away, and she taunts him more cruelly. Then in a flash José's knife is drawn, another flash and Carmen's fortune is verified: she falls dead at the entrance to the amphitheatre, just as the crowd is coming out, cheering the victorious Escamillo. José falls beside her, nearly mad with grief for what he has done in a fit of rage, while Escamillo comes out, already fascinated by some other girl, and caring little that Carmen is dead – except that the body is in the way. José is under arrest, Carmen dead, and the great crowd passes on, cheering:

"Escamillo, Escamillo forever!"

DeKoven

SMITH and DeKoven, who have made countless thousands laugh, are living still, and will very likely continue to do gracious things for the comic-opera-loving public.

The very imperfect sketch of the opera, "Robin Hood," given in this book, is lacking in coherence and in completeness in every way, but a prompt-book, being necessary properly to give the story, is not obtainable. Rather than ignore an American performance which is so graceful, so elegant, and which should certainly be known to every child, an attempt had been made to outline the story.

Little idea can be had of the opera's charm from this sketch, but the opera is likely to live, even after the topical stories of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" have lost their application, because the story of Robin Hood is romantic forever, and the DeKoven music is not likely to lose its charm.

"Robin Hood" was first produced at the Chicago Opera House, June 9, 1890, by the Bostonian Opera Company. In January, 1891, under the management of Mr. Horace Sedger, the opera was produced, under the title of "Maid Marian," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London. The cast included Mr. Haydn Coffin, Mr. Harry Markham, Miss Marion Manola, and Miss Violet Cameron.

ROBIN HOOD

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA

Robin Hood	Edwin H. Hoff
Little John	W.H. Macdonald
Scarlet	Eugene Cowles
Friar Tuck	George Frothingham
Alan-a-Dale	Jessie Bartlett Davis
Sheriff of Nottingham	H.C. Barnabee
Sir Guy	Peter Lang
Maid Marian	Marie Stone
Annabel	Carlotta Maconda
Dame Durden	Josephine Bartlett

ACT I

In Sherwood forest, the merriest of lives,
Is our outlaw's life so free!
We roam and rove in Sherwood's grove,
Beneath the greenwood tree.
Through all the glades and sylvan shades
Our homes (through the glades) are found;
We hunt the deer, afar and near,
Our hunting horns do we sound.

And thus begins the merriest tale of the merriest lives imaginable. It is on a May morning: every young sprint and his sweetheart in Nottingham are out in their best, for the fair – May-day fair in Nottingham; and near at hand, Alan-a-Dale, Little John, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck, and the finest company of outlaws ever told about, are just entering the town to add to the gaiety.

Now in the village of Nottingham lived Dame Durden and her daughter, Annabel. Annabel was a flirtatious young woman who welcomed the outlaws in her very best manner. She assured them that outlaws of such high position would surely add much to the happiness of the occasion; and they certainly did, before the day was over. The outlaws came in, as fine a looking lot and as handsome as one would wish to see, and joined the village dance. It was an old English dance, called a "Morris Dance," with a lilt and a tilt which set all feet a-going.

ff Allegro vivace.

Fa la, fa la, Trip a morris—dance hi-

la—ri—ous, Lightly brightly, Trip in meas-

ure mul—ti—fa—ri—ous, Fa la la,

fa la la, Trip a mor-ris dance hi—lar—i—ous,

Lightly and brightly we cel—e—brate the fair!

[Listen]

Fa la, fa la,
Trip a morris dance hilarious,
Lightly brightly,
Trip in measure multifarious,
Fa la la, fa la la,
Trip a morris dance hilarious,
Lightly and brightly we celebrate the fair!

If anything was needed to add to the gaiety of the day, the outlaws furnished it, because, among other things, they brought to the fair a lot of goods belonging to other people, and they meant to put them up at auction.

Friar Tuck was an old renegade monk who travelled about with the merry men of Sherwood, to seem to lend a little piety to their doings. He had a little bottle-shaped belly and the dirtiest face possible, a tonsured head, and he wore a long brown habit tied round the middle with a piece of rope which did duty for several things besides tying this gown. He was a droll, jolly little bad man and he began the auction with mock piety:

As an honest auctioneer,
I'm prepared to sell you here

Some goods in an assortment that is various;
Here's a late lamented deer
(That was once a King's, I fear)
Killing him was certainly precarious.

Here I have for sale
Casks of brown October ale,
Brewed to make humanity hilarious;
Here's a suit of homespun brave
Fit for honest man or knave;
Here's a stock in fact that's multifarious.

And so it was!

His stock consisted of the most curious assortment of plunder one ever saw even at a Nottingham fair in the outlaw days of Robin Hood.

While all that tow-wow was going on, people were coming in droves to the fair; and among them came Robert of Huntingdon. The name is very thrilling, since the first part gives one an inkling that he beholds for the first time the future Robin Hood. However, on that May morning he was not yet an outlaw. He was a simple Knight of the Shire.

The Sheriff, who was a great personage in Nottingham, had a ward whom he had foisted upon the good folks of Nottinghamshire as an Earl, but as a fact he was simply a country lout, and all the teachings of the Sheriff would not make him appear anything different. Robert of Huntingdon was the Earl, in fact, and the Sheriff was going to try to keep him out of his title and estates. The merry men of Sherwood forest were great favourites with Robert and they were his friends. During the fair a fine cavalier, very dainty for a man, fascinating, was caught by Friar Tuck kissing a girl, and was brought in with a great to-do. She declared that she had a right to kiss a pretty girl, since her business was that of cavalier. Robin Hood discovered her sex, underneath her disguise, and began to make love to her.

Among other reasons for Robin Hood being at the fair was that of making the Sheriff confer upon him his title to the Earldom. When he boldly made his demand, the foxy Sheriff declared that he had a half-brother brought up by him, and that the half-brother, and not Robert, was the Earl.

"You are a vain, presumptuous youth," the Sheriff declared. "You are no Earl, instead it is this lovely youth whom I have brought up so carefully." And he put forth Guy, the bumpkin. This created an awful stir, and all the outlaws who were fond of Robin Hood took up the case for him.

"A nice sort of Earl, that," Little John cried.

"You think we will acknowledge him as heir to the estates of Huntingdon? Never!" Scarlet declared.

"Traitor!" Robin Hood cried to the Sheriff. "In the absence of the King I know that your word is law; but wait till the King returns from his Crusade! I'll show you then whose word is to prevail."

"My friend!" Little John then cried, stepping into the middle of the row, "take thou this good stout bow of yew. You are going to join us and make one of Sherwood's merry men till his Majesty returns and reinstates you as the rightful Earl of Huntingdon. Come! Say you will be one of us." All the outlaws crowded affectionately about Robert and urged him.

"You shall become King of Outlaws, if you will," Scarlet cried. "Come! accept our friendship. Become our outlaw king!"

After thinking a moment, Robert turned and looked at the gay cavalier whom he knew to be his cousin Marian, in masquerade, and whom he loved. Then he decided he would go and live a gay and roving life in the forest till he could return and marry his cousin as the Earl of Huntingdon should.

"Farewell," he sang to her. "Farewell, till we meet again," and he was carried off amid the uproarious welcome of the outlaws of Sherwood forest, to become their leader till the King returned from the Crusades to make him Earl.

ACT II

Away in Sherwood forest the outlaws were encamped – which meant merely the building of a fire and the assembling of the merry men. Robin Hood had become their leader.

Oh, cheerily soundeth the hunter's horn,
Its clarion blast so fine;
Through depths of old Sherwood so clearly borne,
We hear it at eve and at break of morn,
Of Robin Hood's band the sign.
A hunting we will go,
Tra-ra-ra-tra-ra!
We'll chase for the roe,
Tra-ra-ra-tra-ra!
Oh where is band so jolly
As Robin's band in their Lincoln green?
Their life is naught but folly,
A rollicking life I ween!

Now the merry men gathered about their fire, and while the old monk was broiling the meat, they all lounged about in comfortable ways and Little John sang to them:

And it's will ye quaff with me, my lads,
And it's will ye quaff with me?
It is a draught of nut-brown ale
I offer unto ye.
All humming in the tankard, lads,
It cheers the heart forlorn;
Oh! here's a friend to everyone,
'Tis stout John Barley-corn.

So laugh, lads, and quaff, lads!
'Twill make you stout and hale,
Through all my days I'll sing the praise
Of brown October ale!

While the outlaws were lounging thus, in came the Sheriff, Sir Guy, the spurious Earl, and a lot of journeymen tinkers. Immediately they began a gay chorus, telling how they were men of such metal that no can or kettle can withstand their attack, and as they hammered upon their tin pans, one believed them. Of all the merriment and nonsense that ever was, the most infectious took place there in the forest, while the tinkers sang and hammered, and Friar Tuck made jokes, and the other outlaws drank their brown October ale: but soon Maid Marian, the dainty cavalier, wandered that way, looking for Robin Hood – Robert of Huntingdon. She had missed him dreadfully, and finally could not refrain from going in search of him. She was certain she should find him thinking of her and as true to her as she was to him.

Robin Hood found that she had come to the forest, and sang to her a serenade which was overheard by the other outlaws. Alan-a-Dale, who was in love, became jealous, and the Sheriff came on to the scene, and the outlaws, finding him on their ground, took him prisoner, and Dame Durden, who secretly had been married to the Sheriff, and from whose shrewish tongue the Sheriff had fled, came to free him. She declared that if the Sheriff of Nottingham would acknowledge her, she would get him free from the stocks, into which the outlaws had put him, and would take him home. But the prospect of having to stand Dame Durden's tongue was so much worse than the stocks, that the Sheriff begged the outlaws to take him anywhere so long as it was away from his wife.

Woman, get thee gone,
I'd rather live alone!
If Guy should come with the King's men,
I'd turn the tables on them.

the Sheriff cried, trying to plan a way to get free.

At that all the outlaws danced gaily about him, gibing at him and making the pompous Sheriff miserable. They were trying to pay him for his mistreatment of Robin Hood, their beloved leader.

In the height of their gaiety in rushed Sir Guy with the King's men.

"We're lost," all cried.

"You are," Sir Guy recklessly shouts, "because we're brave as lions, all of us, and shall make short work of you."

We're brave as lions, every one,
We're brave as lions – for we're two to one,

all cried, and immediately they marched the gay outlaws off to prison and set the Sheriff free.

As it turned out, Maid Marian, the cousin and beloved of Robin Hood, had been commanded by the King himself to become Robin's wife, or rather the wife of the Earl of Huntingdon. As the false Earl, Guy had tried to make love to the maid, and to win her, but the cousins loved each other, and all Guy's efforts were quite hopeless. But now that the outlaws, and Robin Hood with them, were all in the power of the Sheriff again, the case looked serious. As outlaws, the Sheriff could hang them, every one. Little John and the leading outlaws pleaded for their friend, reminding the Sheriff and Sir Guy that, since Robin must, by the King's command, marry Marian, the Sheriff dare not kill him.

"Don't count upon that," the wily Sheriff cried "The King's command was to the Earl of Huntingdon – and he is my ward, Sir Guy; not your outlaw friend! Robin Hood shall go to the gallows and Guy shall marry the Maid Marian." At that everybody sighed very sadly. It really began to look as if the wicked Sheriff was going to get the best of them.

ACT III

Among the outlaws, the strongest and also the cleverest, perhaps, was Will Scarlet. He had not been captured with the others of the band, and so he had come into Nottingham, whence the prisoners had been taken, to spy out the ground and to see if he could not help to free his comrades. He had set up a blacksmith's shop and had set about forging a sword. All the while he was watching what took place about him, and hoping to get news of his friends.

Friar Tuck was finally discovered locked up in a tower, and with his dirty face at the window. It would have been a shame for so dirty and merry a gentleman as the Friar to have his life cut short, and of course he was freed, but before this happened he had plenty of chance to get scared half to death.

At the very moment when Maid Marian was distracted because she feared that her lover, Robin Hood, was to be led to the gallows, a message came from the King, pardoning all of the outlaws. Some one had revealed to his Majesty the doings of the Sheriff, and the King had hastened to look into matters. When everybody's life seemed to be in danger, the King rushed back from the Crusades and saved them all, and put the temporary outlaw into his rightful place, and forgave all the other merry men because they had befriended Robert of Huntingdon.

In the midst of the rejoicing, Robin bade the foresters farewell, clasped his cousin in his arms, the Sheriff was properly punished, and the merriest of operas came to an end.

FLOTOW

THERE has never been more uncertainty and disagreement about the production, composition, and source of any opera than about the opera of "Martha." Among the reasonable guesses as to its source is one that Flotow found the theme for the story in a French ballet named "Lady Henriette, ou la Foire de Richmond," also, "Lady Harriette, ou la Servante de Greenwich." Among the German titles we find "Martha, oder der Markt zu Richmond," and "Martha, oder der Mägdemarkt zu Richmond." When all is said and done, it is still a German opera.

Flotow belonged to the petty nobility of Mecklenburg. He was destined for the diplomatic profession and his art work was continually interrupted by revolutions in his own country and in France.

He had already written a number of unimportant pieces before he undertook "Martha." This opera was made under particularly interesting circumstances, being originally the work of three composers. The Marquis Saint-Georges – the librettist of the day – asked Flotow to undertake the music of one act only, as the other two had already been assigned to two different composers. This proved to be on account of a contract made by the manager of the Grand Opéra with the French Government to produce a new ballet in three acts every year – and the Marquis had tried to evade the contract on the ground that it would bankrupt him. The manager's *Première* heard of this appeal, and she in her turn went to headquarters, asking that the manager be compelled to put on the piece as agreed. The next day he received an offer of 100,000 francs to mount the new ballet if he would put the dancer, Mlle. Dumilatre, into the leading part, and do it in an incredibly short time. This was how three composers brought into being the piece that one day was to become the "Martha" with which we are now familiar. After Flotow had written "Stradella" he was asked to write an opera for the court, and remembering the peculiarly carpentered piece, "Martha," he went to Saint-Georges's ballet for his court-opera theme. When finished it was "Martha."

The librettist for "Martha" and another Flotow piece was Reise, but he wrote under the name of W. Friedrich. Balfe used the story for an opera which he called "The Maid of Honour." The opera was about ten years in gaining popularity outside of Germany. It was perhaps somewhat longer than that in reaching Paris and London. It was known in New York, having been presented at Niblo's Garden, before it was known in Paris or London, and Madame Anna Bishop sang it. The great singers who have appeared in the cast are Anna Bishop, Mario, Lehman, Nilsson, Patti, Brignoli, and others.

Flotow's best claim to distinction lies in this opera of "Martha." He was not a special favourite nor a genius, but in "Martha" he turned out a number of fascinating tunes of a humable sort. One of them has been adapted to sacred words, and is much used in churches, but for the most part "Martha" is made of a series of jiggy choruses. Berlioz, who especially hated Flotow, declared that the "introduction of the Irish melody ('Last Rose of Summer') served to disinfect the rottenness of the Martha music."

Flotow was born April 27, 1812. Died January 24, 1883.

MARTHA

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST AS PRESENTED AT THE FIRST PERFORMANCE

Lady Harriet
Nancy
Lionel
Phunkett

Anna Zerr
Therese Schwarz
Joseph Erl
Carl Formes

Sheriff of Richmond, three servants of Lady Harriet, three maid servants.
Chorus of ladies, servants, farmers, hunters and huntresses, pages, etc.
The story is enacted in England during Queen Anne's reign.
First sung at Vienna Court Opera, November 25, 1847.
Composer: Friedrich Freiherr von Flotow.
Author: W. Friedrich (F.W. Riese).

ACT I

One morning during fair time in Richmond the Lady Harriet, maid of honour to her Majesty Queen Anne, was sitting in her boudoir at her toilet table. She and all her maids and women friends who were attending at her toilet were bored to death.

"Did any one ever know such a stupid, dismal life as we are leading?" they declared. "In heaven's name, why doesn't some one think of something to do that will vary the monotony of this routine existence? We rise in the morning, make a toilet, go to her Majesty, make a toilet, breakfast, read to her Majesty, make a toilet, dine, walk with her Majesty, sup, unmake a toilet and go to bed! Of all the awful existences I really believe ours has become the most so."

"It is as you say, but we cannot improve matters by groaning about it. Lady Harriet, Sir Tristram has sent you some flowers," Nancy, Lady Harriet's favourite, cried, handing them to her ladyship.

"Well, do you call that something new? because I don't! Why doesn't the cook send me some flowers – or maybe the hostler – somebody, something new? Take them out of my sight – and Sir Tristram with them, in case he appears."

"Look at these diamonds: they sparkle like morning showers on the flowers. The sight of them is enough to please any one!"

"It is not enough to please me," Lady Harriet declared petulantly, determined to be pleased with nothing.

"Who is that? There is some one who wishes an audience with me! I'll see no one."

"Ah," a man's voice announced from the curtains, "but I have come to tell you of something new, Lady Harriet!"

"You? Sir Tristram? Is there anything new under the sun? If you really have something to suggest that is worth hearing, you may come in."

"Listen, ladies! and tell me if I haven't conceived a clever thought. The fair is on at Richmond –"

"Well – it is always on, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, ladies. Only once a year – this is the time. There is a fair and there are cock-fights –"

"Ah – that sounds rather thrilling."

"And donkeys –"

"Oh, there are always donkeys – always!" the ladies cried, looking hopelessly at poor Sir Tristram.

"I mean *real* donkeys," the poor man explained patiently.

"So do we mean *real* donkeys," they sighed.

"And there are the races – and – well, if you will come I am certain there are several new attractions. Let me take you, Lady Harriet, and I promise to make you forget your *ennui* for once. Cock-fights and – "

"Donkeys," she sighed, rising. "Very well, one might as well die of donkeys and cock-fights as of nothing at all. It is too hot, open the window – "

"I fly."

"Oh, heavens! now it is too cold – shut it – "

"I fly," the unhappy Sir Tristram replied.

"Give me my fan – "

"I fly." He flies.

"O lord, I don't want it – "

"I fl – oh!" he sighed and sank into a chair, exhausted.



[Listen]

Come away,
Maidens gay,
To the fair
All repair,
Let us go,
Let us show
Willing hearts,
Fair deserts!

"What is that?" Harriet asked impatiently, as she heard this gay chorus sung just outside her windows.

"A gay measure: the girls and lads going to the fair," Nancy replied.

"Servant girls and stable boys – bah!"

"Yes – shocking! Who would give them a thought?" Sir Tristram rashly remarked.

"Why, I don't know! after all, they sound very gay indeed. You haven't very good taste, Sir Tristram, I declare." And at this the poor old fop should have seen that she would contradict anything that he said.

"Oh, I remember now! Fair day is the day when all the pretty girls dress in their best and go to the fair to seek for places, to get situations. They hire themselves out for a certain length of time! – till next year, I think. Meantime they dance in their best dresses and have a very gay day of it."

"That sounds to me rather attractive," Lady Harriet remarked thoughtfully.

"A foolish fancy, your ladyship," the unfortunate Sir Tristram put in.

"Now I am resolved to go! Get me that bodice I wore at the fancy dress ball, Nancy. We shall all go – I shall be Martha, – Nancy, and old Rob."

"And – and who may be 'old Rob,' your ladyship?" Sir Tristram asked, feeling much pained at this frivolity.

"Why, you, to be sure. Come! No mumps! No dumps! We are off!"

"Oh, this is too much."

"What, Sir Tristram, is that the extent of your love for me?"

"No, no – I shall do as you wish – but," the poor old chap sighed heavily.

"To be sure you will – so now, Nancy, teach old Rob how the yokels dance, and we'll be off."

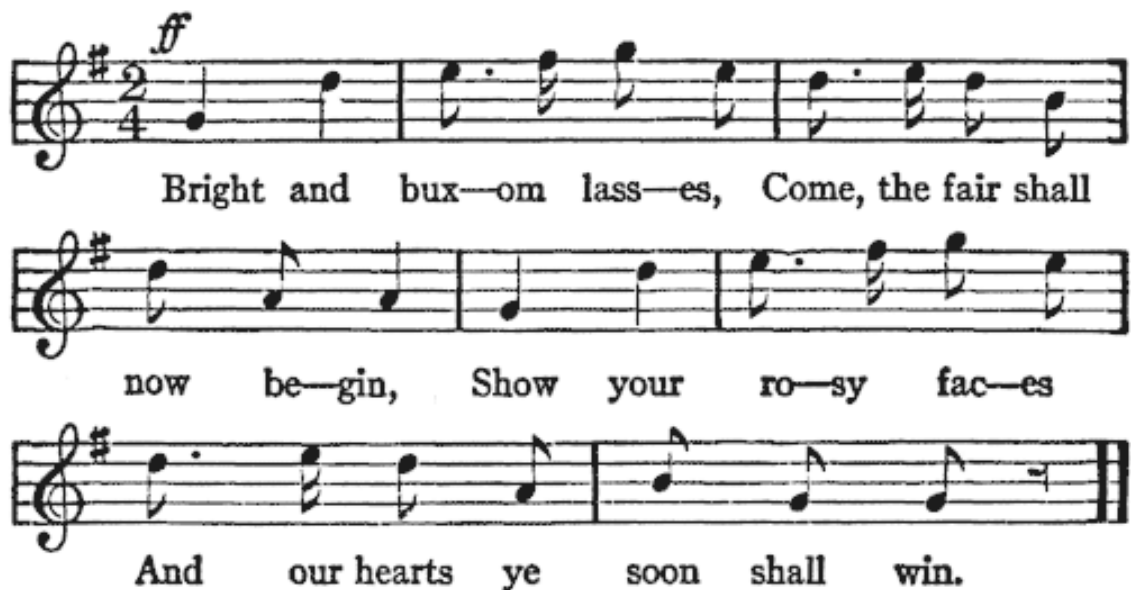
"This is too much. I can't dance in that manner."

"Dance – or leave me! Dance – or stay at home, sir!" Harriet cried sternly.

"O heaven – I'll dance," and so he tried, and the teases put him through all the absurd paces they knew, till he fell exhausted into a seat.

"That was almost true to nature," they laughed. "You will do, so come along. But don't forget your part. Don't let us see any of the airs of a nobleman or you shall leave us. We'll take you, but if you forget your part we shall certainly leave you," and they dragged him off recklessly.

At the fair, ribbons were flying, bands were playing, lads and lasses were dancing, and farmers were singing:



[Listen]

Bright and buxom lasses,

Come, the fair shall now begin,
Show your rosy faces
And our hearts ye soon shall win.

Fleet of foot, and clad with neatness,
Come and let the master choose;
Sweet of temper, all discreetness,
Who a prize like this would lose?

Done is the bargain if the maid is trusty, blythe and willing;
Done is the bargain if she accepts the master's proffered shilling!

Thus, the farmers who had come to the fair to choose a maid-servant, sang together. The maid-servants were meanwhile singing a song of their own, and everybody was in high feather.

Now to this fair had come two farmers in particular; one being farmer Plunkett, and the other, altogether a handsome fellow, named Lionel, who was the foster-brother of Plunkett. As a matter of fact, he was left in his babyhood on the doorstep of Plunkett's father, who adopted him and brought him up with his own son. The baby had had nothing by which he could be identified, but there was a ring left with him, and the instruction that it was to be shown to the Queen in case the boy should ever find himself in serious trouble when he grew up. Now both these gay farmers had come to secure maid-servants for the year, and Plunkett came up to inspect the girls as they assembled.

"What a clatter! This becomes a serious matter. How on earth is a man to make a choice with such confusion all about him?"

"Oh well, there is no haste," Lionel replied leisurely.

"No haste? I tell you, Lionel, we can't afford to lose any time. There is that farm falling to pieces for need of a competent servant to look after it! I should say there was haste, with a vengeance. We must get a good stout maid to go home with us, or we shall be in a pretty fix. You don't know much about these things, to be sure. You were always our mother's favourite, and I the clumsy bear who got most of the cuffs and ran the farm; but take my word for it, if we don't find good maids we shall soon be ruined, because you are of no more use on a farm than the fifth wheel is on a wagon."

"Oh, come, come, brother, don't –"

"That's all right! I meant no harm. You are my brother and I'll stick by you forever, but you aren't practical. Leave this maid-servant business to me, and take my word for it we must hurry the matter up and get home. Some day you'll be giving that fine ring of yours to Queen Anne, Lionel, and then heaven knows what will happen; but I suspect that whatever it is I shall find myself without a brother."

"It shall never happen. I shall live and die quite contented beneath the roof where we have grown up together and where I have been happiest."

"Ohe! Ohe! Ohe! the fair begins! Here comes the sheriff with his bell. Ye maids, come forth now, both young and old! Come forth, come forth! Make way there for the Law!" bawled a crier, clearing the way for the sheriff, who had come to preside over the business of contract-making between the serving maids and the farmers.

I the statute first will read,
Then to business we'll proceed,

the burly sheriff called at the top of his voice; and all the yokels laughed and crowded about him while he mounted a box and began to read the Law. "'Tis our royal will and pleasure – 'Hats off! Rustics, look at me! Loyal feelings let us cherish! 'We, Queen Anne, hereby decree to all subjects of

the crown, dwelling here in Richmond town, whoso at the fair engages, to perform a servant's part, for a year her service pledges; from this law let none depart."

When the earnest money's taken, let the bargain stay unshaken!

"Now, then, ye have heard? Stick to the bargains ye make – or the law will get ye!"

"And now what can ye do, Molly Pitt?"

I can sow, sir,
I can mow, sir,
I can bake and brew,
Mend things like new,
Can mind a house, and rule it, too,
There's naught I cannot do.

"She's worth four guineas. Who will hire her?"

Molly was at once hired by a farmer.

"And now you, Polly Smith?"

I can cook, sir,
By the book, sir,
I can roast and toast,
And 'tis my boast
That nothing in house
That I preside in yet was lost.

"Polly's worth five guineas. Who wants her?"

Polly was immediately hired by a farmer. After half a dozen buxom girls had told what they could do, and had found places for the year – none of them satisfying Plunkett and Lionel, however, who are feeling almost discouraged at the outlook – Lady Harriet (who called herself Martha) and Nancy and Sir Tristram came pushing merrily into the crowd. Lady Harriet (or Martha) was certain to want to see everything. Old Sir Tristram was protesting and having a most dreadful time of it.

"This way, Rob," Martha called, dragging him by the hand and laughing. "What! must I lead you?"

"Come, good, good Rob," Nancy mocked, entering into the spirit of it and poking the old beau ahead of her. Sir Tristram groaned.

"Oh, I am just like a lamb led to the slaughter."

"Look, brother," Plunkett now said, nudging Lionel. "What pretty lasses! Theirs are not like servants' faces."

"Let's inquire," Lionel replied, a good deal interested and staring at Nancy and Martha.

"Do you see how these disgusting rustics are staring? Let us fly, Lady – "

"Martha," Lady Harriet reproved him. "Don't forget I'm Martha."

"Well, 'Martha,' let us go – "

"Not I! I am having the first moment of gaiety I have known in a year. No, ye'll not go." Then in bravado and to torment Sir Tristram she set up a cry:

"No, here in the open fair, I refuse you for my master! I won't go with you!" By that outbreak she had attracted the attention of everybody about. Nancy, too, set up a screech and everybody crowded about them. Sir Tristram dared not say a word to help himself, because if he should really displease Lady Harriet he knew it would be all up with him.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said, confused and tormented.

"Well, you can't force her, Master Rob," the frolicsome Nancy joined in.

"Force the girl? No, I think not, old fellow," Plunkett now cried, coming forward with Lionel. The two of them had been watching the quarrel. "No farmer can hire a maid against her will. There are servants to spare here; take your pick and let these alone," and the tricky Martha and Nancy nearly fainted with trying to suppress their laughter as they witnessed Sir Tristram's plight.

At that moment all the unhired serving maids rushed to Sir Tristram and crowded about him and began their eternal, "I can bake, sir, I can brew, sir," etc., and begged him to hire them. Now this was the last straw, and Sir Tristram looked for Martha and Nancy to come to his assistance, but they only shrieked with laughter and urged the girls on. Meantime, Plunkett and Lionel had approached them, and, when Martha noticed that they were about to speak, she became a little frightened.

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