

THE PRIMA DONNA.

IF the reader happened to be sojourning at Malta during the winter of 1855-6—fourteen years ago the present season—he did not fail to be a tolerably regular attendant upon the only respectable theatre of the city, where the amusement season was, as usual, devoted to Italian opera. If, moreover, the already-mentioned reader chanced, like some British army officers with whom I have talked (and the audience was made up, one might say, of British army officers and their families), if he had chanced to be present on a certain night near the opening of the season, he would have witnessed a *début* which it were well worth his while to see and remember.

The opera is the "Sonnambula," and the Amina of the occasion is the young *débutante* to hear whom these seats and lobbies have been filled so full.

Ah! she appears—shot upon the stage, apparently against her will, by the strong arm of the old baritone who is playing Count Rodolpho; a movement which was, of course, only witnessed by the occupants of the left stage boxes, and not perceptible to the audience at large—which saw only a girl of sixteen or seventeen years, with a rather pretty face, but with a form thin and like a boy's, and movements embarrassed by extreme bashfulness, advancing toward the footlights. She sings! and the voice, a fully developed soprano, charms everybody at once. The audience testifies its admiration by frequent applause, and by calling out the young *débutante* after every act; and finally, when the last trying scene comes on, and the fair sleep-walker goes through the touching and brilliant *scena* ending with the electrical air "*Ah, non*

giunge!" sung with such freshness and brilliancy as Malta had never heard before, the fervor of the demonstration was something wonderful to behold. It was a downright, unequivocal success; even the wisest (or the most phlegmatic, which is much the same thing) owned that the girl had done well, and would, if not spoiled by flattery, make an artist. (As if a girl with forty operas in her head, a fiery ambition in her heart, and a dozen years of instruction in her throat and lungs, *could* be spoiled!)

But who was the lean girl with the straight bust and the marvellous larynx?

No more, no less, than the same stout but stately and beautiful woman who sang to us a month or more this winter, at the head of her own operatic company, as Norma, Leonora, Agatha, etc.; the same whose name, PAREPA ROSA, the world has learned to pronounce, and whose notes the world has learned to follow. What do you say to a little inquiry into the history of this *prima donna*?

The lady whom we now know as Madame Parepa Rosa was born in Edinburgh, in 1839; her father being the Baron Georgiades de Boyesku, a gentleman of Wallachian birth, whose rank, I take it, by far transcended his wealth. He had been captivated by the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Seguin, sister of Edward Seguin the renowned basso, and herself a *prima donna* of considerable reputation. She accepted the hand of the Baron, became the sharer of his title, and ultimately the mother of his offspring, Euphrosyne—the subject of this sketch. These facts, together with the early death of de Boyesku, the return of his widow to the stage under her maiden name, and her

adoption of Parepa (after a castle, or something, in the estate of the Baron's family) as the surname of her daughter—these facts, together with some points in the professional career of Euphrosyne, are pretty well known through the medium of the newspapers. Some other facts in the life of the great *cantatrice* are not so well known; and I shall take the risk of their proving dry reading to you.

It is, I think, an interesting fact that Euphrosyne's immediate ancestors embraced representatives of almost every civilized nationality of Europe. Thus, her maternal grandfather was French; his wife was Welsh, while his mother, the great-grandmother of Euphrosyne, was a thorough-bred Muscovite. On the father's (de Boyesku's) side, again, Euphrosyne's grandmother was the daughter of a Turkish grand-vizier, who had the honor of being strangled by his sublime sovereign the Sultan. To this mixed origin, and to her much travel, one might attribute the *prima donna's* facility in modern languages and her entirely cosmopolitan tastes. But her father was himself a cosmopolite, and spoke nine languages and dialects with perfect fluency. Madame Parepa Rosa herself speaks and writes five European languages with an elegance and exactness not usual among those whose single specialty is music. So far as musical genius is concerned, it does not usually extend through more than two or three generations; and in the case of the Seguins, it did not extend back in any eminent degree farther than to the grandfather of Parepa.

The early manifestations of musical genius in our subject were very marked and promising. You will hardly believe that when two years and a half old this child was able to sing such airs as the rondo of Amina in "Sonnambula," and that she used to entertain musical people with such exhibitions, being placed standing on a table for the purpose. The pigmy

prima donna, however, always manifested much reserve upon such occasions, and if any strangers were present she would only sing when screened in some manner from view. Like many others who have distinguished themselves in the musical world, Euphrosyne showed a wonderful faculty for retaining in the memory every melody and theme which fell upon her ears. Although her mother resisted for some years the temptation to fit her promising daughter for the stage, she did not fail to lay out the ground-work of a most thorough vocal training, exercising, herself, the functions of a teacher. Indeed, she was well qualified for that office, having studied incessantly for four years under such masters as Crescentini, Panseron, and Bordogni. The training of a vocalist for the stage in Europe is something so severe in itself that if a public had a heart not made outright of stone, it ought to accord a success to every blessed warbler of them, if only for the heroism of the *effort* they have made. The girl of whom we are talking was no exception—notwithstanding the wonderful precocity of her musical intellect and the phenomenal formation of her vocal organs made her, like Jenny Lind, a *prima donna* by intuition. Drill was necessary, however; and at last, when, at fifteen, it was decided to bring her out as an operatic soprano, she was made to undergo a course of vocal gymnastics before which the most of our sopranos who sing "With verdure clad" and "*Una voce*" at our amateur concerts, or even many who travel about the country with their "*Luce di quest*," and their "Comin' Thro' the Rye," would quail in abject terror. For eight months previous to studying her operatic repertory, Euphrosyne was allowed to sing no note of anything but exercises—exercises—exercises. But the reader must understand she had plenty of them, so that she did not at all suffer for musical pabulum!

Before she made her *début*, she had acquired (memorized) the melodies of forty principal operas. I mention these facts, not only because they are remarkable as naked facts, but because, first, they account for the wonderful vocal execution, the resources never at fault, which this artist possesses; and second, because they may serve to deter some ambitious maiden who thinks that, with her deficient training of a few months, and her habits of indulgence, she may storm the ear of the public and conquer success from the first note of her initial recitative. No! the triumphs of the *prima donna* are not thus lightly won. What with the trials of training, the doubt and dangers of a *début*, the routine of rehearsal, and the tug of travel, the life of an opera singer is anything but one of ease or of unalloyed happiness.

The *début* resulted as detailed at the beginning of this sketch. The season continued successfully, the young soprano singing the leading rôles in "Barber of Seville," "Beatrice," "Crispino," "Il Giuramento," Ricci's "Brewer of Preston," and other operas. By and by it came Euphrosyne's turn to have a benefit; and she sat in her sedan at the entrance, as is the custom in that queer Maltese theatre, and received the votive offerings of her now familiar public. (Actors and singers of a lower grade, on their benefit occasions, actually pass around a hat among the boxes, after the manner of a country deacon.) The proceeds were flattering to the little artist, and the score or more of presents, beyond the odd crowns and unchanged sovereigns, doubtless went far toward "spoiling" the blushing recipient—for anything but a *prima donna*.

The season at Malta being over, Parepa readily obtained an engagement at Naples, where she sang, as is customary, both in grand opera at the San Carlo and in comic at the Fonda. Here, in "Sonnambula," "Orphan

of Lorena," etc., she had Mongini for a tenor. Returning to Malta, our heroine made her reappearance in "Traviata," which had been finely cast and mounted, and which ran forty nights. Tamaro, a singer well known in America, was the principal tenor in this opera.

In the following season—1857—after a short season at Florence, where she sang with Giuglini and Antonucci, Mlle. Parepa entered upon an engagement at Lisbon, the terms of which were that she was to receive 10,000 francs for the first three months, the manager having the privilege of re-engaging her for the six months following, at 4,000 francs per month, if he should elect. She sang the whole nine months.

Proceeding in 1858 to London, on a short engagement at Covent Garden, she sang in "Puritani," with Berdoni and Georgio Ronconi, and in "Zampa" with Tamberlik and Mme. Didier. After a tour through the provinces, Mademoiselle emerged from her "teens" into the twenties while performing an engagement of nine months at Madrid, conjointly with such artists as Badiali, the baritone; Mme. Madori, contralto; and Naudin, the famous tenor. This season was followed by another of three months in London. The winter of 1859-60 found our *prima donna* at the Carlo Felice, Genoa, where, in a three months engagement, she sang sixty-two nights—a rare achievement for an *assoluta* in a city like Genoa. Being in Italy, Parepa must needs go to Rome; and going thither, she did Desdemona for Pancani's Otello, and charmed Cardinal Antonelli into a floral acknowledgment—some rare camellias which, I have heard her say, she could never forget—their deep carmine tint was so like the eyes of the crafty Cardinal. (This in no ungrateful spirit, for she regards the intellect of Antonelli with great reverence. As for his general loveliness of character?—the reader may conceive

a pair of very broad, plump shoulders as being expressively shrugged at this interrogatory.)

Up to this time, Parepa had been singing in Italian opera only, holding it, doubtless, in that high and exclusive esteem which the devotees of the Italian have for that school of opera. But a pecuniary inducement, or some other, took her to London, where, early in 1860, she made her first appearance in English opera, under the Pyne and Harrison administration. Santley, the baritone, made his *début* on the same night, the opera being "Trovatore." The opera season being over, Mademoiselle sang on Ash Wednesday in Howard Glover's concert (the same Glover who now, a red-nosed, shiny-pated veteran, plays a second violin in Madame Rosa's orchestra.) The summer was devoted to concerts, oratorios, and festivals in the metropolis and in the provinces. In fact, three winters passed away with Parepa still the soprano of the Pyne and Harrison troupe, and the varyingly successful opera seasons alternating with the more remunerative concerting and oratorio business.

Costa (now Sir Michael) was usually the conductor on large occasions. Once, during the performance of "Elijah," Costa, having Meyerbeer in his box, called in his big soprano and the tenor, Sims Reeves, and introduced them to the famous composer. Meyerbeer was very deferential, and on being asked why he did not try his hand at oratorio, gallantly responded: "If I could be sure always of such soloists as we have here [bowing to Parepa], I should certainly attempt an oratorio." Somewhat of this may be set down to the credit of the composer's gallantry. At any rate, a truer excuse would have been found to lie in the organization of Meyerbeer's genius, which, fertile as it was in melody and prolific in the invention of effects, had not the breadth of conception necessary to success in oratorio composition.

In 1863, Mlle. Parepa sang in the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic—an honor much coveted among soloists of all classes. Following this was an operatic tour through Wiesbaden, Homburg, Frankfort, Erfurth, and Berlin, singing in the latter city the songs of the Queen of Night, in the "Magic Flute," in the key in which they were written—a feat which had not for many years been accomplished in that great musical capital. This German tour, like all her preceding ones, was highly successful, pecuniarily and artistically. The *prima donna*, having by this time accumulated quite a little fortune, was induced to invest some of it in an operatic venture at London, known as the "English Opera Association (limited)," in which several leading artists were interested, and which commenced operations in 1863, Mlle. Parepa filling the principal soprano rôles.

English opera never had—nor has yet—proved steadily remunerative, and I regret to say that this venture was no exception to the general rule. But the success or failure of our *prima donna's* interest in the limited company's speculation was soon superseded by other interests of greater moment; for right here intervened a domestic episode, the most momentous in her history,—when, during the brief space of eighteen months, she passed through the experiences of the lover, the betrothed bride, the wife, the mother, and the childless widow; the vicissitudes of easy affluence and of embarrassed poverty. In 1863 she married Captain Carvill, an officer of the East Indian service, just retired. He was brilliant and promising, and most respectably connected. The venerable Edward Seguin, Parepa's grandfather, then in his 85th year, gave the bride away. Carvill, unfortunately, soon developed an uncontrollable passion for speculation, and in a short time had sunk nearly £25,000—the whole fortune of the

pair—in some Peruvian mining shares. Indeed, he betook himself to Lima after living seven months with his bride, and she never saw him more. He died in April, 1865. Their child, too, was buried; and the doubly bereft young widow soon returned to the stage, both to repair her shattered fortunes and to divert her active mind from her domestic griefs. Soon there came an offer from Mr. Bateman, who, scouring Europe for "stars," heard Madame Parepa sing in a concert, decided at once that there was a fortune in her, and induced her to go to America for a concert tour. Carl Rosa, a well-known violinist, and James Levy, the celebrated player of the *cornet-a-piston*, were engaged for the same tour. It was a short one, and proved immensely successful. Parepa became at once the favorite of the American public, the *furor* created by her vocalization being only second to that caused by Jenny Lind under the skilful manipulations of a Barnum. "Papa" Bateman would fain have held his artists longer; but no,—they had engagements across the water which must not be broken. They recrossed; and within forty-eight hours from the time of setting foot in Liverpool, Parepa was singing in London.

Next year she came back to America, according to her contract with Bateman. Somewhat suspiciously, Carl Rosa was along, too; and within a few months, in February, 1867, after the completion of the concert season, the twain were made one flesh,—whereat, I remember, the flip-pant paragraphists of the press all had their laugh, because she was a big *prima donna* and he a little fiddler. But I happen to know that it was not only a rarely good match for two musicians to make, but an uncommonly happy one altogether. Parepa got, in Rosa, to be sure, a good violinist for her concerts, and, as has since turned out, a capital conductor for her operatic seasons; but does

that convenient fact prove that it was not a love-match at the outset? So did you, my carping friend, get a good housekeeper in your spouse (if you are well married); and so did she get a good purveyor and custodian of her family (we will courteously admit as much, at least)—but does that rule out Cupid from the case? Absurdest of notions! I could, if it were not a matter with which we have legitimately no business, recite many incidents to show that this pair of artists are a happy pair; and that she is much happier in her helpmeet, of like tastes, condition, and antecedents with herself, than Miss Foote with her Earl of Harrington, Miss Balfe with her Lord Crampton, Miss Patti with her Marquis de Caux, or any of the other ambitious *prime donne* with their stage-struck grandees of husbands.

But we were following up the professional, not the domestic, career of Madame Parepa. Directly after contracting her matrimonial engagement with Rosa, in February, 1867, the two entered upon a professional one, in an Italian opera company managed, if I recollect rightly, by Mr. Harrison, which set out very auspiciously in New York; the receipts—\$33,000 for nine nights—being the highest ever known in this country. Brignoli was in this company. Their visit to Chicago will be well remembered. "Norma" and other standard Italian operas were given, Parepa taking the principal *rôles*. The career of this company was brought to a sudden and stormy *finale*, while in the full tide of success, by a railroad accident, which left Brignoli with a broken arm, and others of the company seriously damaged. The best tenor being disabled for the season, the company was disbanded.

Next followed a season of Italian opera and concert in San Francisco—the first which had ever been made remunerative in that cold-blooded metropolis. Maguire had just before lost \$60,000 on a single season. Laden

with the plaudits of the San Francisco public, the Rosas—with Ferranti, the buffo, and Brookhouse Bowler, the tenor—set their faces toward the rising sun, and commenced the overland journey to “the States,” having a schedule of seventeen concerts mapped out for them between the Golden Gate and Chicago. At Wadsworth, California,—the terminus at that time of the western portion of the overland railway,—they chartered an entire coach of the Wells-Fargo line. How much was the fare, do you guess, for these five (including Madame’s maid) from Wadsworth to Salt Lake City—a small segment of the journey? Only \$2,080, besides the charges for over-weight! If you have ever enjoyed the hospitality of one of these overland stages, on a through trip, night and day, over alkaline deserts and under an unchanging canopy of blue, burning you by day and chilling you to the marrow by night, you do not need to be told that the trip was anything but a pleasant one; that Carl became very tired and worn, and fidgeted constantly about the integrity of his violin; that Madame blessed, for once, her good pillow of adipose, which secured her comparative immunity from the thumps and thwacks of the stage; that the British Bowler became disgusted with this blasted wilderness of a country; and that the rheumatic Ferranti, far from being the boisterous buffo of the *Largo al factotum*, was one of the most lugubrious of victims. As the coach plodded and the day dragged, they counted the telegraph poles for incident, and thanked Heaven for these kindly reminders of civilization. Sometimes a wild beast or bird consented to enliven the monotony of the journey. I have heard Madame relate with great gusto how the party came upon a large eagle sitting upon a telegraph pole, within a stone’s toss; how Bowler, who claimed to be a good deal of a sportsman, had the stage detained while he could shoot

the national fowl; and how, when he blazed away with all his chambers, the bird sat unmoved through it all, never so much as winking at the marksman—whose failure must have reminded him, by contrast, of his easy success, as Max in the “Freischutz,” in bringing down a similar bird from the clouds.

But more amusing was an episode at Salt Lake City. Brigham Young had but recently completed his theatre, a really very creditable structure, and was unspeakably anxious that it should be honored by a bit of genuine Italian opera. Negro minstrelsy he had enjoyed to satiety, and over melodrama his numerous wives had wept in the aggregate enough tears to account, almost, for the saltiness of “Zion’s” wonderful lake; but a genuine gem from Verdi or Donizetti would be worth them all. What was to be done? There was not an operatic score within two thousand miles. “Don Pasquale,” that *premier resort* of small troupes, was considered, of course; but it was too light and trifling—not sufficiently characteristic of the Italian school; besides, it was not familiar enough for performance without a note of the score at hand. No; there was plainly but one course. The Prison Scene of “Trovatore” would be the only thing suitable to exhibit to the Saints the spirit of Italian opera *par excellence*. They could all sing it from memory, of course. The Prison Scene, then, it should be. The announcement was duly made in the Church organ (by which, though writing of musical subjects, I mean to designate a newspaper, not an instrument of worship,) that the celebrated Prison Scene from Giuseppe Verdi’s renowned opera of “*III* Trovatore” would be given at the close of the concert at the theatre that night, by special request of President Young, with the following cast:

Leonora.....Madame PAREPA ROSA
Manrico.....Mr. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER
Chorus of monks, etc.”

Behold, then, gathered at the concert, the *ion* of Salt Lake—her people and the strangers within her walls, with a liberal delegation from the Lion House. Whatever may be said relative to the dramatic effect of a performance, there is no doubt whatever that its most curiously interesting phase is to be observed from behind the scenes. Knowing, then, the little side-door that leads from the street to the green-room, let us avail ourselves of it and witness the thrilling performance from the labyrinth of lumber and canvas which constitutes that mysterious precinct known as “behind the scenes.” The Leonora has prepared for the occasion by donning a white muslin wrapper, high in the neck, and by no means regal in the train. Bowler has been carefully perched upon an apparatus which, for charity’s sweet sake, we will denominate a tower. To give picturesqueness and romance to his cloth coat and paper collar, the black shawl of Anna, the maid, had been thrown over both; and the part of Manrico’s body that appears above the tower’s wall may be either the head and shoulders of a troubadour, or of a monk, or a warrior of the chivalric ages, or an ancient Roman—one of Cæsar’s assassins, perhaps. So Manrico is all right—if he does n’t forget his notes. But the interior chorus of monks and their *miserere* are the most imposing. The whole consolidated force of the company was brought to bear upon this important accessory, viz.: Ferranti, as the bass monks; Carl, with his squeaking voice, as the second tenor and baritone monks; and Anna as the first tenor monks. Carl also officiated at the melodeon. Such was the magnificent *tout ensemble* of the occasion. One has but to recollect the extremely lugubrious character of the music in this scene—the most concentrated anguish embodied in the sweetest of music—to realize the extremely ludicrous aspect of the situation, as it ap-

peared to the artists themselves. But they got through it with the utmost apparent *empressement*, and the house shook with the plaudits of the Saints. This was the first, and to this date the last, performance of Italian grand opera in Great Salt Lake City.

Pushing their way eastward, the company was joined by Levy, the cornetist, at Chicago, and proceeded on an extended tour, interrupted the next spring by an accident which disabled Madame Rosa for several months, and cost her \$50,000. Then came the engagement at the Boston Peace Jubilee last summer, where the great *prima donna* eclipsed all her former laurels by filling with the mighty volume of her voice the vast shell of a Coliseum, and by rendering those grandest airs, “Let the bright seraphim,” “The marvellous work,” and the “Inflammatu” from Rossini’s *Stabat Mater*, with such breadth of conception and such largeness of style as befitted the occasion, and as no other living artist could have attained. Of course this event was vastly more important than some of the incidents which I have detailed before, but it is more recent, and it was described over and over again by newspaper reporters; so we will dismiss it, and follow Parepa right on to the formation of her present English opera troupe and the inauguration of her season at New York, on the eleventh of September last—the fourth anniversary of her first appearance in the same city or in America.

In the organization of her company, on a very liberal scale and also with excellent calculation in the distribution of strength and the supplying of every necessary accessory, Madame Rosa has done a signal service to the struggling cause of opera music in America,—a service which, I am glad to say, is being liberally rewarded in the lawful currency of the land. The only question on this score at the outset was whether the expenses of a company so large as

was considered necessary for first-class performances would not eat up the large receipts which the immense "drawing" power of the *prima donna* insured. With salaries of sixty or more persons, ranging from \$300 gold per week for the light soprano, and nearly as much for the tenor, baritone, and basso, to \$24 per month for the poorest chorus singer, and the travelling expenses of all to pay (including, for a single item, thirty or forty dollars per week for carriages for the alternate soprano), it can readily be seen that the outgoes of such an enterprise are enormous, and that the receipts must be heavy and steady—much heavier and stéadier, in fact, than our fickle public has usually been willing to bestow—in order to bring the balance upon the right side of the ledger. Ruin was freely predicted by many a wiseacre in the amusement line; and ruin to this enterprise would probably have marked the fall of respectable opera in this country, for a period of years at least. The venture has already succeeded, however, beyond the anticipations of even its most sanguine friends—(at Boston the enterprise cleared \$70,000 in three weeks); and it is the success of Madame Rosa in naturalizing upon our soil and vernacular some of the best classical operas of Europe, which has, as much as any of her previous triumphs, entitled her to this particular sketch in an American magazine not specifically devoted to music.

What is the secret of Parepa's success? Not the absolute tones of her vocal organ—for, though of wonderful volume, and usually of a *timbre* as sweet and full as it is unique in its quality, her voice has sometimes a hardness which is by no means delightful to the ear. Not its extraordinary range upward or downward; for there are many sopranos who reach as far and with as little effort, and yet who are only classed as clever *ex-ecutantes*. Not her dramatic power; for, though always exceedingly appro-

priate and usually artistic in her action, she would never win distinction by that alone. Not her person; for, though beautiful in feature and regal in form, her stoutness is so marked as to be a considerable drawback to success in dramatic personation. It is not to any one, but to all, of the merits which I have enumerated, combined in a rare manner, that we may look for the cause of Parepa's success. The salient characteristic of this woman's character is largeness;—largeness of body, giving lungs for singing, a frame for enduring the fatigues of travel, and a throat of extraordinary calibre for the compass of tones; largeness of heart, giving the emotional organization essential to the good artist; and, above all, largeness of brain, which imparts to her singing and acting an intellectuality, and enables her to bring to her work a fulness of general understanding, which are rarely seen in persons of her class. One can hear in every tone of her simpler music not only the born lady, but the catholic cosmopolite, the well-bred dame, and, above all, the true woman, imbued with hearty impulses of human fellowship, understanding and interpreting every essential gradation of passion or of sentiment, and feeling them, too, with a breadth of æsthetic perception which never fails to excite in the intelligent listener an active feeling of satisfaction, even though he may not stop to analyze the causes of the effect. The singing of an air by Parepa bears the same relation to the same act by an unintellectual singer that harmony does to naked melody.

Though Parepa sings the "*Casta diva*," or the prayer of Agatha, or the "*Tacea la notte*" of Leonora, with a skill and pathos which are rarely equalled, it is unquestionable that her power shows still more admirably in the more sober and trying airs of Handel's, Haydn's, and Mendelssohn's oratorios; and yet I think that she is greatest of all in the simple and una-

dorned ballads of the concert-room. As the production of an elegant figure by the *modiste* is a less achievement than the moulding of a perfect nude statue by the sculptor, so is the conquering of popular admiration in an ornate *cavatina* a less achievement than the captivating of the universal heart by the soulful, and at the same time intellectual, rendering of a simple, genuine song.

Whatever may be said against the private life of some *prime donne* who shine upon the stage but darkle off it, Madame Rosa is entitled to this testimony: that her domestic and social life adorns her character as the diamond clasp of her necklace adorns her person in the concert-room. If you had gone to London a few months or a few years ago, you would have seen an exemplification of her filial affection in the comfortable state in which her mother—the teacher and guardian of her childhood, of whom she has but lately been bereft—was maintained, with carriage and servants, from the earnings of her daughter. She proved to me on one occasion, too, what has often been denied, that woman *can* be magnanimous. It was at the time of a benefit to Lablache, the old teacher and basso. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt had promised him, while under his teachings, that whenever he took a benefit she would assist at it. Well, six or seven years ago the old man got ready for his benefit and drew upon his celebrated pupil, who was reluctant to comply—having already lost her voice and retired. But she loyally kept her promise, and sang something—I think it was the prayer from “Der Freischutz,” which she still could sing without any painful evidences of weakness. Parepa was

asked to participate, with the privilege of selecting her air; when, instead of choosing some brilliant *aria* which would have shown off her superiority to the vaunted “Nightingale,” she took a little English ballad of very moderate scope; a delicacy which Madame Goldschmidt warmly acknowledged, and which the journals properly commended. It was, I regret to add, in strange contrast to the prevailing practices of *prime donne*, whose jealous bickerings over such matters, though proverbial, are still not fully realized by those not behind the scenes.

If Madame Rosa knew she was at this moment being “written up” for a public journal, I am sure she would insist upon an equal space being given to her husband, Mr. Carl Rosa, who is, to say the truth, well worthy of such mention. Though not yet thirty, he has already a brilliant record as a violinist, now culminating in a high reputation as a conductor. Born in Hamburg in 1840, he was already while only eight years old, travelling over the British isles as an “infant prodigy” upon the violin. After an adventurous career of this sort, and a term of years in school at Paris, he blossomed out as *Concertmeister* at Wiesbaden, and afterwards as a travelling artist, with only one or two acknowledged superiors in Europe. His career in America having been merged with that of his wife, has already been briefly related; and I have only space remaining to say that, as a conductor, in the San Francisco season and during the present season of English opera, he has—mainly by dint of indefatigable energy—achieved results which entitle him to rank among the foremost of the wielders of the *baton* in America.