

to do what he pleases, have single or double chorus, male or female chorus, have few or many characters (within the limits mentioned), and indulge in any arrangement of the numbers he thinks effective.

To the musician a really fine cantata offers a most inspiring theme, and, if he is satisfied with the work and it suits his poetic temperament and musical feeling, he may spend on it the best efforts of his genius. Even while we have so few chances to have a cantata performed or even published, there is still a wide field for good work, particularly in short, easy cantatas for the use of children. The great difficulty is the want of libretto writers, or persons who can create or adapt a good story, put it into musical and singable verse, and fit it to the wants and limitations of our choral societies. The wonder is that our poets have not thought it worth while to enter this admirable and sometime to become profitable field of literature.

Charles Barnard.

Shall Young Men go to Vassar? If not, Why Not?

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM—FEMINAMQUE.

WHEN Antalcidas heard that a eulogy had been written upon Hercules, he said: "Who blames him then? Are we not all friends of Hercules?"

And so, through two-thirds of Professor Sill's article in the June CENTURY, entitled, "Shall Women go to College?" I kept saying, Who doubts it then? There are Vassar and Smith and Wellesley and Hellmuth and Bryn Mawr. By all means let women go to college and learn there all it is possible to know of science, literature, and art.

But when it finally leaked out that it was colleges for men to which he would have women admitted, I changed my question and said, Why then shouldn't young men go to Vassar?

This argument will doubtless convince the Professor that I "fail to appreciate the gravity of the subject"; but if it makes Vassar a nunnery and Yale a monastery, the girls of the one and the boys of the other will be logically amused at the discovery.

C. S. Percival.

Lincoln in the South.

In the spring of 1865, during the armistice between Johnston and Sherman, I had gone from camp into Atlanta to learn the news. Senator Wigfall of Texas was in Atlanta, on his way, I think, to the Trans-Mississippi. I was in the rooms of the commandant of the post with some gentlemen, listening to the interesting conversation of Wigfall, when the news of the assassination of Lincoln was brought in. The words of Wigfall and the impression produced by the news upon those present—all Confederate soldiers—so impressed me that I wrote his expressions down in my note-book the same day. An impressive silence of some moments was broken by Wigfall: "Gentlemen, I am—sorry for this. It is the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the South at this time. I knew Abe Lincoln, and, with all his faults, he had a kind heart; but as for Andy Johnson—" Here he assumed an expression of intense hate and brought his clenched

fist with force upon the table—but what he added is too profane to print in these pages.

FRANKFORT, Ky., 1886.

J. R. P.

In this connection we quote from the article by the Ex-Confederate General Longstreet in THE CENTURY for July, 1885: "Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln."—EDITOR.

Liszt and David.

IN an article on Liszt in the September number of THE CENTURY magazine, an incident is related, which, if it took place as represented there, casts a slur on the memory and name of my father, Ferdinand David. Between Liszt and him—in spite of deep-going differences of opinion on musical matters—a close personal friendship and frequent musical intercourse existed for many years up to my father's death in 1873. My father had the greatest admiration for Liszt's phenomenal talent, and I remember him frequently, and many years before the date of the alleged scene at Berka, enlarging on Liszt's almost miraculous powers of reading at sight the most complicated scores and of deciphering the most crabbed manuscripts. Now, any one acquainted with the unpretentious and simple style of the piano accompaniments for my father's violin compositions cannot fail to see that any remark made by him to Liszt on the difficulties of such an accompaniment could only have been made by way of a little fun; and that Liszt, quickest of men, should have taken it seriously appears to me an absurd assumption. That a third person—the one who related the incident to the writer of the article in your magazine—should not have seen the joke is, of course, quite possible.

Nothing could better illustrate my father's relations to Liszt than the following letter, which he addressed to him on the night after a concert in which Liszt had met as a composer with a demonstratively hostile reception on the part of the audience of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts. The German autograph, of which I add an English translation, is in my possession.

Yours faithfully,

UPPINGHAM, RUTLANDSHIRE, ENGLAND. *Paul David.*

(Mazepka.)

ff

A - way! A - way!

LEIPZIG, 26 Feb., '57. 10 o'cl. night.

Before going to bed let me render to you, my very honored friend, the thanks I owe you for this evening, you have once more in this concert-affair so completely proved yourself the thorough gentleman* and high-minded artist. That is not saying anything new about you, but it gives to me, your old friend, satisfaction to repeat old things.

I remain forever your gratefully devoted,
F. LISZT.

* Liszt uses the English term: "gentleman."—P. D.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Hebe: "Unc' Isrul, mammy say, huccome de milk so watery on top in de mornin'?"

Patriarch: "Tell you' mammy dat's de bes' sort o' milk; dat's de dew on it—de cows been layin' in de dew."

Hebe: "An' she tell me to ax you what meck it so blue."

Patriarch: "You ax your mammy what meck she so black!"

The Coupon Letter of Introduction.

THE interchange of letters of introduction between old friends, by which valuable acquaintances are added to the list, is a great blessing, and in good hands these letters have, no doubt, been the beginning of many a warm friendship; but, like all other blessings, it has been greatly abused. I have been the recipient of letters, presented by tourists, which, it was easy to see, had been wrung from some sand-bagged friend of mine—letters with sobs between the lines, letters punctuated with invisible signals, calling upon me to

remember that the bearer had looked over the writer's shoulder as each sentence grew into a polite prevarication.

To those who are in the habit of giving hearty letters of introduction and indorsement to casual acquaintances, I desire to say that I am perfecting a system by which the drugged and kidnapped writer of a style of assumed sincerity and bogus hilarity will be thoroughly protected. Let me explain briefly and then illustrate my method.

A casual acquaintance, who has met you, say four or five times, and who feels thoroughly intimate with