

the bad taste and audacity to teach the English people that several good composers have existed since Handel, and even since Mendelssohn. Strange to say, the objections to Hueffer's libretto seem to have chiefly rested on quibbles, leaving alone its one objectionable point—the fact that the troubadour's love is a married woman. Yet, inasmuch as the troubadour's almost invariably paid their addresses to married women, it would have been difficult to avoid that objection in treating a troubadour subject. Mr. Hueffer's preference for a troubadour story is, of course, referable to the fact that he has written a 'History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages'—a very entertaining work. His libretto also stands high above the average of even the better class of operatic literature. Besides the moral objection mentioned, the weak point is an insufficiency of action. It is skilfully constructed, however, the versification is smooth, and some of the lines are worthy of a professional poet, while the local color is as true as in Wagner's dramas, which served him as a model in as many respects as they did the composer. The scene where the lovers are warned in a quaint song by *Azalais*, that the dawn is coming to end their bliss, seems a close imitation of a similar scene in "Tristan und Isolde"; but the author defends himself on the ground that both incidents are derived from the same source; the situation of a friend watching over the safety of two lovers being so common in mediæval literature that a special kind of song with a special name was invented for the purpose.

The story of the opera, in a few words, is this: Act I—A vintage feast. The troubadour, *Guillem*, is requested to sing, and, at the close of his passionate verses, kneels before the lady he secretly loves, *Margarida*, the wife of Count *Raimon*. Seeing the danger of discovery, *Margarida*'s sister, *Azalais*, quickly steps up to *Margarida*, thus making it doubtful for which of the two the poet's homage is intended. Act II—In the woods. *Raimon* suspects *Guillem*'s guilty passion, and has arranged a plan to kill him, which, however, is frustrated by the intervention of his wife. *Azalais*, to save her sister, claims the troubadour as her lover. *Margarida*, misunderstanding her motive, is stung by jealousy, and in Act III gives expression to her sorrow. *Guillem* overhears her, steps forward, and a reconciliation follows. Duel between *Guillem* and *Azalais*'s husband, who are separated by *Margarida*, who thus reveals her passion to *Raimon*. Act IV—Final love scene between *Margarida* and *Guillem*. After the troubadour has gone down the rope-ladder, *Raimon* enters his wife's room and gives her a goblet of the wine called "the poet's blood." She suspects her lover's murder, and accuses *Raimon* of the cowardly act. A procession of hunters bring in the bier, and *Raimon* bids her behold the poet whose blood she has just tasted. *Margarida* vows that never more shall meat or drink touch her lips; and when *Raimon* rushes at her with drawn dagger, she throws herself from the window and meets her death.

From a death scene it will be permissible to turn to a mass, so I may pass on directly to the last Richter concert, at which Beethoven's Mass in D was given. The writer of the programmes mentions the fact that this work has been given seventeen times in London since 1832; the last three performances being under the direction of Hans Richter. Richter's orchestra does not contain as good material as his Vienna Philharmonic or as Mr. Thomas's orchestra, but his wonderful skill often enables it to attain an excellence little short of perfection; and as for his conception of the work, it need only be stated that Beethoven and Wagner are Richter's specialties. Yet it is difficult to enjoy any music in St. James's Hall;

the seats are so uncomfortable and the ventilation so bad. At the new Pavilion an ingenious arrangement has been made for removing part of the roof and letting the heated air escape. But the Pavilion is a variety-show place; where people expect to enjoy themselves at ease. To ask for similar comforts at a classical concert would seem like an undignified and inconsistent indulgence in sinful luxury. Yet, notwithstanding such disadvantages, the Richter concerts are very popular in London, as may be judged from the fact that two series—one of six and one of three concerts—are announced for next season.

On the whole, London must yield the palm to New York in operatic and concert affairs. But in chamber music and choral organizations London is far ahead of New York. Our chamber concerts are usually given by orchestral musicians, who are very good in their own sphere, but who lack the delicacy and individuality required in a string quartet. London, being so much nearer the musical centres of the Continent, is constantly visited by such artists as Joachim, Rubinstein, Sarasate, Clara Schumann, etc.; and there are also some excellent resident interpreters of chamber music. At Mr. Hallé's last concert I had an opportunity to hear the famous quartet consisting of Mme. Norman-Neruda, Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Piatti, though not very young, still remains the best 'cellist of the period; his equal in tone, phrasing, and technical skill we have never heard across the ocean. Mme. Norman-Neruda played Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata in a flawless and entrancing manner, while Mr. Hallé's conception of Schumann's *Fantasiestücke*, opus 12, was somewhat deficient in variety of accent and shading. The quartet was one by Brahms, opus 60.

It is in choral music, however, that England still strives successfully to excel all other countries. There are restaurants in London where one can eat a table d'hôte dinner to the accompaniment of English glees. On Sundays the parks are full of groups of folks who, after listening to a peripatetic preacher, unite their voices in song; and similar groups may be witnessed in some of the outlying side-streets. The regular Birmingham, Worcester, Gloucester, Leeds, etc., festivals are well known; and London has several important choral associations. The Richter chorus, though but lately organized, sang the difficult Beethoven mass remarkably well. At the Crystal Palace last week there was a great choral concert given by the London contingent of the Handel Festival chorus. Three thousand took part in it, and the precision and unanimity of this great mass were as astounding as the quality of the voices was agreeable to the ear. But as the concert was given in the Central Hall, which is more than 1,600 feet long, much of the sound was lost, and the effect was hardly more imposing than could have been produced in a smaller room by one-third that number. It was discouraging to find that the principal attractions of the programme consisted in the national anthem (the Prince of Wales being in the royal box), Handel's everlasting "Largo," and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"—discouraging, because these seem to be almost the only pieces universally appreciated by the English people.

Another choral concert, given at the Crystal Palace a few days later, threw some light on the fact that the musical intelligence of the English is so limited. Here was a collection of five thousand voices, pupils of the London Sunday-schools, who sang with an artistic finish, a smoothness of movement, and a purity of intonation that would have honored a professional choir singing together every day. What a glorious opportunity would be afforded by all the various groups composing this great chorus, for cultivating a taste for the best music! But, if one may judge from

this public performance, these Sunday-school pupils have very little opportunity to cultivate their taste for the higher grades of music, for the programme consisted almost entirely of vapid compositions by meteoric luminaries of the twenty-seventh magnitude in the musical firmament. Instead of having some richly harmonized folk-songs, so well adapted for such occasions, or soul-stirring Bach chorales, or even a Mendelssohn part-song, there were hymns, anthems, etc., by Minshall, Mann, Wiseman, Merritt, Elvey, Barnicott, Goss, Pelton, Wilson, E. Stirling, and other English doctors of music and Sunday-school superintendents. Is the selection of such music dictated by the *odium theologicum*—the determination to show that, whatever may be true in nature, in Sunday-school music the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest does not hold good?

Two songs by Schubert and Hiller, that were on the programme, received less applause than anything else. A similar case of callous indifference to good music was displayed at the performance of Goethe's "Faust" at the Lyceum last evening. The adapters of the play for the English stage evidently felt the Wagnerian truth, which is becoming more patent every year, that tragedy in its climaxes imperatively craves music. Hence there is a great deal of music in Irving's "Faust," chiefly selected from Gounod and Berlioz. But to this the audience did not pay the slightest attention. An orchestral arrangement of Schubert's "Erlking" was played, appropriately, after the Brocken scene; but, though the band played it very well indeed, not a hand was raised. A German or an Italian, or even a French, audience would have rewarded such a performance with unanimous applause. The scenic features were better appreciated. They are, indeed, marvellous—most of them charming pictures which one regrets to see the curtain fall and hide. Mediæval Nürnberg—from the bird's-eye view of the quaint roofs to the winding, narrow streets, the interior of the church and *Margaret*'s home—is exhibited with unprecedented realism. The Brocken scene is the weirdest, wildest witches' dance, amid sublime mountainous surroundings, ever witnessed on any stage. Electricity is everywhere called into service. Now it dances at will at the tip of *Mephisto*'s sword, and again it adds to the vividness of his surroundings and the magic of his disappearances with *Faust*. Miss Terry was indisposed last evening, but her part was very acceptably taken by Miss Emery. Mr. Irving's *Faust* I cannot stop to analyze at this late date—for "Faust" must have had a run of about a hundred nights by this time. His *Mephisto* is certainly a wonderful impersonation—perhaps a little too conspicuous in dress and omnipresence, but otherwise a fascinating study for the physiognomist. Marvellous in its consistency is the fixed, calm cynicism of his voice and facial expression, with only the rolling of his eyeballs to indicate his diabolic intentions. Mr. Wills has made his translation less from a poetic than a dramatic point of view, and it serves its purposes well. A few details have been newly added to the dramatic action, and also a few lines of a humorous intention, the best of which is *Mephisto*'s remark upon the connubially inclined and obtrusive *Martha*: "I wonder where she will go after death; I don't want her." H. T. F.

THE HESSIAN ARCHIVES AT MARBURG AND BERLIN.

LONDON, June 23, 1886.

It was in the columns of the *Nation* that I first saw an allusion to certain valuable records at Marburg relating to the early history of the United States. Shortly before his death, Dr. Fried-

rich Kapp kindly gave me more definite information on the subject. The following extract from his letter may be of interest:

"The papers you allude to formerly belonged to the staff of Hesse Cassel, and are now to be found partly in the Berlin archives of the Staff of the Army, partly in the provincial archives at Marburg. Their thorough study and copy will, in my opinion, require at least a year, if not more. They deserve at least a close examination by an American student who knows German well. For access, perusal, and copying of the Berlin papers you will have to apply in a German petition to Field Marshal Count Moltke, and as for those in Marburg to Geh. Ober-Regierungs-Rath von Sybel, the director of the Royal Prussian Archives, both in Berlin. I do not doubt that permission will be granted to you at once, the more if you are endorsed by the American Minister at Berlin, or if you induce him to apply for you. For our functionaries are better trained and educated for their important trust than the gentlemen who have charge of the Washington Record Office. The man with whom I had to deal there had been a fireman, and had run with the engine before he was appointed as the keeper of the public rolls. He did not allow me access to them, as I might trump up a claim against the United States Government. Whatever I can do for you in Berlin will be done with the greatest pleasure."

Armed with the necessary credentials from the German War Department, I visited Marburg a few months ago. Picturesquely crowning the hill at whose base is the beautiful Gothic Church of Elizabeth, and on whose steep sides are perched the quaint old streets of the town, is the Schloss, commanding charming views of the Lahn valley. Here, where many a landgrave of Hesse formerly resided, and where the famous conference between Luther and Zwingli on the subject of transubstantiation took place in 1529, may now be found the Hessian archives; the old rooms of the castle being plethoric with huge manuscript folios, scrupulously arranged.

The papers relating to the Hessians in America were formerly deposited at Wilhelmshöhe ("Aus der Wilhelmshöher Schlossbibliothek durch Seine Majestät Wilhelm I. überwiesen"). They bear the following titles: *The Journal of the Hessian Corps in America under General von Heister (Journal vom Hessisch. Corps in America unter dem Genr. von Heister, 1776 bis Juni 1777)*; "*Relations*" of the North American War (*Relationes vom Nord-Amerikanischen Kriege unter dem kommandir. Gener. v. Heister, 1776, 1777.—Gen. v. Knyphausen, 1777-1782.—Gen. v. Lossberg, 1782-1784—5 vols. in all*); Reports from Knyphausen to the Landgrave (*An Serenissimum und Collegia: Abschriftliche Berichte von Sr. Ex. dem Gen. Lieut. v. Knyphausen aus America, 1777-1779, 3 vols.*); and several large bundles of unbound papers, labelled "*Kriegssachen*," 1776-1792. Both the "*Journal*" and the "*Relations*" are heavy folios (about 2 ft. x 1 ft. x 1-3 in.). The former gives a brief account of the military operations of the years 1776 and 1777, especially of Gen. Howe's movements. Under date of August 12, 1776, the Americans are spoken of as "4,000 rebels; made up entirely of peasants, gathered together at hap-hazard, who at night desert by boat to General Howe." Again, August 26, 1776: "These wretched creatures appeared singly here and there behind the trees, shot off their guns with fear and trembling, and then immediately ran away." Same date:

"The appearance and dress of the rebels are most wretched. They are barefooted, with short linen waistcoats, over which is hung a bag for ammunition and provisions. Most of the officers are no better clad; few of them have decent clothing. Among others brought before his Excellency was a man who wore a fine red coat with blue facings. The former said to him that he would certainly now repent of the step he had taken, and declare himself a faithful royalist. But the other answered that he was by vocation a schoolmaster, and would speak as his heart dictated; not only had he made his own children swear to fight against the King as long as a drop

of blood flowed in their veins, but he had also instilled the same sentiment into the minds of all his pupils."

The "*Relationes*" are reports of the Hessian generals in America, not merely describing in detail the condition of the Hessian troops, but also giving an outline of all the important military operations of the war. In vol. i there is a "*Beschreibung von denen beyden Inseln Staaten Island, Long Island und der Stadt New York*," written by Ober-Auditeur Motz, containing an account of the houses, streets, natural history, language, character of the people, mosquitoes, etc. In answer to a letter from Gen. von Heister, dated May 8, 1777, praying that he may send aid to the Hessian prisoners, Washington writes (May 13): ". . . I enjoy too much Pleasure in softening the Hardships of Captivity to withhold any Comfort from Prisoners, and beg you to do me the Justice to conclude that no Requisition of this Nature that may be made will ever be denied," etc. In vol. ii of these "*Relationes*" there is a detailed account of the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, written by J. H. Motz, and several other communications relating to the same subject.

The "*Berichte*," consisting of three thin volumes, are similar to the "*Relationes*"; only the long lists of troops and other minutiae concerning the Hessians, appended to the "*Relationes*," are wanting.

The bundles of "*Kriegssachen*" contain, *inter alia*, many long official documents relating to the surprise at Trenton (hearings [*Verhöre*] and reports of officers, letters, despatches, etc.). Two large packages refer to the payment, quarters, etc., of the Hessians returning from America.

In the Berlin Archives (*Kriegs-Archiv des grossen Generalstabs*), eighteen private letters, bound together for my use, were placed before me. There are, doubtless, many more deposited here, but they could not then be found, as the Hessian papers had not yet been arranged and catalogued. These eighteen letters extend from 1776 to 1779. Four are from Henel, relating mainly to military affairs in America; five from Lieut. Henkelmann—the most interesting of the collection; six from the latter's brother, a clergyman in Isthe (these are short and of little importance); and three from other Hessians in America. Subjoined are a few extracts from Lieut. Henkelmann's letters:

"Although the soil is excellent here, such as one seldom sees in Germany, still in all the other provinces it is said to be even better. Clover grows here as in Hesse, and moss in the woods. In the neighborhood of Boston the soil is said to be so soft that you can push the whole length of a cane into it without any exertion. Mahogany-wood does not grow here, but there is an abundance of it in the West Indies. Campeachy-wood I have not seen. The trees known to me are the oak, cedar, beech, sassafras, etc. Of apples, plums, cherries, blackberries, raspberries, and strawberries we have more than enough. Enough vegetables, but they are barbarously dear. About two plates of peas cost £1 York; salad for one person, 1s.; a pound of beef, £1; pork, 11s. or 10M.; a pair of leather breeches, 10 and 8 Spanish dollars; a pair of boots, 8 Spanish dollars; a bottle of wine (nasty stuff), 2 English £; and so everything in proportion is terribly dear. Thus, if a person is honest, and has no partner (*keine Compagnie hat*), he can save nothing, unless he puts up, like a musketeer, with the pork, peas, rice, butter, and rum portioned out to him, ruin his health, and finally go to the grave, as many already have done. Rum is a strong drink. I can't swallow it, and yet am well—indeed, ten times healthier than those who drink it.

"What, the clergymen roughly used by the rebels! By no means. The former took arms and cartridge-boxes with them to the pulpit, plainly showed their congregation how to fight, and from the church they went straightway to the field of battle. Those were their good sermons. Here at Kings-Bridge and New-Rochelle I found two empty personages, whose former possessors had exchanged their pastorates for commissions in the army. I do not advise them to come within

my reach in a battle, or I will send them back to their churches on one leg" (Henkelmann to his brother in Isthe, dated Fort Knyphausen, June 29, 1777).

"The shoemaker member of Congress is called Heat. Another member, somewhat more worthy, is called Von Settwitz. Before the rebellion he was a chimney-sweep in New York; he left this post and went to Philadelphia, where his singing and playing on the piano recommended him to the good graces of Mr. Penn, so that the latter nominated him for member of Congress. He was elected and is still in Congress. Are these not splendid members? I should like to see the whole body" (Henkelmann to his cousin, August 27, 1778).

Probably more letters of Lieut. Henkelmann will come to light when the Hessian papers in the Berlin Archives have been arranged. Those written immediately after his arrival in America are doubtless replete with interest.

These records at Marburg and Berlin, so far as I am able to learn, have never yet been exploited. The former were examined by Dr. Kapp in April, 1882; but I do not believe that he found time to study them carefully. A student thoroughly conversant with the German language and with the history of the American Revolution, can glean from the huge mass of papers at Marburg a volume of extracts which would doubtless throw much light upon the military operations of the war, and also incidentally add to our knowledge of the civilization, the *Culturzustände*, of our country a hundred years ago.

CHAS. GROSS.

Correspondence.

MR. DABNEY'S 'DON MIFF.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of my novel '*Don Miff*,' in your issue of July 1, you make a statement which would have been correct had the book been noticed at an earlier date, but which, as matters now stand, does an injustice to my publishers—the Lippincotts. The first and second editions of the book were by subscription; the third, and such as may follow, are under their control, not mine. The courtesy of a correction in their interest will greatly oblige

Yours very truly,
MIDDLEBURG, VA., July 9, 1886.

V. DABNEY.

OLEOMARGARINE IN CONNECTICUT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow a Connecticut farmer and dairyman a few words of comment upon Prof. Atwater's criticism of the course of the Connecticut *Farmer* in reference to the bill taxing oleomargarine; that journal having advised the farmers of the State "to strike down any man" of the representation in Congress who should not favor the bill?

Granting all that Prof. Atwater proves as to the utter indefensibility, upon principle, of the legislation, still, the course of the *Farmer* may be defended. Two-thirds or more of those who represent the State in Congress are thoroughgoing advocates of the scheme by which Government is to help all to get rich by enabling them to rob one another—"protection," they call it. The farmers' wares in general cannot be protected, as foreign quotations govern the price; but, in this instance, he has contrived a clever scheme to bag a little of the plunder, and why should he not "strike down" any public servant who does not serve him in the matter—or, to put it in better demagogic phrase, any one who is indifferent to the welfare of the agricultural wage-worker; the workingman being the supposed ultimate beneficiary of all protection?

The record shows that the politicians need the