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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE ENTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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This issue contains 40 Pages.
For Table of Contents, see Page 24.

THE BARTHOLOMI STATUE.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE land, that, from the rule of kings,
In freeing us, itself made free,
Our Old World Sister, to us brings
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands
Uplifted by the toll-worn slave,
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee
Once more a debt of love we owe:
In peace beneath thy Fleur de lis,
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch uplift!

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
A lightning flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name!

OAK KNOLL, 10th Mo., 23d, 1886.

A CHORAL ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY ERIC MACKAY.

[Suggested by the Colossal Statue in New York Harbor.]

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,
Mother and maid, immortal, man's Delight!
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,
And none shall rob thee of thine ancient right.
No, none shall taunt thee, none shall drag thee down,
Or vex thy calmness with a coward frown,
Or kill in thee the pride that men shall take,
O glad-eyed Freedom! for thine honor's sake.

Old as the sun art thou, and young as morn,
And fresh as April when the breezes blow,
And girt with glory like the growing corn,
And undefiled like mountains made of snow.
Where is the man, though fifty times a King,
Can stay the tide, or countermand the spring?
And where is he, though fifty times a knave,
Can track thy steps to cast thee in a grave?

Thou art the summer of the souls of men,
And where thou shinest, where thy feet have been,
Honor abides; and Faith, with eagle ken,
Surveys the landmarks of the life terrene—
Beauty, and truth, and love without a flaw.
And poor men's rights, so long denied by law,
Are made self-certain as the sun at noon,
And fair to view as flowers that grow in June.

I long have sought thee, Freedom! as a guide,
And, like a lover, I have knelt to thee,
And sung thee songs, at morn and eventide,
To show to men the joy that fillets me.
I have done this in evil times and good,
And blessed the grass wherein thy feet have stood,

And loved the sword by which, in years gone by,
Thou didst prevail o'er those who bade thee die.

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,
Mother and maid, immortal, unsurpassed!
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,
And thou shalt rule the sea-girt world at last!

Thou art the welkin's smile when earth is dark—

The face of God reflected in the sea—
The land's acclaim unlifted by the lark
To ring the raptures of the just and free.
Thou art all this and more; thou art the goal
Of earth's elected ones from pole to pole,
The lute-string's voice, the world's primeval fire,
And each man's hope, and every man's desire.

Oh! who condemns thee with the puny breath
Of one poor life, O thou untouched of Fate!
Who seeks to lure thee to a felon's death,
And thou so splendid and so love-clate?
Who dares do this and live? Who dares assail
Thy star-kissed forehead, pure and marble-pale;
And thou so self-possessed 'mid all the stir,
And like to Pallas born of Mulciber?

Lincoln and Grant were thine, thy chosen ones,
And each was true to thee in youth and age,
And each invoked thee, with his country's guns,
Inspired by thee, and filled with holy rage
For Truth and Justice, all the wide world o'er!
They toiled for thee, they loved thee evermore,
Glad of thy smile, content to pass away,
Uncrowned and poor, to God's eternal day.

They did thee service for the love of thee!
Glory was theirs; in thee their human trust.
And they shall reign in centuries yet to be
When tyrant's tombs are trampled in the dust.
Not all the mists of earth—and not the host
Of marshalled worlds that guard the silent coast—
Not all the storms of night, though night be black,
Can keep the grandeur of the Morning back.

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,
Mother and maid, immortal, strong of hand!
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,
And thou shalt guide the world by sea and land!

What! shall a bird withhold its roundelay,
Because a grave is scooped on yonder sod?
Shall trustful souls omit to kneel and pray,
Because a pedant doubts the truth of God?
Shall this be so? Shall Freedom, our delight,
The livelong Freedom, ours by day and night,
Be stained and chained, and forced to live apart,
Because a king has cursed her in his heart?

Who loves thee not is traitor to himself;
Traitor is he to God and to the grave,
Poor as a miser with his load of pelf,
And more unstable than a lee-ward wave.
Cursed is he for aye, and he shall be
A name of shame from sea to furthest sea,
A name of scorn to all men under sun,
Whose upright souls have learnt to loathe this one.

Look where, erect and tall, thy symbol waits—
The gift of France to friends beyond the deep—
A lofty presence at the ocean-gates,
With lips of peace, and eyes that cannot weep.
A new-born Tellus, with uplifted arm,
To light the seas, and keep the land from harm,
To light the coast at downfall of the day,
And dower with dawn the darkening water-way.

Thou hast no peer in all the shining globe,
And none to cope with thee in face or form,
And none to match thine amplexness of robe—
Nothing to stand so high above a storm.
Not the majestic thing that years ago
O'ershadowed Rhodes, and not the sculptured snow

Of ten times ten white statues can compare
With this thy semblance on the seaward air.

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,
Mother and maid, immortal, stern of vow!
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,
And thou shalt wear the lightnings on thy brow!

There shall be feasting and a sound of song
In thy great cities; and a voice divine
Shall speak of freedom all the winter long,
And fill the winds with rapture as with wine;
And spring shall hear it, spring shall hear the sound,

And summer waft it o'er the flowerful ground,
And autumn shake for joy her withered leaves,
On festal morns and star-bespangled eves.

Thou wast the one good thing beloved of him
Whose ears were quickened to the sense of sight,

Whose blinded eyes beheld the seraphim
Beyond the shadows of the shores of night;
Who lived, and loved, and prayed as prays a child,

Because, though learned, he was unbeguiled
By man's poor logic, but could turn his eyes
To view the paths of our Lost Paradise.

O thou desired of men! O thou supreme
And true-toned Spirit, fair and far-renowned!
At times thou comest in likeness of a dream;

But, dream or truth, thy place is holy ground.
Vision or fact, thy form is still the first
Of all God's creatures whom thy foes have cursed.

For Death shall die, full sure; and in his place
His sister, Life, uplift her blameless face.

The days and nights, with all their daughters fair,

And all their sons, the latest-born of Time—
The golden hours that tintinnate in air—
Shall sing thee songs as soft as wedding-chime.
And bards who note them—bards who heed the words—

Will think the stillness all alive with birds;
And reproduce, in strains that cannot die,
The new-found nothings of the earth and sky.

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,
Mother and maid, immortal, pure of tongue!
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame;
And thou shalt thrill the hearts of old and young!

I heard thee weep, erewhile, for Hugo's death—
The white-haired wizard of a hundred books—
He who was Prince of Song; who with his breath

And with the lightning of his poet-looks
Denounced oppressors, and was feared of these.
I heard thy voice upon the midnight breeze;
And, like a tocsin in the days of death,
I heard the north wind wailing o'er the earth.

I heard thee weep for Poland and for Spain,
For friends in Russia, and the sons of toil
In all men's lands, and for the fiendish reign
Of lie-lipped Anarchy on subject soil.

From year to year she boasts a foolish rag,
And calls it thine, and waves it as a flag.
But thou art stately, and thy soul is white;
And she is lurid, lame, and foul of sight.

Oh! I have seen the sun, at setting-time,
Peep o'er the hills, as if to say good-by;
And I have hailed it with the sudden rhyme
Of some new thought, full freighted, with a sigh.

And I have mused: 'E'en thus may Freedom fall,
And darkness shroud it like a wintry pall.
But where is he—what man, alive or dead,
Has seen contempt descend on Freedom's head?

There is no fall for thee, there is no tomb;
And none shall stab thee, none shall stay thy hand.

Thy face is fair with love's eternal bloom,
And thou shalt have all things at thy command.

A tomb for thee? Aye, when the sun is slain,
And lamps and fires make harvest on the plain—
Then may'st thou die, O Freedom! and for thee
A grave be found in rocks beneath the sea.

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,
Mother and maid, immortal, unconfined!
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,
And thou shalt speed more swiftly than the wind.

What though for ages thou hast dwelt apart,
And lived and loved, unheralded of men,
With tears that burn while they relieve the heart?

Thou hast survived all this; and sword and pen]

Have done thee service, landward and by sea.
And slave-importers have been foiled by thee,
And slaves, down-trodden, have been taught to stand
Lords of themselves, in each chivalrous land.

Yea, thou hast lived in exile many days,
And men have mocked thee for thy poor estate,
And called thee vile, and torn away the bays
From off thy forehead with a scowl of hate.

Thou hast been threatened with a thousand things,
The shame that maddens and the blame that stings,

And all the tortures that await, at times,
The trapped assassin, with his coil of crimes.

Thou hast been jeered at for the maiden snow
Of thy white raiment and thy beauty's sake.
Gordon the True was slain to work the woe
And wound the cause which centuries could not shake.

To serve this end was Nelson's name belied,
And Garfield murdered in his place of pride.
Tyrants and mobs have wronged thee, many a one,
But thou hast passed them by—and bowed to none.

A thousand times, O Freedom! have I turned
To thy rapt face, and wished that unto thee
I, too, might bring some glory, such as burned
In Gordon's eyes, divine, and fair to see.

Ah! God. How grand it were to give thee life,
To aid thy course, self-sinking, in the strife,
Loving thee best, O Freedom! and, in tears,
Giving thee thanks for death-accepted years.

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,
Mother and maid, immortal, prompt of thought!

Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,
And thou shalt lash the storm till it be naught.

O pure and proud! O gentle and sublime!
For thee and thine, O Freedom! O my Joy!
For thee, Celestial! on the shores of Time
A throne is built which no man shall destroy.

Thou shalt be seen for miles and miles around,
And wield a scepter, though of none be crowned.
The waves shall know thee, and the winds of Heaven
Shall sing thee songs with mixed and mighty seven.

The leagued fleets and armies of the law,
The direful things that once were tools of hate,

Shall serve, ere long, to keep thy name in awe,
And then collapse, as old and out of date.
Yea! this shall be; for God has willed it so;
And none shall touch thy flag, to lay it low;

And none shall rend thy robe that is to thee
As day to dawn, as sunlight to the sea.

When tyrants rob thee of thy vested right,
O clear-eyed Liberty! whom God will save,
When they do this, in fear, and fraud, and spite,

And when they circumvent the just and brave,
Oh! then we hate them, and our hate is deep.
We curse them waking, watchful and in sleep;
In all the circuit of their sin's desire

We curse the curse that clothes them like a fire.

Oh! thou art fearful, though so grand of soul,
Fearful and fearless, and a friend of men.
The haughtiest kings shall bow to thy control,
And rich and poor accept thy guidance then.

The kings and queens—the great ones of the earth,
Who urge allegiance by the test of birth—

II. *Native Ordained Agents.*—The increase in these is (partly) as follows: Church of Missionary, 22; Methodist Episcopal Church, 19; Gospel Propagation Society, 14; Gosner's Lutheran Mission, 9; London Mission, 7; American Board, 7. In several Societies, owing to deaths, there has been no increase. The number of these native missionaries will, in a very few years, equal that of the foreign missionaries. Already in the Church of England missions the native missionaries outnumber the foreign workers. The zeal and faithfulness they manifest are well known to all; and in the frequent ordinations among these successful workers we see the earnest of a happy era when this great land shall be filled with preachers native to the soil, needing neither furloughs to antipodal regions nor resting spells at sanitaris, whose tongues shall be eloquent to tell of the Saviour's love and saving power.

III. *Native Christians.*—The largest increase here is in the following Societies:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Gospel Propagation Society | 10,076 |
| American Baptist Missionary Union | 7,450 |
| Canadian Baptist Mission | 2,692 |
| American U. P. do | 2,585 |
| Church Missionary do | 2,240 |
| Methodist Episcopal Church | 1,550 |
| Leipzig Lutheran Mission | 1,317 |
| German Evangelical Mission (U. S. A.) | 1,271 |

It is a significant fact that at least half of the increase belongs to American Societies.

IV. *Native Communicants.*—The largest gain here is in the American Baptist Missionary Union, 5,618; next comes the Methodist Episcopal Church, with 2,397; others as follows: Gospel Propagation Society, 2,338; Church Missionary, 2,218; American Evangelical Lutheran Mission, 1,179; American U. P. Mission, 1,778; German Evangelical Lutheran Mission, 1,500; Gosner's Mission, 1,319. These represent adult members.

Of the 791 foreign missionaries, 41 are sons (or grandsons) of missionaries, born in India; 23 of these are connected with American Societies. The nationalities of the others is as follows:

| | |
|---------------|--------|
| England | 274 |
| Scotland | 77 |
| Ireland | 17 |
| Wales | 11 |
| Canada | 23-402 |
| United States | 139 |
| Germany | 128 |
| Switzerland | 18 |
| Sweden | 11 |
| Denmark | 9 |
| Others | 48 |
| Sons | 41 |
| Total | 791 |

So far as ascertained (for even missionaries sometimes fail to answer circulars of inquiry), the American missionaries represent, as to nativity, the following States: Ohio, 19; New York, 16; Pennsylvania, 15; Massachusetts, 7; New Jersey, 7; Indiana, 6; Illinois, 6; Connecticut, 5; Maine, 4; Vermont, 3; West Virginia, 3; Iowa, 2; Wisconsin, 2; Kentucky, 2; New Hampshire, 2; Michigan, 2; Tennessee, 1; Minnesota, 1; Missouri, 1; California, 1; others, 34.

The years of service of the foreign missionaries are as follows:

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| Under 10 years | 398 |
| From 10 to 20 years | 231 |
| From 20 to 30 " | 114 |
| From 30 to 40 " | 42 |
| From 40 to 45 " | 5 |
| From 45 to 50 " | 4 |
| Over 50 " | 2 |
| Total | 791 |

The veterans who have given upward of fifty years to India are the Rev. Geo. Pearce, of the English Baptists, who arrived in India in October, 1826, and is now living at Ootacamund, in South India, and the Rev. John Newton, of the American Presbyterian Mission, who was born in New Jersey in 1810, and arrived at Calcutta in February, 1835. Mr. N. has spent most of the time at Lahore, his present station. Four sons, born in India and educated in America (studying theology where their father did, at Alleghany, Pa.), have returned to India as missionaries. One has passed away to his reward; the others are still in the field.

Those who best understand the situation in India will read between the lines as they glance at the statistical summaries given above. This army of almost half a million native Christians is increasing rapidly. There are many thousands who have heard and accepted the truth, but have not yet been baptized; there are other thousands of sincere inquirers. There are tens of thousands of heathen children in our mission schools and Sunday-schools, virtually mortgaged to the Church; and day by day, while Satan rages and infidels scoff, the leaven of the Gospel is at work, in ways we do not see and with force we cannot understand.

We still send forth the Macedonian cry. These wide, rich fields, blown upon by the forceful breezes of divine grace, moistened by the dews of heaven, and watered by the happy influences of the Holy Spirit, are ripe unto the harvest. The millions are moving toward

Christ. The prejudices of the people are disappearing, and Christianity is winning its way far and wide. The school, the college, the hospital, the native press—all are helping to prepare the way for the coming of the King. The opportunity is inconceivably, indescribably grand. The hosts of God are marching on. "COME OVER AND HELP US!"

LUCKNOW, INDIA, Sept. 10th, 1886.

Biblical Research.

ANOTHER WITNESS TO THE EGYPTIAN TYPE OF THE DIDACHE.

BY PROF. BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D.

SOME coincidences with the language of the first six chapters of the "Teaching of the Apostles," which Prof. J. Rendel Harris has drawn from the Pseudo-Athanasian tract called *Synagma Doctrinae*, seem of sufficient interest to deserve more attention. Professor Harris (*The Teaching of the Apostles and the Sibylline Books*, p. 16) merely adduces the coincidences without remark, and especially without considering whether they have been derived by the author of the tract from the "Teaching" directly or only mediately through the Apostolical Canons or some other channel. On scrutiny we may assure ourselves, first of all, however, that they were drawn directly from the "Teaching." This is most pointedly evident, perhaps, from the quotation taken from Didache, iii, 8, in which we read, *γίνου ταπεινός και ήσυχός, τρέμων δια παντός τα λόγια του κυρίου*. A quotation is involved here from Isaiah lvi, 2, and to this passage the Pseudo-Athanasius conforms more closely than is done by the Didache, or any of its reworkings. From it is derived the *ταπεινός και* (and apparently also the *κυρίου*, for which compare the *μον* in Isaiah, verse 2, and the *αυτου*, etc., *κυριου* of verse 5. But the *δια παντός* occurs nowhere else except in the Didache itself; not in Barnabas, or the Canons, or the Constitutions. It therefore serves us as a pretty safe finger-post for indicating the source whence the writer was drawing his material.

But if he was thus drawing immediately from the "Teaching," it becomes of interest to note that the copy of the "Teaching" which he was using, presented a text very close to that of the copy used by the author of the Canons. Take this sentence for instance: *Κυριον τον θεον σου αγαπησεις εξ ολης καρδιας σου και εξ ολης της ψυχης σου και τον πλησιον σου ως σεαυτον. ου φωνησεις, ου μοιχευσεις, ου πορνησεις, ου παιδοφθορησεις, ου φαρμακεισεις, ου διχοστατησεις κ.τ.λ.* The words here again are deflected from those that stand in the Didache into closer agreement with the Biblical source (here Deut. vi, 4; or Mark xii, 29). But we observe that the author passes over at once from Didache i, 2, to Didache ii, 2—thus not only with the Canons, but also with Barnabas and the Latin Version, and we may add the Pseudo-Phocylides, ignoring the long section from i, 3 *ευλογειτε* to ii, 1, inclusive, which I have labored to show (INDEPENDENT, March 4th, 1886,) to be an interpolation into the Didache as originally written. It brings the Pseudo-Athanasius into much nearer relationship with the Canons, however, to note further that he arranges the first four sins of Didache ii, 2, in the exact order in which they stand in the Canons and nowhere else.

An interesting question of text-criticism arises from this. If we number these four prohibitions according to their arrangement in the Bryennios MS. the various orders in which they are transmitted will be as follows:

- 1, 2, 3, 4, Bryennios MS. and Constt.
- [1], 4, 2, 3, Barnabas, and Clem. Alex. *Paed.* ii, 10.
- 1, 2, 4, 3, Canons and Pseudo-Athanasius.
- 2, 1, (3), (4), Latin Version.

At the beginning we can safely hold to the order murder—adultery as unanimously supported by all documents except the Latin Version, which appears to have been deflected under the influence of the Vatican LXX text of Exodus xx, 13, either directly or indirectly through Luke xviii, 70 (cf. Mark x, 20, v. r.), or Romans xiii, 9. The transposing of "false witness" to this early place in the Latin is only another mark of the influence of this reminiscence. That the Pseudo-Phocylides, line three, also gives the first place to adultery will scarcely warrant us in deciding that it had the order of the Latin before it in the face of the currency of this order elsewhere and the freedom which the versifier has allowed himself in his work.

The proper order in which to place the three sins into which the simple "Thou shalt not commit adultery" of Exodus has been expanded by the Didachographer (whose whole triad Clement, of Alexandria, boldly attributes to Moses) is not so easy to determine. Prederasty is placed last by Barnabas and Clement as well as by the Canons and the Pseudo-Athanasius, although these pairs differ between themselves as to the relative order of adultery and fornication;

and this is undeniably a very strong combination and one which has as much right to demand recognition as the Egyptian group. On the other hand, however, the Latin Version here deserts the other Egyptian texts to join the Syrian group. The result is a *cross attestation*, way out of which seems impossible unless we assume either (1) that the Latin, which is confused just here, only accidentally falls in with the Syrian group, or (2) mixture has been suffered among the documents on the other side, by which all four perpetuate the error of a single one—say of Barnabas, which might certainly affect Clement and the Canons, both of whom certainly knew Barnabas, and either directly or through one of these may have also affected Pseudo-Athanasius.

However this reading may be settled, Pseudo-Athanasius appears as a new and not unimportant witness to the text of *The Two Ways*. It served good purpose in giving additional testimony to vi, 1—which hitherto has been known only in witnesses of the Syrian type, although it presented no suspicious appearances (cf. *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Jan. 1886, p. 136). Most interesting of all, it ranges itself with the excerpts in Barnabas, the Canons, and Pseudo-Phocylides and the Latin Version as a witness to which I have ventured to call the Egyptian type of the Didache, leaving the Syrian type to be witnessed by the Bryennios Manuscript, the Constitution and probably the second book of the Sibyllines. That every newly discovered body of excerpts from the Didache ranges itself on one side or other of the line which I have ventured to draw as separating the witnessing documents into these two classes, gives, to my mind, no small support to the likelihood that I have hit on a real phenomenon here of text-transmission. It cannot fail to be noticed also that every newly discovered body of quotations tends to confirm the opinion that the Egyptian text is relatively the older and more primitive.

ALLEGHANY, PENN.

Music.

THE musical season of 1886-'87 began last week. What with an Italian Opera Company urging newness in extenuation for appearing in a city so regenerated to Teutonism in music; what with a new manager and three new operas sung successively, the outstart has been attended with novelty. Strict adherence to underlying facts abates the novelty, by reminding us that Mr. Angelo, to whose company and its performance our attention directs itself, is an old campaigner at the Academy of Music, though less prominently; that his chief singers were numerous friends from the ranks of Mr. Mapleson or the "Milan," and that the new operas were such because they were so old that this generation was quite unfamiliar with most of them in spite of the recent days of "Lucia" and "Linda" and "La Traviata." The initial representations of Mr. Angelo's company, however, have had the musical field to themselves, until Tuesday, when the Thomas Populars were re-inaugurated. It is but fair to say that they have deserved the interest attending them, for many essentially creditable reasons. On Monday Petrella's "Ione," on Wednesday, Verdi's "Luise Miller," and on Friday the last named composer's favorite "I Lombardi" was sung to large audiences with a sufficient show of social and fashionable life to give a *cachet* to the entertainments. In general, the way in which all this music has been performed by Mr. Angelo's people reminds us, naturally, of the defunct "Milan" organization, of 1884, aforesaid. The Milanese manner of singing opera struck New York as does a mild cyclone a sultry land, and it gently electrified musical folk. It was new to many that lyric music should be served in such a style in Italian circles, like Trieste, Genoa, and Venice, by strong provincial troupes who make up in ardor and vim what they decidedly lacked in refinement; who can often galvanize, by drastic methods, a tame work into a very lively affair with their sheer enthusiasm, lung-power, and dramatic warmth. Vigorous robustnessness is, nevertheless, preferable to feeble elegance, and Mr. Mapleson's last two or three tame seasons seemed to have taken all the ozone out of Fourteenth Street for blocks around. The same effect is wrought by such a performance as that of "Ione," which we select from the rest for particular comment. We had Mrs. Bianchi-Montaldo, a large lady with an ample but well-worn soprano, a fearless use of it, good method, excellent enunciation, and plenty of traditional Italian histrionism. Mrs. Trinidad Mistress has a hollow contralto, with a tiresome *vibrato* never lacking; she acts with some force, and is capable of lending a good deal of effect in duets, *terzets*, and the *ensemble* music. Mr. Giannini, another old acquaintance, has the best robust tenor of any Italian artist in this city for many years, so far as volume and tirelessness is concerned, and though there is not a tittle of the sweetness of Campanini's best notes (that is, when Campanini was in his good days), he has a fire and an unaffected verve about his work that is very telling in most of an

evening's duties. Pogliani, the baritone, who sang *Arbaces*, uses, with some dramatic power, a coarse, uncertain voice of limited compass, but with plenty of carrying quality. The minor parts were well enough taken; a word of recognition being due to Miss Valera, who returns once more to her former field of acceptability. Now it will be observed that no single artist was above sharp criticism, if measured by the standard of a star artist and with reference to vocal qualities. Everything like *cantabile* was usually ill-sung. The more dulcet airs suffered severely; so did some of the duets. The orchestra was a large, noisy band that flew at a *fortissimo* like a man who is running up-stairs to a fire. The crescendos always rose to fury apace, and in a finale each performer seemed determined to be heard individually and alone, at least once before the end, and to come as near to extinguishing his neighbor as was proper. The chorus was independent in its ideas, and minded the directions of the score very little, and the costumes and scenery were abominable libels on Pompeian aestheticism, and must have been derived, not from notions of the doomed city, but out of that great gulf—the Academy's storage-room. Still—and we mention the above discredits with a better grace because of it—the whole representation went forward with a *brío* and heartiness that was infectious. One was pleased at such nervous energy and animation, and interested, in spite of a hundred shortcomings, saying within his heart that whatever Italian opera of the Petrella order was worth, compared with that into which opera has developed within fifteen years, it was much better it should be sung with warmth and a hit-or-miss zeal of this sort than with more elegance and less rationalism, lurking in the air. The rehearsing had been careful as to the principals, at least; and there was no hesitating, or long waits between the acts, or dragging. Mr. Bimboni is an efficient conductor, despite his habit of trying to work things up to a pace just a little, little bit faster than they are galloping, and his lending his aid in effecting a treatment of a concerted passage which will give the audience the maximum of magnetism and the minimum of refinement. The second and third acts went especially well. A good deal of the fourth would be commended. Some one made a bad pun in course of the evening by saying that all the airs in the opera were turned into daughts, and that such singers combined the tramontane with a raging sirocco. But draught or not, one could better put up with crudities than feebleness; and it is better amusement to be interested than kept sitting in a lukewarm mood. The applause was generous, and the audience appeared pleased throughout. (This is to be said irrespective of a remarkably offensive and uproarious *claque* who came down like a distributed whirlwind on something that was sung or played, good, bad or indifferent, until one longed for a large engine hose, or the opening on the gallery of a tank in the roof. This is a part of the nationalism of Mr. Angelo's performances he really should look after.) Petrella's opera is an excellent example of his school, and is, with the composers "I Promessi Sposi," an over-favorable exhibition of his moderate talent. It is grand opera, and the dialogue is treated with more taste than many better writers showed at the time. The airs vary from the merely pleasing to the really delightful. There are innumerable happy phrases dear to singers. The concerted music and the instrumentation is usually more ingenious than most of Verdi's at the date, and displays often a tasteful elaborateness and even solidity. Altogether one can less readily assent to its being shelved rather than other works that have inexplicably survived, and we can understand how the famous singers, with beautiful voices and a nobler style than any these degenerated days shall ever hear, enraptured and thrilled their audiences with it, just as to-day we are moved by the sonorous declamation of impassioned German art. Among its episodes of merit are to be mentioned the bacchanalian refrain occurring in the opening act, the second finale and the conclusion of the third, which is unexpectedly clever for so indifferent themes; the fine duet between *Arbaces* and *Ione*, the vigorous interpolated scene for *Arbaces* (written by Petrella some time after the production of the opera—we forget for what barytone); the romanza in the fourth act for *Glaucus*, which used to set the audiences in tearful delight when Mazzoleni sang the part here; and *Ione's* scene "Glaucus, ove sei tu?" in the last act. The melodic treatment is, of course, comparatively simple and of the cut and color which marks other Italian writing of Petrella's time; but with his grace of orchestration, in numerous passages, one could hear it with pleasure more frequently than several operas of longer vitality. As regards Wednesday and "Luise Miller," Verdi's gloomy precursor of "Rigoletto," which extinguished it rapidly, Mme. Valda made her *début*; a singer with a soprano of reasonable sweetness and strength. The characteristics of the representation did not differ materially from those of the opening night. Friday evening the "Lombardi" was revived more successfully than "Luise Miller," as it affords more opportunities for the singers, and contains some