

Organ Loft Whisperings



THE PARIS CORRESPONDENCE OF

Fannie Edgar Thomas

1893-1894

COMPILED AND EDITED BY AGNES ARMSTRONG

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THE FIRST ORGAN LOFT EXPERIENCE IN
PARIS. — GUILMANT AT HOME.

“You shall be very sure and not forget *La Fête de la Toussaint*, Wednesday, November 1, Trinité, Paris, 9 A.M.!” were Guilmant’s last words as we separated at the Gare St-Lazare, in Paris, he to his home in Meudon, a suburb of the city. He had taken my name and address and given me his, both a home and Paris connection, with careful minuteness, even to directions for finding him in Trinité — “door to the right, old lady who cared for the church at door to the left, to whom I should say so and so, follow the stairs, turn to the left. *Voilà!*” — all with the alertness of mentality of any American businessman, and with the strict and thorough observance of detail which marks the Guilmant of three continents!

Bright and early Wednesday morning, “All Saints’ Day,” throwing myself into the arms of an occult guidance, I proceeded through the violet haze of an Indian-summer day and the dampness of belaudered streets, to follow his directions.

Turning a sharp corner of the *Chaussée d’Antin* upon a pavement so narrow that I felt inclined to hold on to the wall to save falling into the street, there before me a few feet distant were the square, sturdy back, high shoulders, ambitious looking arms, long gray locks and silk hat of my good *camarade du voyage!*

Everything was so strange anyway, a bit more of dream-like event did not matter. I was fully prepared to wake from sleep saying, “I dreamed I was in Paris,” &c., as I touched the good man on the arm, and found myself being introduced to “*Mme. Guilmant, ma fille et mon fils,*” and on we trudged to the church, chatting like magpies our surprise and pleasure.

Madame¹ is large, without being very tall, perhaps about the size of Miss Emily Winant, amiable looking, blonde, with yellow gray eyes, broad features, wide, agreeable mouth, sound white teeth and

expression of seeking and ready comprehension. I saw in her the practical half of the great artist’s success — pride in her husband’s genius and position, while withal wholly mindful of the material good which might be made to accrue therefrom by a sharp lookout. I saw shrewdness, tact, push, independence, mixed with an agreeableness that was neither American abruptness nor French *savoir faire*, and I realized his expression on the boat when I spoke of the difficulty of getting away from his family on such a long voyage, “*A-h-h, oui, mais ma femme a été très complaisante!*”

The daughter, a plump, pink and white blonde, about twenty, with shy, blue eyes and cherry red lips, seemed more like a pretty Gretchen than a Parisienne.² Her hat was a large, tan straw, trimmed in black ribbon; a severely plain skirt of dark brown just escaped the ground; her dark blue jacket, with full sleeves and pearl buttons, was precisely what you may see on Broadway any day, and her gloves matched her hat. The mother wore no wrap over her well stitched, tailor made, mixed brown suit; her bonnet was that small type seen upon our ladies, her gloves were dark garnet, and she wore a long, gold chain around her neck attached to her watch at the belt. The son,³ about twenty-four, without the pinkness of cheek, the duplicate of the girl in type, wore a brown overcoat of the seamless back type, silk hat, brown gloves, a white tie with pink rosebuds on it, and amethyst pin. With an understanding of music merely, he is a somewhat distinguished painter, having already received prizes for his work as member of the *Beaux Arts*, an institution of the same sort to Art as the *Conservatoire* is to Music, free to students, but extremely difficult to enter. His parents are very proud of his talent.

Arriving at the church we all entered the awesome, statue guarded gates and mounted the cold, dark, narrow spiral ascent, similar to that of the New York Cathedral,⁴ light at length coming through the door of the organ loft, where the chill of a monastery (a cruel feature of Paris life everywhere) met us, and I was introduced to the astonishing asceticism of Parisian church life.

Instead of the plush, velvet, gilt, cushion, carpet and cosiness of our New York lofts was stone, stone everywhere, with a granite pillar here and there, the open organ facing the chancel, but hidden from it by the wide, fort-like stone balustrade. The chairs of

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solid cane were hard as iron, the floor covered by a cord-like matting. The organ was elevated two steps, with no morsels of carpeting upon them. *Voilà* Guilmant's organ loft!

We all kept on our wraps except the master, who, disappearing through a side door, returned in a moment in a long frock coat, his hair brushed smoothly, making him look five years younger. Madame said he always looked younger when he combed his hair behind his ears; also that she found him looking "splendid" after his voyage. He took his place on one side of the steps, one arm on the organ, the other by his side, with eyes downward, listening attentively to the mass, which was one of his own, op. 6, written when but eighteen years of age, the first portion, just then in progress, being in F.

The church, seemingly about the size of our Cathedral — the loft about the same distance from the people — seats about 4,000. It lacked the delicate tracery of architecture, the fine pointing effects, the rich, warm coloring of window and fresco. The whole effect was of gray stolidity, which the delicate coloring of the side windows was too light, that of the pictured chancel too far removed to affect. To the right a great stone balcony, like a bridge of war, leads to the chancel organ loft, where M. E. Bouichère, the chapelmaster, stood, his back toward us, wielding his baton expressively; a little to his right at the chancel organ the sweet-faced, earnest organist and composer who filled M. Guilmant's place while the latter was in America, M. Salomé.

Below the gallery the chancel was the only bit of color, its candles, altar cloths, carpets and costumes similar to ours. The seats of the church were all yellow chairs. The congregation, a rich one, not yet returned from their summer *châteaux* and travel, were about two-thirds represented. Two soldiers in brilliant uniforms, servitors of the church "beadles," paced to and fro the aisles, and even up and down the chancel steps.

Mme. Guilmant, when young, sang in the chancel choir of this very church. She was Guilmant's first pupil.

Before Guilmant played it had begun to leak out that the organist had returned. One by one, two by two, three by three, people came trooping into the loft. You should see how that organist is loved at home! From that on there continued at intervals a whirr of whispered congratulation and welcome,

with snatches of record of his success and journey. There were smiles and not a few tears. Among those who came were priests in their picturesque garb, singers and influential members who dared leave their seats. Many remained in the loft.

Among them also was a young couple, she, young, fair, bridal looking, very like Homer Bartlett's daughter, in skirt of dark green velvet, black cloak, hat turned up with green velvet and light gloves and veil; he, well made, with French moustache and pointed beard, pallid skin, fine eyes and brow, light overcoat and ready manner, who indicated an understanding of music by turning the pages for the organist at times. This was the "other daughter" and the son-in-law of Guilmant *père*, who is really *grand père*, and chuckles over the fact!

To each madame explained my presence in the loft — an added laurel on the brow of her lord — and all were very kind and — strange! not a word, not even a thought in English anywhere! Even the notes, printed and ivory, of my beloved music in a foreign tongue!

But the music itself — that paid for all. What music! It was full of sensuo-religio-enchantment, full of paths of stern logic, of flowery lanes of melody, of nooks and corners of transition, suspension and resolution, full of appeal, of triumph, of joy.

There was but one portion of boy solo work, which to an ear accustomed to American virility seemed like the ghost of a voice. It was clear and true, but fine as a silver thread leading to angels' feet. This was the only opportunity we had to hear boys' voices, except in chorus, when all seemed so fit and suitable, so perfectly merged with the sentiment and organ work, that, like the perfectly dressed lady, it must have been all right as to tone production.

Again and again was attention drawn back from the new strange sights, the sacred pantomime at the altar, the crowd of French people in the loft and the interesting family of the interesting musician, to the exquisite harmonies, accompaniments and organ coloring of the mass. Although written for orchestral accompaniment it was not so supported. It has to be a very grand occasion indeed to have an orchestra furnished to an organ loft in Paris. The reed effect was distinctly noticeable as a novelty from our organ effects, but was very soft and sweet.

The first solo work done by M. Guilmant was the organ *offertoire*, a symphonic movement by himself

in which the sequence in composition, the grace of melody, the correctness of manipulation, ease of combination and alertness of pedal work which were such a revelation to New York organists were strongly indicated. Toward the close he twice rose quite to his feet to see over the stone parapet so as to gauge effectively the finish with the proceedings below. Later Mme. Guilmant saved him this by standing beside him, a place later taken by the son-in-law.

In playing, Guilmant's expression anticipated every change of thought of the composition, even to a supplicating little turn of the head sideways, changing to uplifted expression or the look of majestic triumph at the close.

He sits perfectly quiet on the bench throughout. An organ melody was in A flat, and the *sortie* or postlude was Wagner's funeral march, transcribed by Guilmant in accordance with his musical principles written in the last letter of October 15.

No one spoke while Guilmant played; all paid breathless and understanding attention. The family nodded to each other now and then and showed deep appreciation.

One portion of the mass, the Credo, was sung by M. E. Caron, an eminent baritone soloist connected with the Grand Opéra. He was the only singer in this loft. He appeared as if by magic, a rather small, quick man, not marked by special beauty, with the tanned skin so common to Paris, squarely trimmed moustache, like his hair, of no particular color, hurried gray blue eyes and hurried effusive manner. In overcoat, neckerchief and gloves, he sang like an angel. Such dramatic interpretation, such forgetfulness of self — New York gentlemen — such perfection of method, such carrying power, such melody, such feeling! At the last word — *pest* (*presto*) — clap went the book, with a handshake of *adieu* to the master, off with him like a shot — a French toboggan slide from the sublime to the theatric, for "All Saints" is a *fête* day: church in the morning; theatre, afternoon; ball, evening.

There are about thirty singers, men and boys, in the chancel choir of Trinité. The men are all artists, the boys recruited from the middle classes, instructed wholly under the church by the brothers of "The Holy Family," (de Bellay), the musical lessons being given by the chapmaster, M. Bouichère.

The parish has about 28,268 parishioners, admonished by twelve priests. The organ is by

Cavaillé-Coll, with forty-six stops, three manuals, one pedal coupler, fifteen pedals of combination. It is an organ of the first class, possessing all the form, sweetness of tone, variety of quality and brilliancy of stops peculiar to the French school. The bass foundations are magnificent and powerful.

Trinité is one of the most important churches in Paris, yet the severity of furnishing, or rather the lack of it, is the most surprising thing to an American. Bare, hard, stern and lonesome as a friar's prayer room is the chancel organ loft. The poor little music



First Holy Communion, Église de La Trinité, Paris

stands for the boys are wooden, streaked and old; little old books scattered upon them; no benches, the floor bare stone or wood. The boys, sweet faced, clean, white and retiring looking, are said to be the sweetest boy singers of Paris. There are about twenty of them. About ten quiet men, all artists, sat on a bench in front of a revolving wooden stand on which stood open a thick, yellow leaved book, a very bed of exquisite, sacred melodies, the compositions of M. Salomé.

Like the sunlight in a nook of winter forest, bold, forceful and strong, tall, large, well groomed, dark as night and as full of subtle mystery, with snapping

black eyes full of force and direction, silky black hair pompadour, clear olive skin, and the short beard and long moustache of Paris, stood M. Bouichère, the chapelmaster. He was perfectly dressed in black cloth, with figured white vest, light tie, with small gold bangle pin in it, and on his hand — one of the handsomest in Paris — a heavy gold monogram ring. What a contrast to Salomé on his organ bench, with his fine silver hair, slender, gentle face, pink cheeks, tender mouth and appealing brown eyes, dressed in an easy dark coat and vest, with gray trousers, and no evident personal ambition.

Such funny music as he was playing; from a book like a prayer book, yellow with age, and in no danger of snapping shut from saucy binding, with thick rows of small notes indicating only the melody, from which, one leg crossed easily over the other, he was weaving the most beautiful harmonies from his head and knowledge of musical rhetoric.

A big bass viol, to me in that lonesome place reflecting the pleasant face of jolly Victor Herbert, leaned drowsily in the corner of a big bare space that could accommodate a big orchestra. Guilmant has a complete little study with — what a fine library, all beautifully bound! Schoolrooms are attached to the church, of which more hereafter.

Guilmant's talent is family woven. His father,⁵ a fine organist and musician, lived to be ninety-three, in full possession of all his faculties, able to write a clear, steady hand up to a few weeks of his death. His mother,⁶ though not a professional performer, had intense artistic temperament, great imagination, spirit force and a beautiful voice. His grandfather⁷ was an organ builder.



Saint-Saëns is pluming his wings for flight to Algeria for the winter. Like a globule of mercury, his object in life seems to be to elude discovery. Richault is married! Just home from his wedding. "It does take much time to be married," was his first expression on returning to his little hive of business, 4 rue des Italiens. There is no music at the Comédie Française, and, wonder of wonders, the effect is good. Sybil Sanderson and Bernhardt are the reigning queens. It is something to be queen of such finished art, histrionic and musical, as is here. New York organists should see how Paris organists work. Paris organists

should see how New York organists are paid! Paris shivers and burns candles!

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.
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Care Munroe & Co.

DEAR CHOIRMASTERS — Please ask questions and suggest topics helpful to you on which you would like me to treat here. It is easy to write interesting letters from Paris, but you want more than that. I think of you as such earnest, hard workers, such sincere seekers after musical progress. Write me direct or through THE MUSICAL COURIER.



NOTES.

1. Louise-Rosalie Blériot married Alexandre Guilmant in 1865.
2. The Guilmants had three daughters: Cécile, Pauline, and Marie-Louise.
3. Félix Guilmant
4. St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City
5. Jean-Baptiste Guilmant (1794-1890)
6. Marie-Thérèse Guilmant *née* Poulain (1798-1867)
7. Jean Guilmant (1693-1766)



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II. VOCAL TEACHERS IN PARIS.

“No, life seems but an existence, home a tomb, teaching a duty since her death. With her earth was a paradise, work a delight, and home — ah, what a home it was. Six years without her, during any day of which but for my religious faith, I could willingly have gone to join her. I met my wife in Italy — glorious Italy! Ah, what a life! no romance could paint it. Love and music — for she was a splendid musician, natural and accomplished, who could transpose at sight the manuscript of any opera with



Enrico Delle Sedie

sentiment and power. We entertained, we lived! She was the inspiration of my career as singer and teacher. She was all. She was life itself.”

At these words a splendid full-blooded pug dog, steel gray, with a proud curl in his tail, and in his face that mingled look of interrogation and acceptance which a dog gives to an admitted stranger, snuggled up between the speaker's feet, gazing into his face with intelligent affection, as if to certify to every word, and beg his master not to feel so bad about it.

“*Oui, mon camarade fidèle!* Carlotta Patti gave him to my wife, a small morsel tied up in a tiny silk handkerchief. During her life he was our favori, our pet. He is now my friend.”

Familiar with Delle Sedie's name through people in their prime who had been his pupils, I was surprised at his hale and fresh appearance. About the style and size of Errani, wearing the same picturesque style of cap and jacket, his clear brown skin, through which the glow of perfect health comes; strong brown eyes, illumined, but not dimmed, by a settled sadness of expression, and a general sturdy alertness of bearing and comprehension, would make anyone hesitate about placing his age at fifty years.

“Yes, the French are *Chauvinists extrêmes*. Twenty-one years I have taught here, part of that time in the holy of holies, the Conservatoire, where I was honored by an exceptionally good salary, yet I feel a stranger in the city, and should if I lived here another quarter of a century. I admire the French extremely. They are a fountain of youth and taste; but the stranger is the stranger in their midst to death. France is for the French.

“Certainly, Paris is the head centre for vocal art. I do not know why. For myself I consider the institution at Brussels better than anything here, but somehow Fate seems to be working both ways. Pupils come here because teachers are here, and doubtless many foreign teachers have settled in Paris because the pupils are here. There is unquestionably a musical prestige here in the conscientious seriousness of the true French artist. The spirit permeates everything. Paris is educating the world's voice to-day, and the American voice most of all.

“I sometimes think pupils come here for the amusements. They find here more free and cheap entertainment than anywhere, and the spirit of the place is gay. Some overestimate this and are disap-

pointed. Some cannot pay for anything outside of their lessons, so get nothing else, and some enter into amusement to the destruction of their music and the waste of time and money.

"I find American pupils change more than any others during their stay here. They are extremely absorbent of influence. They generally come with no idea of seriousness of study or the meaning of art. Association with earnest people and the development of power within themselves conspire to make them grave and steady. Many become simply artistic, some pleasing executants, some great artists. Among those in whom almost miracles of voice and character have taken place are Miss Carrington, of Chicago; Miss Fry, of Boston; a young Irish woman from Dublin; Miss Munger, of Boston; Miss Jessica Withers, of New York; Mons. Teza, M. and Mme Bjorksten, M. Furstenberg, M. Gignot.

"Miss Carrington had a voice absolutely impossible to listen to, hard and nasal, she sings now with a voice limpid as crystal. Miss Fry, with a very disagreeable voice, sings like a nightingale after one year. Instead of being satisfied and proud when I told her she was fit to sing in concert or to teach she said: 'Oh no, I feel as if I were only commencing. I want to know all about it!'

"The young Dublin girl in three years developed a really remarkable voice, and with her temperament fairly astonished me. Oh, the Irish have splendid temperaments. They are a wholly distinct race from the English, more like the Italian — artistic, susceptible, gay, sad — all. Furstenberg, the tenor, could have the best engagements if he could be induced to leave Paris, but he would rather die starving here than become famous elsewhere. Gignot has disappointed me as a student; although fully equipped technically for the stage he is not serious enough in the prosecution of his work. It requires courage, money and character besides voice to become a singer. M. Teza is splendid, but he does not like the stage.

"I remember very affectionately Mme. Bella Thomas Nichols of New York, of whom you speak. What a splendid student she was! What conscience, what patience, docility! And what a pretty, lovable woman, what a sweet, generous nature! There's a woman who is perfectly qualified to transmit my method — rather the Italian method. Miss Munger, of Boston, is another. Pupils who study of them need not come to Paris, except to become finished artists.

Mr. C. Lawrence Seker, choirmaster of the American Church here, is doing splendid work also.

"I consider it possible to make singers of all who speak. Singing is simply harmonized enunciation. By singers I mean agreeable parlor entertainers. To become 'stars' is another matter. That is a question of a union of talents, character and circumstance rare to be found. The most hopeless element with a pupil is hardness in voice, facial muscles or character. Many would become more effective if they would or could continue long enough. The bane of the American pupil is lack of money.

"There is really no method. A teacher must search the seat of vocal beauty in each pupil and adapt what she knows to the development of that germ. Of this there is much spoken and little said. One teacher does it well, another ill, according to the skill in analyzing and adapting. One must have the gift not only to say what is wrong, but just how to make it right. Many say, 'You do so and so; do better,' but cannot indicate the steps by which that may be accomplished. This is the special gift of the teacher, as timbre is of the *cantatrice*. Being a *cantatrice* or a great tenor does not give this, but with it one should know how to sing, as one should know how to play piano or violin, who attempted to teach it.

"How much better to say 'make your tongue flat' than to say 'you have such a nasal tone,' or to say 'straighten your tongue out, it is curled back in your throat,' than to say 'you have such a throaty voice.'"

(Dear me, how often I have heard that teacher par excellence, Miss Nora M. Green, express this very idea, and how she did follow it out — the dear girl. Every day I feel more and more incensed at our pupils leaving such excellent New York teachers to come to Paris to get their first instruction.)

"I do not consider the vocal cords the seat of such beauty, but the mouth. The cords are but the seat of motion. The vibrations caused by the air passing over the cords produces the tone in the mouth. The manner of emitting that air makes the singer. The human voice is the most simple and the most complex thing in the world. It is limitless as to color and form. The manner of emission or placing makes all the difference. All the flexibility of conversation is possible to the singer.

"The nasal quality is the principal and universal fault with American voices. Otherwise they are the

best we have, and as student musicians are decidedly the best of all nations, except of course the Italians, who are natural singers. Americans have special aptitude, are intelligent and expressive — after they lose self consciousness. Most of them come here well trained. You must have good teachers in America. Good teachers can instruct as well in America as here.

“The general idea is to let the voice develop itself up and down from the middle register. If forced up or down it is spoiled. Exercise on the medium tones without effort creates compass above and below. It is impossible to decide on compass before a certain time of study. A baritone may prove to be a far better basso, and vice versa; same with soprano and alto. This time for discovery is different with different pupils.

“Church singing never hurt a singer. On the contrary, from being written in the medium tones, forcing neither high nor low tones, from the steady and even respiration and through the cultivation of pure taste in the nobler sentiment, church singing is an education. An artist should be able to sing all styles of music.”

Delle Sedie has recently organized a regular school in his spacious home, where singing, *solfege*, literature, languages, stage, ensemble and accompaniment are taught as in the Conservatoire. All his teachers have been his pupils. The rooms are alive with pretty girls, music and song from morning till night, and indeed many of the voices are well worth listening to, even as students' voices. Most of the girls are French this year on account of our money troubles,¹ although in many cases the latter has but served to show of what generous stuff the real artist teacher is made. His life-work, “Philosophy of the Voice,” has cost me dear; but I am content. In it is everything that anyone could say as to voice and its development.

Nothing is more touching than the pathetic grace with which the gentle master indicates the rooms of his desolate but useful house. “This room was hers. I still live with her there. This (the dining room, a spacious, beautiful apartment) we use for our ensemble work. This class room was so and so. Where you hear that scale practice was something else. Here is a whole line of chambers, for we always had a household of company.

“This was her *boudoir*, and here are my treasures.” Here indeed were memory treasures woven

together and into his heart by association. Her pictures, her work, her desk, her chairs, her favorite ornaments. Opening a drawer full of small tokens he drew out the photograph of the tomb which he had built in the pretty cemetery, and in which the well loved wife lies embalmed as in life, so that each Sunday he visits with her looking as she did when laid there six years ago, and in the beautiful little chapel at great expense twice a year regular mass is said.



Among Delle Sedie's earnest American students is Miss Jessica Withers, a Western girl, who has been also a choir singer in New York State. Miss Withers began to study music earnestly first at the Cincinnati College of Music the year that Mr. Theodore Thomas became its director and when Mr. Neff was secretary. Her teacher was _____ [*sic*] — the name is gone at this moment — at all events he was an Italian music teacher whom Mr. Thomas imported for the college, and his wife was an American who had gone to Italy to study and had been his pupil. Both are now, I believe, teaching in New York.

From Cincinnati Miss Withers went to New York to study. Why she did not stay in Cincinnati to finish all they had to teach, she is at a loss to say. It must remain with the other conundrums of American restlessness. From New York she went to Syracuse, where she became widely known as church and concert singer and later as teacher in the public schools. An Italian ambition was by fate changed to a Paris experience, the lady being possessed with the idea prevalent with Americans, that to do something big one must go as far away as possible.

Coming to Paris she found that all the renowned people in it had never been out of it till after their reputations were made.

Now, even more than when she came, facilities for thorough and correct fundamental work are plentiful in New York, and much time, money, disappointment may be spared by making them part of one's outfit to Paris. Anyway, she is here “at the fountain” and has bought the privilege dearly. Besides a big outlay of money there is nothing she has not suffered in the way of discomfort and inconvenience. It is doubtful if she would repeat the experiment were she to begin over again.

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She is preparing for church choir, concert and oratorio work. To a serious temperament, good looks and a sympathetic voice of good compass she adds the conscientious perseverance that succeeds. She thinks the opportunity of meeting foreign students and discovering their seriousness, afforded by the ensemble classes at Delle Sedie's, have been one of the greatest advantages of her stay here.



Messrs. Guilmant and Gigout have been adding to their laurels as distinguished organ virtuosi in Poitiers this week. The occasion was the inauguration of a grand organ of forty stops which has been put in place in the Church of Ste-Radegonde.

Another great triumph for the *Chanteurs de Saint-Gervais* in their third concert, when as usual the cantatas of Bach and French madrigals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were given. Interest was redoubled and the *furor* intense. Encouraged by the wonderful success of their venture, M. Alex. Guilmant, organist of the *Chanteurs*, and M. Ch. Bordes, their director, have decided to continue the series of the Bach cantatas through the coming winter. They will be held as usual at the Salle d'Harcourt. The list of subscribers to the enterprise is headed by Mme. la Princesse Edmond de Polignac, *née* Miss Winaretta Singer, of New York, who gives 2,000 frs.

PADEREWSKI.

Paderewski is in Italy, and does not return till March. His charming rooms are dusted twice a week, however, by a French *concièrge*, who is proud of her task and of her distinguished patron. She keeps *en rapport* with his successes and recounts them to *les voisines* with true French enthusiasm and volubility. Although he likes Paris, he is not here more than four months of the year altogether.

"Victor Hugo" is one of the few quarters in Paris which during his life time loved the name of its famous godfather. *On dit* that his letters in his latter years came to him directed to "M. Victor Hugo, Sa Place." At all events he had the benefit of the honor while he lived, and Mme. Juliette Adam is another who has that privilege, but the street bears her maiden name.

"Place Victor Hugo" is a circle about the size of our "Plaza" or "Circle," with a playing fountain in the centre, encircling it a *pharmacie*, a *boulangerie*, real estate office, a lovely church and many picturesque roofs peeping through trees. In the avenue of the same name leading out of it are a cab stand, a roofing factory, a dairy, an institute, a tiny shoe store, a small store whose window is filled with picture cards, *papeterie*, &c., and No. 94, which is the big *porte cochère* leading to Paderewski's home.

On the opposite side, directly in front of the big door, is a grocery. The most prominent article on exhibition is a huge light yellow pumpkin, one of the largest size. You must beg the distinguished musician's pardon; perhaps if he were at home such a sacrilegious thought would not have entered your head, but to save you you cannot help attaching to the orolich vegetable a small slender figure, pale artistic face, luminous eyes, and imagining the result — "A Study in Reflection."

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

NOTE.

1. refers to the American economic recession of 1893-1894



Glossary of Names

Chiefly taken from standard biographical sources, these brief entries may unwittingly perpetuate factual errors. The editor enthusiastically welcomes documented additions and corrections.

Entries for royalty are alphabetized by first name.

Numerals at the end of each entry indicate the chapter(s) in which the name appears.

Abbott, Emma — acclaimed American soprano, born Chicago 9 December 1850; died Salt Lake City, Utah 5 January 1891. Studied from 1872 with Sangiovanni in Milan and Delle Sedie in Paris. New York *début* 8 February 1877. 31

Achard, Léon — French singer, born and composer, born Lyon 16 February 1831. From 1887 Professor of *opéra-comique* at the Paris Conservatoire. 16

Aichinger, Gregor — German priest and choirmaster, born Regensburg 1564; died Augsburg 1628. Pupil of De Lassus. Prolific writer of church music. 13

Adam, Adolphe-Charles — French composer, born Paris 24 July 1803; died Paris 3 May 1856. From 1848, professor of composition at Paris Conservatoire. His most well-known work is the song *Cantique de Noël* (“O Holy Night”). 11, 24, 26

Adam-Lamber, Juliette (Madame Edmond Adam) — French writer, born 1836; died 1936. One of the central figures of the Paris literary scene, she maintained a literary salon around such personalities as Victor Hugo and Guy de Maupassant. Publisher of *La Nouvelle Revue*. 21

Agramonte, Emilio — celebrated conductor and singing teacher, born Cuba 28 November 1844; died Cuba 31 December 1918. Studied in Spain, later in Paris with Marmontel and Delle Sedie. Emigrated to America 1868. Founded a school for opera and oratorio in New York City and from 1886 was director of the Gounod Society in New Haven, Connecticut. 13

Alard, Jean-Delphin d’ — distinguished French violinist and composer, born Bayonne 8 March 1815; died Paris 22 February 1888. Studied with Habeneck at the Paris Conservatoire, professor of violin there 1843 to 1875. Writer of violin works and methods. 32

Aldridge, Miss — one of two daughters of eminent black actor Ira Frederick Aldridge (1807-1867), active in London:

Irene Luranah Pauline Aldridge was an opera singer. 31

Amanda Christina Elizabeth Aldridge (Amanda Ira Aldridge) was an opera singer and teacher who also composed under the pseudonym Montague Ring. 31

Alençon, duchesse d’ (see *Sophie*)

Aliamet (née Guilmant), Pauline-Jeanne — born Boulogne-sur-mer 24 March 1870; died 1950. Daughter of Alexandre Guilmant. Married 1892 to electrical engineer Adrien-Louis-Maurice Aliamet (c 1863-1919). 14

Alvary, Max — noted German tenor, born Düsseldorf 3

May 1858; died Datenberg, Thuringia 7 November 1898. Studied with Stockhausen and made his *début* at Weimar 1881. Especially famous for his Wagnerian roles. Sang at the Metropolitan Opera, New York City 1884 to 1891. 31

Amati, Nicholas (Niccolo) — renowned Italian violin maker, born Cremona 3 December 1596; died 12 April 1684. 14

Anderson, Mary Antoinette — American stage actress, born 1859; died 1940. 2

Anerio, Felice — eminent Italian composer, born Rome c1560; died Rome 27 September 1614. Succeeded Palestrina as composer to the Papal Choir and published several volumes of hymns, canticles, and motets. 13, 24

Anjou, Philippe I d’Orléans, duc d’ — French noble, born St-Germain-en-Laye 1640; died St-Cloud 1701. Brother of Louis XIV. 22

Archer, Frederic — English concert organist, composer and teacher, born Oxford 16 June 1838; died Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 22 October 1901. Studied with his father, later in London and Leipzig. Organist of the Alexandra Palace in London for six years, emigrated to America 1881. Organist at churches in Brooklyn and New York City. Conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony 1896 to 1898. Writer of songs and organ works. 10

Armes, Philip — English organist and composer, born Norwich 15 August 1836; died Durham 10 February 1908. Chorister at Norwich and Rochester cathedrals, then organist at Chichester and Durham cathedrals. First professor of music at Durham University. Writer of oratorios, church music and organ works. 11

Asola, Giovanni Mateo — Italian priest and composer, born Verona c 1550; died Venice 1 October 1609. 24

Atlas — according to Greek mythology, the god who carries the world on his shoulders. 13

Aubel, Henri Lebeau d’ — pseudonym of Henri Lebeau, French organist, composer and publisher, born 1835; died 1906. Studied with Lefébure-Wély and Benoist. Choir organist at the Paris church of St-Roch 1860 to 1870, then organist at St-André-d’Antin. Editor of *Journal de la Musique Populaire*. Writer of sacred and secular vocal and instrumental works. 23

Auber, Daniel-François-Esprit — prolific French composer, born Caen 29 January 1782; died Paris 12 May 1871 in the Commune. Director of Paris Conservatoire 1842 to 1871. Writer of stage works and church music. 24

Audan, Joseph-Marie-Florimont — French tenor, born Ivry-la-Bataille 6 January 1846; died c1908. Studied at the Paris Conservatoire, sang at the Théâtre-Italien. *Maître de chapelle* at the Paris church of St-François-de-Sales and music professor at Neuilly. 22, 26

Audran, Edmond — French organist and composer, born Lyon 12 April 1840, died Tierceville 17 August 1901. Organist at church of St-Joseph, Marseille 1861. Studied in Paris at l’École Niedermeyer. Writer of church music and light opera. 26, 27

Auguez, Florentin (Antinoüs-Pierre Numa) — French baritone, born Saleux 1847; died Paris 27 January 1903.