lieved to prefigure that of the national election to be held a few weeks later. The easy social talk in the company was on this topic, and as we neared the station and heard the coming train, one of the leading men remarked, "There is no room for doubt that the State has been carried by the use of money, and I only hope our side has used enough of it to win." Several said, "Yes; I hope so," and there was no dissent. I waited; but as there was no protest, I asked, "Is not that rather dangerous ground?" This brought out a thoroughgoing defense of the plan of "carrying a State" by the purchase of votes, "under the circumstances, mind you"; the justifying reason urged being the importance of the success of the right party. As it happened, about all of us were at the time members of the "right party," and nearly all the company joined in this argument or applauded it, but all said that it was a sad state of things when men would sell their votes.

I could not see, and do not now, how selling votes is worse than buying them; but this is not the common or popular way of looking at the matter. Those who buy this commodity often despise those who sell it to them. I know a man who owns considerable property, who, it is said, received twenty-five dollars for his vote not long ago. Soon afterward he applied for a loan at the bank in his own town, offering ample security. But the principal officer of the bank, who was the local leader of the party which had purchased the vote, said: "No; he sold us his vote the other day. He can have no accommodations at this bank."

But the men who buy votes in this State are for the most part not impelled to the practice by attachment to the principles or policy of their party. The main inspiring and controlling feeling of the purchasers of votes here is *the spirit of the game*, the same feeling that it will not do to be beaten which actuates those who engage in a race or any similar contest. The leaders of both parties in this State say they regret that vote-buying is a feature of political contests here, and would be glad to see it laid aside or abolished. But neither side can stop while the other goes on, and there is no means or agency to bring about the effective coöperation of the two parties for the suppression of the evil.

In 1891 our legislature enacted a very stringent law to insure the purity of elections, and the leaders of each party almost forgot their manners in the effort to be first and most clamorous in advocacy of the measure. Men who had grown old in vote-buying denounced the practice with fervid eloquence, and urged the enactment of the law, which, they affirmed, would render our elections absolutely pure, and make every vote "the untrammeled expression of a freeman's unpurchased will." The new law was highly complex, and its penalties were severe. It was very extensively and easily violated. Some of the men who helped to enact the law have since violated it while acting as election officers under its provisions. Our legislature enacted another new election law last winter, but there is no perceptible advance in public interest or sentiment regarding the traffic in votes; and as no law has much self-executing power, neither the new law nor any other is likely to have much deterrent effect. It is not likely that the evil will come to an end or be greatly diminished very soon, or as an effect of any causes now in operation.

I have said that there are enough purchasable votes in the State to decide our elections if they were all, or nearly all, cast on one side. In some of our State elections the decisive majority is so small, and the number of purchased votes is relatively so large, as to render it entirely uncertain which party has a majority of the legal, unpurchased votes. If either party should denounce vote-buying unequivocally, and should abstain from it entirely, it would probably be defeated in every election.

Nobody appears to be specially responsible for the evil. It is a feature and product of our collective character, and of the stage of civilization which we have reached in New Hampshire. Various undesirable conditions and influences unite to uphold and perpetuate it, and it reinforces these unfavorable elements in turn. We have comparatively little discussion of public questions or political subjects; the results esteemed desirable being more readily obtained, it is thought, by quiet management and personal arrangements. The system has complex relations, and it is likely to last long enough for the most thorough study or investigation by anybody who wishes to examine it, and for the testing of any remedy which students of civilization may think it worth while to suggest.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H. *J. B. Harrison.*

The New School of Italian Opera.

IT is probable that when Mascagni wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana" he builded better than he knew. The remarkable success of this short opera, and that of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," can be attributed to nothing else so readily as to the unexpected answer to a public demand. It may be doubted whether the demand had a self-conscious existence, but the manner in which the Italians, Germans, English, and Americans have welcomed the short tragic operas is equivalent to a cry of "This is what we have desired." In a word, men and women of the day are not disposed to have their tragedies spun out to inordinate lengths. The three-volume novel has yielded to the story of forty or fifty thousand words. The epic poem has given way to the lyric in popular esteem. The electric telegraph has remodeled art as well as literature by creating a demand for speed in reaching the point; "Brevity is the soul of wit" has been written across every department of intellectual productiveness.

There was bound to be a reaction in the world of opera. It matters little where we discern the origin of the reaction. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was made known to the world as the winner of a prize offered for the best one-act opera. If, therefore, we hold that the reaction was the result of extraordinary shrewdness on the part of an Italian publisher seeking for some means of opposing the approaching supremacy of Teutonic works in his country, we do not modify the esthetic conditions leading to the change. For many years operas had been of too great length. So long as they were built on the Neapolitan lines, and consisted of disconnected arias dangled on a string of recitative, the length was not felt, because the attention was not constantly held. Nor did the Meyerbeer method, with its kaleidoscope of ballets, processions, quasi-dramatic ensembles, and

spectacular duos, weary the mind. These operas had their great moments and their insignificant half hours.

But when Wagner came with his closely knit scores, built on a system which appealed at once to the emotion and the intellect, and from beginning to end claimed unceasing attention, the listener found his powers somewhat overtaxed. Of course those who insisted on listening to the Wagner music-drama as they did to the Rossini opera grew weary with waiting for the aria that never came. But the earnest lover of art, who was not, like Glück's opponents, unwilling to "pay two florins to be passionately excited and thrilled instead of being amused," became aware when the curtain fell for the last time that he was weary. A recent biographer of Wagner declares that he could sit through one of the master's longest works twice without becoming tired. Some persons whom I know always feel after a performance of "Tristan," or "Die Götterdämmerung," as if they had been through a great emotional struggle, and they go home exhausted. The reign of these overwhelming, absorbing master-works was bound to bring about a reaction. I must not be misunderstood as intimating that Wagner's day is over. It has not yet reached its high noon. But

> When went there by an age, since the great flood,
> But it was famed with more than with one man?

The action of Sonzogno in offering the prize brought the new men and the new style to the front a year or two earlier than they would otherwise have come. The enormous tragedies of Wagner will continue to hold the stage by reason of the opulence of genius displayed in them. The works of Mascagni and Leoncavallo may or may not live, for it is still an open question whether they have the essence of greatness. But they have shown how a powerful, absorbing music-drama may be constructed so as to occupy about two hours in performance, and send the hearer home, not with his emotional resources drained, but with every feeling quickened, and his whole spiritual being thrown into a glow by the rapidity of the tragic history revealed to him.

What methods have these new men adopted, and what are they worth? The general impression that they have produced a new style is wholly erroneous. Their works are, without doubt, a direct outgrowth of an attempt to achieve conciseness without abandoning the contemporaneous Italian manner. Of that manner the master is Verdi, and his works are the models. Of course I do not mean his older operas, in which he himself was content to build after the Neapolitan pattern. I speak of his two later operas, "Aïda" and "Otello," in which he showed a determination to break away from the traditions which a long line of gifted men from Alessandro Scarlatti to Donizetti had fastened upon Italian opera. Verdi has been accused of imitating Wagner, or at any rate of yielding to his influence. The great Italian master undoubtedly did perceive that the Wagner theory, "The play 's the thing," which so notable an artist must always have felt to be the true one, had got hold of the public mind. He certainly saw that the rigidity of the old operatic forms would have to give way before the dramatic idea. And he quite as surely discerned the necessity of abandoning the cut-and-dried dance rhythms and timidly subservient accompaniments of Bellini and Donizetti. But it is beyond question that he did not set up Wagner as his model. He found a more congenial example nearer home. In the French opera, from its inception to the present time distinguished for flexible, expressive melody, dramatic purpose, and employment of the instrumental force for the enrichment of its emotional utterance, Verdi must have seen a model more suitable to a Latin race than the rugged, sweeping, militant style of Wagner. The swan of Busseto was far too wise to try to make his countrymen accept him in his old age wearing a Teutonic wolf's hide.

"Aïda" and "Otello," but especially the former, are the works in which Mascagni and Leoncavallo found the patterns for their melody and harmony. They have striven to advance beyond Verdi in complexity of rhythm and freedom from cautious processes of modulation. Here, of course, those who are fond of attributing all that is progressive in contemporaneous musical art to the genius of Wagner may detect the influence of the Bayreuth master; and no doubt he did show how many of the fundamental principles of Bach's polyphony could be applied to modern harmony with beautiful results. In "Aïda," Verdi introduced into Italian opera a totally new set of rhythms and a novel restlessness of harmony. In "Otello" he went still further, some of his modulations being quite as abrupt as Wagner's famous step from A flat into A natural in the "death motive" of "Tristan und Isolde." Mascagni and Leoncavallo have gone still further, but the attempts are so forced as to expose the method. Some of their modulations are obviously made for the sake of oddity.

These peculiarities, however, cannot be regarded as the result of the desire to be brief, except in so far as abrupt transition avoids the circumlocutory processes of modulation for which Spohr was censured. Nor can the absence of the *aria da capo*, the central sun of the old operatic system, be counted to the credit of these younger Italians. Verdi and the Germans had already shown its worthlessness, and a repeat for the sake of formality was not to be thought of in music whose purpose it was to avoid points of repose except at the ends of dramatic episodes. The greatest achievement of these young men in their condensation is the development to a high, if not the highest possible, point of the beautiful *arioso* style of Italy — a style which combines most of the powerful expressiveness of the Teutonic declamation with all of the vocal elegance and essentially singable qualities of the Neapolitan manner. The old-fashioned recitative, which in the earlier operas formed the connecting-links between the set pieces, is now used only rarely and in moments of the most colloquial dialogue. It was used largely for such dialogue in the earlier works; but the new libretti, condensing every scene to its most terse expression, bring the periods of high emotion closer together, and keep the music, which aims to express the feelings of the text faithfully, constantly throbbing with eloquent melody.

The short melodic phrase, used to signify some particular feeling, is employed with taste, discrimination, and dramatic force by these new writers, but it is not made the backbone of a system as it is in Wagner's wonderful structures of *leit-motiven*. Here again Mascagni and Leoncavallo have shown judgment. The *leit-motif* is far more suitable to a work of large extent,

in which there is room for a free treatment of a number of fundamental melodic ideas, than to a short opera, in which the score, from too much compression, would lose flexibility if built wholly of fixed ideas. Bizet in "Carmen" and Verdi in "Otello" made use of this modification of the *leit-motif* system, but it is much more effective in a short work than in a long one.

It cannot be doubted that the present movement in Italian opera is beneficial. The elements of the old Italian works were admirable; it was the undramatic combination of them that was to be censured. Mascagni and Leoncavallo are not men of creative genius; but Scarlatti and Meyerbeer were not, and yet each set a fashion in operatic writing. The two young men of to-day have shown how to make the opera swift, direct, and irresistible in its effects. It will be strange if the public approval of their methods does not produce a school of followers.

W. J. Henderson.

A Memory of Whittier.

IT was about sunset one Friday that I went to see Mr. Whittier, in answer to his message. I found him lying on the sofa of a square, old-fashioned room the two front windows of which faced the setting sun. He insisted on leaving the reclining position, and showed all his old interest in life; indeed, the illness which had come to him seemed at first hardly more than an indisposition in one always delicate.

"I want thee to go out on the balcony," said Mr. Whittier, "and get my glimpse of the ocean."

It was a glimpse of broad meadows, with great elms, over the Hampton marshes, then a golden brown, to the strip of sea where the white sails were. When I stepped back to the room, Mr. Whittier said, "Now I want to tell thee all about myself, and to-morrow thee will come again."

The next morning, after a night of good rest, came a sudden change, and with it the speech was less free and clear for a few hours. Later, in spite of increasing weakness, there was a return of power to talk, and the few words he cared to say were perfectly clear to accustomed ears. With great sensitiveness to sights and sounds, he could bear only the presence needed to administer to his wants, and it was advised that none save those in immediate attendance should be admitted to his room. At times we thought he gained, but he knew better than we. Food and medicines were a weariness; yet, for the sake of those who longed to help him, he would try to take the offered nourishment.

Sunday was a serenely beautiful day. The wonted peace of the lovely little village seemed even more peaceful because of the dying poet. The smell of the sweet clover, the silence broken only by the rustle of the leaves, come back to me when I try to put in words the story of that time. There were no dramatic incidents in those last days; the quiet end was like the quiet life. With a full appreciation that it must be good-by, he said to his niece, "Love only — love — to — the — world"; and she answered "Yes, dear," and gently laid him back on the pillow.

As I held his hand I heard him say, more to himself than to me, "There are so many beyond;" and a little later, "It is all right."

The thought of immortality was never far from this sweet singer through his long, busy, active life; sometimes accompanied by a speculative inquiry into the unknown, more often with a trustful belief that "the dear Lord ordereth all things well." Shortly before this last illness he had said to an old friend, "As I grow older, a future life seems to me more certain, though I think less and less of definite details." Now, as I sat beside him, the last journey seemed the natural, simple thing; the other life seemed a present reality.

During that day and the two following, at intervals, we replaced one another, that he might never miss the human grasp for which he evidently cared. Monday came with little change, Tuesday was also a record of some pain and restlessness; but notwithstanding the weakness of body, he expressed in broken sentences gratitude for the offered help.

Tuesday evening he motioned an attendant to raise the curtain to admit the last rays of the setting sun. That night, when we had given up all hope of his recovery, the friends who were in the house assembled for the first time about the bedside. While the poet lay sleeping, that sleep from which he never awoke on earth, one with a saint-like face under the Friends' cap repeated in her beautiful voice Whittier's own words:

When on my days of life the night is falling,
  And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
  My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
  Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
  Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
. . . . .

The end seemed to us a translation. When the dawn came in at the balcony window, over the marshes and the meadows, the spirit had gone so gently that we listened for the breath, and it had ceased.

Sarah Ellen Palmer.

American Artists Series.

HORATIO WALKER.

HORATIO WALKER was born in Listowell, Canada, thirty-five years ago. His initial step in art was in miniature painting in the studio of J. A. Fraser. Later he came to New York, where by dint of inborn talent and careful and conscientious study of the best available examples of art, he has earned for himself a creditable position in the ranks of American artists.

He has a delicate color-sense, is a fair draftsman, and besides his own veracious observation of nature, possesses in a marked degree the power of assimilating the best in both foreign and native art.

The painting, an engraving of which appears on page 46, was exhibited in the rooms of the Society of American Artists in the spring of 1893.

W. Lewis Fraser.