



SOME SINGERS OF THE DAY.

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Illustrated with Portraits.

IT is a common saying among those who praise the old times that the age of great singers has passed—that the vocal artists of to-day are, when compared with their forerunners, a degenerate race. Facts and arguments not without strength might be urged in support of this contention. It is true, for example, that the kind of music which exacts great technical skill has largely gone out of fashion. Nobody calls for the florid airs of Rossini, and, partially on that account, very few are competent to sing them. We must also consider that, in this eager, impatient age, not many vocal students are found willing to go through the prolonged drudgery which mastery of the art demands. These and other causes tend inevitably to such degradation of vocalism as is implied in a lower average of technical skill. But, of all countries calling themselves musical, England has the least cause to complain, and the reason is not obscure.

The Continental singer is mainly an operatic artist, whose allegiance is shared by acting, stage declamation, and vocalization pure and simple; the last of the three being more and more an indifferent quantity owing to the prominence which modern lyric drama gives to the second. Quite another state of things everywhere prevailed in the days of the Pastas, Catalanis and Malibrans, who were expected to be great singers first and allowed to be anything they pleased afterwards. And quite another state of things prevails in England at the present moment, though for somewhat different reasons. The English singer is mainly a concert artist, owing an undivided allegiance to the claims of the concert platform. His greatest triumphs spring from vocal excellence in oratorio and kindred forms of elevated music, while the works with which he is principally concerned are those written by great masters at a time when vocal music and vocalization were of



MADAME ALBANI.

WALERY, PHOTO.

supreme importance. Take, for instance, the works of Handel, and, by way of a single example, his *Messiah*. We cannot over-estimate the value of the "sacred oratorio" as a conservator of the vocal art in this country. Airs like "Rejoice greatly," "Every valley," and "Why do the nations" demand a vocalist, and to the degree of technical merit they exact every English singer must attain or fail in his profession. Hence the satisfactory measure of skill which exists amongst us, in contrast to unquestionable decadence

elsewhere. Hence, also, the fact that we can point with just pride to such competent singers as those whose portraits accompany the present remarks.

Marie Louise Cécilia Emma La Jeunesse (Madame Albani-Gye), in virtue of her birth as a British subject and her long residence in this country, may be claimed as an English singer. Phraseology in such cases is somewhat loose, and, perhaps, necessarily so; but, as a matter of strict truth, Madame Albani belongs to us only by reason of birth on British territory, and entrance, through marriage, into an English family. The French claim her as a daughter of their race, and her artistic foster-mother is the Empire State of New York, from the official capital of which she derives her pseudonym. By the way, how few of the musical artists who confer distinction upon this country belong to the Anglo-Saxon element in our very mixed community! They are of Irish, or Scotch, or Welsh origin, or they come to us from the cosmopolitan influences of America, and it is true that, while we can claim some of the best as our own, we owe more to the finer artistic organization and emotional susceptibility of the Celt. This is particularly the case with regard to composers. Take from us the creative musicians who are not of pure Anglo-Saxon origin—that is to say, Mackenzie, Stanford, Parry, McCunn, Cowen, Sullivan—and we are poor indeed. Madame Albani, French by descent, is of American and Italian training. In 1864, when the future *prima donna* was fourteen years old, her father removed from Montreal to Albany, and thus brought the young girl within the range of circumstances which have done a good deal for vocal art. Very many of the American singers who are known to us on this side rose to distinction through the “quartet” which is so conspicuous a feature in the musical equipment of American churches. Congregations pride themselves upon the professional ladies and gentlemen who relieve the exercises of devotion with charming music, and it is not unusual for them, in the case of exceptional ability, to provide the means of thorough training. This happened with Emma La Jeunesse, who, not long after her father’s settlement in Albany, entered the choir of the Catholic cathedral. Her artistic organization and impulse, and her nascent talent as a vocalist, soon attracted attention. It was not difficult to see that here were gifts which, if matched by corresponding acquirements, would result in a singer probably of very high rank. The customary steps were taken, and the father of the young singer was soon able to place his daughter, first, under Duprez, in Paris, and next, under Lamperti, in Milan.

This is not a biographical sketch of Madame Albani, or it would now be our duty to trace the artist’s progress, step by step, from Lamperti’s lesson-room to the chief lyric stages and concert platforms of the world. Particulars of this sort are readily obtainable, and we shall refer only to her *début* (April 2, 1872) on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, under the auspices of the late Mr. Frederic Gye. Many who were present on that occasion can recall the appearance of the young Canadian as she first stepped upon the stage, wearing the simple costume of Bellini’s Sleep-walker. A fair, slight girl, with the fresh bloom of youth upon her; somewhat tremulous and shrinking in the face of so great an ordeal—she was altogether an interesting figure, and had, before opening her mouth to sing, secured the sympathy of the coldest and least responsive opera audience in Europe. Middle. Albani’s vocalization completed that which her aspect and bearing began. Some cautious critics waited to hear more, but the public as a whole needed no further assurance of exceptional powers than was afforded by the pure tones of the newcomer’s voice (which had not then its present force and volume), by the technical excellence of her vocal method, by the certainty and brilliancy of her execution in florid music, and by the obvious warmth of feeling and strength of impulse that gave to her singing the human expression without which a vocal artist is only a more or less imperfect instrument. From that night the future of Middle. Albani in this country was looked upon as assured, and everyone knows that the most sanguine expectations then formed have since been justified. After twenty years of steady work before the British public, the Canadian artist holds her own against the competition of younger and fresher rivals. Circumstances have made her appearances in opera less frequent than of old, but both on the lyric stage and in the concert-room the first position, as far as England is concerned, belongs to the *débutante* of 1872. If we ask ourselves how this proud place has so long been maintained in despite of newer attractions and the inevitable results of wear and tear, an answer must take into account the personal sympathy which, with the British public, goes almost as far as critical judgment in fixing a singer’s status. As a new

aspirant for distinction Albani early succeeded in making herself personally acceptable, and from that time to the present the entire blamelessness of her life, in every aspect, has not only stopped the mouth of detraction, but given occasion for all the praise that public and private virtue can deserve. These facts must not be overlooked when the object is fully to account for the position which Madame Albani has so long retained. But a good woman, merely as such, will not be accepted as a great artist, and Madame Albani owes her place in the musical world chiefly to qualities which are a great artist's distinguishing mark. Of her voice and vocal excellence it is unnecessary to speak; with these are allied all the faculties belonging to an exquisite musical organization. Her entire nature responds to the appeal of her art, and when she sings we have no mere cold reflection of a composer's thoughts, but the feelings and impulses of a nature which those thoughts have stirred to the depths. This native passion in combination with distinguished vocal attainments gives Madame Albani her power. It may also account for certain defects, such as frequent exaggeration of emphasis and manner. A sensitive organization is apt to run away with its possessor, and when Madame Albani seems to be making appeals *ad captandum*, or striving to "put down" those who may be singing with her, it is well to ask whether these appearances are not due rather to hot impulse than cold calculation. Anyhow, we have in this artist a remarkable singer, who will undoubtedly live in the history of music, and that for purely artistic reasons.

Madame Lillian Nordica is a typical example of the "American girl" as found in the ways of music. The early stages of her career correspond pretty much with those of Madame Albani. Natural gifts and graces, personal and artistic, brought her into notice at home, and secured ample encouragement to study and experience abroad. Nor does the parallelism end here. The steps of the New England artist, like those of the Canadian *prima donna*, were early directed to the Old Country, and both have acquired rank, not only on the lyric stage, but in the concert-room. It is unnecessary to set up a comparison between the artistic qualities of the two ladies. Enough that, while one occupies the most brilliant position open to her amongst us the other goes on strengthening her hold upon public favour, and, to all appearance, will continue to do so till the object of a reasonable ambition has been attained. We have spoken of Madame Nordica as a typical example of a product largely "raised" in, and liberally exported from, her native land. She is well provided with the special charm of appearance and manner which American girls carry into their various fields of activity (including the matrimonial market), and that makes them such formidable rivals of our own native article in the paths of art. Charm should by no means be overlooked in estimating the qualifications of a female singer, who, if she have an engaging presence and a sympathetic manner, finds her way into the favour of the public far more easily than a better artist not so endowed. The case of Madame Nordica is clearly a case in point. This Boston lady makes friends of all who look upon her pleasant face, and mark the frank, engaging cordiality of a manner as free from undue assumption as from chilling restraint. Her qualities as an artist are mainly those most readily seen and easily appreciated. Great singers, like all highly gifted ministers of art, no matter what its kind, have their moments of inspiration, when we are conscious of subtle power emanating from the depths of their nature. Madame Nordica does not astonish and move us by displays of this sort. Her singing varies as little as her smiling face, and is no less agreeable, thanks to the pure *timbre* of her voice and the refinement of her execution. Madame Nordica is, in short, what concert-goers of her own sex call a "nice" singer. She brings to every platform her own welcome, the public look at her as much as they listen to her, and, on



MADAME NORDICA. NADAR, PHOTO.

retiring, she leaves behind an agreeable consciousness that two senses out of the five have had a pleasant time.

The artist now known as Mrs. Henschel—Miss Lillian Bailey in her pre-matrimonial days—is another importation from America, but in her case the word typical can hardly, perhaps, be used. She is more essentially an artist than the average "American girl" who takes to music, and appears more satisfied to be judged by her art alone. There is nothing adventitious about Mrs. Henschel. That she has a charming appearance is no fault of hers, and none can accuse her of a disposition to play it off upon the public. The little feminine artifices so often resorted to by ladies in her position she seems to disdain. In point of fact, Mrs. Henschel conveys the idea of a singer by whom personality is kept in the background that music might be all in all. Her entrance on the platform suggests this in its perfect freedom from fussiness, self-assertion, and apparent expectancy of a note of admiration. Self-contained, modest, quiet, she is there as the servant of an art which can gain nothing by the attention its interpreters draw to themselves through other than purely artistic means. Mrs. Henschel's singing is quite in accord with the impression conveyed by her manner. She makes vocal music of the purest type. Abstract music it may not be



ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTO.

MRS. HENSCHEL.

called, in the sense that a melody played upon an organ is abstract, because, if there be one quality more noticeable than another, it is the human feeling which speaks through every tone and phrase. The artist reproduces the idea of the composer with studied fidelity, but it reaches us quivering, so to speak, with her own sensibility and coloured by her own natural impulse. At the same time the machinery through which this result is produced challenges no attention. There are no exaggerated mannerisms—there is nothing which suggests the obtrusion of the singer's self upon the notice of an audience. In justice it should be said that this is not very uncommon among English vocalists, who fully share the national dislike of personal demonstrativeness. It often happens, however, that with quietude of manner goes coldness of expression, and the peculiarity in Mrs. Henschel's case is its combination with expression sufficiently warm and full for whatever music may be in hand. The limits of this artist's physical powers have naturally proved an obstacle to distinction in works which, like many oratorios, make heavy demands upon a singer's energy and strength. Mrs. Henschel is heard at her best in the interpretation of songs such as those in the programmes of the delightful recitals given by her jointly with her husband. Here nothing is out of proportion. Artist and subject are in entire accord, and the result is about as perfect in its way as exacting taste can desire; the pure voice, exquisite refinement of style, and no less admirable finish of execution being, as regards purposes of expression, what the fine Toledo blade is in the hands of



ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTO.

MR. GEORGE HENSCHEL.

an accomplished swordsman. It may be doubted whether we have ever known, in the domain of the classical lyric, a more acceptable singer than Mrs. Henschel.

Few singers of the day have done more useful work than Miss Anna Williams during the eighteen years over which her public career has extended. It is a remarkable tribute to the force of genuine merit and to public perception thereof, that, whenever arduous and responsible work has to be done, this lady is generally engaged to do it. She is invaluable at musical festivals, where she bears a full share of the "heat and burden of the day," and stands prepared not only to sing her own music, but that of any soprano who may happen to make default. A striking instance of this readiness appeared at the Birmingham Festival of 1891. Madame Albani had been engaged to "create" the chief soprano part in several of the new works, but, at almost the last moment, was laid aside by illness. Happily, Miss Anna Williams, in her capacity as second principal, was at hand, and to her good nature the committee appealed for help in the emergency. The artist had not then studied the music allotted to her sick colleague, but, confident in often-tried powers, she undertook the task and discharged it with perfect success. A souvenir of that brilliant effort is the diamond star presented to her at the close of the Festival by the grateful committee, and now often proudly worn, as it should be, in the concert-room. The secret of Miss Williams's resourcefulness and value must, of course, be looked for in her musicianship—the quality which has enabled her to win and keep a high place, despite the fact that she is not a showy singer, and that her voice neither lends itself to purposes of mere display, nor very readily to the expression of changeful emotions. But these drawbacks, such as they are, have no importance in comparison with the great advantage of being always ready and sure, always acceptable to audiences who admire



W. AND D. DOWNEY, PHOTO.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

"pluck" and are grateful for services gallantly rendered. Miss Williams is a boon to composers and conductors of nervous temperament. They can recall many a moment of agony due to artists who plunge into dangerous ways trusting for safety more to luck than knowledge. But their experience of Miss Anna Williams does not involve recollection of a single apprehensive tremor. The artist is a musician and a conscientious one to boot. She never comes before the public unprepared, and never quits the platform without leaving behind her a consciousness of good work well done. It may be added that Miss Williams, unlike the vast majority of our English singers, is a Londoner born and bred. When some Fuller of the future comes to write of metropolitan worthies he should distinctly give her a place.

It is worth remembering in any notice of Miss Marguerite (Margaret) Macintyre that she belongs to a race which has sent remarkably few recruits to the ranks of eminent vocalists. Nobody need be surprised that the Anglo-Saxon element in Scottish nationality remains comparatively sterile, but the Gaelic people should be rich in song and in the imaginativeness that finds expression through creative art. Yet the reputation of Scotland in the higher walks of music has still to be made. Nay, that is hardly the way to put it. We should have said that Scotland's reputation is beginning to be made now that Mackenzie and McCunn are doing conspicuous work as composers, and a daughter of the McIntyres holds a place of honour in our lyric theatres and concert-rooms. Miss Macintyre's artistic career began too recently, and has been too conspicuous, to make needful any retrospect here. But the reader may be reminded that she became a public vocalist under specially favourable circumstances. As a lady by birth and station, Miss Macintyre had the benefit of social influence, to say nothing of personal advantages such as favourably move an audience. Better than all, perhaps, was the possession of a glorious voice, young, fresh, full, sym-

pathetic, and capable of any effect within the compass of the vocal art. Whether or no the fair artist's career will bear out the promise of its beginning remains for proof, but unquestionably she has gained of late in impulse and in power of emotional ex-

pression. This development was strikingly shown in her singing as the heroine of Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*, but then, as at other times, suggested the possibility of danger. The sincerity with which Miss Macintyre does her work, the intensity of her utterance and the unsparing use made of her grand high notes, must be admired at the moment; but a doubt follows on the point of prudence, since the vocal organs are not a mechanism of wood or brass which, when worn out, can be renewed. It is natural, however, for an artist in the strength of youth and the flush of success to be somewhat reckless of means, and it may be hoped that the gifted Scotswoman will soon pass through this phase to one in which her fine qualifications, if regulated in their use by good judgment and supported by a resolve that study shall give them fair play, will secure all the honours within the scope of justifiable ambition.



STEREOSCOPIC CO. PHOTO.

MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE.

cal gifts which more especially distinguish her, yet not only is she well endowed in that respect, but several other members of the family also. Two brothers and a sister have adopted the profession of music, so that, like the Hanns and the Carroduses, the Wilson household could, at need, sustain a concert without help from beyond their own circle. Miss Wilson, who will undoubtedly succeed Madame Patey as first English contralto, is a striking instance of the way in which ability sometimes comes to the front despite unfavourable circumstances. She spent her girlhood in the enjoyment of very few advantages, either social or artistic; but the gifts that were hers shone through the darkness and attracted the notice which is all that in such cases should be needful as a preliminary to their due cultivation. When, at length, the road to professional life lay open, the young contralto had to make her way mainly by sheer force of talent. Gloucester, it is true, has always been ready with a helping hand, and Miss Wilson owes much to her appearances at the triennial festivals in that city. But elsewhere the odds stood against her. She came on the scene when Madame Patey was in the zenith of her power, and Madame Trebelli was still a formidable rival, to say nothing of artists who, though less important, were secure in a position gained. Miss Wilson, nevertheless, made steady progress into public favour—not rapid or brilliant progress, since a concert contralto can hardly expect to take the world by storm, that triumph being reserved for sopranos and tenors, and for very few of them. But a pure and expressive voice; a style which suits English ideas of what

Miss Hilda Wilson was born in Monmouth, but spent most of her early years in the city of Gloucester, to which place her parents removed when she was quite young. There is no reason to believe that this lady has inherited the musical



ELLIS, PHOTO.

MISS HILDA WILSON.

concert singing should be, and a measure of artistic intelligence and feeling such as is equal to any task—these are qualifications that operate surely and certainly towards distinction. So in Miss Wilson's case. The young contralto, making no fuss, but modestly achieving whatever task was confided to her, worked her way through the ranks of her rivals, and now enjoys universal esteem and confidence as a capable and trustworthy artist. Like Miss Anna Williams, and for much the same reason, she is greatly in demand at musical festivals, where, in the interpretation of new works, her technical attainments and general trustworthiness are very valuable qualities.

Madame Janet Monach Patey, although she makes fewer appearances now than before her recent visit to Australia, remains at the head of English contraltos. Her

musical gifts were recognized at an early period, and, when quite young, she sang publicly at various concerts. This was in an amateur capacity, and as an amateur she sometimes took more or less conspicuous parts at the concerts given by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, of which body she was a member. Many a concert-goer of near upon thirty years ago remembers the Miss Janet Whytock whose remarkable contralto voice was in itself a reason why she should embark upon a professional career. To that course everything pointed and all circumstances surely tended. The change was made about 1865, when Miss Whytock went on a provincial tour with a party led by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. In 1866, Miss Whytock married Mr. J. G. Patey, a vocalist and musician of no mean attainments, under whose intelligent guidance she rapidly won the rank and honours due to a well-qualified singer. Madame Patey was fortunate in coming upon the scene just as Madame Sainton-Dolby was preparing to leave it. That queen of English contraltos had reigned in absolute and undisputed supremacy for nearly twenty years before her destined



ELLIOTT AND FRV, PHOTO.

MADAME PATEY.

successor appeared, but towards the end of the "sixties" it became apparent that her powers were failing, and in 1870 she retired from public work. Madame Patey stepped, without challenge, into the vacant place, which, indeed, was hers by right of gifts and acquirements almost commensurate with those of her distinguished predecessor. From that time to the present there has been no change of leadership in one branch of English vocal art, though many aspirants are striving to qualify for the succession which, before very long, will probably fall to one of them. Madame Patey's qualifications for her high place are so obvious that it is scarcely needful to define them for the benefit of even the least observant. Everybody has come under the influence of her noble voice, so full, rich, and musical—a genuine contralto capable of a wide range of expression, from "O rest in the Lord" to the passionate utterances of a Jezebel. Her style is eminently English in its breadth and dignity—qualities fostered by the school of oratorio through which English singers must pass, and also in the absence from it of all that is meretricious. Artists like Madame Patey have no need to put on vocal tinsel for the sake of its glitter. They shine by their own light, which all can see. Our leading contralto's services to her art, especially in connection with the first performance of new works, have been conspicuously great. She now appears less often at festivals than was once the case, but for many years no such occasion could be considered complete without her, and in almost every novelty she had a part—often written with special reference to her voice and style. At the bottom of all this lay trust in her conscientiousness and reliance upon her ability. It may be said that she never disappointed either. Whatever she found to do was done with all her might, satisfying composer, conductor, and audience alike. Madame Patey has appealed to the musical judgment of other than her own people. She has been heard in America and in France,

while not long ago she made a successful visit to our Australasian colonies. The result has been to confirm the opinion of her compatriots at home—an opinion which long ago placed this artist among those who will be remembered after they have ceased to sing.

Mr. Edward Lloyd, now the leading English tenor—leading by a very long way, be it said—is a Londoner born, and the metropolis should be proud of him. In his early youth he passed through the best school of music that England possesses, having been placed while a mere child in the choir of Westminster Abbey, and subsequently continuing his services to the Church at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which place he left for the larger service of music all the country over.



ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTO.

EDWARD LLOYD.

The influence of this daily contact with noble forms of art through many years, to say nothing of that exercised by a mother who was herself an accomplished professor, must have been immense. One result was that, when Mr. Lloyd quitted the Church and devoted himself wholly to the concert-room, he did so as a singer equipped at all points. Nature had given him a fine musical organization, and a light tenor voice of great beauty; training had made him an accurate sight-reader, familiarized him with the best examples of vocal music, and made him remarkably quick and sure in perceiving not only a composer's meaning but also the way to give full effect to its expression. Thus qualified, Mr. Lloyd met with few serious obstacles in his way to the front. The special *timbre* of his voice, then in strong contrast to that of Mr. Sims Reeves, may have been to some extent a ground of objection. But it soon became familiar, and the upward course of the exchoirman was

scarcely affected. Presently Mr. Lloyd found himself the recognized alternative to Mr. Reeves on occasions when that gentleman was compelled to disappoint his admirers, and, at last, the splendid success made at a Leeds Festival, where the second tenor was called upon to do all his leader's work, raised him to a place in public favour which made his future sure. It must be said, while recognizing Mr. Lloyd's deserts to the fullest extent, that he has been greatly favoured by accident. Mr. Sims Reeves soon abandoned the higher forms of vocal music for ballads; Mr. Vernon Rigby, at one time very popular, gradually left the field altogether, for no reason of decay in power; while Mr. Joseph Maas was suddenly snatched away by death at the height of a career which bade fair to be long and brilliant. Without entering upon comparisons, it must be clear that the removal of these formidable rivals was a great stroke of luck for Mr. Lloyd, who, on the death of Maas, stood absolutely alone, able to pick and choose his engagements and command his own terms. He has behaved nobly in this trying position. No singer ever devoted himself so entirely to the work before him, or more absolutely resisted temptation to take undue advantage of a virtual monopoly. He might have been careless and perfunctory, capricious and exacting. He has, in fact, been precisely the reverse. No man more assiduously prepares himself for public duty, or is more ready to obey the rehearsal call, though it may be only to go through a concerted piece for the sake of some weak colleague. Certainly, no artist exerts himself more fully to do justice to his task and to be worthy of continued public confidence. The result is, that Mr. Lloyd enjoys not only the admiration of music-lovers, but their esteem also. He is welcomed on the platform as a friend, and if the warmth of friendship accentuates the applause bestowed upon him as a singer, no harm is done, because it cannot be in excess of his deserts. Mr. Lloyd is understood to have received repeated and tempting offers to go upon the lyric stage, but inclination never led him that way. He is well content with a supreme place in the concert-room, beyond the walls of which he will hardly stray during the remainder of his career. Of late, however, he has visited America with great success, and at the present

moment is under engagement to make an extensive tour in Canada and the States. Music in England can ill spare him.

Charles Santley, who was born at Liverpool in 1834, and made his London *début* in 1857, has had a long career, which must now, in the ordinary course of nature, be drawing towards its close. But upon that fact we need not dwell. The foremost baritone of the day is still with us, and, though his physical means have suffered changes which no skill can avoid, he is a greater artist than ever, and retains plenty of vitality for work. Mr. Santley's father—who passed away only the other day—was a musician of some skill, and heredity may have had to do with the passion and capacity for the art which were early shown in the son. But whatever the fact as to this, it is certain that a truer musical organization than Charles Santley's is seldom encountered. He has been from the first all arduous and energy, ever striving to cover more and yet more ground; ever reaching out towards activity in fresh fields. Attainment of rank in one department is but the precursor of striving for distinction in another. When he had exhausted the baritone rôles in Italian opera, he longed to enjoy whatever sweets were to be found in those for tenor, and many amateurs can recall his appearances at the Gaiety Theatre as the hero of *Fra Diavolo* and *Zampa*. In the concert-room Mr. Santley has supplemented brilliant achievements as a singer by others, not quite so successful, as a reciter to music. That he is a composer of songs most people know, but he has written, also, many works for Church use. In short, the native energy of this artist has carried him hither and thither within the bounds of his art, with varying results, the least striking of which, however, supplies evidence of capacity as well as industry and ambition. But Mr. Santley is chiefly known, and will exclusively be remembered, as the greatest baritone of the Victorian age.



ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTO.

CHARLES SANTLEY.

About this there can be no doubt at all. Other artists, though none of English birth, have shone more brilliantly on the lyric stage. That was because of greater dramatic aptitude, the result of special gifts, or, it may be, larger opportunities of experience and observation; but the reference here is simply to vocal powers, as to which our countryman has no superior, scarcely an equal. It is not alone that his voice, in its prime, was one of exceptional quality, rich and ringing, yet capable of great tenderness—a perfect instrument in point of fact; nor was it solely that by careful self-culture Mr. Santley became a consummate vocalist. To these advantages must be added one even more important—the power of seizing upon and conveying the precise sentiment and significance of the music he takes in hand. This is most signally exemplified in his matchless and unapproachable rendering—so far, at any rate, unapproached—of the part of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio. By that creation (for so it may be called), perfected in the course of many years, the artist will chiefly be remembered. Musical biographers and historians of the future will dwell upon it as unique, and tell their readers how a man, standing immobile on a platform and wearing the conventional attire of the nineteenth century, seemed transformed into the old Hebrew prophet himself by the power and truth of his utterances. The whole drama appears to be centred in Mr. Santley's person when he appears in *Elijah*, all other artists being mere accessories. He it is who supplies the fervour and the passion, the despair and the triumph, the tenderness and the vindictiveness. In short, the assumption is supreme, and only, perhaps, when it is withdrawn from us will its full significance and unique character most fully appear. As in *Elijah*, so, *mutatis mutandis*, in other works. Mr. Santley does nothing without investing it with the distinction which only a great artist can confer, while he is never careless and never, by any fault of his own, does his powers an injustice. Alas, that time will not stand still and perpetuate a capacity we are not likely to see rivalled!